

# The Circular.

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## TERMS:

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

**Special Notice.**—While we are very ready to send **THE CIRCULAR** to all who apply for it, we *do not* like to take the responsibility (which has sometimes been imposed upon us) of sending it to those who have not asked for it, and perhaps do not desire it. For this reason, persons should in no case request us to enter the names of their friends on our subscription-list, unless they can give us assurance that such requests have been authorized by the friends named.

## GENEROSITY BEFORE JUSTICE.

[Home-Talk by J. H. N., Aug, 1868.]

**T**HE common idea that *justice* forms the grand platform of the universe, is a false one. It is not *justice*, but *generosity*; that is the ruling principle and ground plan. Things do not go merely by the rule of right—far from it. If any man says, "We live in a universe of justice, and it is to be hoped justice will be done sometime," our reply is,— "Brethren, we hope for better things; we hope for the fulfillment of *love* instead of justice, in all relations; that love will come in as the administrator in all our affairs, till the bare idea of right and justice is entirely displaced."

A mere justice-relation of one toward another, in which we talk about rights, may be a very cold relation; but the relation that we seek to come into with God and one another, is a very warm relation. It is one in which the rule of justice cannot possibly have place. Generosity is the only rule of affection.

Between God and man, the rule of justice is illogical and impracticable, in two ways: Suppose on the ground of right, you make out a bill of what you consider as due to you from God. He will say to you, "In respect to what you *deserve*, that bill is a great deal too large; but in respect to what I mean to give you, it is a great deal too small. Nothing is your due, but I mean to give you vastly more than you claim." So the bill is doubly condemned. By the same process of reasoning, the whole of what is called justice will be cut in pieces; and it will be found in the long run, that nothing is due in the way of right, any where; and every thing must be done in the way of generosity and love. The superior, in all relations, will be able to say to the inferior who claims a right to his favor, "Your bill is too large, considered with reference to your right to claim; and too small, considered with reference to what is in my heart to give you."

The doctrine of the world, "justice first

and generosity afterwards," is to be completely reversed. Love first; and let love cover the whole central field of the universe; then as far as we have any thing to do with cold justice, let it be exceptional, let it be in external dealing with the enemies of God. We will "give the devil his *due*," but we expect to give one another a great deal more than our dues. It would be a very small affair to get our dues. If persons are too proud to receive God's generosity, he will give them justice.

Fourier establishes his system on the platform of justice. It is a kind of hobby with him to quote the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," paraphrasing it so as to mean, "Seek first the kingdom of God and its *justice*, and all things shall be added unto you;" i. e., seek the reign of justice between man and man, and everything good will follow. The word *dikaïosune* [righteousness] would bear Fourier's translation if necessary, but all the connection goes to show that Christ used it in this instance in its common sense of *righteousness*. He tells his disciples in the same discourse, that if they would enter the kingdom of God, they must seek a righteousness superior to that of the Scribes and Pharisees, and sets *this* as their standard of righteousness—"Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." They were to seek the righteousness of God, that is to say, the character which belongs to God. And what is the character of God? It is generosity; the basis of it is love, not justice. "Love your enemies," says Christ; "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, &c., that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust." Here is generosity. Now see who are the doers of justice: "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?" Justice will do for the publicans, but generosity is the rule in the Kingdom of Heaven. God does justice to *himself* by pouring out his goodness according to his own liberality, and not according to the deserts of those whom he blesses.

Our old theologians have inverted the truth completely. They teach that God's justice is the great manifestation of his character in his everlasting Kingdom; and that his mercy and love, manifested in Christ, is an exceptional act, coming in to eke out what he attempted to do on the principle of justice, but was not able; that the atonement is a piece

patched on to the law—not the generic, fundamental expression of the character of God, but a device got up as it were to outwit himself—to save men, and cheat justice! They teach that the law is the great platform on which all things proceed, and the atonement is simply an exceptional show played off temporarily for the occasion. Now the fact is the reverse of all this; the real truth is, that the law, instead of being the main thing, is really nothing but the plowshare running before the gospel, to break up the ground. The law was made to help Christ, instead of Christ being made to help the law. God's true character is developed in the atonement, in Christ's death, in the love and mercy of the Son of God; and the law was only meant to prepare men to appreciate Christ. God was not acting in an exceptional, extra-benevolent, supererogatory way in sending his Son into the world. He was just acting out his heart, expressing what is the very basis of his character.

From the example of the prodigal son, you may see how much justice there is, and how much generosity, in God's dealings. The justice was all in the mind of the prodigal. He called for his deserts. "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more *worthy* to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants." His father did not mind what he said; and when his brother called for justice too, that did not take any better. The prodigal's bill, as we have said before, was much larger than he deserved, and much less than his father intended to give him. That is true of any bill that we can bring in against God.

## INSPIRATION THE PRIVILEGE OF BELIEVERS.

**T**HE opinion prevails very generally in the world, that the age of inspiration, as well as the age of miracles, is past; and it is considered almost blasphemy for any to believe that they are or can be inspired by God. But what is inspiration? The word is a compound of the Latin *in* and *spiro*, the primitive meaning of which is, *to breathe into*. The inspiration of God therefore properly signifies the in-breathing of the Spirit of God. This operation seems to have been fitly symbolized by the act of Christ which is recorded in John 20: 22, where, having commissioned his disciples, it is said, "He *breathed on them* and saith unto them, *Receive ye the Holy Ghost*." Now it is common to hear professors of religion speak of having the spirit of prayer, and of the out-

pouring of the Spirit of God, for instance in revivals. But whoever professes to believe in these things, in reality professes a belief in inspiration. If people believe in conversion as the work of God's Spirit, they must receive the idea of being inspired. Taking the word inspiration, as we should do, in its original meaning, we shall learn that all our spiritual attainments are in consequence of the in-breathing of the Spirit of God. The most common idea is, however, that inspiration implies some *special revelation*, or *infallible direction of the mind*, by the Holy Spirit. Even among Perfectionists, to a considerable extent, it has been confined to a few things, such as being led by the Spirit *to go* somewhere, or *to do* some particular thing. These special manifestations, though they have their place, are the least important parts of inspiration. They may be said to be *anomalous*—out of the natural order of things—or exceptions to the general rule. There are two kinds of inspiration which are more important than this special kind. The first and most valuable is that general influence of God's Spirit, which may be called (and is called in scripture) an *anointing*. The Jews, and other ancient nations, were accustomed on festal occasions to anoint themselves with oil. This had an effect to make their bodies more supple and active, to exhilarate, and exalt the tone of the system—an effect similar perhaps to that produced by a stimulating vapor-bath. So the effect of the general influence or anointing of God's Spirit, will be, to give vivacity, life and energy to the whole man. It will elevate the tone of our whole system, and give strength, keenness of perception, and activity to all our faculties; thus making us quick of understanding, and prompt in extemporaneous action. This general influence or anointing, then, we should seek as the most valuable kind of inspiration; forasmuch as it is more important to do *all things* well, than to have a special talent for one particular thing. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One," says the apostle John, "and [he does not say, This unction leads you to do some particular action, but] ye *know all things*." By receiving this unction, or anointing from the Holy One, men are made partakers of his attributes: they think and see and know and act as God does.

A second kind of inspiration, though more special in its operation than that we have just described, is one which is founded on the original nature of man. God made human nature right. He made it in such a manner that had it not been disordered and perverted by the devil and sin, it would always act right. The common idea of religionists is, that the propensities and passions ought to be suppressed, and subdued under the dominion of conscience. But every original passion and appetite, both of body and soul, is right in itself, because it is given of God. Each one has its place; and if all were under proper influence, they would act right. Conscience would have only its proper sphere. All the desires would act in harmony with each other, and with the will of God. Hence one important method of inspiration which God employs is this; instead of telling men by special revelation to do this or that, he seizes upon their *desires*, and thus leads them to do what he would have them, not

because they are required to by a verbal command, but because they desire to do it. Thus, for instance, God may excite in us an eager desire to investigate a certain truth, or to pursue any given course which shall accomplish his purpose. If we yield ourselves faithfully to him, so that he can take full possession of us, our desires will become like the keys of an organ, on which he can play as he pleases. We shall find that God's finger, though unseen, is on the keys; and that he can make glorious music. We may have sometimes thought, perhaps, that a particular passion or part of our nature was barren and dead, and that it would never act again. But when the proper time comes, God puts his finger on the key; the passion again awakes and comes forth with all its freshness and life.

The two kinds or methods of inspiration which we have now spoken of, may be called the *general* and the *special*. The third kind, viz., that of special revelations, or by which persons are led by the Spirit to do some particular thing (which we have before mentioned), may be called the *extra-special*. This, though not so important as the other kinds, is nevertheless valuable as one of God's agencies, and will be given where it is needed. The first kinds are best adapted to a permanent and heavenly state. For we can hardly suppose that the inhabitants of heaven often have need of special revelations—which are of the nature of law—to direct their actions. They are governed, not by law, but by the Spirit of life. All their desires being under the finger of God, he can move them as he pleases.

