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## HUMAN NATURE.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., June 16, 1852.

AS my faith in God increases, my faith in man, as a creature of God and under his control, increases. Human nature is God's work; and it is a good work—very good; and it deserves confidence. It is treacherous, and unworthy of confidence, as it is perverted by the devil, and thwarted and turned aside from its original and legitimate action. But this cause of distrust is displaced, so far as we recognize the counter-working of Christ's spirit, as a supernatural force that God has provided, superior to the perverting force. There is good ground, so far as that counter-working force comes into the field, for confidence in the human heart, with its passions and powers. There is no ground for confidence in the flesh, considered separate from God, and subject to the powers of evil; but we can have confidence in a heart that receives Christ, and expect good and not evil from it.

We find that it is a special characteristic of the devil, that he does not believe in the existence of virtue. He exhibited his true character in his answer to the Lord concerning Job. "The Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?" At this Satan sneered, and said, "Doth Job fear God for nought? \* \* \* Put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face." So, dissipated, corrupt, worldly men, do not believe in the existence of virtue. They scoff at the idea of things being done from any other than selfish motives. With them it is, 'You give me so much, and I will give you so much:' and they boldly deny that there is anything going but mercenary, cold, selfish calculation. The wiser men grow in this world, the more this trait becomes manifest in them, of utter unbelief in the existence of virtue. The wis-

dom which produces this result descends not from above; it proceeds from the father of lies. It is an influence that would make us discredit not only human nature but divinity; it would destroy all trust.

Human beings are capable of being truly virtuous. There is goodness in God that can go forth into man and make him truly righteous. God made human nature for noble attainments; and from what we have seen we know it is adapted to manifest all goodness and beauty: it is constantly developing priceless treasures in the characters of all who receive Christ. It turned out in the case of Job, that Satan, with all his pretended sagacity, did not understand the depths of human nature; and that God was right in boasting of the uprightness of his servant.

The issue between the Orthodox and Unitarians, is on this point. The Orthodox say that human nature is desperately wicked, that it is totally depraved, and has nothing good in it. The Unitarians take the other side of the question, and contend that there is something good in mankind; and they claim that their doctrine is most favorable to improvement; that it is encouraging to reformers to believe that there is something in human nature that will respond to their efforts. We stand where we have the advantage of both parties. We have no confidence in the flesh; we believe in human depravity far beyond the Orthodox; and at the same time when we bring the gospel into the field, and give Christ his dominion, we see a ground of hope and confidence in respect to human nature, far beyond the Unitarians. They say that human nature is good without Christ. The Orthodox say that human nature is not good, even with Christ. We say it is not good without Christ; but with Christ, it is better than the imaginations of the Perfectionists.

## MOTION.

LET us move in this matter. The researches of Joule and Mayer, aided by the writings of Professor Tyndall and others, have established the fact that heat is a mode of motion; that it is not an imponderable thing which exists among the particles of matter, and radiates from them, but that it is only a movement of the molecules themselves. This discovery was important; it was electrifying, because it did so much to simplify our ideas of the physical world. Before this, it was known that heat, light, magnetism and electricity are only so many modes of force, and that they are mutually convertible. Electricity, for example, could be turned into light, and light into heat, and *vice versa*. And now

that heat has been shown to be motion, it is easy to see that all these forces are only so many different kinds of motion. This increase of motion prepares one to say that time is motion, and that space is motion, for these abstract conceptions always spring from our perception of motion—the motion of a falling body or planet.

Having gone thus far, we may say that life is motion. And to prove this, one only needs to turn inward long enough to see his own spirit. Love gushes, joy bubbles, peace sits down, courage stands up; indeed, it is not easy to speak of any phase of life without borrowing some term which is used to express motion. In fact, we all feel and know that life moves in us. And curious enough, there is one term which properly names all the movements of the heart, and that is the word, *emotion*.

But these motions are not all profitable; they should be judged by considering where they lead us. You can get a motion which offers excitement like a slide down hill; but it leaves you where there is no easy motion except that of hauling the devil's sled over an interminable plain; it leaves you where there is no profitable motion except that of dragging yourself up hill, step by step and inch by inch. It is after one or many of these slides, that we endeavor to start some motion in ourselves. We try stimulants; we try something which goes by the name of love; we try thinking; and may be we try prayer; for passion and mind and hunger of heart, can each do something to create a semblance of life and motion. This is the stage of unbelief and stagnation—not positive misbelief which shapes itself into propositions, but positive obstruction which prevents the circulation of the Holy Spirit. But the best we can say of any self-originated motion, is, that it enables us to stop all motion and wait for God to start a movement in us.

Of this motion Christ has said, "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Here is a motion which we are sure is safe and which we know is possible. And of the way to get the requisite belief, Paul says, "How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?" that is, set in motion by God. To get this motion, it is necessary then to find some one who is really sent.

Life is indeed a motion; but every life does not have the same motion. A good life imparts one kind of motion, and an evil life imparts another kind of motion. Spirit and things of the spirit can be judged by the motions they give us. This writing therefore, as well as every other writing, must be judged, not by the motion it makes to the ear, but by the motion it

gives you, and by the place in which it lands you.

We have perhaps moved far enough in this matter and will now stop.

### FELLOWSHIPS.

THE primitive Christians talked in this manner about fellowships: "And they continued steadfast in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship." "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." "Praying us with much entreaty, that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministry of the saints." "For your fellowship in the gospel from the first day until now." "If there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit." "And to make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world has been hid in God." The word fellowship, as there understood, had undoubtedly, a deeper signification than is now given to it. In the minds of the apostles it signified an intimate intercourse of life with life, or life with death; hence their repeated warnings against false fellowships, of which the following is a specimen: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing and I will receive you; and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

It is quite evident from the foregoing and similar passages of scripture, that the greater part of the labor bestowed by Paul and his associates upon believers in Christ, was directed toward the breaking up of false fellowships and the establishment of true. It would appear that they regarded their own salvation, and the salvation of the world, as depending essentially, upon the right management of their social intercourse. "What fellowship hath light with darkness?" None at all; yet the untiring vigilance of the apostles was required to keep the distinction clear in the minds of their followers, so subtle and seductive was the spirit of false fellowship. Christ was held up to them as the true standard of social intercourse; and any deviation from the simplicity of his life was a sure sign of the presence of a perverting, demoralizing spirit.

At this distant period one can form but a slight conception of the powerful temptations to false fellowships which the primitive believers encountered from the pagan world around them—a world that could boast of a high degree of superficial civilization and refinement, but underlying which were idolatries dark as the grave and cruel as death. The progress of arts and sciences among the Greeks and Romans tended to atone, in some degree, for the barbarisms of their social life; but there is conclusive evidence that this superficial civilization had ad-

vanced as far as it could without a corresponding civilization of man's soul or interior nature, and a crisis had now come. The leaven of a passional civilization, based upon the principle of the ascending fellowship, of the refining power of which the Greek philosophers had scarcely dreamed, was already working mightily in the hearts of such men as Paul; the result of which was predicted on the eve of the crucifixion of the Son of God, in these touching words: "Neither pray I for these alone; but for them also which shall believe on me through their word: that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." That prayer, it might be said, was a proclamation from heaven, that descending fellowships—earthly, sensual and devilish—were to come to an end, and ascending, divine fellowships were to be substituted in their place. Henceforth God himself was to be a partner in man's social life. The Father and his children were to be united in a perfect bond of unity—one family relation—and woe to the spirit or power, be it ever so venerable, that should obstruct that glorious consummation. This unity in the family of God was the end to be secured by the discriminating policy, in regard to fellowships, adopted by the Primitive Church—a policy as necessary to-day in the work of salvation, as it was eighteen hundred years ago; and the maxim—"Evil communications corrupt good manners"—is as sound now as it was in the days of Paul.

The most serious trials with which Bible Communism has had to contend, have been false fellowships. And it requires no argument to prove that indiscriminating fellowships are as fatal to that vital unity for which Christ prayed, and for which he laid down his life, as the habitual state of drunkenness, in parents, would be to the proper training and well being of their offspring.

