

The Circular.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY THE ONEIDA AND WALLINGFORD COMMUNITIES.

VOL. VI.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, APRIL 5, 1869.

NO. 3.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS:

THE CIRCULAR, ONEIDA, NEW YORK.

TERMS:

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

THE WAY TO HEALTH.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., O. C., March 14, 1869.

WE know what disease is; but do we understand the *liability* to disease? It certainly is a bad thing. Next to having a disease, is the discomfort of living in fear of it, and in the weakness that keeps us on the verge of it. What then is the physiological state which makes us liable to disease? It is, in the most general terms, what the pill-peddler called a "debility of weakness;" it is the opposite of ruggedness; it is the state of impressibility which steals upon one who lives too luxuriously and treats himself too tenderly; it is the feebleness that assumes the chronic and incurable form in ordinary old age. The liability to disease, then, is a *delicate* kind of health. In this *nidus* all the various diseases lay their eggs. By a conjunction of some positive disorder with this negative health, we are brought to our death. So much for physiology.

Now let us look at the matter in the spiritual way. We believe diseases to be unclean spirits or devils preying upon our flesh. But what shall we say of this "delicate health," which is the receptive of all disease? Is that a mere negation? Nay; that also is an unclean spirit. It is certainly one of the diseases, though it is called a low kind of health; and as a disease it must be referred to the influence of the devils that haunt human nature. Indeed this must be the subtlest and strongest devil of all; the central and generic demon into whose hands all the other devils play. In this view, we should not wait for some virulent disorder to press on us before we begin to struggle and pray for health, but should consider ourselves possessed of the devil, till we have the positive, unassailable health of heaven—the ruggedness of the death-tried resurrection.

And again, in this view we should not rely on exercise, diet, ventilation, &c., to give us that positive health which repulses disease, but should betake ourselves to the divine mysteries of exorcism and baptism into Christ. True ruggedness, like true righteousness, does not come by self-works, but is a gift from God. Diet, ventilation, and exercise, are at most only assistants of divine health. They have never saved any body from old age, and never

will. A man may regulate them to perfection, and yet be full of devils; and a man may live where it is impossible to regulate them, and yet be full of God. If we attend to them in connection with our labor of faith, we must do it with the distinct understanding that they are only auxiliaries, and that what we want comes not up from them, but down from God. True health is in heaven, and comes out from heaven, and can not be got by any kind of bodily exercise. It is the ruggedness of God.

And in seeking the ruggedness of God, we must understand the order in which He works. Our nature is like a nest of four boxes. The inner box is the spiritual part, the next is the intellectual, the next is the moral, and the outer box is the physical. God will begin to renew us by giving us ruggedness in the spirit, which will enable us to face all devils without fear, and live in contact with them without contamination. Then He will give us ruggedness of understanding, which fears no argument and overcomes all delusions. Then He will give us ruggedness of moral nature, which is strong enough to keep its resolutions and submits to no condemnation. And finally, through all these mediates, He will give us ruggedness of physical health.

EYES RIGHT!

Home-Talk by J. H. N., O. C., March 22, 1869.

WATCH the children when they fall into double columns to march home from the sitting-room, and you will see that the large boys and girls in the fore part of the column keep rank and step very correctly; but the latter part of the column, consisting of smaller children, wavers to and fro and sometimes breaks up, the last of the toddlers generally falling behind and getting into confusion.—And if you observe closely you will discover that the reason why the little ones at the tail of the column cannot keep rank and step, is, that they have but feeble command of their attention and are under the control of their *curiosity*. They stare at things around them, instead of minding their steps, and stagger along with their soul all in their eyes and their eyes all abroad. We may learn a lesson from this. The Community, in its readings, is marching through Spiritualism, the land of ghosts and devils and all sorts of wonders. The temptation to stare is immense. But the little ones that give themselves up to curiosity, will fall into confusion and break their ranks. Let us keep our eye steadily on the scientific object of our march, and not stop to dally with wonders by the way.

Spiritualism is just now checkmating Positivism. The scientists of Europe have followed their senses and their rationalisms, till they have eliminated spirits from the universe, abolishing God and immortality. Whereupon the veil that has separated this world from the other, is rent, and hosts of spirits are let loose to stamp out the lie.

So Spiritualism is just now defending the Bible. Scepticism had crept into all high places, till the old miracles had become myths and legends for scoffers; when suddenly the world is all alive with miracles, and the skeptics themselves are foremost in maintaining the reality of inspirations, visions, prophecies, demoniac possessions, gifts of healing, and all the rest of the old Bible incredibilities.

Spiritualism is also defending Revivals. The essence of the old Revivals was the manifestation of the spirit-world in this world. The ministers and praying men and women were mediums. The anxious seats and inquiry meetings were quite as rational conditions of spirit-manifestations as tables and circles. Skeptics, that once ridiculed these "new measures" of the Revivalists, are accepting in Spiritualism, things just like them in fact and in philosophy, only more ridiculous.

Let us watch the shock of contending hosts in this war, as we watched them in the war against Slavery. Our sympathy on the whole is with the Spiritualists, as it was with the Abolitionists; but we *belong* to neither party. God is on both sides of the fight, and will make both sides help on the kingdom of his Son.

While we know "that many spirits are gone forth into the world," we also know that few of them confess Christ, and that most of them are lying spirits. They do their work of fighting against scientific materialism, but they are no fit society for Bible believers. Doubtless it would be easy enough for us to take them in, as the Shakers did the Indian spirits; but we should *be* taken in. Doubtless, if we should stop and dally with their tables and gimcracks, we could get them to working their wonders among us; and so by suitable invitation we could get any quantity of beggars and tramps visiting us and living upon us. But what is the use? Would it pay? Our study should be not how to get them in, but how to keep them out. The science of exorcism in such cases is worth more than the science of evoking spirits.

The Planchette, used as an oracle, seems to me to be the devil's final substitute for the pocket-gods of the heathen.

SCRAPS AND TALKS,

FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

[We have given heretofore some extracts in this column from a series of social criticisms, reported twenty years ago in the "Family Register" of the O. C. This week we venture another selection, presenting, as before, only J. H. N.'s remarks at the end of the round.]

Social Character of Mr. S.

There are to be found in society two characters, one having the qualities of honesty, faithfulness, truth, &c., the other having tact, romance, gentlemanly skill, musical feeling, &c. If we could have but one, we should prefer the first. Honesty is to be preferred to attractive manners, sensibility, romance, &c. In the world, a woman would be considered judicious to prefer an awkward-appearing lover, if he had the substantial qualities of honesty and goodness, to one altogether more attractive, who was deficient in these. Mr. S. has the preferable parts of a lover, but is deficient in those things which make honesty attractive. The compound of a perfect lover is goodness and a musical external nature. Love has a natural and legitimate connection with secretiveness, intrigue &c. Christ indicates the connection in his saying, "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." This is a compound of innocence and skill, which is the perfection of character. Mr. S. is an honest, serious, conscientious man; but these elements of his character are not sufficiently embodied in cunning romance and emotion. Love, perfected, is very cunning. Mr. S. is unpracticed, green, deficient in skill to make himself attractive—*deficient* and yet *promising*. He has improved very much since he came here. One person has confessed that she loves him very much now, though she could hardly endure him when she first saw him, he was so pedantic and awkward.

I will mention some of the hindrances in his case. His strong tendency to intellectual development, is one. It is a proverb in the world, that a book-worm is awkward in love—slow to be smitten, and likely to behave foolish when he is. In other circumstances, I think, Mr. S. would have been predominantly intellectual, and had but little development of his social nature. His cast of mind is very unfavorable to poetical thought; he might make rhymes, but they would lack the sparkle of poetry; and it is the poetic element which makes us lively and attractive in social intercourse. He has a warm heart, as has been said, and a geniality of feeling, which counteracts somewhat the pedantic and sober element of his character; but in the world, the pedantic would probably have prevailed. The affection elicited in this Association is improving him very much. A second hindrance is this: I have observed an interference between one affection and another. Alimentiveness, the tendency to high enjoyment of food, wherever it exists, is a hindrance to the development of life in the form of amateness. Epicures and drunkards extinguish at last the sexual attraction. In order to the highest development of our social nature, it is desirable to be abstemious. As in religion, sensuality of appetite is a hindrance to spirituality, so it is equally an enemy to love, and the development of the highest power of fellowship between the sexes.

April 5, 1849.