As to the means of attaining the inspiration of God, whatever increases our attraction toward him, increases the facility of our receiving his inspiration. When God approaches us, we feel the power of his attraction; and this attraction acting on us, makes us more attractive to him. Thus the effect becomes in turn a cause, which produces a reciprocal effect. God is the first cause of attraction: he first approaches us, and by infusing his life into us makes us more lovely. As he comes nearer and nearer, his attraction increases; and at the same time we become more susceptible to his influences. Thus the effect will be multiplied, we might say, in a geometrical ratio. If then we would be recipients of his inspiration, and increase our susceptibility to his influences, we must yield to the action of his Spirit. When we feel the power of his attraction upon us, we must give heed to it, and act with it. It is not by praying, in our own will and our own time, and forcing ourselves as it were into his presence, uncalled, that we shall most favor his inspiration; but we should, as the apostle exhorts, "*watch unto prayer*," and so give free course to God's spirit, when it acts upon us.

The benefits which we shall receive from this inspiration, will be great and increasing. The more we become the subjects of God's influences, the greater will be our improvement in all that is excellent. His life will pervade and leaven our whole nature, and the result will ultimately be perfection of character. We should therefore treasure up in our hearts every instance we experience of God's inspiration, and let it be the seed of a future harvest. This is God's intention in bestowing his gifts upon us. It is not that we should consume them for our

own present enjoyment, but that we should make them the seed or capital for future increase. Too many seem to be ignorant of God's design in giving them benefits. He gives them seed-corn, and they eat it up. Similar remarks may apply, as to the use we should make of God's *providences*, as affording seed or capital for faith. If we carefully treasure them up, they will be an increasing source of confidence in him. Our experience will "work *hope*, that maketh not ashamed;" we shall acquire at length a fund of faith and love, that will be unailing; and our hearts will be established forever.

#### REVIVALS.

SOME correspondent of the *Utica Herald* has drawn out the following interesting bit of history concerning the great revivals that took place in central New York about forty years ago. The religious awakening and interest then felt all through the country is remembered by many of the elder part of this generation as exceeding anything in their experience before or since. The following accounts seem to indicate that this special movement commenced in this immediate part of the state.

Mr. Noyes has often said that the "Oneida Community is the child of revivalism." It is an interesting coincidence that this "child" should finally locate right in the center where this revival began. We wish that others might contribute facts and incidents of that time.

[From the *Utica Herald*, Nov. 5.]

FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

To the Editor of the *Utica Morning Herald*:

I learn from a package of old letters now in my possession that in the winter of 1826 there was a wonderful religious awakening in Whitesboro and Rome. One of these letters, dated January 19, 1826, says: "There is an astonishing revival of religion in Rome. Judge Wright, Dr. Blair, and many others of their standing have come out and humbly acknowledged the Savior before men. Lawyer Johnson said, 'If the ministers come to talk to me, I will show them the door.'" After three days he was sending for them and begging their prayers. His proud heart was humbled. These things are wonderful. Surely, it must be the work of the Lord."

Is there not some one among the readers of the *Utica Morning Herald* who can give a full account of this revival? Rev. John Frost was then the Presbyterian minister at Whitesboro, and perhaps Rev. Moses Gillet was settled in Rome.

[From the *Utica Herald*, Nov. 6.]

As to the great religious revival in Rome in 1826, referred to by a correspondent in the *Herald* of this morning, the following information has been gathered by your Rome correspondent, and is herewith furnished. Rev. Mr. Finney, since known as the noted revivalist, was in November, 1825, visiting Rev. Geo. W. Gale, in Western, who then supplied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church there. A meeting was started and a revival took place then, which continued several weeks, quite a number being converted; among which was Mr. Geo. Brayton, and his sons Henry, George, Milton, and Isaac. At one time 30 joined the church there. There was such a religious feeling aroused, and excitement created, that large numbers went from Rome and the surrounding towns to attend the meeting at Western. In December, 1825, Mr. Finney came to Rome, Rev. Moses Gillet being then pastor of the Presbyterian church here, and religious meetings were held in that church, and continued through a period of some six weeks. It was a season of the greatest revival that was ever known probably—meetings being held every day and evening, not in the church alone, but in the Court House, private dwellings, hotels, and about all the buildings in town. It is known as "the year of the great revival." It was calculated that over 500 conversions took place in town during the time, some of whom joined the Presbyterian, some the Methodist, and some other churches. There were 168 who joined the Presbyterian church in March, 1826. Prayer meetings were held at the inn, then kept by Amos Flint, which stood where the "Hill Block" now stands. Mr. Flint was among the converts; and your correspondent notices by the papers that Mr. F. died about two weeks ago, at Nyack, on the Hudson, at the age of 81—having ever since led an unblemished Christian life. Rome village then was small, comparatively, and there was hardly a family in which some of its members were not converted. It is related that Lieut. Simonson, then in

charge of the arsenal here, was so apprehensive he would be thus seriously affected, that he would not go through the streets on foot, but always went on horseback, and at full speed. This religious enthusiasm was not by any means confined to Rome, but extended to Whitesboro and Utica, where Mr. Finney went from here, and where your correspondent leaves the narrative for some one in that vicinity to take up and continue, if desired.

[From the Utica Herald, Nov. 7].

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

In compliance with the desire of one of our correspondents, and of numerous personal appeals, we give below a history of the great revival in Oneida county in the years 1825 and 1826. Our facts are mostly derived from "A Narrative of the Revival of Religion in Oneida County," published for the Oneida Presbytery by Rev. John Frost, Rev. Moses Gillett, and Rev. Noah Coe. The pamphlet was printed in the latter part of 1826, by Hastings & Tracy, of Utica.

The first noticeable religious interest appears to have been felt at Vernon Center, during the month of August, 1825. Rev. Mr. Barton was at that time pastor of the Presbyterian church, and admitted 103 converts to communion with that society. The whole number of converts was about 164. Much opposition was experienced from doubts, and the pastor was at one time threatened with horse-whipping.

The revival in the church at Mt. Vernon [Vernon was so called at this time] dated from about the middle of November. The number of converts was 140. Of these, 59 united with the Presbyterian church, of which Rev. Calvin Bushnell was pastor, 30 with the Baptist church, and about the same number with the Methodist.

The earlier part of the summer of 1825 was marked by general lack of religious interest, in Westmoreland, both in the church and out of it. Tidings of the work in Vernon incited several to visit the meetings in that town, and the visitors returned home to work. The 1st of November was set apart as a day of fasting and prayer. The interest excited by this means, and by special meetings, did not subside until 80 had been converted. Of this number, 60 united with the Presbyterian, the rest with the Methodist and Baptist churches.

The little church in Skenandoah, Rev. Phineas Robinson pastor, felt the influence from Vernon, and 15 were converted, mostly heads of families.

In Western the number of professors previous to 1825 was very small, and little attention was paid to the Sabbath. During September of that year, Rev. Charles G. Finney was induced to labor there for a season. He preached in different parts of the town, visited from house to house, and was instrumental in awakening much thought. After twelve weeks he was called to Rome. About 140 persons were converted in Western, some of them being residents of the town of Lee. Among the converts was the widow of Gen. Floyd, a woman aged about 80 years. In Lee about 50 persons were converted.

The particulars concerning Rome have already been given by our Rome correspondent.

From Rome the revival extended into the society presided over by Rev. Israel Brainerd, of Verona. The first awakening here was noticed about the 1st of December. Over 100 were converted.

The revival in Camden commenced about the 1st of January, 1826. The pastor, Rev. Henry Smith, being absent, his pulpit was at that time filled by Rev. Mr. Kellogg. The last named, and several others, attended some of the meetings in Rome, and, becoming zealous, began holding meetings in their own place. Over 150 united with the Presbyterian church, and many others with the Methodist church.

Rev. Ira Manly, who was laboring as a missionary at Booneville, the church being small and poor, began special labor during December, 1825. The interest continued until April, 1826, and the number of converts was over 100.

In the town of Whitestown were two Presbyterian churches, one in Whitesborough and the other in New Hartford village. The first of these was under the pastoral care of Rev. John Frost, the last being presided over by Rev. Noah Coe. In Whitesborough, efforts were made by church members to increase the interest in religious matters, as early as 1819, and these were continued at intervals until the revival at Rome. Then there was a beginning made in Whitesborough and the interest soon became general. The factories stopped to give operatives a chance to attend meetings, and business was neglected for more important matters. The Presbyterian church received 116 new members, 100 joined the Methodists and 78 joined the Baptist church.

The revival commenced in New Hartford during February, 1826, and lasted about three months. The number of converts was nearly 100.

During this revival in the town of Whitestown, the York Mills Methodist church was organized with about 100 members, the majority of them converts.