But to bring the subject of true and false fellowships nearer home. The truth forbids me, for instance, to have fellowship with weaknesses that still exist in my character. My passions, appetites and affections may have been morbid, through the action of false benevolence toward myself or others; and, notwithstanding the surrender of my heart to Christ, it is possible that these affections and appetites may demand sympathy and excitement in the old way, paying no regard whatever to the change, so to speak, of administration at the center. Now, shall my better judgment, my moral nature, my spiritual intuition, yield to their unrighteous demands for fellowship? It is a question, which shall go to the cross? the flesh, or the spirit? Shall my passions and affections continue to be slaves of Satan in the future, because, through ignorance, they have been in the past? A critical moment, this. I hold still, till the moral forces within me can gather their strength and say, with an omnipotent will, No, never. I can die, but to yield to the demands of false fellowships, impossible. I am not my own. I am not contending for my own individual rights, but for the rights of God, the rights of his Son Jesus Christ, and the rights of all the redeemed. No title deeds for land ever given by man, are half so valid as are the claims of God to my body and its functions; and there is no work of more importance than

to keep up the habitual confession that my body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. It is clearly certain that if one sternly and heroically refuses, in the name of Christ, to seek temporary comfort from false, descending fellowships, he will in due time be abundantly rewarded with true fellowships from above. Our citizenship is in heaven, and it is our privilege to qualify ourselves to be worthy companions of its inhabitants. However scattered, believers in Christ may be in this outer world, there are, in the very nature of things, no obstructions to the closest possible unity but those arising from the spirit of unbelief and false fellowships. It is when the fellowships of believers are wholly controlled by the spirit of Christ, that they learn to think in unison upon "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report." And it is this united thinking which is going on in the Church of Christ, that will secure in the end, an abundant flow of the peace and love of God in all hearts, and make this world, what its Maker designed, a paradise for the children of God.

### SMITH'S STORY.

XXVI.

ONE of the first results of my new conversion was to set me earnestly at work at self-improvement. That a person is saved from sin does not imply that he has attained all knowledge or all improvement. Before the art of printing was brought to its present state, a valuable book might have been printed upon poor type, upon bad paper, have been poorly bound, and even the spelling might have been incorrect; yet in one sense the book would have been just as perfect and as free from errors as it now is when improved by perfect type, the finest of gilt-edge paper, bound in the best of material and clasped with bands of pure gold. Even Christ who never sinned, was "perfected through sufferings," Heb. 2: 10. Believers are "temples of the living God;" and God hath said, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them, \* \* \* and will be a Father unto them." But we are commanded to come out from among unbelievers, and "touch not the unclean thing," 2 Cor. 6: 16-8. "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," 1 Cor. 7: 11. Here we see that holiness can be perfected. And Paul says that the object of giving the gifts of apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers, was not for the conversion of sinners, but "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ," Eph. 4: 11-13. A man may have no moral imperfection, and yet be greatly deficient in experience. Paul asserted his entire freedom from sin through a union with Christ, see Rom. 8: 2. 2 Cor. 6: 3-7. Yet Paul had not attained all perfection, for he had not entered into full fellowship with Christ's sufferings. His imperfection was not of holiness, but of experience.

I now saw that the periodical repentance in which I had been indulging was hypocrisy, and that genuine repentance only results from forsaking sin. True repentance needs "not to be repented of," 2 Cor. 7: 10. Christ had many sore conflicts with human nature, principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places. And so we may be saved from sin, and yet have a life work to attain the resurrection; but the warfare will not be a series of defeats. Paul says the lusts of the flesh will remain as long as the body is dead: but the Christian "shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh," Gal. 5: 16 17.

Another result of my second conversion was a turning to humility and obedience. I instinctively felt that the writer of the *Berean* was inspired as were the apostles of old. And there was no fanati-

cism about this. I merely judged him by his fruits; a scriptural method, and of course a scientific one. Having made this acknowledgment to myself, I was prepared to take up the next subject in the *Berean*, viz., "The Second Coming of Christ." The conclusions which I arrived at have been related in a previous chapter. It now only remained for me to go back and study up the "Origin of Evil," to make me in doctrine, at least, an Onelda Communist. The theory of the origin of evil which Mr. Noyes abundantly established from the Bible, is, that "the ultimate cause of all evil is an uncreated evil being; as the ultimate cause of all good is an uncreated good being." The establishment of this fact must change our views in respect to the divine decrees, human depravity, election and reprobation. Before the blazing light of this truth, Universalism withers away, and yet God's goodness is vindicated.

The 4th of July, 1866, found us again at Vesper, N. Y. In September I again visited the O. C.; and sought admittance as a member on trial. But before I left I found that joining the Community is similar to marrying. A thorough courtship must precede the union, resulting in thoroughly convincing the bride elect that you are seeking the union for her own intrinsic worth and not that you may obtain a home, or from any other sordid motive. I felt quite well acquainted with the O. C., but they had no evidence but words, that I loved them for the truth alone. And so my proposal was rejected. But my heart was truly given to their cause and I determined to make them feel my love. So I entered vigorously upon a courtship, the details of which are unimportant from the fact that no two persons are in the same position, hence cannot use the same means. But each must find his own ways and means to win his way into the heart of the Community.

In the fall we again went South as teachers of Freedmen. This time we were located at Edenton, N. C. The incidents connected with our stay at E. have already been related in letters written to the *CIRCULAR* at Wallingford. In May we received an invitation from the O. C. to join them at our earliest convenience. That was a happy day, for I believed theirs to be the highest school on earth; one whose teachers were in direct communication with the heavens, the source of all truth and knowledge. On the 1st of June, 1867, I arrived at the Community with a feeling that all my wanderings had brought me home.

The remarkable events of my life since coming here have been of a spiritual rather than an external nature. My second conversion had opened my heart somewhat to spiritual influences, which made me obedient and receptive to those above me; and I felt that all at O. C. were above me in spirituality. I found I had a great work to do to unlearn many things and to get rid of my old life. And I feel to-day that the work which has been wrought in me since coming here is no less than raising one from the dead. Nothing but the power of God can cast out such a willful, disobedient, headstrong, disorganizing spirit as I possessed, and substitute a spirit of humility, receptivity and obedience. And this is the kind of work that is constantly going on here. Conquests of false ambition, self-esteem, and all the baser passions are constantly being achieved, and a spirit of love is cementing the members into that unity prayed for by Christ which is to convince the world of his divine mission.

A deep-seated feeling of contentment and thankfulness has taken possession of me. I know I have found the truth; and the truth is making me free. There are many evidences that there is a wise and omnipotent power controlling this Community. Here are two hundred persons, of minds naturally independent, living in harmony, showing the best of behavior, yet having the greatest liberty. Here is pure love, mingled with faithful criticism; spirituality, coupled with a true enjoyment of external pleasure.

The general effect of my connection with this Community upon my character has been to make me soft-hearted, receptive and thankful. I have come to thoroughly believe that God orders all my

circumstances. I have new and enlarged views of God. I think less of self and more of the members of Christ's body. I have become more careful in relation to the details of my business. I have improved in quietness, sobriety, and in controlling my tongue; and have acquired patience in suffering, and learned to wait on God for inspiration. I am learning to let my heart lead my head. All of this change is still going on; and I trust that eventually all evil will be cast out of my body and spirit, and that I shall be clothed with the purity of the resurrection, without "spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

The effect of criticism upon me has been that of a tonic; giving me power to expel defects of character, which have heretofore been too strong for me. It has also produced a softening influence upon me, begetting a spirit of meekness and humility; and I find that I love those best who have been most faithful with me. I find that the tendency of the Social Theory of the O. C. upon me, is to purify and exalt my character generally; rooting out the most subtle forms of selfishness, and filling my heart with that unity which is the distinguishing feature of Christ's love.

My industrial character has been elevated and improved since coming here. I find the motives to industry and activity both of mind and body to be manifold greater in Community life than in the world. Now I labor for God and for all whom he loves; and the responsibility of the position excites to industry, while the motive sweetens labor and makes it sport. Under the influences of this Association my health has also improved. Whereas I formerly had severe turns of the sick headache about once in two weeks, now it is a thing of rare occurrence; and I expect to be entirely rid of it. I am also sensible of a steady increase of vigor and buoyancy of both mind and body. These then are some of the fruits of this Community. Examine them carefully and tell me if I am not right in concluding that the tree which bears them is good, and that the kingdom of heaven has come.

[THE END.]

## RECOLLECTIONS OF RAILROADS.

### II.

THE caution with which English railroad companies kept outside the municipal limits of nearly every town they passed, is a monument of the unprofitable results of blind prejudice. Railroad companies found themselves under the necessity of avoiding the precincts of populous places, to elude an opposition which would have proved fatal to their schemes; the consequence is, either that property near the stations or depots has been built over and increased in value, to the deterioration of the older parts of such towns, or branch tracks have been built out to the main roads. I don't know of a single instance where railroads pass through a town as they do through our American cities; and even in London the introduction of such means of conveyance through the populous districts, is of comparatively recent date.