[Before the roll was started for remarks on the next case, Mr. Noyes said he would like to inquire of Mr. S. what had been the effect of his criticism. Mr. S. said he could not say it produced much mortification; he did not know as that was essential to its improving him—he thought it *would* improve him. Mr. N. said he hoped we should treat one another with so much delicacy and kindness, and there would be such a genuine loving spirit on one side, and so much candor and ambition for improvement on the other, that we should make this exercise very attractive, instead of odious. A looking-glass is attractive, though at times it discovers to us uncomeliness and disorder. If it shows us dirt on our faces we do not blame it, but consider it a privilege to consult it; and when we look pretty a looking-glass is certainly attractive. If our minds are a true mirror and reflect lovingly, and there is a desire to become attractive, it will be thought a privilege to come in here and look in the glass, and our beauty will show all the better for it in the end.]

Social Character of Mrs. C.

Love is the leading element in her character. It is in this affection that her strength lies. She has not a large brain, you all observe; her head is quite as small as in ordinary females; also in regard to study, thought and information, her acquisitions are limited. I have been surprised at the childishness of her attainments in many respects; yet she is a strong woman, has an acute, sagacious understanding, displays good judgment. Her wisdom, the whole of it, is the wisdom of love; her virtue is the virtue of love. Without man as the complement of her character, she would be an inferior woman. She is exceedingly *receptive* to both God and man. She knows her position better than most women—her relation to man and the necessity of her connection with him, and is not ashamed of her dependence. Like Paul she may glory in her infirmities, because her strength is made perfect in weakness. The infirmities and weaknesses of her character are truly feminine; they are receptivities of the man's spirit, and to be gloried in. Paul's rejoicing was no poetical figure, because infirmities are only receptivities. Mrs. C. by herself is full of infirmities which would be likely to disgrace and ruin her; but as receptivities of the power of man, they are her glory. She does not envy man, or desire to be in his place; she glories in being a woman, in being weak and receptive, which belongs to the very nature of woman, as help-meet to the man, as it does to man, as a complement to Christ. Love for man, and the religious sentiment, make up the whole strength of her character. She is devoted to love in its twofold form, love to God and man. Her heart and instincts and pleasures all lie in these affections. Without these, life would be a blank to her.

The love tone is always attractive. She has a great deal of tact, refinement, acuteness, power of pleasing, and the consequence is, she is very attractive to the other sex. Any body that has ever approached her as a lover, has found her spirit exceedingly intoxicating—one that will make a man crazy, if any thing will. With so much power of winning, she would have been able to have been a coquette, and lorded it over man and tormented him. But her attractiveness

is combined with benevolence and religious principle; and she is so loving herself, that she is the very opposite of a coquette. At the same time that she conquers man, she is conquered by him, and is not ashamed of it, but confesses it. Amateness combined with self-esteem loves to conquer, and is unwilling to acknowledge being conquered. This is the character of a coquette, the very opposite of Mrs. C.

The combination of love with benevolence in her is so perfect, that I have never seen any signs of jealousy or exclusiveness in her, but she is very free and desirous of promoting love between others, and enjoys their union. She is not of a character to be regarded as a rival—as one that engrosses love, and eclipses others of her sex. Her character is calculated to be beloved by women as well as men, which would not be, if she were selfish, while possessed of such attractions. Instead of jealousy, we find her just as eager and free to forward others in their attractions, as if she were seeking love for herself; and she has a great taste and talent for promoting love in society around her.

If I should find any fault, it would be for the tendency of her natural character (of which there may be remains), to excess of affection, in fact to a lack of chastity. She is much improved in this respect; I see nothing of it now; but she may possibly be in a condition yet, to meet with the rebuke of Mary Magdalene, "Touch me not," &c., for outburst of affection that is premature. I have always thought that Mrs. C. resembled Mary Magdalene.

Men and women's natures correspond to the two spheres of enjoyment, the *present* and the *perpetual*. Man's business is to provide for the future—lay up money and stores; woman's to arrange the house, set the table, give comfort and pleasure to the present. So in general it is in the nature of woman to be absorbed with the present. This is Mrs. C.'s natural character; the *now* is the great all with her; though she has a religious principle that looks to the future, it is not easy for her to use forethought, and till her education is perfected, her love and benevolence are liable to carry her beyond the mark. She has been sometimes charged with favoritism; but I am satisfied that her benevolence saves her from any danger of this kind; and I will hint for the benefit of those who think her partial, that love in its external expression, requires external attractiveness. You may sincerely love a woman in your heart, and be joined to her in eternal faithfulness, and yet if she is not externally attractive, you are not to be blamed for not particularly enjoying her external society. In such a case love ought not to be forced. *It can not be*; at least, that kind of love which fills all our nature, and makes free and musical interchange. There should be faithfulness and unity of heart; but special manifestation of love should not be required in the teeth of external unattractiveness. We should not try to bridge over this chasm, but fill it up, and make the breach a stimulus of improvement. The tendency of forcing love into unnatural channels, will be to bring in hypocrisy. "Let love be without dissimulation." I would say to those who love Mrs. C., and are conscious of not being attractive, Be patient; do not ask her to bridge over the chasm, but make a path to her.

April 5, 1849.

SMITH'S STORY.

XIV.

I DECIDED to turn my face camp-ward, keeping in the shade of the trees as long as they lay in my course. I walked along what had once been the bed of a creek, until suddenly I passed round a curve in the bank, and came upon a pool of stagnant water. In some former time the eddy of the water, striking against the bank, had washed out a large, deep hole; and when the waters of the creek were dried away, this pool remained. A thick, green scum had formed over the surface of the pool, and multitudes of tadpoles were sporting in its nearly blood-warm water. But what of that? It looked delicious. And throwing down my gun, I pushed away the scum and tadpoles, and took a hearty drink. I felt better, and started on with renewed courage and cheerfulness. But I had not gone more than a mile, before I began to feel sick. I sat down, and soon disposed of all the vile water I had lately drunk, and then feeling relieved, resumed my march. But my thirst returned with increased fury. O, the misery of that afternoon! I would travel a few miles, and then sit down and rest. I thought of all the cool springs and "moss-covered buckets" from which I had ever slaked my thirst; and I would have given all I had for one good draught from either of them. I wished I had a river running through me. I thought I would never again grumble about going a mile for a drink of water. At last, as the sun was disappearing in the west, I reached the top of the last hill, and saw across the plain, some two miles distant, the Platte river; and some four miles to the east, the white covers of the wagons marked our camp. The sight refreshed me, and I pushed on for the river with a more vigorous step.

Reaching the river bank, I laid down my gun, pulled off my shoes and stockings, and waded in, first washing my face and hands. This refreshed me greatly, and I then took a good pull at Platte river, but failed to suck it dry. In about an hour I reached the camp, where I found a bountiful supper awaiting me. Orlando had remained in camp all day as guard; and his wife had spent most of the time in cooking and baking. Words can not tell how I enjoyed that supper.

All our party except four had returned before me, and these were now anxiously looked for. As it grew dark, a lantern was suspended from the end of an elevated wagon tongue. It was my turn to be first watch that night; but owing to my long tramp, Orlando offered to take my place. But I decided to do the duty, as a breeze had sprung up, which would drive away the mosquitoes—the great drawback to standing guard. Bed-time came, but the four hunters had not yet arrived. We knew of nothing we could do to aid them, and so all but myself retired to rest. I kept up a fire at one of the wagons, to act as a beacon light, and also to keep the supper warm for the men when they should return. About one o'clock they came—the most tired fellows I ever saw. I soon learned that they had been many miles beyond me, and that it was Wood river which I had first seen. They had also suffered for want of water. They had been led far away from camp by a buffalo, which they had wounded. They had finally succeeded in killing him, and had brought to camp enough meat to provide us all with a nice breakfast.

In the morning, the best yoke of cattle was hitched to a light, empty wagon, which belonged to the speculator, and three of the men started with this team to bring in the remains of the buffalo which had been killed. It was late in the evening before they got back. The next day was spent in "jerking" the best portions of meat which we did not immediately consume. The jerking process consists in cutting the meat into thin strips, and drying and smoking it over a slow fire. We dried it this way for one day, and then strung it on the outside of our wagon covers, to let the sun finish the process. Buffalo meat greatly resembles beef; and to the traveler who has subsisted for weeks on salt food, it tastes delicious.

There are several roads leading from the Missouri river to the mountains, and many of them intersect near Fort Kearney. We had chosen what we

considered to be the best route. Each route has its advantages and drawbacks. One of the worst features of our route was, that we were compelled to pass over forty or fifty miles of country where not a drop of water could be found for man or beast. We had a guide-book which enabled us to determine at all times our exact position on the route. Immediately before entering upon this waterless region we gave our teams a half day's rest, and cooked a sufficient quantity of food to serve us forty-eight hours. We had provided water-casks for this emergency, which we now filled. About four o'clock in the afternoon we started, and traveled until nearly midnight, when we halted for several hours. I remember the night was very warm, and we erected no tent, but threw ourselves upon the ground under the wagons and slept soundly till daybreak, when we yoked up the cattle and started on. By hard driving we were enabled to reach water that night; and neither man nor beast had suffered very severely from thirst.