The revival in Utica commenced in February, 1826, under the preaching of Rev. Mr. Finney. The influence was felt among all classes. Rich and poor

forgot the distinction of social position, and bowed together as equals; gamblers, drunkards, and Sabbath breakers, forsook evil ways and company. The number of converts in the city was over 500. More than 100 of these united with the First Presbyterian church, Rev. Dr. Aiken being their pastor.

The Second Presbyterian church was organized in 1825, and was in its infancy at the time of this revival. Rev. S. W. Brace was at the time pastor. The number of admissions to the church was over 50.

The Welsh Presbyterian church, under Rev. Mr. Everett, received 40 new members. Other denominations profited largely by the revival; but we cannot ascertain the proportion of converts who joined elsewhere.

The revival at Frankfort began very suddenly during the evening of the first Sabbath spent by Rev. Mr. Jones in that place. The entire number of converts was about 50. One fruit of the revival in Frankfort was the organization of a Presbyterian church with 40 members.

In Trenton a day of fasting and prayer was observed during December, 1825, but the revival did not become general until March of 1826. The number of lawful converts was something over 100. In one or two instances the meetings were disturbed by the boisterous behavior of scoffers, and much opposition was experienced. A pamphlet derisive of the movement in Trenton, was published under the title—

A "BUNKER HILL" CONTEST.  
A. D., 1826.

Between the "Holy Alliance," for the establishment of Hierarchy and the Ecclesiastical Domination over the Human mind.

On one side,

The asserters of Free Inquiry, Bible Religion, Christian Freedom, and Civil Liberty.

On the other,

The Rev. CHARLES FINNEY, "Home Missionary" and High Priest of the Expeditions of the Alliance in the Interior of New York. Head Quarters, County of Oneida.

The little Presbyterian church at Remsen, composed of 25 members, under care of Rev. Mr. Wilcox, was strengthened by the addition of 10 converts.

In Russia and West Brunswick the results of the revival were most felt by the Methodists and Baptists.

In the village of Holland Patent, Rev. Mr. Norton labored with Rev. William Goodell. The number of converts was over 70.

[Dr. Lyman Beecher's Autobiography contains the following notice of this same revival, page 89, Vol. II.]

The year of Dr. Beecher's removal to Boston (1826) was signalized by powerful revivals in different parts of the land. Among these, none were more remarkable than those in central New York, particularly within the bounds of the Presbytery of Oneida. From week to week the columns of the *Boston Recorder* and other religious journals contained glowing accounts of the wonderful outpourings of the Holy Spirit.

Whole towns, in some instances, were said to be converted. In other cases, all the professional and leading men were gathered in. The mightiest opposers and unbelievers were in some places changed to friends, or stirred up to wrath. "It does seem," says one (Feb. 21), "that there never was a time like the present since Pentecost—such wonderful displays of divine grace, such multitudes flocking to Christ."

The Presbytery of Oneida speak of it as "a work of divine power, of which we have witnessed no parallel in this country, and such as we have seldom discovered in the history of the church."

"In these revivals," they say, "we have discovered no instance of the use of artifice to excite mere human feeling or to influence the passions. In most cases convictions were very pungent and deep. These were the effects of the simple word of God, the sword of the Spirit piercing the conscience and the heart. The word has generally been presented in plain and pointed language. Boisterous speaking and loud declamation have been studiously avoided. Private visiting, faithful discipline, and setting apart days of fasting and prayer, have been eminently blessed. The effectual, fervent, agonizing prayer of faith has been found the immediate forerunner of the operation of divine power."

The Synod of Albany say that, "in consequence of this display of divine power, the theater has been deserted, the tavern sanctified; blasphemy has been silenced, and infidelity confounded." Twenty-five congregations had shared in the work. Not a town in Oneida county had been passed by. Not less than twenty-five hundred were subjects of hopeful conversion.

A correspondent from Rome, New York, remarks, "The revival commenced here in such a powerful manner that our good pastor almost sunk under the labors it called for. But God sent us a Mr. Finney to help gather in this precious harvest of souls."

TRUTH is like a torch: the more it is shaken the more it shines.

ON THE ROAD.

BY AN O. C. AGENT.

II.

IN my first paper I stated that there are probably thirty thousand commercial travelers in this country at the present time. From certain inquiries made since, I have reason to believe that there are double that number; and that they are still on the increase.

MY FIRST TRIP.

It was in the winter of 1852. The income of the O. C. was not then what it is now. The unsolved problem of self-support was upon us, as an Association, and, in solving it, its members held themselves ready for any service. The business of selling sewing silk from house to house had been initiated, and I volunteered to co-operate in it. Wholly unaccustomed to such business, in my feelings I shrank from contact with strangers. This was partly the result of education and habit, and partly of a sensitive nature which I had inherited. But I took courage and started. Fortunately for me, in those days it was our custom to send our men out in couples, and Mr. H. was my companion. He was comparatively used to the business, which greatly lessened the embarrassments of my situation.

We left the cars at the Fulton station, on the railroad to Oswego. A heavy snow, just fallen, had made the roads next to impassable, but with our satchels in hand we started for the village, a mile away. It was a little past noon. Mr. H. was to take one street and I another. In making my first call, I hesitated a little at the threshold, to gather courage to enter. I had faced an audience in a virgin speech, and my heart-palpitations on that door-step were something akin to those on that occasion. At length I nervously knocked at the door, and a middle-aged lady politely invited me in. This gave me assurance, and I announced my business. The lady asked me to be seated, but thought she needed no silk. A young Miss was practicing at the piano, and I said something in favor of music. This seemed to touch a sympathetic chord all round, and before leaving my hostess changed her mind and bought twenty cents worth of silk. This pleased me immensely; the ice was broken, and with a glad heart I passed on to the next house. On meeting Mr. H. in the evening, he complimented me on my luck; I had taken in, all told, two dollars and fifty cents; a sum exceeding his own, by about one dollar. But the best part of it to me was that I had been hospitably treated by every one. Was it to be so in all cases? Not exactly.

The next day we tried the outskirts of Oswego. The temperature was bitterly cold, but the temper of some of those on whom I called was colder—the reverse of yesterday. The population of that part of the city was a mixture of natives and foreigners, mariners and landmen, rich and poor, and I had to take my chances. As I approached one house, a fierce watch-dog threatened to devour me and I left in a very sudden manner. In another instance, as I passed through the gate leading to a fine mansion, I espied at the bay-window a well-dressed man and boy. The gentleman said something to the boy, the purport of which I could but too well surmise. Before I had reached the door the boy had partly opened it, and thrusting out his head, almost screamed, "We don't want to buy anything of you." This was more vexing to me than the attack of the dog. But afterwards in thinking about the affair, I could not blame the man: he hated the sight of me, as a peddler, and not as a man. The business of selling goods on the road, by sample and otherwise, is much more reputable now than it was seventeen years ago. At night I found myself rejoicing in Mr. H.'s success rather than my own, and so we alternately made up for each other's deficiencies. On the whole we made a jolly four days' trip of it—but I was glad to get home.

IN THE OIL COUNTRY.

A PERSON at a distance listening to accounts of the operations in this region, would be apt to conclude that an end to the supply of oil would be found before long; but the oil companies are con-

vinced that there is no prospect of this, and seem as enthusiastic as ever. In fact, there is more excitement among the operators just now, than there has been since the first discovery of the hidden wealth of this region. A new well lately bored to the depth of nine hundred or a thousand feet, and yielding two hundred and fifty barrels a day, is the principal cause of the excitement.

The first wells bored were only about 160 feet deep, though in one instance a speculator, thinking he would solve the whole matter, bored a well 2,000 feet deep, but without encountering any oil. This discouraged the oil operators in regard to deep boring, but they have gradually worked along from one stratum of rock to another until they have reached the depth of 1,000 feet and still continue to find oil.

The oil is found in crevices of the sandstone, the rock of the country, and I believe that the deepest well that has been bored has penetrated to the sixth layer of this rock. Each layer is about 100 feet thick, and a stratum of shale alternates with every stratum of sandstone. The land where the wells are located is not worth much for farming purposes, as it is nearly all covered with rocks.

The operations of the oil-speculators have gradually been toned down into the dimensions and order of a legitimate business. On going to Church-Run, about two miles from Titusville, Penn., I found that the gas which comes from the oil-wells was used as fuel for the engines employed in pumping up the oil. This is very economical. It was formerly considered very unsafe to burn this gas, but a method has been devised of using it with perfect safety. I counted 100 derricks in sight at once in this place, each derrick indicating the position of a well.

While in this region, I heard that Col. Drake, the first person who bored for oil, died in a poor-house in Conn. last month. g. w. n.

## THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1869.

### ORGANIZATION.

THE tendency of the age is evidently toward organized effort in all the various departments of life. The material interests of commerce, manufactures, inland transportation, insurance, &c., are subserved more and more by organization. Achievements that are beyond the power of individuals to compass, present no insuperable obstacles to combined effort. Indeed, the key to that ancient dominion over matter and the lower creation, originally bestowed by the Creator, seems to have been recovered and put to use. That power obtained in this way is perverted to base uses in exceptional instances, is undeniable; but that on the great scale it works out beneficent ends, is equally true. Success, then, so coy and uncertain in ordinary circumstances, is a bounty on organized effort.