If prejudice were all that had opposed the progress of railroads, we could well afford to pass over such errors of judgment with the silence of a smile; but other influences were brought to bear, more provoking to the patience of promoters as it was revolting to their sense of honesty and justice. I refer to that opposition by the aristocracy of England, to pacify which, so drained the exchequer of many a good railroad enterprise as to leave the defrauded shareholders with stock worth only little more than the paper it was printed on. If the history of these negotiations is ever written, future generations will classify them with the corruptions of a Cardinal Wolsey, and will blush to think that so many of the most prominent of England's boasted nobility were men who, sitting in high places of trust, abused their power by robbing the very men whose interests they were bound, and pretended to protect. One instance which came under my own observation will serve as an example of the system by which the public were plundered by their noble protectors.

A railroad is projected between two important towns; the scheme is in good hands and it is very desirable that it should succeed; but Lord Greedie has an estate in the way which the road must unavoidably intersect; he has also a large real estate interest in each of the towns, sufficient to influence elections to a considerable extent—in fact, one of them is a pocket borough, that is, this nobleman owns so many houses, stores, &c., in the town that he is enabled to influence the election any way he pleases. Englishmen are not so ready to change their residences as are Americans; besides, the majority of his Lordship's tenants are perhaps purposely allowed to be in some arrears of rent. For some reason or other connected with their private interests, they are all afraid that if they do not vote for the candidate for Parliament whom Lord Greedie has nominated, they will be turned out of house and home; the franchise is thus a mere farce. Lord Greedie has also much influence in the country elections, and he has many friends in the House of Peers with influence like his own, who are ready to place it at his disposal. It will thus be seen that these noblemen are in the position, besides their influence in the Upper House, to say to members of Parliament, "You must oppose this Bill in the Commons with all the influence you can bring to bear against it;" which also means, "if you do not, you will lose my patronage, and of course, your chances in the next election." With such men as Bright, Hughes, and many others, such arguments would of course be worse than useless; but the title hunters are of another stamp, and with them the plot prevails.

England has no general railroad act like that which in America, enables railroad promoters to take possession of a man's land, leaving him to seek justice by application to a court of law. Every railroad project has to fight its way through Parliament before it has any rights or, in fact, a legal existence; therefore we are at the mercy of this noble lord, for he can kill our scheme with a scratch of his pen, and "the public interest demands" that he should do so. He cannot be bribed, that is out of the question; the discovery would be a blot upon his fair name, and any such approach he would scorn with a virtuous indignation becoming his noble ancestry; but no one has a right to dictate at what price he shall sell his land, nor is it for his neighbor to compute what other damage he may consider a railroad to be to him; his character therefore suffers nothing except in the estimation of the disgusted railroad promoters, by his agreeing to sell land worth about five thousand pounds, for the modest sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling. Having agreed upon the terms of such a bargain, Lord Greedie at once becomes a warm supporter of the scheme, for if the bill does not pass, he cannot sell his land; it is therefore of the utmost importance that the bill should become a law, and "the public interest demands it." This would probably be a sore subject with those who thus availed themselves of the necessities of railroad companies; but that such a state of things was the rule and not the exception, is well known to every person who has had any experience in English railroad making. I know one Earl who received sixty thousand pounds for twenty acres of sandy land that would scarcely support a spear of grass; and all that he had ever before received from it was half a crown a year, collected from squatters in sums of one penny each, to keep alive his title.

After recalling memories of such dishonest dealings, it is quite refreshing to turn to a notable case of real honest prejudice, which had its existence in the person of an extensive coach proprietor in the west of England. This eccentric individual ran his coaches from Exeter to London in opposition to the Great Western Railroad, and for a long time continued to do so at an enormous expense, declaring that "railroads were a humbug, and the public would soon find it out, and then 'twould be, who could get upon a coach." But railroad proved the stronger of the two; and after Mr. Coach Proprietor had become a bankrupt he accepted the position of baggage-master on the Great Western Railroad at Paddington. His experience in running coaches

made him a most valuable man in his new capacity; but he soon organized a business independent of the railroad company, to which our system of expressage somewhat corresponds. The railroad company sued him for an infringement of their privileges, disputing his right to collect small parcels, and making them up into large bulk, to carry them over their road at common freight charges, thus depriving them of their profit on small parcels; but the ex-coach proprietor beat the railroad company after all. He has long since amassed a princely fortune, and heartily laughs at his former prejudices.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1869.

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

#### ONEIDA.

—Five years ago, when we built the Tontine, mainly to accommodate the laundry, fitting it up with all the modern improvements and hiring our operatives, we thought that department had assumed a tolerably permanent position. But Communities "can't calculate with no degree of sartainty what is gwine to occur." Four years flew by, when back came the CIRCULAR from W. C., taking its station in the apartment over the ironing-room; while almost simultaneously the silk-spooling business ousted the dairy, and established itself near by the ironing-room. From motives of convenience and economy we resolved to do our washing ourselves. Looking back a little, we see ourselves last winter with a semi-weekly washing and ironing for over two hundred people on our shoulders, the silk business clamoring for more room and more help, and the laundry itself declaring that some of its fixtures were by no means adequate, and absolutely behind the times. Well, there was a meaning in it, as mother B. would say. The business board scratched its head, knit its brows, and solved the problem: "The fruit-preserving, which monopolized the mill, is defunct. There is the place for the laundry;" and there it went as soon as one of our enterprising young men could make ready the necessary fixtures.

The washing is now reduced to such a system that all we have to do with it as a family, is to distribute our soiled clothes in large canvas bags hung in a room at the Tontine, and at the end of the week to find them again in the same room, clean and neatly folded in our boxes. This morning we strolled to the mill to see where this magical change is wrought, passing within a stone's throw of the towering trestle-work of the Midland over which the good engine Oswego, No. 1, puffed and whistled. The first thing which meets the eye at the entrance is a series of compartments, labeled with the name of almost every conceivable article of apparel, where are deposited the clothes to be washed. A capital idea, Jack Falstaff would have thought, no doubt, or any body who has done the assorting of fifty baskets of "foul linen." Passing on to the next door, we enter the washing-room—an apartment thirty feet by forty. All the mechanical operations are performed by water-power, while a twelve-horse-power boiler, which stands outside the door, heats the water and also dries the clothes in unpropitious weather. On a platform about ten feet from the floor are four large tanks; two contain soft, and two hard water; one hot and one cold of each. The soft water is thrown up by a forcing-pump from a cistern, thirty feet by ten and seven feet deep, with a capacity of four hundred and seventy-five barrels, which is situated under the ironing-room. The hard water, is brought from springs in the vicinity and pumped in the same manner. Overhead is a perfect net-work of pipes, and the number of faucets must be legion, for we counted forty at a glance. At each washing and rinsing-box there are four, commanding by a turn of the wrist soft and hard water, either hot or cold. Four kinds of soap in a state of solution are manufactured by steam on the spot. Two large washing machines, the "Nonpareil," and the "Shaker," are

kept in constant motion the greater part of three days in the week—Monday, Tuesday and Friday. We could almost fancy the garments subjected to the vigorous and monotonous swish-swash of the "Shaker," crying out in the spirit of true martyrs,

"Come life, Shaker life,  
Come life eternal;  
Shake, shake out of us  
All that is carnal;"

only a slight twist of the pen might perhaps give the lines a better adaptation. The machine does its work well any how, and is a credit to the inventor. Half-a-dozen small carts, running on three wheels, obviate the necessity of lifting and carrying the clothes. At the sunny southern entrance, but a few steps distant, and on a neat grass-plot, is the drying-yard. "How handy!" we exclaimed to Mrs. M., who with bare arms was superintending the weekly process of bleaching with chloride of lime. "Yes," she said, "everything is very convenient." Then she added, "We are all the while discovering better ways for doing things. There is one little improvement we have adopted lately which saves us a great deal of labor. It is this: When the shirts are starched, instead of rubbing and rubbing them as we used to do, we just give them one dash into some clear water, wring them out and dry them. We used to spend hours rubbing the shirt-bosoms, and you know how hard that must be—blistering your fingers; but the shirts iron just as well from receiving this treatment; and think how much time and labor are saved."

Next is the steam drying-room—ten feet by thirty. It is constructed in accordance with the best system of the kind used in England. Here you can dry the thickest woolen garments in two hours, and for towels only fifteen minutes suffice. The last in the series is the ironing-room—thirty by thirty. A mangle run by water-power, presses the sheets, towels and other plain clothes; while at convenient tables seven hired women ply their irons, heated on one of Mott's excellent flat-heaters. It is astonishing to see the ease with which our immense washings are here carried on. One of our men and two of our women take charge of the establishment; one man and seven women living in the neighborhood are employed five days in the week; one of our men "hangs out" the clothes three days in the week, and Saturday morning all is done. No more back-bending drudgery over nauseating suds, thanks to the inventive genius of the nineteenth century!