The worst part of the road between the Missouri river and the Pacific Ocean, is not the crossing of the Rocky mountains, but the crossing of what are termed the sand hills. These hills are of quite a heavy grade, and the sand is dry and deep. A south wind usually prevails here also, which is like the breath of a furnace. It is almost stifling. The teams are able to drag their loads but a few yards at a time. The tongues of all the cattle protrude from their mouths, and their eyes look wild and bleared. Sometimes an ox gives out entirely; lies down and refuses to stir. He is then unyoked and left to live or die as it happens. It takes all day to travel four miles among these sand hills. On the western side you go down into the valley of the Platte again. The cattle are there all unhitched from the wagons, when they start for the water like mad creatures, and plunge in till they are almost covered with the cooling element.

Quite frequently the cattle become foot-sore, and various remedies are applied to cure the evil; the most usual one is to throw the ox down, tie his legs so that he cannot kick, and then pour boiling tar upon the bottom of his feet. A day or two of rest will often help them. But sometimes they are so badly affected that they have to be turned loose, and left to provide for themselves. In many cases these way-side cattle recover, become fat, and fall a prey to some roving band of Indians. At certain places on the route, where wood and water are plenty, a man is often found whose occupation is to exchange sound-footed cattle for those that are becoming foot-sore, he of course receiving money for the difference in value of the cattle exchanged. He herds and cares for these lame ones till they are recovered, and then he exchanges them for other lame ones. In this way large sums of money are sometimes realized in a single season. Orlando's cow gave out when we were near an Indian village. She was in good order, and we tried to sell her to the Indians for a nice buffalo robe. But they were shrewd enough to see that we would have to leave her any way, and so they refused to negotiate.

The greatest difficulty we experienced was the lack of wood. For two hundred miles we did not pass a tree or house; nothing met our eye save an undulating desert waste, covered with sand and dried buffalo grass, swept by hot winds, and traversed by a broad, shallow, sand-filled river, with low banks destitute of shrub or brush, which in the distance looked like a serpent crawling through the land. Our sheet-iron stove proved a great blessing, for it greatly economized fuel. Our main dependence for fuel was on "buffalo chips," that is, dried buffalo dung. In many places these were found lying about in large quantities; and being thoroughly dried by the hot winds and sun, they made excellent fires; besides, if the wind blew while we were cooking, the ashes of the chips so closely resembled black pepper, that we called it such, and let it go. About two hours before camping time, you might have seen members of each wagon, with large bags or sacks flung over their shoulders, scouring the plain toward the hills, for chips. But sometimes it happened that the chips were extremely scarce, or more

than a usual quantity had been gathered by some preceding train, and we were unable to procure any. Then we would have to fall back upon bundles of wood which we carried under the wagons for just such emergencies. One time even this source failed us, and in our great extremity we were forced to split up an extra ox-yoke. Such close squeezes caused us to appreciate, as we had never done before, the common comforts of life, of which we usually take so little thought.

At night mosquitoes were a source of much annoyance both to man and beast. Our usual method of defense, was to smoke our tent and wagons just previous to going to bed, and then shut them up tight. But one night they were unendurable. The doctor, after becoming greatly exasperated in vain attempts to elude the pests and get a little sleep, made a sulphur smudge. But even this failed, and he declared "they were demons from hell, let loose to torment us." All the men were finally compelled to get up and build a fire and sit in the smoke. Suddenly a sound like distant thunder was heard. We all listened in astonishment. It grew louder, and seemed to be approaching. Suddenly our leader divined the cause; and starting up he cried out,

"A stampede! Look to the cattle!"

He was correct in his conjecture. The cattle belonging to a train a few miles ahead of us, had become crazed by the sting of the mosquitoes, and had stampeded. In a few minutes they came rushing by our camp at a wild, headlong speed. Our cattle showed strong signs of wishing to join this pell-mell race; but thanks to our timely warning, we were able to keep them together. Had we all been asleep when the stampeded cattle came upon us, the consequences would undoubtedly have been quite serious. It frequently happens that stampeded cattle are never recovered, and whole trains have had to be abandoned from this loss of cattle. A very trivial circumstance will sometimes cause a disastrous stampede.

On the morning of the 2d of July we had an opportunity of seeing a hundred Sioux warriors, on the war trail; armed, dressed and painted according to their custom. They were going to fight their enemies the Pawnees. They came upon our camp just as we had finished our breakfast. They were all well mounted, and the ease and dexterity with which they handled their horses was marvelous. Many of them had extra horses, which ran loose. Several Indians amused us by lassoing their loose horses. Finally a good share of them drew up in two lines in front of our wagons, and seemed to watch our motions with considerable curiosity. In our wagon we had a pan of cold baked beans, which were becoming mouldy. These we distributed among a small group, who eagerly devoured them with many grunts of satisfaction.

We had one young man in our company who was constitutionally opposed to Indians. He was a stout, reckless dare-devil whom we always had to watch lest he get himself and us into some bad scrape. When these Indians rode up Tom was clearing away the breakfast dishes at his wagon, next to ours, and upon one corner of the board used for a table there sat a platter of fried ham, which had been prepared for a mid-day lunch. One of the Indians spied this platter of meat, and it looked so tempting that he got off his horse, walked to the table, took the dish of meat and began passing it to his comrades in a very generous manner. Tom was putting some things into the wagon when the Indian took the platter; but he quickly discovered the situation of things, and springing forward with an imprecation on his lips, and anger flashing from his eyes, he seized the dish, and instead of being reasonable and carrying it to the wagon, he threw its contents upon the ground with an expression of disgust which was not calculated to soothe the savage breast. We had nearly all of us witnessed the foolish act, and instinctively grasped our weapons. But Indians do not enter upon a battle, where so many deaths stare them in the face, as there did in this case. Besides, I don't believe their dignity was nearly so much hurt as white men's would have been under similar circumstances. At any rate they made no hostile

movements, but passed the incident off as a good joke. Several of the half-naked fellows leaned from their horses, thrust their long spears through the pieces of now sanded meat, drew them up and ate them with much seeming relish. The Indians soon rode off; and we proceeded on our journey.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1869.

AMERICAN SOCIALISMS. NO. XXVI.

WESTERN New York was the region that responded most vigorously to the gospel of Fourierism, proclaimed by Brisbane, Godwin, Greeley and the Brook Farmers.

A student of this interesting region writes—"Taking Rochester for a center, and a line of fifty miles for radius, we strike a circle that includes the birth-places of nearly all the wonderful excitements of the last forty years. At Palmyra, in Wayne Co., twenty-five miles east of Rochester, in 1823 Joseph Smith was visited by the Angel Moroni, and instructed about the golden plates, from which the Book of Mormon was copied; and there he began the gathering which grew to be a nation and settled Utah. Batavia, about thirty miles west of Rochester, was the scene of Morgan's abduction in 1825; which event started the great Anti-Masonic excitement, that spread through the country and changed the politics of the nation. At Acadia, in Wayne Co., adjoining Palmyra, the Fox family first heard the mysterious noises which were afterward known as the 'Rochester Rappings,' and were the beginning of the miracles of Modern Spiritualism."

In this same wonderful district around Rochester, occurred the greatest Fourier excitement in America. T. C. Leland, wrote from that city in April 1844, when the excitement was at its highest pitch—"I attended the Socialist Convention at Batavia. The turn-out was astonishing. Nearly every town in Genesee county was well represented. Many came from five to twelve miles on foot. Indeed all western New York is in a deep—a shaking agitation on this subject. Nine Associations are now contemplated within fifty miles of this city. From the astonishing rush of applications for membership in these associations, I have no hesitation in saying that 20,000 persons, west of the longitude of Rochester in this state, is a low estimate of those who are now ready and willing, nay anxious, to take their place in Associative Unity."

Mr. John Greig of Rochester, a participator in this Socialist excitement and in the experiments that went with it, contributed the following sketch of its beginnings to Macdonald's collection of manuscripts:

"We in western New York received an account of the views and discoveries of (the to be illustrious) Fourier, through the writings of Brisbane, Greeley, Godwin, and the earnest lectures of T. C. Leland. Those ideas fell upon willing ears and hearts then, (1843) and thousands flocked from all quarters to hear, believe, and participate, in the first movement.

