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SELF-CONQUEST BEFORE MIRACLES.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., Oct. 18, 1864.

THE order of our warfare is to conquer the infirmities of the soul first, and after that the diseases of the body; and if we look closely, we shall find that is the order of all God's victories. You may say that Christ, when he first entered the field against the enemy, commenced saving men's bodies, healing the sick, curing the lame and the blind, casting out devils and raising the dead. That is the apparent, conspicuous fact; but what goes before it? Christ's immediate preparation for this fact was what we might call a course of spiritual polishing, i. e., discipline that related not to his body, but to his soul. Previous to his entering upon his public work, you read of his being led by the devil into the wilderness to be tempted forty days. He was tempted with infirmities of the soul. The devil invited him to unbelief, to idolatry, to an abuse of his miraculous power. Read the account of those temptations. You will find them temptations such as we can all experience, without any trouble in our bodies. You will see him tempted to sensuality, to pride, to ungodly ambition. You will perceive that he went through a tremendous course of self-conquest in those forty days. He was busy dethroning the devil in heart and soul, casting him out, and making an end of his power. He made thorough work of it, and closed the door on the tempter.

Then he steps forth into a career of open manifestation and begins to heal men's bodies, and cast out the devils that possessed them. He makes havoc in Satan's dominions externally. This physical, conspicuous war was wholly the result of that previous conflict, in which immortal, interior, spiritual victories were won. That was the order of his operations, and it must be ours. We must follow him in the grapple with the tempter if we would partake of his victorious power.

We have not yet got through *our* forty days temptation. It is not time for us to begin to heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out devils in that conspicuous way. We must wait until we have conquered all evils within—made an end of discontent and unbelief, and all the working of evil thoughts and wicked spirits.

I have no doubt that the same order we see in the phenomena of Christ's career, will be seen in every believer's experience. Begin at the right end of the matter, by casting the devil out of your own souls, and you will be able to work miracles around you. We are apt to forget the secret fountain of power. We look at the conspicuous part of Christ's life, and think little of those half-seen struggles in the wilderness, and of the soul-travail of all the unrecorded years that went before. Let any man who covets miraculous gifts seek them first of all in self-conquest. And so with the Community; let it get where it can say with thundering decision: "Get thee behind me, Satan," and Satan will go, and the angels will come, and then we may begin to work miracles. God will give signs and wonders when there is a work within us that deserves to be attested.

You will see the same order of phenomena if you will look at the battle of the Cross as the antecedent of the day of Pentecost. In the first campaign we have seen a duality: first, the temptation, and following that, miracles; and the miracles based on the victory over the temptation. In the second campaign we have the same duality. The victory of the Cross stands in the same relation to the day of Pentecost, the spread of the Gospel through Judea, the outpouring of the Spirit, the gift of tongues, and the conversion of the Jews, that the victory of the temptation did to the miracles that followed it. Christ was finally put through the death-temptation, the great agony in which he conquered the flesh and was made perfect through suffering. He met the Wicked One face to face, and proved himself the strongest, in Gethsemane and on the Cross. Those were internal, spiritual victories, from which external miracles or conspicuous manifestations of power were strictly excluded. He might have called twelve legions of angels, or displayed his own miraculous power, but that was not his business then; it was the conquest of himself; and he faithfully went through the ordeal. The result was that forty days after, the Holy Ghost descended as a mighty wind and filled the disciples with wisdom and power, that scattered the devils

before them, and took possession of Jerusalem and Judea. Thus here, as before, conspicuous victories over the devil followed a great act of suffering and self-conquest on the part of Christ. That is the order in which all our victories must come.

SCRAPS AND TALKS,

FROM THE OLD TRUNK IN THE GARRET.

The Key-stone of Socialism.

Christ's answer to the Sadducees in respect to marriage in the resurrection, brings to view the most important topic we have to do with in understanding the workings of our social theory. He says to them, "Ye do err in your hearts, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God." The power of God! That is what we must know, if we mean to understand Bible Communism or the social state of heaven. We shall find that the introduction of the power of God into the field alters the whole problem, and people who do not know the power of God, may reasonably expect to find a thousand things difficult and impossible, which persons who do know the power of God will find perfectly feasible. The power of God was revealed in Jesus Christ; he had the Spirit without measure; and he went about healing the sick and raising the dead, and manifesting all the wonders of righteousness in both soul and body. Let this power into the world, and society can be organized on very different principles from those which have ruled under the reign of human understanding and human will. As good reasoners we must expect results proportionate to causes; and here is a cause beyond human will—"the power of God."