It has been said that "the English hell is the fear of not succeeding." This place of torment may be intensified in the English imagination, but that fear cannot be said to be peculiar to the English people. And well may fear possess the mind when the prize of success is contended for in the individual might alone. The antagonism and competition of separate interests make the strife very unequal and uncertain. The bold and strong rush to the goal regardless of others' rights and interests, and the weak and timid are overborne and distanced in the race. As things go, under the rule of individualism and competition, success to you very likely means loss and ruin to me, and *vice versa*; which really is none other than the law that "might makes right." Where there is one Geo. Peabody, there are thousands struggling for bare subsistence.

The way of escape, then, from this tormenting fear, this "hell" of the English, clearly lies in the direction of organization. The man who cannot command success single-handed and alone, may, in combination with others, play his part with great effect, and be indispensable in achieving success. In combination, success may be assured to every

man, woman and child. There is no lack of resources; the Lord did not make this world too poor and barren to give his creatures a bountiful subsistence under proper conditions. It is only because individualism and the "grab-game" have subverted the order of life, and a few monopolize the blessings that were bestowed for a common inheritance, that some lack, while others have more than enough. But organization is more than a match for individual greed, and need ask no favors. All the knotty problems propounded by Malthus and the political economists, for regulating population, subsistence, &c., will find their easy solution in organization, and not elsewhere. That solution goes to the root of the matter, and is final; while all the other remedies are mere make-shifts, and at most can only produce some temporary ameliorations of human conditions.

But the blessings that result from organization are not limited to material things; it has the promise not only of "the life that now is, but of that which is to come." The good things that pertain to the soul—the spiritual nature of man—are conditional on this organic relation; and the more vital the organization, the more universal the blessings. The promise of Christ is, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." The blessing would be vouchsafed wherever there was an organic center, though very small; but a nucleus of unity is made the condition of the promise. Distribution is a law of organic life; and "all mine are thine, and thine are mine," is the divine expression of it. "Though he were rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich;" thus was this law of distribution practically exemplified and embodied in the highest sphere of life. The chain of vital organization transmits blessings from the highest to the lowest, and the wealth of the individual, whether material, spiritual, intellectual or social, is a common possession of the organic whole.

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

#### ONEIDA.

—The wind, with the snow, has wrought some very fantastic shapes on our new "Mansard." The many projections, and lodging places, gave boreas a fine opportunity to display his architectural art, and he did not fail to improve it. His architecture, though massive, combines highly artistic workmanship, and some of the lines and proportions are worthy the study of a sculptor. The style, though, can not be called *pure*, for all that the material is of such immaculate whiteness, unless we characterize it as *purely grotesque*.

—A cricket, with an exceedingly musical turn of mind, has ensconced itself in an inaccessible corner of the chimney in M's room, where its incessant chirrup greatly disturbs M., as well as her room-mates. One evening, when Maud, M's little tot of a niece, was with her aunt, it happened that all in the room had become utterly exasperated with hearing the cricket's monotonous song, and so instituted a vigorous search, intending to use a little lynch law, if the offender could be found. Maud, with great wondering blue eyes and anxious face, stood watching the proceedings, evidently fearing for the poor cricket, for she suddenly exclaimed, "Please Dod take away that kicket's playthings, so that he won't sing any more." We know not what was in her childish mind—whether she thought that the cricket sung with its "playthings," or whether, if they were taken away, it would feel so sad as to no longer sing so annoyingly.

—Here's another anecdote from the children's realm: Rosy-cheeked Annic is having her winter sack tried on; woolen outside, and lined with flannel, it looks very warm and comfortable. Along comes little George, with his merry brown eyes, and stops—head on one side—to take a look. After scanning Annie, sack and all, he exclaims, "My! what a thick sack! thick enough for you to go *Lap-landing* in, I should think!"

—It is said that our eyes always see that which we are interested in; this is illustrated by the following item handed us by a boy in the printing-office:

"Trapping goes on at Oneida and Wallingford with 'untiring effects.' This week's journal from W. C. says T. L. P. set some traps and found a mink in one next day. Good luck to W. C. Some of our young folks were rambling in the woods a few days since, and one of the girls found a hole (which of course could be nothing but a raccoon or fox-hole)! The next day she set two traps, but caught nothing (probably owing to inexperience in setting them); the traps were fixed a little, and the third day they had him sure enough, but what was it? Could it be a black fox? No, it was hardly large enough. 'Dear me, what can it be?' Ten feet was near enough to decide with a certainty—such a smell!"

—Mrs. E., or *Lady E.*, as we call her (age, not birth, receiving that appellation in the O. C.), is the oldest member of our family. She passed her early life in England, but many years ago emigrated with her family to this country. With her son and daughter she received the Community faith about eighteen years since, and the three afterward became members of the O. C. Though somewhat lame and bent with age, she is so sprightly and so cheery and has so many quaint remarks to make about things past and present, that it is quite pleasant to have a chat with her. Meeting her this morning she whispered, "To-morrow is my birth-day, but don't say much about it." (*We beg her pardon*). "How old shall you be?" said I. "Eighty-seven. To-day is the *fifth*." Remember, remember the fifth of November." "Oh!" said I, "you are thinking of the Gunpowder Plot." "Yes, yes; the boys in England used to come round as early as four o'clock in the morning, and make such a noise—waking every body up with the old song,

'Remember, remember,  
The fifth of November;  
I'm sure there's no reason  
Why gunpowder treason  
Should e'er be forgot.  
A stick, or a stake  
For King George's sake.  
Hilloa! boys, hilloa!'

Then every body would give them a stick or a stake, and they would make them into faggots, and in the evening have a grand bonfire. And this I suppose they will do in old England as long as the fifth of November comes."

*Testimony.*—A short time ago I completed my sixty-first year, and yet, in an important sense, I am not quite twenty! It is not quite twenty years since my first visit here in Feb. 1850. I then became acquainted with the doctrine of the Second Coming, and consequent salvation from sin—the dawn of a new era in my religious experience. Old things have since been passing away, and all things are fast becoming new. Previous to that, stagnation lay like an incubus upon the interior life. The heavens were shut up. It was hard to find God. There was not sincerity enough to clear away obstructions. Plenty of preaching, to be sure, but no following it up with the judgment of criticism. People could take the preaching or not, just as they chose. Surely it was a brooding time with us all then. Is it surprising that I should say, I was much more dead than alive in those days? But, through the unflinching faithfulness of him who among us was first called to a knowledge of the true doctrine, many of us have been brought to the point of obtaining solid benefit from it. Who among us can estimate the amount of wealth there is, in the privilege of simply *going home* (as Mr. Noyes has very aptly termed it)? The scripture may well say; "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles—they shall run, and not be weary—they shall walk, and not faint." I believe this with all my heart. In return for God's great goodness to me, I desire, above all things, to live anew to his glory. And here (thank God) I am learning how to do it.

R. S. D.

—A topic of discussion at W. C. lately, has been the relation that should exist between separate Communes. Communism between individuals is pretty well understood, and is not a very difficult idea. We have become familiar with that; but when we advance a step higher to Communism between Communes, it is a greater problem. There is more complication about it; yet the results will be proportioned to the greatness of the complication. We rise into what might be called the second power of Communism. Agreement between two great bodies like Oneida and Wallingford is Communism carried to the second power. That is something that does not exist among the Shakers; identity of interests between separate families is an attainment they have never made. If this can be accomplished between two Communes it is evident that it can be done indefinitely. The problem seems to be to determine which in the duality is major, and which minor, and determine the function of each accordingly. There is a tendency for the minor to set up for itself, and not quite fancy dependence, and trusting in the major. If there is pride of this kind, it unavoidably increases the difficulty of unity. One important help to identity of interests between O. C. and W. C., is the frequent change of persons that takes place between them. One who has lately visited W. C. remarked after hearing the report read in meeting, of the W. C. discussion, that in respect to the idea of the Communes being two separate concerns, he could look around the room and see more members of the Wallingford Community than he saw when he was there. This remark excited the curiosity of some to ascertain how many of the members had lived at W. C. For an approximate test of the question, all who had lived at W. C. were invited to stand up, while one should go upon the stage and count. There was some surprise and laughter, when the number was announced to be 135. When to this number is added those living at W. P., it will not fall much short of 150—enough to make at least three Wallingford Communities.