"This excitement gathered itself into a settled purpose at a Convention held in Monroe Hall in this city (Rochester) in August 1843, which was attended by several hundred delegates from the city and neighboring towns and villages. A great deal of discussion ensued as a matter of course, and some little amount of business was done. The nucleus of a society was formed, and committees for several purposes were appointed to sit in permanence, and call together future conventions for further discussions.

"I was one of the Vice Presidents of that Convention, and took a decided interest in the whole movement.—As there existed from the day of the above Convention some diversity of opinion on several points of doctrine and expediency, there arose at least four different Associations out of the constituents of said Convention. Those who were most determined to follow as near the letter of Fourier as possible, were led off chiefly by Dr.

Theller (of 'Canadian Patriot' notoriety), Thomas Pond (a Quaker), Samuel Porter (of Holly), and several others of less note, including the writer hereof. They located at Clarkson, in Monroe Co. The other branches established themselves at Sodus Bay in Wayne Co., at Hopewell near Canandaigua in Ontario Co., at North Bloomfield in Ontario Co., and at Mixville in Alleghany Co."

The Associations that thus radiated from Rochester, hold a place of peculiar interest in the history of the Fourier movement, from the fact that they made the first, and, we believe, the only practical attempt, to organize a *Confederation of Associations*. The National Convention, as we have seen, recommended general Confederation; and its Executive Committee afterwards, through Parke Godwin, made suggestions in the *Phalanx*, looking in the same direction. The movement, however, came to nothing, and at the subsequent National Convention in October, was formally abandoned. But the Rochester constellation of Associations, attracted together doubtless by their common origin, actually formed a league, called the "American Industrial Union," and a Council of their delegates held a session of two days at the Domain of the North Bloomfield Association, commencing on the 15th of May, 1844. The *Phalanx* has an interesting report of the doings of this Confederate Council, from which we give below a liberal extract, showing how heartily these Western New Yorkers "went in" for genuine Fourierism:

FROM THE REPORT OF THE SESSION OF THE INDUSTRIAL UNION.

"Resolved, That it be recommended to the several Institutions composing this Confederacy to adopt, as far as possible, the practice of mutual exchanges between each other, and that they should immediately take such measures as will enable them to become the commercial agents of the producing classes in the sections of the country where the Associations are respectively located.

CLASSIFICATION OF INDUSTRY.

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the Council, the first step towards Organization should be an arrangement of the different branches of Agricultural, Mechanical and Domestic work in the Classes of NECESSITY, USEFULNESS, and ATTRACTIVENESS. The exact category in which an occupation shall be placed, will be influenced more or less by local circumstances, and is, at best, somewhat conjectural. It will be indicated, however, with certainty, by observation and experience. In the meantime, the Council take the liberty to express an opinion, that to the Class of NECESSITY belong, among others, the following, viz.: Ditching, Masonry, work in Woolen and Cotton Factories, Quarrying Stone, Brickmaking, Burning Lime and Coal, getting out Manure, Baking, Washing, Ironing, Cooking, Tanning and Currier business, Night Sawing and other night work, Blacksmithing, care of Children and the sick, care of Dairy, Flouring, Hauling Seine, Casting, Chopping Wood, and Cutting Timber.

CLASS OF USEFULNESS.

"All mechanical trades not mentioned in the Class of Necessity, Agriculture, School Teaching, Book-keeping, time of Directors while in session, other officers acting in an official capacity, Engineering, Surveying and Mapping, Storekeeping, Gardening, Rearing Silk-Worms, care of Stock, Horticulture, Teaching Music, Housekeepers (not Cooks), Teaming.

CLASS OF ATTRACTIVENESS.

"Cultivation of Flowers, Cultivation of Fruit, Portrait and Landscape Painting, Vine Dressing, Poulterers, care of Bees, Embellishing Public Grounds.

GROUPS AND SERIES.

"The Council recommend to the different Associations the following plan for the organization of Groups and Series, viz.:

"1st. Ascertain, for example, the whole number of members who will attach themselves to, or, at any time take part in, the Agricultural line. From this number, organize as many groups as the business of the line will admit of.

"2d. We recommend the numbers 30, 24, 18, as the maximum rank of the Classes of NECESSITY, USEFULNESS and ATTRACTIVENESS.

"The Series should then be numbered in the order in which they are formed, and the Groups in the same manner, beginning 1, 2, 3, &c., for each Series.

"Mechanical Series can be organized, embracing all the different trades employed by the Association, in the same manner; and if the groups can not be filled up at once with adults, we would recommend to the Institutions to fill them sufficiently for the purpose of organization with apprentices.

"Each Group should have a foreman, whose busi-

ness it should be to keep correct accounts of time, superintend and direct the performance of work, and maintain an oversight of working-dresses, &c.

"There should be one individual elected as Superintendent of the Series, whose business it should be to confer with the Farming Committee of the Board, and inform the different foremen of Groups, of the work to be done, and inspect the same afterwards.

"The Council is thoroughly satisfied that all the labor of an Association should be performed by Groups and Series, and although the Combined Order can not be fully established at once, the adoption of this arrangement will avoid incoherence, and be calculated to impress on each member a sense of his personal responsibility.

TIME AND RANK.

"The Time, Rank and Occupation should be noted daily, and oftener, if a change of employment is made. The sum of the products of the daily time of each individual, as multiplied by his daily rank, should be carried to the Time-ledger, weekly or monthly, to his or her credit. Each of the several amounts, whether performed in the Classes of NECESSITY, USEFULNESS or ATTRACTIVENESS, will thus be made to bear an equal proportion, to the value of the services rendered, &c. &c.

A. M. WATSON, Pres.
E. A. STILLMAN, Sec." [An old Perfectionist, associated with J. H. N. at New Haven in 1835.]

The reader may be curious to see how these instructions were carried out in actual account-keeping. Fortunately the *Phalanx* furnishes a specimen.

"The following tables [says a subsequent report], exhibit the mode of keeping the account of a Group at the Clarkson Domain. The total number of hours that each individual has been employed during the week, is multiplied by the degree in the scale of rank, which gives an equation of rank and time of the whole group. At Clarkson, for every thousand of the quotient, each member is allowed to draw on his account for necessities to the value of seventy-five cents:

SERIES OF TAILORESSES—GROUP NO. 1.											
MAXIMUM RANK 25.											
1844 Rank	Mo.	Tue.	We.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Total Hours	Rank	Time	Rank
24	6	10	3	10	10	5	24	480	24	480	24
20	10	10	10	10	10	10	62	1550	20	62	1550
25	10	10	10	10	10	8	48	960	25	48	960
25	2	10	10	10	10	8	22	550	25	22	550
18	6	4	10	6	4	3	34	612	18	34	612
15	3	3	2	6	5	4	22	330	15	22	330
12	4	4	2	2	6	4	22	244	12	22	244
The above is a true account of the time and rank of the whole Group, working under my direction for the past week.											
Entered on the books of the Association, by JULIA PEABODY, Foreman.											
Clarkson Domain, July 6, 1844. WM. SEAVER, Clerk.											

SERIES OF WORKERS IN WOOD—GROUP NO. 2.											
MAXIMUM RANK 30.											
1844 Rank	Mo.	Tue.	We.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Total Hours	Rank	Time	Rank
24	10	10	2	10	8	9	56	1344	24	56	1344
30	10	10	10	10	10	8	46	1380	30	46	1380
20	10	10	10	10	10	8	60	1800	20	60	1800
30	10	10	10	10	10	10	62	1860	30	62	1860
30	10	10	10	10	10	10	60	1800	30	60	1800
The above is a true account of the time and rank of the whole Group, working under my direction for the past week.											
Entered on the books of the Association, by JAMES GRIFFITH, Foreman.											
Clarkson Domain, July 6, 1844. WM. SEAVER, Clerk.											

We now proceed to sketch the separate fortunes of these confederated Phalanxes.

THE CLARKSON ASSOCIATION

appears to have been the first in order of formation

and of importance. Mr. John Greig (before referred to) is its historian, whose account we here present with few alterations:

"Our Association commenced at Clarkson on the shore of Lake Ontario, in the county of Monroe, about thirty miles from Rochester, in February 1844.

"We adopted a constitution and bye-laws, but I am sorry to say that I have not a copy of them. The reason why no copies have been preserved is, that after a year's experience in the associative life, we all became so wise (or *smart*, as the phrase is), that we thought we could make much better Constitutions, and ceased to value the old ones.

"We had no property qualifications. All male and female members over eighteen years of age, were voters upon all important matters, excepting the investment and outlay of capital. No religious or political tests were required. The chief principle upon which we endeavored to found our Association, was to establish justice and judgment in our little 'earth' at Clarkson domain, and as much farther as possible.