*Evening Meeting.*—T.—I was thinking, while reading the Home-Talk in last week's CIRCULAR, how completely the theory there laid down has been verified by our experience, and how little trouble we have had with lazy people. It is really miraculous to me. In reading these accounts of a great many Associations, published in the CIRCULAR, we see that one of the chief difficulties arose from their having constantly a set of hangers-on who liked to do pleasant things, such as teaching music, drawing, &c., but would not do actual work. They had a large percentage of such folks, that they could not use in the ordinary labors required in starting a Community. The problems we have had to work out were of a higher nature, and it seems as if this problem of industry was almost solved for us beforehand, by this spirit of unity that makes labor attractive by giving the results to other people. The Community system has taken labor up out of the low, hireling plane, and put it in with the gifts we should give to one another. People in the world, on the contrary, are obliged by their circumstances to cultivate self-interest. You will find folks who will tell you, without any hesitation, that to accommodate you in any way is no object to them, and therefore they cannot do it; as if it were absurd for them to think of doing anything accommodating to you which would bring them no financial reward. I have come in contact with a good many such persons, who were pleasant and agreeable in an external way; but they would lay down that motto of self-interest with as much calmness and unconsciousness as if they were talking about brotherly love. I suppose persons brought up in that spirit

regard it as high morality to look out exclusively for themselves. To such people our principles must be utterly incomprehensible.

*G. W. H.*—One of the stereotyped questions that agents have to answer is, "What do you do with the lazy ones?"

*H. J. S.*—We see the difference in the rewards of two systems, all around us. In the Community we are stimulated to labor from the love of giving; outside, people work mainly from the love of receiving. How well this system of the Community works may be seen from its fruits—freedom from care and anxiety. It is quite evident that this system of working merely to get money for one's own support or pleasure, really makes slaves of folks.

*W. A. H.*—I notice that quite a number of my acquaintances outside of the Community who were formerly gentlemanly and modest, have become selfish and gross, as they have grown rich and prosperous. It appears to be the natural consequence for people who work for themselves alone, to become incased in a hard spirit as they become old and prosperous. I am thankful we have in our organization something which breaks up the crust of hardness that comes over persons as they grow old, so that instead of going down hill, we go forward, aiming to become more gentlemanly and soft-hearted.

#### WILLOW-PLACE.

—Nearly all the girls of the silk-factory resolved themselves by invitation this afternoon into a kind of foraging party, and under Mr. B.'s generalship made a raid upon the raspberry fields of the O. C. The omnibusses were in requisition for the occasion, and they started off in high glee from the factory, apparently forgetful of all the ills of life, and especially of the trials and perplexities of silk-winding, cleaning, &c. The fields had not been closely gleaned, and about a hundred and fifty quarts were carried off as the spoils of the party, not including those that served to add a ruddier hue to their lips, of which no definite estimate could be made.

#### WALLINGFORD.

—Our lawn is close shaven; and what do you think was running about it this morning? A beautiful quail; and he performed in full sight of many of the family who came to door and window to see, and finally after crossing the flower bed near the arbor came back on the grass and tripped off near the pear orchard. It is quite exciting to see such a plump beautiful game-bird sporting under your windows.

—The young men from Oneida say they never saw such a place for "bees" as Wallingford is, and tonight they thought we had one that was quite unique. It was to go over the slope of Mount Tom and kill the apple-tree worms and burn the nests. The women enjoyed the bonfire, and hunted up the nests, &c.

*Evening Meeting.*—In a conversation on the text, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life," G. W. N. said, In what sense is that true? Did Christ mean just what he said? A hundred-fold is a great promise. In the world, seven per cent. is considered good interest. For one thing, our people have given up fashion. Do they get a hundred-fold for that? I can testify that they do—health, self-respect and every thing that belongs to true womanhood. I believe the Community way of life is the way Christ fulfills that promise to us. God saw that Mr. Noyes was pledged to give up all for Christ, and he gave him power and wisdom to found the Community. I believe God would do as much by others, if they would give up all for him.

*C. B.*—I used to think this language was somewhat figurative, but I have come to believe it is literally true. Sometimes I have thought that Paul hardly received an hundred-fold in his experience in this life—that what he did get, was an appreciation of the conversion of souls—a higher ambition than was common in the world at that time—that his reward was in that shape more than in outward things.

G. W. N.—Paul had the handling of a good deal of money, and might have kept it if he chose. He was a soldier, and loved a soldier's life; and certainly he had an hundred-fold of just the kind of experience he wanted. He was given the means of doing what he wanted to.

T. L. P.—He chose the championship of Judaism, but gave it up, and received a hundred-fold in his championship of the gospel of Christianity. There is no doubt if he had remained in Judaism, he would have been the most conspicuous man in it.

G. W. N.—That he refused. His career was a splendid example of the fulfilment of the promise of Christ. Communism will enable us to preach the gospel as soldiers of the truth, and have houses and lands, brothers, sisters, and children. I think the situation of the richest men around us is far inferior to ours in all the elements of happiness. I don't know why that passage is not extended a little further now-a-days than it was originally. The promise was everlasting life in the world to come. The question is, Is not that world to come, here now? I don't know that we have got to go out of this world into the world to come. I think we stand a very good chance to have our hundred-fold and life everlasting where we are now.

—After supper a bee for picking currants. While we were picking, we saw so many weeds in a bed of grape cuttings near us that G. W. N. proposed we close with a bee for pulling weeds. All entered into it heartily, and the weeds were soon laid low.

—J. J. Skinner, who has been with us for the last three years, while pursuing his studies at the Scientific department of Yale College, graduated at the recent Commencement with the highest honors of his class, having received prizes for proficiency in engineering studies, and in the German and French languages. His graduating thesis on "Intermittent Springs," was favorably noticed by Prof. Silliman. Mr. Skinner will devote his time, for the present, to teaching at O. C.

—Mr. J. B. Herrick brought here the first revised chapter of Mr. Noyes's history of American Socialisms, on Saturday afternoon, July 31; and on Monday morning he returned to O. C. with a proof of the first eight pages of the coming book. The type were set by Misses Anna Hatch, Helen Miller, Augusta Hamilton, and Louisa Vanvelzer. The printing of this work will occupy us during the ensuing fall.

EXHIBITION OF THE SUN ON THE STAGE.

O. C., Saturday, August 7, 1869.

THE eclipse has been the theme of the day. Friday evening's meeting was occupied by J. J. Skinner in a general description of eclipses and their causes, and in a particular account of to-day's, illustrating the relative position of the sun, moon and earth, with a rude apparatus improvised for the purpose, that the children and all might have an intelligent idea of the phenomenon. Yesterday was cloudy and rainy, and some doubts were expressed regarding the weather. The morning was resplendent, belying our fears; but all day occasional clouds obscured the sun. "We shan't see it, after all," we said; yet we prepared a quantity of smoked glass, and lived in hope. At four o'clock the weather was positively dismal; but about half-past an unseen hand cleared the whole heavens as at one sweep, and serener skies were difficult to imagine. At five o'clock we were all turned astronomers. Glass in hand we crowded at the windows, we grouped ourselves on the lawn, we ran to the top of the tower. Children with smutty noses and blackened cheeks, flew about like philosophers gone mad. J. H. N. darkened a small room opening out of the upper sitting-room and inserted a card perforated by a knitting needle which threw a beautifully defined image on the opposite wall. Two, who were at another window, watching the sun through a piece of smoked glass, gave a shout at the first appearance of the moon on its disc; and at the same instant it was discovered on the image in the darkened room. In a few moments a card perforated with pin-holes was in every hand, imaging tiny sunlets on a paper surface. At one time the sun shining through the vestibule win-

dows threw a constellation of crescents on the opposite wall; at another the openings in the foliage of the elm trees before the store made a myriad of miniature eclipses on its front. As the eclipse advanced a slight darkening became evident, and some (who had read up the papers) noticed with a shudder the chilly wind, and the dark greenish gloom overspreading the landscape (especially the grass). One enthusiast cried out, as a chimney swallow darted by, "Hallo; isn't that a bat?" The shadows of the trees were observed to have outlines much more indistinct or penumbra-like than usual.

At the time of greatest obscuration the planet Venus was distinctly visible to the left of the sun, and considerably higher in the heavens. No one had looked for it sooner, but as it remained discernible for fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards there must have been at least half an hour when it could have been seen. One lady at a sky-light window saw the planet Saturn, to the south and nearly half way from the horizon to the zenith. As near as we were able to tell with our time-pieces and means of observation the eclipse began at 5h, 3m, 9s, local time, and ended at 6h, 50m, 56s.