*Evening Meeting.*—T.—I have been edified within a day or two in thinking over the causes I have for thankfulness. One thing I have appreciated very much is the kind of feeling that the school gives to the life here at Oneida. So far as I can observe, it works quietness and spiritual improvement. This is a cause of great thankfulness to me, that we can have such pursuits, and have them assist the spiritual atmosphere. If we can keep the school in such a state, it will be a great blessing to us. We are rapidly getting furnished with all the comforts and improvements of civilization, and Providence is working out corresponding improvements in the interior life of the Community. I desire to keep up with God's designs, and become worthy of this high civilization he is bringing about. We are really working out the problem of combining a school and a church or family. In those cases in the school where improvement has been most manifest, a growth of deeper spiritual experience has taken place. The spiritual and intellectual have acted and reacted upon each other; the heart is set on improvement for the sake of becoming better able to have fellowship with the Spirit of Truth. It has been said that one of the characteristics of the spiritual man is an unquenchable desire for progress and improvement. I think that spirit is at work in the Community, and we can all partake of it if we throw ourselves into the Community current.

WILLOW-PLACE.

—The "Toms," so indispensable in polishing our steel traps, have been multiplied till their noise and dust became a nuisance, and a stone building has been erected for them adjoining the factory. Power is to be transmitted, by means of a wire-rope.

—Eight or ten young men and boys hired in the W. P. trap factory, have voluntarily formed themselves into a class for the purpose of improving the leisure hours of the winter in study. Their advantages for schooling have been very limited, but they seem eager for knowledge. They will devote their time to the study of arithmetic, reading, writing, &c., under the instructions of their foreman.

—Two feet of snow, sleigh-bells and sleigh-rides, on this 8th day of November, are events unprecedented in the life of the "oldest inhabitant," and we think should be duly chronicled. The snow came to us on the wings of a furious nor'wester, which for twenty-four hours raved and roared round our dwellings, circumscribing our vision to a narrow compass, and shutting us in from the wide world. The wisecracks tell us that this snow, since it came in the "new of the moon," will be a "fleeting show," and that we need have no fear of having to wait till the spring of 1870, before seeing the bare ground again.

WALLINGFORD.

—G. E. C. inaugurated the lecturing season, with a lecture on Steam, and Steam Engines. The lecture was interesting, and many were instructed in the principles of the application of steam power.

—Our horticulturist gives the following report of the grape harvest:—"Hartford Prolific," 665 lbs. "Concord" 4,000 lbs. Amount sold, 3,315 lbs.

—Mr. P., who is our present kitchen man, has employed some of his leisure time lately, in trapping muskrats. To-day, he found a fine mink in one of his traps, which he values at five or six dollars.

*Evening Meeting.*—A letter was read in one of the newspapers, from Father Hyacinthe; after which Mr. N. said:

"It is a good thing to see such a man as Father Hyacinthe go back into spiritual experience to find the true church. Just as soon as folks seek for the church there, they will find saints among the herodox. The Reformation started, partially at least, on that principle—that Christianity is to be sought in faith and not in externals; but when the anabaptists, John of Leyden and other fanatics struck in and claimed to be spiritual, turning everything upside down, Luther and Erasmus and the other reformers became frightened and abandoned the ground of spiritual experience as unsafe. Instead of fighting it out on that ground they went back to ordinances and dry doctrines, condemning inspiration as fanaticism. There is where the Reformation failed, and where it has been perfectly disabled ever since. None of its theologians have gone through and fought it out on that ground. They swim out a little way into spiritual experience and find it a stream full of sharks and alligators, and get frightened and swim back as fast as they can. I swam out and found the stream full of sharks and alligators, but I killed them with my bowie-knife as I went along, and came out on the other side. It was all I could do to get through. There were sharks and alligators, sure enough. And many of those who saw me in those times, think to this day that I am nothing but a crocodile myself.

C.—Undoubtedly, Luther's original impulse was good and inspired.

G.—I think we may see providences that, in some respects, excuse the men concerned in the Reformation. There was not the preparation—the weapons for dealing with alligators that there is now. If we are able to do it now, it is not necessarily to their discredit that they did not do it then.

N.—But if they were not able to do it they must suffer the consequences. And the consequences are that through the whole field where they held sway, there is infidelity and rationalism. This has come upon the people of Germany just because after striking out against the Pope they were frightened out of their spirituality and fell back into mere literature—the study of exegesis and writing of sermons—and ascribed inspiration to fanaticism. From that time infidelity has had the field.

W.—It has always been a puzzle to me why the inspiration Luther seemed to have, should run out into sectarianism.

N.—The men he had his terrible contests with were spiritualists; he could not handle them on their ground and they frightened him off. Then false spiritualism came on as a reaction to inspiration, until Luther finally excluded inspiration for fear of fanaticism. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; and the flesh is naturally

afraid of it. Persons are afraid that God is a fanatic himself, he is so different from common folks. They are afraid if they consort with God he will make them fanatical, and think that the best way for them is to keep down and study the dictionary. There is a lurking and powerful theory in N.—to this day, based on what they supposed to be fanaticism in my own case as they solved it, that if any one has anything to do with inspiration or with God they will go crazy. The idea in fact is every-where in the churches, that when any body begins to believe that they can be taught of God and receive inspiration, they are on the verge of insanity.

W.—How plain it is that the Kingdom of God can not come into the world until some one overthrows that idea and shows that inspiration gives a sound mind—a mind that will tower above all others.

N.—The Reformation was in an important sense a great failure. It was a succession of attempts and failures. Even the revivals have been failures. Every one of them was frightened to death by the crocodiles. If you read the history of the "Great Awakening," you will see that fanaticism frightened it out of its wits. And it was just so with Finney, and Nettleton. The coming in of good spiritual experience is followed soon by a spurious imitation, which carries away persons into spiritual heresies and false, devilish inspiration. Then the market is spoiled, and the wise begin to conclude that the only safe way is to keep clear from all such stuff and stick to their dictionary. They are afraid of the Bible lest it should lead them into fanaticism. It will do to read a chapter a day, and make a formal thing of it; but as soon as a young fellow begins to study the Bible to find out its true spirit, why, he is fanatical. The revivalists were frightened by Perfectionism. They were going along under the full sail of the Spirit of Truth when Perfectionism broke out. The Perfectionists right away set themselves up as independent, and began to criticise the churches and the preachers; and then instead of going on with their preaching, and sailing before the wind, the preachers turned right around and undertook to beat against the wind by fighting the Perfectionists. They were afraid they should be driven into fanaticism.

THE DUST OF TRAVEL.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1869.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—The sky here, resting almost on the tops of the houses, is filled this morning with fine snow which the wind from beyond the St. Lawrence is working into sheets and twisting into ropes, as it sweeps over the roofs and bears the smoke away in horizontal streamers. I have elaborated this weather item, it is so different from that Indian Summer you had on Thursday last. I hope you mentioned it with feeling. I am myself impelled to lengthen it by retrospection, it was so very fine and so very brief. On that day I saw a heap of apples in Leslie H.—'s orchard. They were more than apples then. Had they been fruits of the vine in places along the Rhine, I would detain them, but being only a heap of cider-apples, yellow and red, I will not keep them from going to squeaking mill and press. How joyous was everything that day. Perhaps I ought to except the leaves on the trees: they looked like mortified vanity; they had been so cheated out of their regular display.

My route from Oneida to this place has been by the way of Syracuse, Oswego and Watertown. Business has compelled me to work day times and ride evenings. This will not make me a very good correspondent. I can only itemize.

After leaving Syracuse, we soon come to the tongue of land which lies between the Oswego and Seneca rivers. It is fine and dry, and once timbered with white pine. Noble chestnut trees now grow in the fields and around the houses. They occur all the way down to Oswego. These nutting-grounds are always interesting; they mitigate the austerities of nature. In Oswego I heard a brisk man-of-business say that he was going up the river chestnutting. Think of that, you who are glad to hunt the three-cornered beech-nuts, and be reminded of Virgil's

"*Tityre tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi*," which I think means something about reclining beneath the broad-spreading beech-tree.

Oswego is built on both sides the river, and has some importance as a lake-port and frontier city. The building used for a custom-house and post-office, is just like those used in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and Milwaukee. Two iron bridges cross the river, where grain barges and lumber boats lie at anchor. Piles of fresh-cut pine from Canada lie on the docks. At one place on the right bank, are ten flouring mills and elevators. These are enormous structures some eight stories high on the water side. One of them is occupied—perhaps owned—by Messrs. Jenkins & Doolittle, who have a hand, you know, in making the nice bread used by the O. C. The bustle and talk of boatmen, and the farmers bringing in barrels of apples, were the most noticeable things in the streets. Looking into the directory I observed that a considerable number of men were designated as *seamen*. Is not that ambitious? I am afraid that all the salt of Syracuse could not make a sea of Lake Ontario. The situation of Oswego is quite interesting, standing as it does at the mouth of the Oswego river which comes tumbling down over dams and falls, bringing away all the water that is gathered by that cluster of lakes which lies like a jewel in the center of New York.

The Oswego has some pleasant scenery; especially at Fulton when looking down the river from the bridges. The day I was there, the cold weather had not hurt the beauty of the oaks which stood near the water. Looking from the bridge in Oswego towards the mouth of the river, one may notice a pleasing variety of color; here is the river-water, dark maroon; then the shore-water, green, crested with white; there the far-off lake-water, dark and blue, and above all the white gulls which flap and circle and soar and swoop at all times.