"Our means were ample; but, as it proved, unavailable. The beginning and ending of our troubles was this—and let all readers consider it—we were *without the pale and protection of law, for want of incorporation*. Consequently we could do no business—buy or sell land, or other property—sue or be sued—could neither make ourselves responsible, nor compel others to become so; and as a majority of us were never able to adopt those dreamy abstractions of non-resistance and no-law, we were unable to live and prosper in that kingdom of smoke 'above the world.'

"The members, in different proportions, had placed in the hands of trustees, after the manner of religious societies in this State, ninety-five thousand dollars worth of choice landed property to be sold, turned into cash, and invested in 'Clarkson domain.' We purchased of a Mr. Richmond Church and others, over two thousand acres of first-rate land, all on trust, excepting twenty acres bought for cash. (The rise in value of our large purchase, since our dispersion, has exceeded fifty thousand dollars.) We probably took on to the domain some ten thousand dollars worth of goods and chattels.

"Our property was not considered 'common stock;' we only recognized a 'common cause.' Our agreement gave capital to labor for less than half of the world's present interest, and gave to labor its full reward, according to merit, that is, skill, strength, and time; establishing 'Do as you would be done by' first; and attending to the questions of brotherhood afterward, such as home for life, respect, comfort, and all needful or desirable things to the old, the infant, the disabled, etc. This was the extent of our *Communism*. Our company stock was divided into twenty-five-dollar shares. About one-third of the members owned none at all at first, although their rights we considered equal; and that point, be it said to the glory of the Domain, was never mooted and scarcely mentioned.

"We commenced our 'new life' at Clarkson in March, April, and May, 1844; building our temporary, and enlarging our established, houses, and beginning to marshal our forces of toil. In April we numbered 'Israel,' and found we were four hundred and twenty souls, as happy and joyous a family as ever thronged to an Independence dinner. If, in our fiscal affairs we were not Communists, in our moral and social feelings we were a house not 'divided against itself.'

"In relation to education, natural intelligence, and morality, I candidly think we were a little *above* the average of common citizens at large in the State, and *no more*. Trades and occupations were multiform. Our doctor and minister were academical scholars merely. We had one ripe merchant (a great rogue, too), some first-rate mechanics of all the substantial trades, and a noble lot of common farmers.

"As for religion, we had seventy-four praying Christians, including all the sects in America, excepting Millerites and Mormons. We had one Catholic family (Dr. Theller's), one Presbyterian, and one Universalist clergyman. One of our first Trustees was a Quaker. We had one Atheist, several Deists,

and in short a general assortment; but Nothingarians, none; for being free for the first time in our lives, we spoke out, one and all, and found that every body did believe something. All the gospels were preached in harmony and good fellowship. We early got up a 'Committee on Preaching the Gospel,' placing one of each known denomination upon said Committee, including a Deist, who being a liberal soul, and no bigot in his infidelity, was chosen chairman on the Gospel; and allow him modestly to say, he did acquit himself to the entire satisfaction of his more fortunate brethren in the faith. One word about our Atheist—our poor, unfortunate Atheist; he was beloved by every soul on the Domain, and was an intimate friend of our orthodox minister. We had no difficulties on the score of religion, and had we remained, we should have been nearer to 'Love to God' and 'Love to man,' than we are now, scattered as we are, broadcast over the continent. For membership, we required a decent character—no more. No oaths nor fines were required. Honorable pledges were given and generally kept.

"Our Domain was located at the mouth of Sandy Creek, on Lake Ontario. It was a slightly rolling plain, and the *best soil in the world*. On account of so much water (Lake, Bay, and Creek), it was rather unhealthy, but would improve in time by cultivation. We had one good Flour Mill, two Saw Mills, one machine-shop, some good farm buildings and barns, and about half a mile in length of temporary rows of board buildings; a dry goods store for a portion of the time, and over four hundred acres of land, under fair cultivation. At one period of our career, we had about four hundred sheep, forty cows, twenty-five span of horses, twelve yoke of oxen, swine, guinea fowls, barn fowls, geese, ducks, bees, etc., etc., in great abundance. We cultivated several acres of vegetable garden, reaped one hundred acres of wheat, and had corn, potatoes, peas, etc., to a large amount—I should think seventy-five acres. We had abundance of pasture, and must have cut two hundred tons of hay. Of wild berries there must have been gathered hundreds of bushels.

"Our regularly elected officers, managed the receipts and expenditures, and they were, I believe, honestly managed, *up to a certain time*.

"The four hundred and twenty members kept together until the autumn of the first year, and then were forced to break up and divide property, having but little to sustain themselves, because our *capital* was wrongfully tied up, in the hands of Trustees—this course having been pursued by advice of certain great lawyers, who, when our legal troubles commenced, appeared in the courts *against us*. No purchasers could be found to buy the lands in the hands of the Trustees; so we had come to a *dead lock*, and were *obliged* to break up or *down*, as the fact may be estimated. The associates did not disagree at all, save in one thing, and that was, as to these bad property arrangements, which compelled them to break up. They staid or went by 'lots' cast. Two hundred persons staid on the Domain some four months longer, and then, the hope of a legal foundation having entirely died out, the whole matter was necessarily thrown into the court of Chancery, and the lawyers, as usual, took the avails of the hard earnings of the disappointed members.

"The regularly organized Association kept together nearly one year. A remnant of the band remained after the court of Chancery had adjudged a transfer of the estate back into the hands of the *original owners*. That remnant tried every little scheme and new contrivance that imagination could devise (except Fourierism), to stick together in a joint-stock capacity for a year longer or so, and then broke and ran all over the world, proclaiming Fourierism a failure. The Heavens may fall, and Fourier's Industrial Science may fail; but it *must* be *tried* first; till then it *can not* fail.

"In short the reason why the attempt at Clarkson failed, and the only reason, was, that the founders missed the entrance door, viz., a legal foundation; by which they would have made friends with the 'old world,' and begun the *new* in a constructive way; obtaining the right men and plenty of the

'mammon of unrighteousness.' They should have got incorporated under a *general law* like our manufacturing law, and obtained a suitable Domain of at least five thousand seven hundred and sixty acres of land, or three miles square, and should have built and furnished a sufficient portion of a Phalanstery to accommodate at least 400 persons, at the *outset* of organization. I boldly pronounce all *partial* attempts, short of such a beginning, a waste, and worse than a waste, of time and brain, blood and muscle, soul and body.

JOHN GREIG."

A writer in the *Phalanx* (July, 1844), viewing things from a standpoint a little further off than Mr. Greig's, gave the following more probable account of the Clarkson failure:

"The original founders of this Association, no doubt actuated by good motives, but lacking discretion, held out such a brilliant prospect of comfort and pleasure in the very infancy of the movement, that hundreds, without any correct appreciation of the difficulties to be undergone by a pioneer band, rushed upon the ground, expecting at once to realize the heaven they so ardently desired, and which the eloquent words of the lecturers had warranted them to hope for. Thus, ignorant of Association, possessed, for the most part, of little capital, without adequate shelter from the inclemency of the weather, or even a sufficient store of the most common articles of food, without plan, and I had almost said, without purpose, save to fly from the ills they had already experienced in civilization, they assembled together such elements of discord, as naturally in a short time led to their dissolution."

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

"HARPERS' MONTHLY"—the oldest of all our magazines—comes to hand with its usual bill of fare. It seems to have adopted a standard of excellence which it seldom rises above, and almost never falls below.

The "Atlantic" impresses one that it has lost its ancient dash and sparkle. May be its management has become a thing of routine and not one of joy and inspiration. The number for this month contains an article on "Our Inebriates, Classified and Clarified, by an Inmate of the New York State Asylum." It is interesting, for it touches on the things which concern our escape from sin. Respecting the cure of drunkards, the writer says, "To know how much to promise for your patient, you have first to ascertain how much or how little he *promises* for himself." The article is marred by a bad moral—a plea for strong drink—which we have seen wandering around by itself. The writer regrets that a pre-natal fiat has forbidden him taking "a homely, hospitable, cheering 'toddy' three times a day." "The Autobiography of a Shaker" is the the most remarkable paper—remarkable chiefly as showing that the "Atlantic" can fall a great way from its old standard of good writing. The editor should have been a great deal more brotherly to the awkward elder, and done something to improve his limping style, and doubtful grammar. The nub of the story is the elder's boast that a rough, uneducated, young Englishman, materialist, and original "locofoco," could become a Shaker without changing a single habit of mind. This appearance of a broad-brimmed hat and long waistcoat in the very front parlor of Boston literature—what does it portend? Is the Atlantic going to quit fine art and sentiment and discuss the relations of men and women?