I have assumed, and shall insist, to begin with, that we can not carry out our social theory with merely human power. For man alone to undertake to establish such a system as ours would be fanatical—quixotical—certain of miserable failure. If we do not know the power of God in the way that Christ meant, that is to say, in the way the unbelieving world does not know it, we may as well not try. We must really know the power of God as Christ knew it, and as it is known in the resurrection, if we expect to find our social theory safe and satisfactory. There is where we must direct our studies. In all branches of the subject we shall find the knowledge of the power of God is the one thing necessary.

See how this idea applies to the particular matter propounded to Christ by the Sadducees. Their case was that of a woman that had in succession seven husbands. Whose should she be in the resurrection? The Sadducees could not conceive of a state of the affections between male and female different from that which they had been accustomed to in this world, in which men and women claim one another and quarrel if their

ownership is contested. And though death severs persons from other articles of property, it is evident if men and women go into the eternal state with the same feelings they have here, there is one article of property that passes death. Without an immense change in the hearts of these seven men, when the woman appeared among them they would each claim her as his own; and how their claims could be settled was the problem of the Sadducees. Christ saw their crude notions as to how things would be, reasoning from the selfishness which they supposed inseparable from humanity, and he said to them, You do not understand the power of God; that will solve your problem. Whoever understands the power of God as revealed in Jesus Christ, will see at once that He could remove selfishness from the hearts of those men, so that there would be no disposition in them to claim the woman. The power of God on the day of Pentecost produced that effect spontaneously in reference to other kinds of property. There was no difficulty about it. The problem was solved at once by the mighty Spirit that came like a rushing wind. I understand that Christ intimated in his answer to the Sadducees, that those who understood the power of God would see, that the flow of his Spirit in the hearts of those that are counted worthy to obtain the resurrection state, would expel from them every thing that would make them claim personal ownership or make them quarrel one with another.

In reference to the general principle of Community of property, the worldly mind is full of the same difficulty that the Sadducees made. Suppose you set in the midst of a company some valuable thing, and say to them, It belongs to all. In the imagination of the world they will fall to grabbing and quarreling, and the results will be very mischievous. Or if they are more civilized than to quarrel, there will be great difficulty in disposing of the matter; the question of precedence at least will have to be settled. But suppose this company of persons all have that charity which Paul describes, that seeketh not its own, envieth not, thinketh no evil, &c. Suppose they have been trained under the grace of God so that they look not every man on his own wealth, but every man on the wealth of another. Ah! that alters the case; to be sure there will be no difficulty in such a state of things as that. Where all are sincerely disposed to prefer each other's rights and claims, there can not be any jealousy or quarrelling. But you say, such a state of things as that is impossible; there are no such people. Do n't you believe there is such a people in heaven? How do you know but there can be such a people in this world? We believe that Jesus Christ came into this world on purpose to make people of that sort; and establish a society of that description. If we believe in the power of God over the human heart to abolish selfishness, and make persons seek not their own, but look every one on the things of another, then we can believe that community of property will not be the occasion of dispute and jealousy. The only way to remove this mountain that stands so firm in the imagination of mankind, is by knowing the power of God.

The general principles on which our society is organized are stated in our First Annual Report,

under the head, "God's ownership primary, and other ownerships subordinate." This principle may be stated in a negative and positive form. Negatively we own nothing by ourselves, neither goods nor women, not ourselves even. We have no exclusive rights, no property in the ordinary sense of the word. Then positively, we own all things in union with God and with one another. It is just as if a father should come to his children with a book, and laying it on the table before them, say, "Now you do not any of you own that personally and exclusively. I give it to you all together. None of you can say, That book is mine; and yet each of you can say, It is mine for all valuable purposes. Each of you can have the privilege of reading it; each of you are owners, for all the good you can get from it." That is precisely the kind of ownership, and the only ownership there is in the Kingdom of God. That is the grand constitutional law of our society; and in reference to that, I would urge every one to study the power of God, and believe that our hearts can really be conformed to that law. Be not discouraged by any failures in the past; trust not to your own strength; but believe that God is over us to give us hearts that are exactly harmonious with the truth, so that we shall not want to claim anything as our own. All things are ours in union with God and with each other; and the sense of that ownership is satisfaction enough.