My business as a commercial traveler leads to talk: for I have to introduce myself as ——'s successor, and give some reason for his withdrawing from travel. Dialogues occur.

"What is —— doing?" asks a narrow-browed young shoe man, busy over a large heap of prunella gaiters.

"He is going to school."

"Going to school!"—iterated with some degree of scorn.

"Oh! He is just stopping to grind his ax a little."

"A——h."

Two or three incidents like this have made me see how far the O. C. has deviated in respect to education. I find it will be just a little heroic to tell these men-of-business that ——, the portly, the full bearded, the good salesman, at the age of twenty-eight, has stopped to go to school. It will have a good moral effect, I think. Yours, C. T.

#### ORIGIN OF THE CARDIFF GIANT.

[There will be no end, we suppose, to the speculations on the origin of the Cardiff mystery. The following by two of our boys is as probable, at least, as the Jesuit solution; but we give it place more for its historical interest than the merit of its argument.]

THIS remarkable work of art, exhumed near Cardiff, and now in Syracuse, continues to excite no little wonder. Scientific men who have seen it generally agree that it is a statue carved from a stratified gypsum rock, and that the peculiar quality used has not been found except in Nova Scotia. Manifestly the Indians never made it, for they lacked the requisite instruments, skill, taste and inclination to perform the labor. That it was executed by the Mound-builders, whose earlier possession of the continent is marked by various remains, is a wild hypothesis, as it is by no means satisfactorily proved that they possessed much more artistic skill than the hunter-race which succeeded them. But one conclusion remains: It was made by people from the Old World. Prof. Boynton and others ascribe it to the French Jesuits—a bare possibility, against which the circumstances and known character of these mis-

sionaries are opposed. The idea of its recent construction is amply disproved by the erosion that has taken place upon it. The statue was evidently designed to stand with its body leaning against something for support, and its weight mainly sustained by the right foot. But one of the greatest puzzles about it is its apparent lack of definite character. One writer observes, "What may have been the object of the designer, and how long the statue has been in its present locality, are mysteries which will perhaps never be solved." But is it quite so clear that there need be any great mystery after all?

Two Iroquois traditions may throw light upon this subject; and it should be remembered that the legends of barbarous nations, when divested of their metaphorical and poetical garb, often afford the clew to many a dubious historical problem. According to Cusic, the Tuscarora annalist, a vessel was wrecked on the coast of North Carolina sometime anterior to the settlement of this country by whites. The crew—described as dressed in skins and armor—were saved and at first hospitably received by the Indians, but, as is darkly hinted, were finally destroyed. No Spanish, French or English vessel is known to have been wrecked on this coast prior to the colonization of Virginia.

Another prominent Iroquois legend is, that at a certain period of their history the country was invaded by a band of Stonish Giants or men of great stature, whose bodies were invulnerable to the arrows and other weapons of the red-men, and who slew and devoured many hunters and warriors. The nations took counsel, and then went against the terrible enemy with all their forces, but were defeated with heavy loss and driven to the borders of desperation. At this point Tarenyawagon, their patron deity, appeared and instructed them to flee before their invincible foes in a way to lure them a long day's march in pursuit. This was done, and at night the enemy, wearied out, encamped in a valley overhung by rocky hills. When they were sunk in sleep Tarenyawagon overwhelmed them with stones, and delivered the nations from the terrible invaders.

The stone giant, it would appear, is no mystery to the Iroquois, as they see in it a relic of the great foe of their ancestors. Last week, while standing near the wonder, one of the Onondagas declared that his great grandfather, who lived to be one hundred and sixty years old, while hunting one day in the depths of the forest saw one of the Stonish Giants leaning against a tree, and instantly fled for his life and took to his canoe, and so escaped being devoured. The narrator had often heard his father, who died at the age of one hundred and eight years, repeat this story. Schoolcraft asks, "Did ever an enemy clothed in armor visit this nation? Or do the Stonish Giants symbolize the first enemy they met with firearms?" No doubt they met mailed warriors, as the Spanish chronicles intimate that a party of the followers of DeLeon marched from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of Onondaga lake, where Indian rumor located a white substance which the Spaniards assumed to be silver, but found after their terrible march to be a deposit of salt. This visit is confirmed by Indian tradition, and by the rude monument near Manlius bearing a Spanish inscription dated 1520. But it is highly improbable that the Spanish treasure-hunters made the Cardiff statue. The date of their visit is not sufficiently distant to have allowed tradition to assume the wild and poetical form of the legend of the Stonish Giants.

Now who but the renowned Northmen could have played the role of the shipwrecked mariners and the Stonish Giants in these Indian traditions? or who so apt or so well qualified as they to fashion this huge work of art? Clad in stout scale-armor, with trusty battle-ax in hand, in search of glory, they sailed the trackless ocean in their frail ships, without a compass, defying the waves and laughing at the storm. Their restless spirit had made them the scourge of the British Isles, and the terror of Europe from Denmark to Constantinople.

Biorn, a stout merchant, while on his way to Greenland, which Eric the Red had discovered in

986 and colonized from Iceland, was driven far to the south-west by a tempest, and saw this continent, but put back to Greenland, without landing or caring for his discovery. In the following year (1002), Leif, the son of Eric, sailed with thirty-five followers for the country Biorn had seen. He first found a rocky island which he named Helluland (supposed to have been Newfoundland); next a low, woody shore which he called Markland; and thence, coasting south-west three days, came to another island, supposed to have been Nantucket. Steering between this island and the main land he reached a beautiful region with a river and lake abounding in salmon, and many grapes, for which reason he named it Vinland. Here the party built strong houses and wintered. In the spring they returned to Greenland, and gave such a glowing report that on the following year Thorwald, brother of Leif, decided to try his fortunes in the new country. He found Vinland and wintered in Leif's houses, and then, it would appear, spent two or three seasons exploring the country north and south, once damaging his ship and stopping to refit at a place he named Keelness. Landing in another place, which pleased him more than any other he had seen, he was attacked by natives and killed by an arrow that pierced him under his arm. He was buried on the spot where he wished to live, and his followers wintered there. The Dighton rock, said to bear his name and the number of his followers, is supposed to mark the spot. The party finally returned to Greenland, carrying Thorwald's widow, Gudrid, who had been the first white woman to see the New World.

Thorfinn married Gudrid, and with 160 followers, five women, and cattle, implements, &c., for a permanent settlement, set out for the New World in 1007. Touching at Markland and other places, he wintered at some place north of Vinland, it is supposed in Nova Scotia or near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. During the following summer they lacked food, and a part of the company sailed away to the eastward in one ship under the command of Thorhall the Hunter, who is described as a bad Christian, still chanting his hymns to the Norse gods, but a mighty leader, "strong, black and like a giant." Thorhall and his companions never were heard of after setting out on this homeward journey. Is it not probable that they were driven away to the south-west and wrecked, according to the Iroquois tradition? Meantime Thorfinn explored the country, established his colony, and traded with the Indians, who were here degraded and ugly. In the autumn of 1007 Gudrid bore a son, the first white child born in the New World, who was named Snorri. This Snorri was the ancestor of Thorwaldsen the sculptor—a fact at least suggestive. Thorfinn afterwards set out in search of Thorhall, sailing first to the south and then to the north, but finding nothing. In 1011 he returned with his family to Iceland. Two brothers and Freydis, daughter of Eric, next embarked. Freydis killed the brothers, and the enterprise failed.

After this, voyages to the New World were for a time profitable and popular: parties explored the coast from north of the St. Lawrence to the Chesapeake, finding a strong and warlike people. Communication with the Old World was finally broken off, and the colonists were left to their fate. Early in the seventeenth century the Jesuits claimed to have found people of European origin at Gaspe, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, though in a very degraded condition. A tomb of a Norse warrior was reported to have been found in West Virginia some years since.

We know that with these early voyagers to our shores were scalds, saga-men and women; so why not conclude that there were artists too, who, to enliven the long winters while encamped in Nova Scotia, took a block of gypsum and carved a hero to mark the spot of their sojourn or to keep in remembrance some fallen companion. Many a Norseman at this period was wont to go to Constantinople and serve in the renowned Væringian body-guard, which long staid the tottering throne of the Greek Empire. Here they had access to models of

Grecian art; and it is well known that they excelled in tempering steel and in the construction of all implements of war. The very magnitude of the statue would indicate that the great-souled Northman was its maker. Its head and limbs seem to be of unmistakable character—the form of a sea-king resting from his toils.

But even if made by the Northmen, how did it reach its present resting place? Nothing is easier. In search of the giant hunter Thorhall, or new adventures, Thorfinn or those coming later may have sailed up the St. Lawrence into Ontario, and thence by Oswego River to the heart of the Iroquois territory, carrying the statue and leaving it to tell of the deeds of heroes in after times. After the invaders had departed the amazed red-man would associate the image of stone with the prowess of the mailed foeman, and weave the legend that has so long defied all rational explanation. If, as assumed, the statue reclined against a rock or tree, it may well have sent terror to the heart of many a brave. In time the tribe would prize this stone man as a trophy of their prowess and evidence of the truth of an important event in their history; so that when the French invaded the Onondaga country in 1696, or on some other pressing occasion, nothing would be more natural than that they should conceal it where it has remained undisturbed from then till now.

## THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

### YOUNG MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FASHIONS OF YOUNG WOMEN.

"Indeed!" I think I hear some young man say, indignantly. "What have we got to do with women's dress? What do we care about the fashions?"

I do not maintain that you take any direct interest in them, but it is certain that you do influence the prevailing mode much more than you are aware of.

It is true that whenever you come across a close column of dress-makers' jargon, headed "Paris Fashions," in your daily newspaper, you skip it for something else. You would as soon think of reading an essay in a language unknown to you as undertake to meddle with a "fashion" article. \* \* \*

The word "Fashions" will hold a congregation of women in breathless expectancy when Literature, Art or Science fails to awaken any interest. Many a woman is too dull or too lazy to care for the last new poem or novel, but she is never too dull nor too lazy to read a fashion report.

What do you suppose induces the inordinate fondness of woman for spending so much of her time and thoughts upon the science of dress, to the exclusion of higher and better things?

I reply, that it springs from her desire to appear to the greatest advantage in the eyes of man—to charm his passion for novelty, which she instinctively recognizes—to cause him to regard her with a re-awakened admiration when his attention is beginning to flag. A man seeing a woman always in one dress of the same color, gradually associates her with that dress and that color—becomes accustomed to her, as he does to a piece of furniture, or a picture too often looked at. Another woman, in quite a different style and color of dress, comes along and startles him into admiration. The charm of novelty enhances her attractions in his eyes. Women, instinctively aware of this, are forever challenging men's attention by new devices in dress. The wish to be beautiful is one of the very strongest desires of a woman's nature. It is stronger than any except one other, and that other is the desire to be beloved by man.

Why does she wish to be beautiful? *It is that she may be beloved by man.* These two desires are at the root of all that a woman says, does and thinks, while in her first youth; and to a great extent they influence the whole of her after life. In general it is only when she has been disappointed and saddened, and made practical by a hard struggle with life, that she turns her thoughts to more intellectual things, and lives more with her mind and less with her heart, if she is a married woman, or a woman without children.

Young men do you ever think of it, when you take your sisters and sweethearts to the opera and the theater, and when you indulge loudly in praises of some favorite actress's dress or manner, and plainly show by your enthusiasm that you admire that style or this most? Don't you know how quick those girls are to take a hint. Are you surprised after that to find them parading the streets in tight military jackets—a-la-Grand Duchesse—and wildly frizzled hair and piquant little caps—a-la-Tostee. And are n't there some among them who even secretly wish, in their simplicity, that they might dance the *Can Can*,

seeing how you admire Tostee in it? Yes! that is the way young womanhood becomes perverted in its tastes first, and in its ideas afterwards. It is from, sometimes consciously and at other times unconsciously, shaping themselves upon the favorite tastes of young men in dress and deportment. You know very well in your hearts that virtue is above rubies, and that modesty is a pearl of great price; but for all that, in a ball-room you crowd around the girl who dresses in the most marked and extravagant manner, and who carries off her conspicuous toilette by an air of self-assertion, and an *aplomb* which nothing can daunt. You preach quietness, simplicity and good breeding to your sisters and sweethearts, and bluster if they show a bit of their shoulders above the rim of their dress waists; and then you turn around and pay especial court to the most *decolletee* woman in the room—do homage to the eye, the readiest tongue, the most unscrupulous repartee—and then you are indignant to see that your womankind are trying, as in them lies, to imitate that very woman in what you have so much admired!

Now, if you don't want them to imitate her, you ought not to admire her so openly—for whatever you admire they will pattern by.

So, young gentlemen, you in a great measure are responsible for the present extravagant state of the "fashions." Some of you admire them, doubtless, and consider the prevailing mode as quite the correct thing; but there may be others among you thoughtful enough to reflect on the evils that lurk beneath the gaudy and bedizened surface of the present style. It is not exactly that immoderately high-heeled boots deform and weaken the feet—nor that the evil of tight-lacing is coming back—nor that the Grecian bend ruins the spine—nor that dishevelled hair, streaming on the wind, is not in good taste for civilized women—nor that a profuse display of tinsel ornaments is barbaric. But there is cause for sorrow when we have no means, so far as dress is concerned, of discriminating between a respectable but fashionably attired woman and a courtesan; since the one has assumed all the trappings and the meretricious adornments and the tricks in dress for showing off her person, and drawing attention to it on the street, which, a few years ago, were considered the exclusive property of the other.

It is, further, because the gew-gaws are usurping the whole of the time and attention of young women. It takes them all their time to plan out their new costumes, go shopping in search of the materials for them, and a thousand other trifles that go to the make up of a *toilette a-la-mode* of to-day, to fit her dresses, make and try them on and flaunt around in them. That is not quite the sort of a wife a young man just beginning life needs. But just so long as you leave quiet, sensible and unpretending girls uncavaliered in a corner, while you are showing your unequivocal preference for the "Girl of the Period" type; so long as a young lady's proficiency in the *deux temps* is her best passport to your favor; so long as you make it your pride to give the preference to those among your lady friends whose walking costume is the loudest, whenever you are seen on the street with a lady; so long as you show, by your manner and actions, that dash, flashiness in dress, forwardness in manner and speech, and superficiality generally, are the things that take most with you, just so long you will have to reap a crop of your own sowing—a crop of tares and noxious weeds, in which there shall not be anything that truly delighteth the heart of man.

—Packard's Monthly.

### THE MINISTER, AND THE HAY-THIEF.

Grace Greenwood, in her "Sketches of Yankee Life," gives several anecdotes of a certain Dr. Elliott, a once famous minister in a noted old Connecticut town. This gentleman was a physician, as well as minister, and "profane jokers used to say that it was a question which were hardest to take, his doses or his discourses." The following is one of the stories that the Doctor used to enjoy telling:

Late one dark night, being summoned to a patient in a neighboring parish, he went for his horse to his barn, which was at some distance from the parsonage. Just as he was about to enter, he heard some one coming out, and immediately concealed himself behind a large bush in the lane, hiding his lantern under his cloak. Presently the wide barn-door swung open, and a man appeared, bending beneath an immense load of hay bound together by a rope. Through loops of this rope he had thrust his arms, and he carried the huge mass like a peddler's pack.

The doctor suffered this thieving Atlas to pass him; then, taking the candle from his lantern, he crept softly forward and set fire to the hay, then again concealing himself. In a moment that moving haystack was one great, crackling blaze, and the thief, with wild cries, was frantically flinging it from his head and back. He succeeded in extricating himself without help, and then ran as though pursued by fiends across the snowy fields.

Some months after this there came to the doctors' study a pale, thin, melancholy looking man; who, after much painful hesitation, expressed a desire to make a confession of sin. With a serious and sympathetic manner, yet with, I suspect, a sly twinkle in his eye, the minister set himself to listen.

"I've had a dreadful load on my conscience, doctor, for a consid'ble spell; and it does seem as ef 'twould kill me. I'm eeny most dead now."

"Ah! is it possible? What can you have done? You are a respectable man and a church member," replied the doctor, in seeming surprise.

"Yes, I jined the church thirty years ago," replied the old farmer; then sinking his voice to an awesome, confidential tone, he continued: "but I'm a dreadful sinner, for all that, doctor: and, bein' a church member, my sin, you see, was of too much account to be winked at, and my judgment follered close arter me. Oh dear, O!"

"Pray tell me your trouble, brother."

"Well, doctor, it consarns you."

"Indeed!"

"Yis. One time, last winter, I got a leetle short of fodder, and I thought tu myself as how you had mor'n enough for your critters; and so one night the devil tempted me to go over to your barn, an' to—O dear, O!"

"To help yourself to a little of my surplus hay; eh?"

"Yes, doctor, jes so! But I never got home with that are hay. 'The Lord wouldn't let me du it. I had a load on my back, and was carryin' it away, when all tu once it burst into a blaze about my ears!"

"Struck by lightning?"

No, doctor, it was a clear night. I've jest made up my mind that fire dropped down from heaven and kindled that are hay. 'Twas a judgment an' a warnin, an' I'm afeared a sort of forerunner of the flames of hell. I haint had no peace of mind sence, nor felt like eatin' a good meal of vittals. At least, I thought I might feel a leetle better ef I'd jest own up to you, an' ask your pardon an' your prayers."

To the astonishment of the poor penitent, the minister laughed out right merrily. Then he said: "Be comforted, neighbor; your little thieving operation was hardly of such consequence to heaven as all that. It was I who caught you at it, and set fire to the hay from my lantern; and I must say you yelled lustily and ran briskly, for a man of your years. Why didn't you tell me if you wanted hay? Now go home in peace, get well and steal no more."