We sometimes fancy the magazines are becoming more and more practical; are getting nearer and nearer to those questions which take right hold on your life. The "Galaxy," now almost in its fifth year, is showing a turn for something beside sentiment. Its articles on "Our Great Farmers," have a smack of figures and business. "To Marry or Not to Marry," by Dr. T. M. Coan, is refreshing; it is sensible, dispassionate, not having any trace of that quarrel which exists between men and women. It is a good sign, for the times are calling on our thinkers to say the right word in this vexed matter. On leaving out of the question all those things which disturb our married people, we find two which put the question of marriage in a focus of conflicting forces, and make its solution by the unmarried tenfold more exciting than ever before. On the one hand education and romantic literature have made

love and marriage appear more spiritual and desirable than ever. The appetite for love is doubtless much more intense than anything our grand-parents ever knew. And on the other hand, cheap transportation has set people flying hither and thither all over the land; country people are brought into contact with the arts, luxuries and manifold conveniences of the city; the citizen carries his tastes and fashions into the country; the individual in ten thousand instances, has improved his tastes—multiplied his requirements; he loves expense. The first influence, magnifies love and marriage; the second makes them hard to realize. The unmarried are "set on" and "held off" the same instant. Their condition thrills the on-looker. On this aspect of things, Dr. Coan says:

"I shall not talk about the causes of celibacy, or enter upon a question that may before long become a prominent question of the time—that of the scientific re-statement of the relations of the sexes. Let us rather look together upon some aspects of the marriage question as it presents itself—a practical and interesting one—to the unmarried and marriageable millions of our modern communities. Whatever new sexual philosophy may be attained in future—whether conservatism shall hold its ground, or the Oneida Communists shall succeed in proving that marriage is a 'twin relic' of barbarism—the question of to-day is the one I have already stated—To marry, or not to marry? Plenty of answers are to be had, divisible mainly into yes and no."

The doctor is, of course, complacent toward marriage, and would make it improving by introducing science; and respectable, by the legal exclusion of the poor, vicious, and ignorant.

"In Prussia and in other European countries which have reached a more complex civilization than our own, legal provision is made against thus organizing poverty and degradation through marriage. Society, the rulers argue, has a right to protect itself against debasement, ignorance, and want; and to protect itself by the most radical methods—those of arbitrary prevention rather than of cure. Are not a few thrifty farmers and laborers of more value to the State than a whole community of paupers? Acting upon this principle, the State permits no man to marry until he can give evidence of his ability to support a family; and each bride is required to bring some dowry to her husband. By thus imposing a *standard of qualification* for marriage, a stimulus is offered to thrift, and a check is placed upon improvidence; and the development of the higher rather than the lower quality, both in parent and offspring, is favored."

As rational as this seems, it is doubtful whether this method will ever obtain in this country of individual sovereigns. The poor Germans, who best know the working of this rule, tell us that it does not discourage licentiousness and illegitimacy. Indeed we think that Communism will come first, with its self-control and public spirit or unity of interests, to solve the problem of marriage and population. Meanwhile, the "process of natural selection," carried on by want and suffering, and weeding out the poorest and weakest, will have to go slowly and painfully on.

Of marrying for affection, the doctor thus writes:

"Love alone, when we consider its proverbial instability and the small chance it has of surviving under bleak conditions, is certainly an insufficient capital upon which to commence the partnership of marriage. This is true of even the highest and strongest love; how much more so of the hasty and passionate attachments which lead to so many thousands of marriages! There is an infinity of false sentiment about the passion of love. While I would not cast a doubt upon the existence of noble love, of devotion, and of passion which no sorrow or trial can tire, which is even refined and strengthened by suffering, yet the value, the office, the very nature of love in our ordinary life is greatly misunderstood. Love is the most exaggerated passion in literature. It holds, in our imaginations, a position which it does not hold in the life of one man or woman in a thousand. 'Being the supreme passion of modern art,' says a recent writer, 'it becomes necessary to sound high its praises. We should suppose, if we read only novels and poetry, that the one thing interesting in life is the relation of the sexes and the anxieties of pairing. Many young people are so dizzy with love that they are unable to go on with the other interests of life. They cannot see men as they are, engaged in their daily work, pursuing their various ends and living a multifarious life, of which love is but a single element.' Our regard for the passion oversteps the healthy limit, and becomes morbid; we judge of it untruly; we attend to its promptings with absurd expectations; we teach ourselves that the passion is uncontrollable, and regard it as a kind of fate; and we glorify the supremacy

of a first love, as if the heart did not require a training as varied as the intellect. Considering the widespread misery which our misconceptions of love have wrought, we must doubt whether this passion was not the greatest misfortune as well as the greatest blessing in the world. We may conclude, in spite of Chaucer, that Love's allegiance is not the only thing needful to make a permanently happy marriage."

The incomparable value of health in a partner, is well put in the following:

"One condition, of the four that I have mentioned, remains to be considered—superior organization. Let us suppose the case of a pair who have but the slenderest means, and who marry without the existence of romantic affection or of superior culture upon either side, but who possess excellent natural gifts, sound and healthy bodies, intelligent minds, warm and sweet emotional natures. What promise of happiness have they? They will have physical health, with its infinite blessings—the delight in life that a high and buoyant vitality confers; that mental endowment which makes a manifold culture possible—an inherent tendency toward development. They will have that overflowing wealth of the heart which, far more than any charm of education, is the basis of intense and lasting love; and they will have that geniality and that seemingly magnetic power which, more than any business training, confers personal popularity, and consequently, business success. Nor can either husband or wife be quite without something of the noblest beauty. Popular beauty, the charm of delicate complexion and regular features, is inferior to that beauty which is the aspect of complete and fine organization. Mere health has an attractive beauty which is not rated as highly as it deserves to be; for health is not yet thoroughly fashionable. There will be a great gain in the world's happiness when Dr. Samuel Johnson's dictum shall come to be understood, that 'disease is crime.' Health, buoyancy of temperament, the intrinsic loveliness of a fine nature—these are a better foundation for love, and give more promise of permanent happiness than the romantic passion, the wealth, or the intellectual culture of inferior persons."

The above does not, however, contain the doctor's fullest statement of a scientifically regulated marriage. "In respect of natural organization, there can not," says he, "be too much dissimilarity between the members of a married pair." His "second essential point is similarity of education and purpose."

These two essentials, when taken with what has gone before, make the best statement of marriage we have ever seen. Perhaps it can not be stated better. But by it marriage is taken out of the list of democratic institutions, and given over to an aristocracy of the magnetic and happy, while a vast throng of less gifted natures are doomed to heart-ache and celibacy. It is, therefore, incumbent on philanthropy to devise a social system more improving than celibacy, less crucial than marriage, and less selfish than either. This is what the Community is doing. But let us go back to the doctor's well-adjusted couple. Facts have shown us that no man and woman can produce happiness enough to satisfy them. They must have outside consolation. If it is the consolation of God—so much the better; they are prepared for Communism which extinguishes selfishness, and puts affection, culture, wealth, and high organization within the reach of all.

A. B.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

[For the week ending Apr. 3.]

ONEIDA.

—How the Journal column has dwindled of late! Perhaps the reason is, that the great demand for it has passed away. Several years ago, our subscribers spoke most frequently of their interest in the Journal—it was that they sought when opening each fresh sheet; but now it is the Home-Talks of which they write in praise and appreciation. Many find in them nourishment for the soul, and a guide for the daily walk. We like this change very much. It seems to be a turning from the outward to the inward—from the branches of the tree of Communism, to the roots, deep down. Community life, charming as it is, is only a curse if it does not help us to the victory of the spirit over the flesh, and lead us back to primitive faith and pentecostal principles. Forgetfulness of self in the service of the public, is the attainment for which we are striving. Do our readers know how difficult a thing it is? In the first glow of conversion, it seems an easy matter

for self to die; and so it would be if the devil would leave us alone with God. External culture, and a high moral education may lift a person up many rounds of the ladder of perfection; yet by sad experience, reaped again and again in tears, we have learned that only a vital connection with the humblest being in the universe, can eradicate from our natures those terrible weeds—envy and selfishness. But who is to testify to God's grace in that very particular, if not we? The labor of our lives is in this direction, and mercy has been overflowing. This winter we have seen two young men, who were running a high course of independence and recklessness, turned square about by the application of a sincere family criticism. The change they have undergone is marvelous. They are anxious to save their souls, and you will often hear them confess their belief in the power of God. We build, we extend our various businesses, we bring Communism into favorable notice in the world; but it is these interior things—these radical revolutions in character, and the thousand evidences we have of a hidden power at work on humanity, which interest us and make our hearts light.