When just past the greatest obscuration word was given that some one in the Tontine garret had better fixtures for taking observations than any thing yet contrived. Up there we rushed. The window was only partially darkened according to the plan previously tried, but the room being wider the image cast on the wall was considerably larger. "The very thing for the Hall!" we exclaimed. "For the next eclipse we will have this apparatus in the Hall." "It isn't too late now," said one. "At it, then, in a hurry!" said another, and on the wings of scientific enthusiasm flew the young men to the gallery windows, which they shaded with any thing at hand.

At first no image was produced, but while T. was rushing with desperate haste for a card with a suitable hole, J. H. N. growing impatient, with his pocket scissors snipped a hole about an inch in diameter in the bed-quilt which covered the window. This was no sooner done than, O, wonderful, an image eight inches in diameter was distinctly portrayed on a sheet hung over the central window at the other end of the Hall seventy feet away! Had we tried ten minutes sooner the image would have struck the floor; making the result unsatisfactory; but the exact moment was caught, when the rays coming in horizontally fell on the wall above the stage. We so love to congregate that no situation could possibly have suited us better; and we all gathered there, some in the gallery, some below, and watched like the wise men of old for the star of the east, or as did the Primitive Church for the sign of the Son of man; and we watched till the last vestige of obscuration disappeared from the sun's disc; then we clapped our hands with a universal inspiration of applause. The whole affair was intensely interesting. Science and instinct vied with each other in planning methods of observation, until together they achieved the last crowning success. Said one of the inventors, "I never had such a sense of luck in my life. It was like hitting the center of a mark a mile off."

Such a combination of circumstances might not occur in thousands of years. A large eclipse; late in the afternoon; throwing a well defined image eight inches in diameter upon the wall in the center of the stage in a large hall, while an enthusiastic audience were seated at their ease admiring it!

Our observations, to be sure, were not quite equal in interest to those to be made in the line of totality, but they were suited to our capacity, and made an occasion to be long remembered.

WALLINGFORD STRAWS.

W. C., Aug. 3, 1869.

A couple of horticulturists called at this Community the other day, and while walking through the vineyards and noticing the quality of the soil, the growing crops, &c., gave free expression to their admiration.

"I never saw any thing like it," said one; "what a splendid soil!"

"Yes;" said the other, "this is the best farm in the county, if not in the State of Connecticut."

Yet eighteen years ago, when the Community commenced here, this farm was not distinguished from others around it, and all were poor enough. Aside from any mystical influence which some have fancied that brotherhood has in ameliorating the earth, the Community system works out this result by the plainest logical process. In the first place it feeds the land, instead of starving it. The grain products, the hay and dairy products are all consumed on the place. In a large family of fifty or a hundred, there will be no surplus of these to dispose of; but on the other hand, during the first years, butter, cheese and flour in considerable quantities will be brought in from abroad. All these importations go to enrich the land, and the only drain upon it consists in the sale of fruits and an occasional animal. In this way, by the natural working of the large-family system, the balance has been constantly in favor of our land, and the result is seen in its general fertility and constantly increasing crops. Ten years ago we could hardly fill our barns. Now they burst out and overrun in stacks on every hand. This effect has been produced not by any large expenditure for manure, but mainly by the insensible operation of provision-purchases, for the subsistence of the family.

"But how do you make these purchases? Can you support yourselves merely by the production of fruit?"

Here, my friend, you bring out another of the advantages of Communism. In a family of fifty or a hundred, all will not be farmers; there will be a certain proportion of mechanics and manufacturers. In fact, our Communities have distinguished themselves from all other socialistic attempts by adopting the principle, Manufactures, first; Farming, second; so you see that the large family on our system has an income independent of the land from the start, and can thus support the generous policy towards the soil which the home consumption of its products implies.

The case of the single-family farmer is different. Having no trade, he must depend for support on the constant and immediate sale of the crops from his farm. Having but a few persons to feed, his supplies will consist mainly of grain, butter, cheese, &c. These containing the very life-blood of his soil, are sold away, and but little is brought in to replace them. The result is just as sure as arithmetic. Under this system New England in many places has become almost a desert. And the West, with all its rich prairies, under this system will surely follow. It is only a question of time.

Political economists have shown that variety of occupation and complex production are the attendants of high civilization; and conversely, that no country can afford to stand on merely one or two great staples, however important they may seem to be. The South stood on cotton, and to-day she is a hundred years behind the North. This is just the difference between Communism and ordinary farming. The former introduces complexity into family production; the latter depends on two or three staples. The one enriches the soil, the other ruins it.

With the Community system, combining manufactures and farming, and consuming by means of large families the main products of the soil at home, I would undertake in fifty years to raise New England to a point of fertility rivaling that of California. Why run to the other side of the continent to find an un-abused soil, when by a natural system of unity, justice and generosity we can soon reconstruct our own land to be equal perhaps to any on the earth? G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Owantonie, Kansas, July 17, 1869.

DEAR FRIENDS:—\*\*\* It is not my design to attempt to pay you for the good that you have done and are doing me through the CIRCULAR and Beacon, for this I could not do if I were worth thousands; but I am convinced that you are doing a great and noble work for the benefit of all mankind by your

Christian example. I believe that the Lord has called you to this work; I therefore consider it the Lord's work. On this account I am willing and even glad to contribute something out of my scanty means whenever I can do so. \* \* \* I cannot express all the gratitude I feel toward you, and especially to the Lord on account of the good he has done me through you, and the hope he has given me of eternal life through Jesus Christ.

S. H.

July 20, 1869.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I get little tastes of happiness, enough to make me long for the light to take entire possession of my life so that it shall never know darkness again. I know that Jesus Christ is that light, and that his enemy the devil causes darkness. I have chosen Christ and pray that his light may shine more and more in my life until it reaches the brightness of the perfect day. I also pray for that great gift of God, faith, that gift spoken of in your evening meeting June 21st, and that he will be pleased to write his law in my heart. I wish again to acknowledge the excellence of the pollen which the CIRCULAR scatters wherever it goes. I desire the right susceptibility, that its teachings may "fertilize my spirit and beget good in me, and change my character." With all my heart, S. E. M. H.

Monticello, Minn., July 30, 1869.

FRIENDS OF THE O. C.—A tornado on the tenth of July tore my house to pieces, and I have to spend a good deal of time in putting up another. Most everything was destroyed by the wind and rain. I had it insured against fire and lightning. Nothing short of Communism is sufficient insurance.

Although in the house when it flew away, I did not get a scratch. Chairs, &c., were blown eight or twelve rods off. A mattress and quilt were fortunately piled on my back and sheltered me from the rain for a long time. The picture of the O. C., with the glass over it hanging on a wall, was not damaged. You would probably attribute all this to a special Providence. I do not know enough about that, but I think that accident shall not lessen my purpose to fight rascality and advocate a true organization of society.

F. H. W.

### THE MURRAY MIRAGE;

#### OR, THE MISERIES OF MISINFORMATION.

"What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?"

[From the Springfield Republican.]

"The papers teem with indignant letters from the Saranac lakes, awarding no end of denunciation to Parson Murray, of Boston, for investing that region with so much of romance. Says a writer in the *Troy Times*: I find the Saranac lakes excitement has reached the 'fever heat' point, and is fairly boiling over. It is said there are two thousand visitors there already, and the cry is, still they come. The hotels are all full and the woods white with the tents of camping-out parties, some of whom on their return, give most amusing and dolorous descriptions of their first experience at the Forth woods. One lady whom I saw at Cutting's Ausable House at Keesville, said there was one man up there who was so far devoured by the black flies that there was not enough left of him to make a decent funeral, and that she was obliged to shut herself up closely in a tent, take a wet towel and kill insects all day, in order to get any rest at night; and finally to employ a guide to do the same thing all night while she slept. As for the fishing, there were thirty fishing rods to every trout, and at night seventeen torches to every spear. The hunting was equally poor. Her husband, who is very fond of hunting, after being out all day, returned at night with a big bull-frog, completely riddled from the effects of fourteen rounds of ammunition. Amusing stories are also told of fashionable shoddy parties. One gentleman, with his wife and daughter, went up, taking with them several large Saratoga trunks, and on their arrival called for three parlor bedrooms, but the house being already full they were put up in the attic. The next day the young lady was perfectly horrified because 'she had to put her foot on the bare floor, and drink out of a common glass tumbler.' She had never done such a thing in all her life, and would not stay another day for a thousand dollars: and so her papa had to take her home immediately. Traveling expenses by team, for two days, amounted to fifty dollars, and their money all gone, the unhappy father was obliged to get the landlord to cash his check for \$100. Landlord allowed he was glad to get rid of them even at that price. I heard of twenty additional beds going up to-day, for one hotel, which

were to be put up under the trees; of course there will be no extra charge for the 'mosquito serenades.' I am told it is even more expensive there than at Niagara; many of the guides are getting five dollars per day, and everything else is in proportion. The merchants here say they are frequently called upon by returning parties, for money to carry them home, their wallets having been completely depleted. Denunciations of 'Murray' are heard everywhere, and many think there is danger of his being assassinated. One party on their return registered their names at the hotel as 'Murray's fools.' But curiosity is up, and crowds will continue to go until everybody has seen for themselves the world renowned 'Saranac.'