"You, doctor! you? Be you sartain sure you sot fire to that bundle of hay?"

"Yes, quite sure; that was my own little bonfire. I hope it didn't scorch you much. I noticed, when you came to meetin' the next Sunday, that your hair was a little singed. As for the flames of hell, neighbor, that's your own lookout. I trust there is time to escape them yet."

"So, so! 'twas you did it all! The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the farmer fervently. "It really is an amazin' relief, an' my old woman was right; for she says: 'Go to the minister an' confess,' says she, 'an' that'll lift the biggest heft of the sin off your conscience, an' be' better than doctor stuff,' says she. An' so you did it! Well, folks say you're a master man for a jake; but this 'ere one was more solemn than a sermon to me, an' more effectooal, doctor, I do believe."

So saying, the farmer departed in peace; and the parson kept the secret of his name, even in the family, always, I think.

### JEBEL NAKUS.

About midway on the western side of the peninsula of Sinai, and near the shore of the Gulf of Suez, rises a hill of moderate elevation, called by the Arabs Jebel Nakus, or the Bell mountain, from which is occasionally emitted a resonant metallic sound, like the distant boom of a gong, but less vibratory in its note. The peculiar sounds arise from the friction of moving sand. The mount is situated about three-quarters of a mile in a straight line from the sea-shore, and presents a slope of drift-sand 400 feet in height, facing about W.S.W. The sand is so extremely fine and dry, and lies at so high an angle—about 30 deg. to the horizon—that it is easily set in motion from any point in the slope, or even by scraping away a portion at the base of the hill. When a considerable quantity is thus set in movement, rolling gradually down the slope like some viscous fluid, then the sound begins—at first a deep swelling, vibratory moan, gradually rising to a dull roar, loud enough at its height to be almost startling, and then gradually dying away as the sand ceases to roll. The hot sand of the surface always appears to be more sonorous than the cooler layers underneath and the loudest result is obtained in the full heat of the afternoon sun. Sand which has long lain undisturbed seems more sensitive than that which has been recently in motion. There can be no doubt that the sound is superficial and due to friction, for it can be produced faintly by moving the sand with a sweep of 'he arm.

—American Exchange and Review.

## HAUD WEEL TO THE WARK.

Some folks are for ever complainin',  
Content in their heart fin's nae place,  
Sae doon in the mouth an' sae feckless,  
Ye ne'er see a smile on their face.  
There's nae ane but has some bit trouble,  
Gude kens! I hae some o' my ain;  
But woat wi' ae thing an' anither,  
Od! I never hae time to complain.

I'm ne'er dune wi' scourin' an' cleanin',  
Ilk mornin' I'm up wi' the lark;  
The best cure I ken for complainin'  
Is jist to haud weel to the wark.  
There's John, my gudeman, he's aye hoastin'—  
Thought't canna be said he is auld—  
Sits birs'lin his tae in the corner,  
Od! I never gets time to grow cauld.

There's Kirsty McCutchen, oor neebor,  
Frac mornin' to e'enin' she granes;  
An when there's naebody to listen,  
She rekes it a' oot on the weans.  
Wat weather brings on her rheumatics,  
A waff frae the door gars her 'neize,  
She says her twa feet are aye freezin'—  
Od! mine never get time for to freeze.

An' then, there's my auld aunty Effie,  
Wha sits a' day lang in her chair,  
Wi' servants an' folk to work for her,  
The body's half crazed, I declare.  
Disease aye claims kin wi' the idle,  
They'er ill baith to cure an' to kill,  
Od! here am I, hearty an' happy,  
For I ne'er hae the time to fa' ill.

There's some that I ken hac a mission  
For readin' the signs o' the times,  
Wi' them we're a' gaun to perdition,  
Bent doon wi' the wecht o' oor crimes;  
Opprest wi' the care o' creation,  
O' sleep they get seldom a wink—  
Od! I'm sae ta'en up wi' the present,  
I hae na the time for to think.

As for neebors, they're no' worth the heedn',  
Ac day they're sae lovin' on' sweet,  
They'll scarce bide awa' frae ilk ither,  
The neist, they'll no' speak when they meet;  
Their leein', ill-speakin', and clashes  
Are ill to put wi', nae doot;  
As for me, I ne'er fash wi' sic clavers,  
Od! I hae na the time to cast oot.

Sae ye've gotten my private opinion,  
Far mair I hed ettled to say,  
But it winna doo here to stan' idle,  
Na, na! I've owre muckle to dae;  
As lang's there's a hole in a stockin',  
Or button to sew on a sark,  
I hae na the time for sic havers,  
Losh me! what a blessin' is wark.

—James Nicholson.

## SCIENTIFIC.

HUMBOLDT says that, if a person could be suddenly transferred from Siberia to Sumatra, the change would be so great as to produce unconsciousness.

THE mountains of the moon are immensely larger in proportion to its size than those of the earth. The moon is but 1-49th the size of the earth, but its mountain-peaks are nearly as high. The German astronomer, Maedler, has measured the height of 1,093 mountains in the moon. Twenty-two of these are higher than Mont Blanc, which is within a few feet of being three miles high—six are above 19,000 feet. The highest observed mountain in the moon is 24,944 feet high, an elevation that is a little less than the loftiest peaks of the Andes, and a few feet more than four miles and a half. It is within 3,236 feet of the elevation of the loftiest peak on the earth.

—Dr. Mann.

ARCHIMEDES, of Syracuse, declared that, if they would give him a fulcrum and a sufficiently long lever, he would move the world; but, not knowing its weight, as we do now, he could not have formed a very clear idea of the magnitude of the task.

Supposing that he got his lever planted, and of sufficient length to be moved by exerting upon it a pulling force of thirty pounds. Had he moved it through ten thousand feet per hour for ten hours a day, the remote end of the lever would have to pass through an arc which it would take 8 trillions, 774 billions, 994 millions, 574 thousands, 737 of centuries to accomplish, in order to raise the earth a single inch.

—Appletons' Journal.

THE only condition necessary to the production of a musical sound is, that the air-pulses should succeed each other in the same interval of time. No matter what its origin may be, if this condition be fulfilled, the sound becomes musical. If a watch, for example, could be caused to tick with sufficient rapidity—say one hundred times a second—the ticks would lose their individuality, and blend to a musical tone. And if the strokes of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate, the progress of the bird through the air would be accompanied by music. In the humming-bird the necessary rapidity is attained; and, when we pass on from birds to insects, where the vibrations are more rapid, we have a musical note as the ordinary accompaniment of the insect's flight. The puffs of a locomotive at starting follow each other slowly at first, but they soon increase so rapidly as to be almost incapable of being counted. If this increase could continue until the puffs numbered fifty or sixty a second, the approach of the engine would be heralded by an organ-peal of tremendous power.

—Tyndall on Sound.

## ITEMS.

MR. SEWARD is in Mexico.

HON. ROBERT J. WALKER died at Washington on the 11th inst.

It is said the Sultan will not attend the opening of the Suez canal.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL died at his residence in Troy on the 10th inst.

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES STEWART, the oldest naval officer of the United States, died on the 6th inst., in his ninety-second year.

ADMIRAL TOPETE has resigned from the Spanish cabinet, on account of his opposition to the election of the Duke of Genoa to the throne.

THE Belgian government has given its assent to a project for a new telegraph cable from Belgium to some point on the United States coast.

A MAN was arrested at Compiègne, and found to be armed with concealed weapons. He admitted that his intention was to assassinate the Emperor.

THE magnificent group of bronze statuary, commemorative of Commodore Vanderbilt's career, was unveiled with due ceremony at the Hudson River Railroad Depot in New York, on the 10th inst.

At a meeting of New York merchants and importers on the 10th inst. it was stated that the decision of the Supreme Court, denying the constitutionality of the legal tender act, is sure and positive. If so, specie payments may not be far off.

THE resignation of Gen. Butterfield as Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, has been accepted, and ex-State Senator Charles J. Folger has been appointed in his place. Sixteen women clerks, experts at counting notes and coin, were sent from Treasurer Spinner's office in Washington to New York, to count the money in the vaults of the Assistant Treasurer's office.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Austin, Texas, under date of 25th October, thus sketches the items of interest current in that city: "Terrible hail-storm Friday evening last—hail-stones larger than hens' eggs fell; one negro badly injured in trying to take care of his horses; damaged capital five hundred dollars; broken glass in private residences too numerous to mention; telegraph wire cut off close to where it entered the office. One discharged soldier killed by police in trying to arrest him. Corn selling for six bits (75 cts), specie a bushel; fodder one dollar and a quarter specie a hundred; cotton crop very good; having cold weather; times quiet."

## Announcements:

## THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 202. 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, 298 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, Job Printing, and Manufacturing.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C., and branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMRADE 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, RIBBONS &amp; SEWING SILK.

Machine Twist, and Ribbons 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, *carte de visite* size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 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; \$2.50 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.

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