—Communication between the Communes has been very brisk for a week or two. The Wallingford Journal reports arrivals from Oneida almost every day. First come E. S. B. and G. N. M., who are candidates for the S. S. S. at New Haven next commencement, and choose to pursue their preparations somewhat within the nimbus of that institution. They get advantage of association with students already there. Next G. W. N. returns from a visit to Oneida, accompanied by M. H. and one of the children. Next comes Mr. Bristol, indigenous to Wallingford, who will conduct the strawberry campaign this summer. He is accompanied by Mrs. A. and Mary J., who expect to spend a season in our Connecticut Commune. Saturday evening H. W. B. and J. R. L., traveling agents, from different routes, were there to spend Sunday. Mr. Olds happened to be there also, from here, on business connected with the new silk factory. They had quite a silk convention, and Mr. Olds grew eloquent, the Journal says, over the prospect that the reputation of our silk, like that of our traps and fruits, will be an honor to Communism. A year ago when "concentration" was the word, our Wallingford place was advertised for sale and a New York real-estate broker had it in his hands for a month, but no purchaser being found, it was kept along, and now we are striking root deeper than ever at the foot of clever Mount Tom. The purchase of a water power and chance for manufactures seems to insure the permanence of the W. C. All the Community are thankful. There was many a pang at the thought of parting with that beautiful home. The opportunity it affords us for healthy change, and for the boarding of our students at Yale, are among the advantages we save by holding it.

—T. has made a quantitative analysis of our spring water. It was concentrated by evaporating forty quarts to one. On applying chemicals to a test-tube filled with this concentrated product, a cloudy precipitate was produced, and a deposit three quarters of an inch thick was found at the bottom of the tube. This on examination proved to be a sulphate of magnesia. The quantity of this sulphate, sufficiently explains the hardness of our water. The usual lime carbonate was also found. As a sanitary measure we intend as soon as practicable to use filtered rain-water, both for drinking and cooking, to the entire exclusion of hard water.

—Yesterday some of the men for Sunday exercise uncovered the plank walk from here to Willow Place, which was three or four feet under snow a good part of the way. It is a nice dry path now.

WILLOW-PLACE.

—One of the most interesting facts observed by those who have been in the habit of bathing this winter, is this: If you wish to realize the best effects from the bath, take sufficient exercise previously, to get thoroughly warmed; if in a perspiration, so much the better, provided you are not wearied. In this condition, the shock of the immersion

is scarcely felt; the reaction quickly takes place, and the bather experiences a most delightful sensation of refreshment and comfort. On the other hand, if he is chilly, the shock he receives on entering the water is very severe and he recovers from it slowly without passing through that delicious glow.

—J. F. has ascertained some statistics, more curious than valuable, concerning our silk. A pound of the finest silk, if in one continuous line, would extend a distance of twelve miles. Such a strand is composed of nine of those delicate gossamer-like filaments of the raw silk; hence a pound of this latter would extend a distance, if continuous, of nearly one hundred and eleven miles.

WALLINGFORD.

—*Evening Meeting.*—G. W. N.—“I am much interested in the idea of doing everything in the name of Christ: entering into our work, and our amusements, whatever they are, in the name of Christ—eating and drinking in his name. Christ is with us in one thing as much as another. I think our evening meetings are opportunities in which we can take up that saying of Christ's, that ‘where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.’ We can expect edification—expect that the waters of life will flow freely, and that our hearts will be warmed and enlarged. I am glad our religion is not a Sunday religion, that limits us to thought and prayer on one day of the week only. I see the beauty there is in meeting Christ in every thing we do—in our social enjoyment as well as anything else. It occurs to me, we can see Christ shining out more and more in each other. We are dealing less and less with mere flesh and blood, in dealing with each other, and more and more with Christ.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Young College Presidents—Intellectual Labor Healthy—Best Time for Study, &c.

Sheffield Scientific School,
New Haven, March 29, 1869.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—If people were surprised when a young man, scarcely thirty-six years of age, was placed at the head of the Cornell University, should they not be startled to learn that venerable Harvard has also selected a young man for its President, in the person of Charles W. Elliot, now only thirty-eight years of age? It might have been expected that the youngest and thriftiest College in the country would choose such a President as A. G. White, —a man who has the reputation of being a thorough representative of educational progress; but could not have been anticipated by many that the very oldest College should “go and do likewise.” Mr. Elliot has not yet been elected, but his nomination for the Presidency by the Overseers of the College has been received with general favor, and it is altogether probable that the nomination will be speedily followed by his election. It will please “Young America,” to learn that Mr. Elliot was at one time a member of the Harvard boat-crew. He is known as one of the authors of a “Manual of Inorganic Chemistry,” published in 1866, which has been used here for the past two years, as a text-book in the Sheffield Scientific School; and also as the author of certain recently published articles on the subject of education, which have attracted considerable attention.

I believe it has ever been a favorite dogma with the writers for the CIRCULAR, that education is a means of physical health. This principle has been plainly demonstrated by George M. Beard, M. D., in a series of articles on “Hygiene for students,” published in the *College Courant*. He presents quite an array of facts to show:—

1. That longevity has increased with the progress of modern civilization.
2. That in highly civilized communities the brain-workers are longer-lived than those who labor exclusively with their muscles.
3. That the greatest geniuses and hardest workers of history attain a much higher longevity, on the average, than men of ordinary ability and industry in the same callings.”

From statistics collected in this country and in Europe, Mr. Beard computes that the average expectation of life for clergymen is sixty years; for law-

yers, fifty-seven years; for professors and physicians, fifty-six years; while for butchers, peddlers, drovers, teamsters, and other mere workers, it is about thirty-five years. Out-door laborers who work with their minds as well as hands, live nearly as long as professional men. This comparison is interesting as showing that those who most completely develop and exercise all their faculties, stand the best chance for a long life. The little advantage which clergymen have over lawyers, professors and physicians, may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that their hearts are kept in more active condition. It may not be very important whether individuals live thirty or sixty years; but it is important that all should understand that the mind is more likely to rust out, than to wear out; that the heart will shrivel and decay if it is allowed to remain inactive; and that body, mind, and heart, are so intimately connected that neither can be neglected without injury to the others. If these facts are generally understood, will not some of us work more, others study more, and all love more?

The same authority, Dr. Beard, states that the best time for study is between nine and twelve o'clock in the morning; and the next best time in the early evening. This agrees with my own observation and experience. I have found it comparatively difficult to study in the afternoon; and that I am able to accomplish in the afternoon much less than in the forenoon. If there is a difficult lesson to be learned I never wish to commence it in the afternoon, but rather in the forenoon or early evening. The difference of sensations in this respect seems greater than can be accounted for by the fact that the brain in the morning is refreshed, and the whole system in better condition. Dr. Beard, explains the matter by considerations relating to the changed electrical conditions of the atmosphere. He says: “The air is almost always charged with either positive or negative electricity, and the amount varies with the locality, the season of the year, the state of the weather, and with the hours of the day. From careful and elaborate experiments which have been carried on during the past few years in Brussels, Munich, Kreuznach, Kew, and in St. Louis, Mo., it appears that there are regular tides in the atmospheric electricity, just as there are tides in the ocean, and that they can be depended on with unerring certainty. The two maxima are about nine or ten in the morning, and six or eight in the evening. The two minima are about three in the afternoon, and at night between midnight and dawn. It should be observed, furthermore, that the maximum tide of the morning is higher than that of the evening. Here, then, we have a very important reason why the student should, as far as possible, do his severest thinking in the forenoon. It cannot be too often repeated that the golden time for the scholar is between nine and twelve in the day.”

The whole number of educational institutions which call themselves Colleges in the United States, is stated as 285. Of these 231 have 43,361 students, an excess of 10,000 over the number of students in our colleges in 1863. In this connection, I will mention that a German paper gives the number of students attending the five Universities of Vienna, Berlin, Prague, Leipzig, and Munich, as 10,075; of which Vienna has 3,074.

ITEMS.

A RECENT San Francisco dispatch announces that “California flour and wheat now afloat for China and other countries, aggregates 2,300,000 sacks of wheat, valued at \$4,000,000.”

CANADA has resolved to apply to Parliament for an amendment permitting Canadian publishers to print British copyright works on the payment of twelve and one half-per cent. to British authors.