Another correspondent pursues the attack in this vigorous way:

"The valuable portion of Murray ends with the first thirty or forty pages, which are practical and somewhat sensible. All the rest of the book, beginning with Nameless Creek, is bosh and romance. The practical part is by no means correct, as, for example, when he speaks of outfit and expenditures, the little exertion requisite to go through these regions, and the wondrous, miraculous gift of health in these airs, when one stepping into the grove suddenly becomes a strong and hale fellow! Murray has sent a whole battalion of invalids here, who come flushed with hope, and leave saddened and angered. You should see the invalids and hear their coughs and growls. Said a lady at Martin's, to me: 'I don't understand Mr. Murray. He says a child five years old can go through these woods and not mind the exertion; and yet, even here, he tells us to take only a bag or valise, as we have carries and bad places to transport baggage over, and will have to walk so far and make so much exertion.' Murray speaks of flies, mosquitoes and midges. He makes light of them. Could you only see the crowds of people fleeing them, could you see the scratched faces, could you see the people advance one day into the woods and then turn about and dispose of a month's outfit for a song, could you view these sights what would you think and say? Murray has led people to spend thousands of dollars—yea, tens of thousands—and come here only, plainly speaking, to be sold. He has puffed up and advertised certain stores in New York and Boston, certain resorts in the woods, in the real spirit of *quackery*. His book has passed through ten editions, thanks to the enterprising publishers and to the romance which people have taken for truth, and thus a multitude of people have read of the Adirondacks as they do of old Eden, and they have invested largely in outfits. What the *reverend* author means by his book, I know not; but thousands of deluded people feel a righteous, and, I say *just* indignation against him. I have been too often in these woods not to come prepared to find Murray and his sketches a species of humbug; and my opinion is confirmed by the unanimous testimony of guides, tourists, sportsmen, and the people he has enticed hither. Concerning the insect evils, I would say for myself (and I advise it), that I shall never come here again earlier than the last of August, when flies and flunkies have disappeared, and the vast army of mosquitoes are mostly routed. And now for two or three chapters more of Murray, and I am done with him. He seriously portrays a night affray with a buck, in which Stephen Martin holds the animal, goes with him into the river, and drowns his buckship. Any sportsman knows better; and Stephen will tell you quite a different story from Brother Murray. A buck, slightly wounded, can kill an unarmed man, or disable him, in one minute. What have stories like 'Phantom Falls,' and 'A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car,' to do with a book upon these woods? Murray inserts them merely to fill up and make the book *sell*. As for his rod—a rod potent as Moses's, he would make us believe—and his 'three-pounders,' there is a deal of coloring and inflation. Good, respectable trout abound here—nay, even a three-pounder sometimes takes the hook—but 'Nameless Creek' had better be so named, for Murray knows no such place."

[The editors of the *Trapper's Guide*, aware that rose-colored ideas of the wilderness often arise from the tales of old hunters and trappers, who have acquired great skill in wood-craft, and who select lucky incidents in a long life of hardships to fill the ears of gaping listeners, inserted the following warning from the pen of J. H. N. in the second edition. —Eds. Cir.]

"The visions of far-off cities, palaces, gardens, fountains, and lakes that beguile the tired and thirsty pilgrims of the desert are probably but tame and rare illusions compared with those that lure hunters, fishermen, and trappers, or the myriads of men and boys all over the world that would be such, on and on, year after year, in the pursuit of boundless successes that are always looming in the distance, but are never reached. For one, I confess that ever since I was ten years old I have been seeking from time to time, in all directions and by many wearisome excursions, for that paradise of sportsmen where one

can bag the nicest game in any quantities 'as fast as he can load and fire,' or where he can catch bass or trout of any desirable size 'as fast as he can put in his hook;' but I *have never found it!* The exact spot has been pointed out again and again by very credible informants; but always, when I have reached it, there has been some mistake about it. Either I had come a few days too soon, or a few days too late; or the desired region was a few miles further on, or off to the right or left, or even back of where I started; or somebody had got in before me, and had just disappeared with the load of luck that I expected; or the weather was wrong; or the time of day was wrong; or I had not the right kind of tools and tackle. Thus in one way or another, as a sportsman, I have never got much beyond moderate luck, with hard work and hard fare; and I have come to the conclusion that the sporting world is full of *mirages*, that ought to be exposed and expounded for the benefit of rising generations.

"I do not believe that my indifferent success is owing altogether to individual bad luck or bad management, but that it is an average sample of general experience. I hear the same story from multitudes of amateurs (told of course in their lucid intervals), and even from old Nimrods. John P. Hutchins said that he 'never got through a trapping campaign without wondering at himself that he should be such a fool as to leave a good home and a civilized business to plunge himself into a purgatory of unspeakable hardships for small profits and little sport.' And even his father, tough as he is in muscle and storytelling, said nearly the same thing.

"The illusions that cover the sporting world come mostly from the inveterate bragging and exaggerations of sportsmen themselves. The old hunter tells all he can, and more than he can truthfully, of his exploits; and says as little as possible of his failures, and the miseries which his successes cost him. Thus the mirage rises, and they who are deceived by it, in their turn learn to brag of their exploits and conceal their failures: and so the deception passes on from man to man, and from generation to generation.

"I mean to step out of this practice, and tell some things about our Canada expedition that will tend to sober the expectations of novices, and put them on their guard against inflated reports and promises of sport.

"We went to Canada in full expectation of being able to get plenty of venison and fish for our winter supplies. When we came away, all hopes of getting these provisions had vanished, and we had found it necessary to borrow meat of our neighbors, the lumberers, and were about to send to Montreal for a barrel of mess-pork!

"Our illusions vanished one after another in this fashion. We were told that at Bass Lake we could catch fine, large bass in any quantities, either by drop-line or trolling. We fished patiently with drop-lines at various times for hours together, and got one nibble! We trolled the lake up and down with two boats, and caught one bass of perhaps a pound weight!

"We were told that at Salmon Lake, during a week or ten days after the 8th of October, we should find myriads of salmon-trout on their spawning beds every evening, and could spear boat-loads of them and salt them down for winter use. We had prepared two excellent spears and a jack; and we worked hard to gather "fat pine;" and we laid in a store of salt. But we had no success in finding fish, except on one night, and then only in moderate numbers. All we caught were ten trout, averaging perhaps two pounds apiece, and one fine one of over twelve pounds. We had no occasion to salt them, as five of us easily disposed of them otherwise in the course of a week.

"We were told that we could kill all the deer that we should want for the winter. The understanding was that, just before freezing time, we should lay in our stock. I asked how many deer would probably be a fair supply for the party. The answer was, 'About twenty.' Such were our expectations. The reality was this: Our party had the opportunity of seeing at a distance the chase and killing of *two* deer in Bass Lake, by resident hunters. These were all the deer that were taken in Bass Lake or in Salmon Lake within our sight and hearing, or within our knowledge by rumor, during the whole of our twenty days on the hunting grounds. The dogs were baying frequently, and hunters did their best, but no more deer were taken. We had not the slightest chance of killing any in the usual way by running them into the lakes, as our dog was only a puppy that was more likely to lose himself than to find deer. As to the chance of getting venison by the 'still hunt,' that is, by shooting deer in the woods, there was little encouragement, as our party only saw one on land during all our journeyings.

"But how about *bears*? You didn't kill any, of course, but did you see or hear of any? Well, I will tell you all about bears. We expected to have something to do with them, and provided ourselves with a couple of Newhouse's famous bear-traps; but we did not set them, and of course did not catch any! We saw scratches on a stump, which Mr. Hutchins pronounced to be the work of a bear's claws made

for sport, as a cat airs her hooks sometimes by scratching. One night, when we went camping out, Mr Pitt heard a terrible noise that he thought bad enough to be a bear's growl; but it proved to be the complaint of an owl. And, to conclude, we had a view—in fact, rather too near a view—of a grisly skeleton of a bear, lying by the side of the path leading from our Crusoe shanty to the lake,—a relic left us by some previous hunter and the ravens. That was the nearest we came to seeing a bear.

"To cut the matter short, What *did* you shoot? I killed a partridge and a pigeon. Mr. Pitt killed several red squirrels (which, cooked with some dried beef for want of salt, made an excellent stew). John P. killed some squirrels and a partridge. Mr. Hutchins killed a *skunk*. Besides these, we hit several paper marks, and some we did not hit. This is a true account of our hunting and fishing down to the time of our 'change of base' and my departure for the States.

"A tender conscience and compassion for the inexperienced, prompts these confessions. Of course the veterans can do better. They have had their say, and will get more credit than we greenhorns any way. All ears are open to them. As a counterpoise to their exciting stories, we feel bound to leave it as our last word to amateur hunters and trappers, that they should not set their hearts on external success and pleasure, but rather on the benefits to be derived from hard discipline. In that case, we can assure them that they will not be disappointed."

### THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

#### MISERIES OF WOMAN'S DRESS.

The present prevalent dress of women is both absurd and vulgar, absurdity being the irrational deduction of ends from means, and vulgarity, the setting of the sensational, the sham, above the significant, the real. We are not sure that the fact that women have not seen the terrible ills of their own system of dress and resolved unanimously on its reform, does not go far to prove them incapable both of that fine discrimination and that directness and unanimity of action which must underlie all reforms. A man swings along to his business in broad English shoes; in the coarsest and usefulest of rough suits; reasonably indifferent to rain or sun; lungs free, spine unchafed, eyes shaded, body alert, brain clear. A woman minces to her business, or nips along the avenue, in narrow, walnut-heeled boots; in the unusefulest of fine suits, compressing her waist, binding her arms, impeding her movements; buffeted by the rain and beaten by the sun; lungs half filled with half-erated blood, spine hot and chafed, eyes unshaded save by the parasol which itself confesses the inadequacy of the hat; body languid, brain dull. If the body be more than raiment, a doctrine as artistic as Christian, then this subordination of the body to raiment is the essence of vulgarity. And the long dress of the house is worse than the short dress of the street, because it still more fetters and weighs down. The inconvenience of this most artificial costume is serious enough. The ascertainable and inevitable unhealthfulness of it is criminal. But a third protest remains to us, perhaps more potent than these two, which are common as the denunciation of the devil, and quite as ineffectual. The finest beauty cannot come to its fulfillment under these false conditions. Venus rides on the lion to-day, as in the Greek fable. That is, beauty depends on strength, on thorough physical development. And the fairest rose of fashion dancing to-night at Long Branch, and the prettiest shop-girl or student of art, or actress, or young matron, busy at her work, if her waist is laced, or her arm-holes too tight, or her boot-heels too high and too narrow, or the weight of skirts about her hips too great—as it always is—is gravitating steadily toward pastilles, toward rouge, toward lily white, toward remedies for spinal disease and kindred horrors, to simulate the bloom she might have kept, and patch up the delicate machinery she might have kept intact. Besides, the terrible demands on time which this elaborate dressing makes, forbid that our women should be successful in finer arts than dress. No wonder that there are no Handel and Angelas, as Charles Reade, not we, complains there are not, nor even a Verdi, *filie*, or a Key, *œur*, as, since the Peace Festival, Heaven forefend there should be! Nor can it be decided what are the fitting employments for women till they themselves shall show what are the inherent limitations of sex, and what the conventional hindrances of clothes. It is a question which concerns the race. Man may be a Goth, a Vandal, and a Tyrant. But Fashion is a very Dragon, and not all the blood of the fairest maidens can satisfy its awful greed. If the tears and the devices of the sweet Andromedas fail, is there no Perseus? Is not Worth the flower of chevaliers? Is not the wonderful man-modiste of New York a tender spirit, a very Bayard of dressmakers? If there is no speculation in the beautiful eyes of our women, will he not devise the healthful and exquisite costume which shall adorn them and not enchain? But we refuse to believe

that their help will not come from themselves. We have fought their battle through good report and ill report. We have invested them with sweetness and graces and delicate capacities, which their foremost orators and editors have most forcibly endeavored to convince us they did not possess. Their civilization is crude, as their costumes—dare we say, as their Conventions?—declare. To-day the result of feminine application to the fine necessities of the feminine toilet is crimping-pins, impinging stays, hair-dyes, pastilles, and fluting-irons. On some near-tomorrow, let us hope, the result will be a costume simple as the Greek vesture, manageable as the short dresses of the period, serviceable as the business garb of men, picturesque as Gretchen's pretty fineries, and fitting all occasions as the perfect grace of its wearers shall fit all occasions.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

#### A LONDON LAW-OFFICE.

XV.

THE hard work and anxiety attending such a drive of business, together with loss of rest and other irregularities of living, resulted in a long fit of sickness. The last thing I did, was to assist in a "whip," and then I was laid on the sick list for six months.

Previous to the calling up of a Bill before Parliament for a second reading, the promoters find out who is going to vote for it, and obtain promises from all such members of Parliament, to be on hand when the Bill is read; but it is necessary to keep watch of them and see that they are at their posts, especially if there is likely to be a lively opposition. One man has not thought about his promise since he made it; another has forgotten to come to the House, while others have waited till eleven o'clock at night, and getting tired, have gone home thinking the Bill will not be read till the following night. The "whips" have enough to do to keep their forces together, and the disinterested public who stand in Old Palace yard and watch the cabs dash by with reckless speed in the dead of night, little think of the importance of the haste with which sometimes they travel. On such occasions we usually selected about a dozen Hansom cabs, with the best drivers and fastest horses we could find, and kept them in readiness for any emergency. A member is missing; whisk! goes a man in a Hansom cab to the missing M. P.'s residence; he has gone to the theatre; the number of his box or stall is taken and we fetch him out in the middle of a play. Another is sick, but we take no excuse and bring him to vote. If at a dinner party or ball, no matter, we ferret him out and willing or unwilling bring him to his post; this is what lawyers call a "whip," and it is the most exciting part of a Parliamentary session.

After I had recovered sufficiently from my sickness, I was entrusted with the settling of a Tithe Apportionment on a line of railroad; and having had such a success in my reference work, I no longer felt any diffidence about taking hold of anything. This business called me into the country among hospitable landholders and farmers, in neighborhoods where was the very best of trout fishing, so that I found it easy and pleasant to dispose of my spare time; but the work was a very severe trial to my temper. With the exception of a few landed proprietors, I had to deal entirely with farmers through whose farms the railroad was built and had been running more than nine years, but the tithes had never yet been settled. All lands in England are subject to a rent charge for the support of the established church, and railroads of course have to bear their share of this tax; but as the charge arises out of the crops—being in lieu of tithes or tenths of the farm produce—it varies every year according to the average of the crops during the past seven years, and it is very difficult to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to what would be a fair apportionment of such tax upon a railroad company, for the railroad bears no crops that are liable to tithes; yet it has taken land, and it is unfair that the farmer should pay tithes on lands not in his possession. The matter therefore is one of negotiation, and this was the business I had in hand.

My first step was to send notices to all parties interested, to meet me on certain days at convenient places to discuss the matter and get a settlement. The railroad had been built more than nine years;

so that I had to refund to them nine times the amount of whatever was agreed between us as the share of the railroad company: this amounted to all sorts of sums, varying from five to five hundred pounds. I soon found that my difficulties had only commenced when I met with the parties. No matter how small the sum involved, it was a yearly affair, and represented a certain amount of capital. If the farmer could saddle three or four pounds of his tax on the railroad, his farm would be worth one hundred pounds more purchase money; consequently these men fought for every penny, and innumerable were the specious arguments with which they plied me. "The railroad should take more than a pro rata charge, because it passed through the best of the land; because it ran in the middle of a field, or it ran by the side of a field, or across a corner. In every case the road had taken the advantage. The smoke injured the crops alongside the line; the noise frightened away the cattle so that they could not graze to advantage;" and every excuse that could be trumped up, no matter how silly, was brought to bear upon their side of the subject. I was considerably vexed with the difficulties that attended this business; but I had this for my consolation, that the more they placed impediments in my way, the more I should catch of their trout.