A DISPATCH was received in Washington, Sunday night, by the Pacific railroad people, to the effect that the Union Pacific track is completed 25 miles west of Ogden, 1,057 miles west of Omaha. The Central Pacific is finished 75 miles west of Monument Point. The gap between the two is now 26 miles. Monument Point, it is said, will be the place of junction.

THE Spanish constitution proposes to make the king reign for life, and the crown hereditary. The age of majority for the heir is eighteen.

ORDERS have been sent from Madrid to Cuba admitting deputies from that island, virtually making it a constituent part of the kingdom, not a dependency.

A TRACT of country near Capetown in South Africa, 150 miles long and 15 broad, has been burned over. Several natives perished in the fire and much property was destroyed.

THE HEART.

“KEEP thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.”—Prov. 4: 23.

When a man has lived for three-score years, and for the greater part of that time in the school of Christ, as he deems it, and is finally brought to see what a complete wreck has been made of the human heart, he is then in a position to appreciate the magnitude of the reconstruction that is in store for him—that is to say, if he has any faith in the promises of God. We need not go into the details of this wreck, for “as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.” If there has been neglect of proper cultivation in any one department of our nature, it is emphatically true of the heart. Every faculty, we may say, has been cherished more or less assiduously age after age, while the heart, which is chiefly concerned in molding the character, has been for the most part utterly abandoned to the mercy of circumstances—and those circumstances, among the mass of men, have always been such as to offer the lowest inducements to action. The frame-work of society, having been reared upon the marriage institution, which limits the family circle, the sphere of action has been contracted, and the heart has but little room for expansion. That love of neighbor which should have embraced the whole world, how generally has it been confined to the mere hearth. If the heart is to be fully developed, there must be no boundary line short of God's great universe. Our little ones are now in that position, I greatly rejoice to say. If you wish for the luxury of a big heart, steep yourself in the atmosphere they are breathing, and ere long your soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness.

The heart has also suffered incalculably from undue exaltation of the intellect. *Genius* is the god of this world—*holiness* of the world that is coming. Hence the poverty, and hence the littleness, generally speaking, of the affectional sphere. Is it at all surprising that when God offers to deal so generously with man, he is all aghast, what to make of it? Is it wholly strange that man should find it hard to accept the gospel? From long disuse, the heart knows not how to respond to the gracious calls of heaven. Its never ceasing wail seems to be: “Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?” Indeed, to take the most favorable view of the case, the education of that member of ours has been more negative than positive. To cease to do evil, has been rather the aim, than to learn to do good.

True, it may be said that the standard of perfection in 1 Cor. 13, is mainly based upon what are called negative or passive virtues. But those same virtues appear to be endowed with power to produce very positive results—a proof, it would seem, that you need only clear the heart of evil, for good to take its place. The glory exhibited in that standard may be

dazzling—it may be overwhelming to the neglected sense; but courage! practice makes perfect—"go and do likewise." By every righteous act, we draw down upon us the magnetism of heaven. *Habituate* yourself to good deeds, and it will eventually be easy for you both to think and to feel and do aright. This is our only hope of recovery. For six thousand years, the engine has been reversed, and we must work with a will to get it agoing the other way. All heaven is at our elbow to help us. It has been done in the case of one man at least—why not in another. No matter if you find it hard—God will wait. Try it a thousand times. Try it to all eternity. There's nothing else worth living for.

R. S. D.

"IS BEING DONE."

THE PARTICIPLE IN "ING" USED PASSIVELY.

THERE is one collocation of words which often meets an editor. If he fills its place with a correct phrase, he will, nine times in ten, disturb his heedless contributors. To illustrate: A man wishing to say that a bridge is in the course of erection, will say, that "a bridge is being built." If you want to be sure of his inability to settle a question of grammar by fundamental definition and principle, watch him when trying to defend the use of "is being built," "is being done," and the like. He feels that he has reason on his side; he thinks that he has the sanction of use. He really has neither it seems. Use, we know, is mighty—is almost final. But there are rules which lie deeper than use. "Is being done," and the like, are found to be solecisms; use, therefore, has no right to endorse them. Having in our time known of many folks trying to defend these collocations, and having also seen them discussed in the "Galaxy," we determined to settle our own mind by getting at the dictum of the grammars. On this point some of the grammarians are entirely silent; others are quite brief, but singularly unanimous; Mr. Bullion is methodical, exhaustive, and satisfactory.

"The present participle of a transitive verb, though generally active in its signification, is," according to Weld, "sometimes used passively; as, 'The book is printing'—'The house is building.'"

The participle in *ing* "has," says Gould Brown, also been called the active participle. But it is not always active, even when derived from an active verb; for such expressions as, 'The goods are selling'—'The ships are now building,' are in use, and not without authority."

Kerl affirms that, "In some connections this participle can be used in the passive voice. 'Virgil, says Addison, 'describes some spirits as *bleaching* in the wind, others as *cleansing* under great falls of water, and others as *purging* in fire to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their nature.'"

In another place Kerl says, "*Being built* is not only a clumsy form, but it does not strictly express the progressive passive sense; therefore *building* [e. g., the house is building] is sometimes compelled to serve in its place."

Again, he says, "Never use a compound participle [e. g., being done] as a part of a finite verb, unless it is *absolutely* necessary to use it."

The discussion of this question by Bullion, is too extended to be given in full; we can only cull and condense:

"There is probably no passive form in English, corresponding to the progressive form in the active voice, except when it is made by the participle in *ing*, in a passive sense; thus, 'The house is building,' 'The garments are making,' 'Wheat is selling.' Though such expressions have been used in all time past by the best writers, an attempt has been made by some grammarians of late, to banish them from the language, and justify and defend a *clumsy solecism*, which has been introduced within the last forty years, chiefly through the newspaper press, but which has gained currency, and is becoming so familiar to the ear, that it seems likely to prevail, with

all its uncouthness and deformity. I refer to such expressions as, 'The news is being telegraphed.' Respecting this mode of expression, it may be noticed,

"1. It had no existence in the language till within the last forty years." For five hundred years the English writers got along without it. It is consequently unnecessary.

"2. When analyzed, it is found not to express what it is intended to express." The participle, *being done*, does not represent a thing as now doing. It is used to show a completed action. We say, "The ditch being dug, he commenced another." When we say the ditch "is being dug," we only take an awkward way of saying that it is finished. We fail to convey the idea that the work is now progressing.

"3. We should say 'Had been being built,' 'Having been being built,' &c., &c.

"4. It condemns established usage, namely—the passive sense in some verbs of the participle in *ing*.

"5. This new doctrine is in opposition to the almost unanimous judgment of the most distinguished grammarians and critics, who have considered the subject.

A. B.

CELESTIAL FROLICS.

The sun had put his night-cap on,
And covered o'er his head
When countless stars appeared arid
The curtains round his bed.

The moon arose, most motherly
To take a quiet peep
How all the stars behaved, while he
Her sovereign was asleep.

She saw them wink their silvery eyes,
As if in roguish play;
Though silent all, to her they seemed
As if they'd much to say.

So, lest their frolic should disturb
The sleeping king of light,
She rose so high that her mild eye
Could keep them all in sight.

The stars abashed, stole softly back
And looked demure and prim;
Until the moon began to nod,
Her eye becoming dim.

Then sleepily she sought her home,
That's somewhere—who knows where?
But as she went, the playful stars
Commenced their twinkling glare.

And when the moon was fairly gone,
The imps with silvery eyes
Had so much fun it woke the sun,
And he began to rise.

He rose in glory!—from his eyes
Sprang forth a new-born day;
Before whose brightness all the stars
Ran hastily away.

—Anonymous.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. K., N. Y.—\$1.00 received.

B. S., N. Y.—"Please send me a catalogue of flower-seeds and plants with prices."

We have no catalogue. We destroyed our Green-house last year and considerably diminished our assortment. As we shall be engaged in building for some time to come, we shall probably give less attention to floriculture.

F. C., N. J.—Your order for pamphlets has not been received. When you have read them you will perhaps find your questions answered more satisfactorily than if we said yes and no.

E. H., N. Y.—Your request will be attended to. We have tried many varieties of hedge—English Privet, Buckthorn, Hemlock, Norway Spruce, Osage Orange, Willow, and Barberry. We now give preference to the Barberry; but whether it would suit your purpose or not, we can not tell. Any hedge may be kept at whatever height desired by frequent and skillful trimming.

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, 35. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

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

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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

ADMISSIONS.

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

STEEL TRAPS.

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

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

All kinds of agricultural, machine, and light castings on hand or made to order.
P. O. address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

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

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

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

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

PICTURES.

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

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 73 pp. octavo. Price, 85 cents for single copy; \$3.50 per dozen.

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 43 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

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

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

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

The above works are for sale at this office.

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