At the earnest solicitations of a wealthy miller, who owned a farm in the neighborhood of the road, I took up my quarters at his house; and every evening the tackle was ready, and the most approved flies selected for the season. A rare specimen of the jolly Englishman, was that same miller; a regular old-fashioned breeches-and-boots man, who shook his fat sides at his own jokes, and never allowed the joke of a friend to pass without the same hearty tribute of applause; such a laugh too, it was, that could be heard "across lots," and spoke plainer than the old fellow's ledger, "I owe no penny I cannot pay," like the miller of the Dee. He could show the biggest trout in all the country, and throw a fly with precision perfectly marvelous; the fish, too, seemed to know his style, for when I had sometimes been fishing for hours and not had a single rise, the voice of the miller might be heard as he strode up the bank of the river, "Holloa here, holloa, What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter, wont they bite, eh? Wont they bite?" and taking my rod, at the first throw, hook a fish. Then would his sides shake again, and during the evening he would tell his friends at least half a dozen times, how he "beat the lawyer," each time enjoying the joke as heartily as if he had only then thought of it for the first time.

Tiring at length of a business in which I could make so little headway or learn so little of my profession, I went into the chancery department, leaving the apportionment unfinished after working at it nearly two years.

My old friend Vellum was a good representative of the genus Chancery Clerk; I don't know how long he had been in the office, but he was as well known in the chancery courts as were the judges or any other appendage, and I have been told by people who had been in the habit of seeing him frequently, that he looked not a day older than he did twenty years previous. This seems to be one of the peculiarities of the chancery courts, that their *habitués* get just so old and appear to remain at that age till the day of their death. Vellum was a self-educated man, who having spent his boyhood days at sea, had missed the opportunity of a school education; the consequence was, that notwithstanding he was well informed and a great reader, he had an inveterate habit of mixing up his *hs*, to the infinite amusement of his many friends: in fact, so identified had this propensity become with his character, that to have changed it, would have been to destroy one of the lovable features of this honest old clerk, and no one of us would have had this error rectified for all the respect we bore him. Notwithstanding the universal good feeling towards this man, he mixed but little with the clerks in the office; I therefore had learned little or nothing of his true character until I was placed under him to get some insight into the practice of Chancery.

The first day that I attended the courts with Vellum we lunched together at my chambers, when I discovered that a pipe was one of his favorite failings. As we conversed together, I wondered that I had not sooner made his acquaintance, for I found him to be a religious man, and genial withal; but my religious ardor had at this time so far subsided that I should not probably have questioned him as to his religion if he had not found occasion to introduce the subject himself. A young barrister had shaken Vellum warmly by the hand in one of the courts during the morning, and he introduced him to me, saying when he left us, "I will tell you a story about that young man's father sometime, if you care to hear it." Seated in easy arm-chairs before a blazing fire, now is the time if ever for a story; so I remind friend Vellum of his pledge.

A cloud of tobacco smoke well nigh obscured the old clerk's countenance as he took an extra long pull at his pipe and then a short puff or two as if to pump up his ideas, but in reality, to assure himself of his pipe being well alight before beginning to talk.

You have heard of Dr. —, have't you?

Of course I had, every one in the religious world had heard of the atheist Dr. —, who for many years wrote to prove the non-existence of a personal God-head and afterwards turned a church builder, giving large sums of money for endowments, etc. What of him?

"Well!" continued Vellum as he enveloped himself once more in a halo of smoke, "that young man whom we met this morning is his son; and what I have got to tell isn't of so much interest to any one else as to me, perhaps, but 'twill explain why I feel interested in that family. I had a sister who was remarkable for her pious character. She was not much of a talker, and said very little about religion. If she spoke 'twas sure to be to the point, and she always exercised an influence that made every body respect her; but her health was bad, and at last she became troubled with a cancer on her breast; our medical man did all he could for her, and after long suffering and much consultation, with many fees, it was at length decided that an operation was necessary, and Dr. — was called in to perform the operation of removing the right breast. It was very painful, and probably was much exaggerated in our estimation from over anxiety on my sister's account. There were no anaesthetics in use at that time, and the operation called for all the courage that could be mustered; but the patient, though so weak and sickly, appeared to be the most disinterested party in the transaction. Without a complaint or cry she looked on, through the operation, so passive an observer that Dr. — was astonished at her heroism, and in an after visit expressed his astonishment at the way in which she had behaved. It was the most remarkable case he had ever met with.

"Pointing to a Testament that was lying on her bed, she told the Dr. that there would be found the secret of her strength. She was a weak, timid woman, but Christ was able to show his power in just such weakness as her's, and knowing that the Dr. was an unbelieving man she had prayed Christ to support her in the presence of the atheist; and He had done so, for she felt only a little more of the operation than if her hair was being cut.

"Other conversation passed in this interview and in subsequent ones, showing that a deep impression had been made upon the celebrated atheist, and it was not long before he declared himself a convert to Christianity. The faith of this woman induced him to study the gospel of Christ with less prejudice than he had ever done before, and the result was a true conversion. The remainder of Dr. —'s life and fortune was devoted to purchasing up every copy he could find of his infidel books, and to the advancement of the cause of religious instruction." E.

**PHILOLOGICAL CONVENTION.**—In accordance with an arrangement made in November last, the American Philological Convention met and organized in Poughkeepsie, on the 27th of July. On the 28th, papers were read on the proper pronunciation of Latin and Greek, and on the proper mode of teaching the

ancient languages; also, in the evening, a paper by the Rev. B. W. Dwight, D. D. of Clinton, N. Y., on the "Indispensableness of thorough classical study to the attainment of the ends of the higher education." On the morning of the 29th, papers on the study of the English language were read by Prof. Schelle de Vere, of Virginia, and Mr. Jacob Person, of New Jersey. A committee to whom had been referred the question of a uniform system of pronouncing Latin and Greek reported their opinion that such a system was greatly desirable, and recommended, as one step towards it, the adoption of the Continental system of pronouncing the vowels in those languages. At noon the Convention adjourned *sine die*, and afterwards organized permanently as the "American Philological Association," with the following officers—the President, Vice Presidents, and Secretary being the same as in the Convention:

*President*—Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale College.

*Vice Presidents*—Professor Albert Harkness, of Brown University, and Dr. Benj. Dwight, of Clinton, N. Y.

*Secretary and Curator*—Professor George F. Comfort.

*Treasurer*—Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn.

The Association then listened to an able plea for phonetic spelling, by Mr. James E. Munson, of New York. In the afternoon, papers were read on the study of the classics, and the modern languages, and in the evening on the Indian languages. The Association received some valuable gifts of books, and adjourned on the 30th, to meet again next July in Rochester.

#### ITEMS.

THE Czar has abolished the hereditary character of the Russian priesthood.

A NEW telegraph cable across Bass Straits connects Australia with Van Dieman's Land.

A COMPANY is organizing in London to lay an Atlantic cable by way of the Orkney and Faroe Islands to Quebec.

THE Grand Vizier of Turkey is dissatisfied with the administration of the Viceroy of Egypt, and demands explanation.

PRUSSIA has performed preliminary surveys for a ship canal to connect the Baltic and the North seas through Schleswig-Holstein.

THE French cable will be opened for business on the Emperor's birth-day, August 15. The company promises a reduction of about twenty per cent. on the present tariff.

THE decrease of the National debt during the month of July was \$7,435,744.29. The whole decrease since the 1st of March is \$43,896,523.72. The government will purchase bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000 weekly in August, besides the regular purchases for the sinking fund.

WORLD'S Fairs are going to be frequent. Next October, Buffalo is to have an International Industrial Exhibition. Another is appointed for St. Petersburg, to be opened May 15th, 1870. Great Britain intends to have one in 1871; and Italy one at Turin in 1872, to celebrate the completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

THE boring of the Artesian Well in St. Louis has been stopped, after reaching a depth of 3,800 feet. At this depth the water obtained was so salt as to be unfit to drink. The authorities directed the superintendent to plug the well above the sulphur water (about 1,400 feet), and make use of the water found above that depth.

THE Council of Censors of the State of Vermont, meet once in seven years; one of their duties is to recommend such amendments to the State Constitution as will tend to the happiness of the people. A special committee reporting to this council July 27th, recommends the adoption of the following amendment to the State Constitution:

"Hereafter women shall be entitled to vote, and with no other restriction than the law shall impose on men."

## Announcements:

### THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. *Number of members, 302. Land, 664 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 and one-fourth miles from O. C. *Number of members, 85 Business, Manufactures.*

#### WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of the depot. *Number of members, 40. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.*

#### SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

#### ADMISSIONS.

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

#### STEEL TRAPS.

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

#### WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.

P. O. address, *Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.*

#### 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, N. Y.

#### 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 at 40 cents each. Views, *cart 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, 85 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 per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

**THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE;** a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

**MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse.** A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per doz.

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

The above works are for sale at this office.

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