So much for theory. When we come to actual trial we find that the principles in regard to conjugal property are not at all different in their nature from those in regard to any other property. The only reason that a distinction is made in the world is, that amativeness is considered a passion too strong to come under the rules of civilized life, and so it has a sort of license to be a savage. There, again, we believe in the power of God. We refuse to regard amativeness as an exception. We insist upon it that it can be tamed and civilized, and that under the power of God precisely the same principles can be applied to sexual property, as are applied to any other.

In regard to the actual circulation of social life and distribution of social privileges, there may be many apparent difficulties, physiological, moral and esthetic; difficulties which would be very serious in the way of any worldly attempt. But every one of them can be disposed of in a satisfactory manner by sincere faith in the power of God.

We might trace this principle into details, but perhaps I have said enough for the present. My point is that we should recognize and avail ourselves of the power of God, and wherever any difficulties arise in the working of our social theory, that we should resort to this solution. Seek the gospel that is in the heart of Christ, the power of God to make us new creatures; and believe that whatever needs to be known and done, can be known and done. The grace of God is sufficient for us.

Brooklyn, Dec., 1852.

God more Merciful than the Devil.

The idea is secretly prevalent among legalists, sentimentalists, and sugary philanthropists that God is the most austere of beings. But the reverse of this imagination is true. God

forgives sins; the devil never does. What is forgiveness of sins? Christ said to the paralytic, "Thy sins be forgiven thee; take up thy bed and walk." The man had sinned, and by sin had brought upon himself disease; and God forgave the sin, and took away the disease. In that view of forgiveness of sins, I say the devil never forgives sins. He takes advantage of every offense you commit to bind you with his chains, and he will never let go of you till God breaks his hold. There is no mercy in the devil. All the mercy there is, is in God.

Here is the philosophy of disease: You commit an offense, make a mistake, are surprised into passion, or tempted into foolishness. Now if you were only dealing with God, there would not be any difficulty. He knows how to have compassion on those that are ignorant and out of the way; he is merciful and tender-hearted toward children, and knows perfectly well how to allow for temptation, and to be patient with offenses and make the best of them; he would heal the wounds as soon as possible. But the devil is the direct opposite of that, and stands ready to take advantage of every mistake that is made and make the worst of it, and push the consequences of it just as far as he can. If you cut your finger, for instance, God would pour oil into the wound and heal it as soon as possible. The devil would pour vitriol into it, and make it just as bad as he could—extend the inflammation, and consume the whole body and the soul if possible. God is tolerant, patient, merciful; the devil is inexorable. Satan not only never forgives sins, but he stands up and resists God's forgiveness just as long as he can. God will make the best of our case under any circumstances—forget and forgive and heal. The devil makes the worst of it.

Diseases are of that merciless, execrable, cruel character, that never forgives. Suppose you have been imprudent and caught cold; if you had only God to deal with in the matter, he would not make a long affair of it. He would caution you against such imprudence, and teach you wisdom. But fall into the hands of the infernal spirits, and your little imprudence by which you catch a cold, becomes the foundation of a permanent disease, and will if possible run you into consumption. To forgive sins is to discharge persons from the consequences of them. That is what the devil never does. He entails upon persons bad results as long as he can, and to as great an extent as he can.

Look at the fashion of the world in reference to what they call female virtue. If a woman is seduced and loses her chastity, in the eye of the world there is no forgiveness for her. Public opinion degrades her and leaves her no resource, nothing but condemnation. Christ did no such thing. That is the way of the devil, and of all who think of the devil as more merciful than God.

We should rouse our indignation against the spirit that is so rigorous in exacting justice. Turn the tables on it. It ought not to be so that a little offense becomes a source of protracted misery. That is an abominable state of things; one that God has not made. If we can turn the devil out, the little offenses that occur through mistake, or ignorance, or untrained passion, will not intercept for a moment our justification; or shade us from the sunshine

of love. The Spirit of Christ is forbearing and forgiving. If a man is overtaken in a fault, it will deal tenderly with him, and carefully avoid extending the mischief. We have a right to that state of things. It is an abominable spirit that converts every little offense into a chronic disease.

In a perfect state of things, we shall neither give offense nor take offense; but which of these good things is first in order? I think it is the spirit that does not take offense—the spirit of mercy and love. Clear out the mischief-making element, the inflammatory spirit that kindles every spark that falls, into a flame; and let us drink into the loving, forbearing, genial spirit of Christ, and in that spirit which takes no offense, all will soon learn not to give offense.

It is fashionable with certain philosophers to talk about the laws of nature as merciless, inexorable machinery, which God has set going and gone off and left. This is a monstrous doctrine. I should say rather that all the mishaps and fatalities attending this machinery, are owing to the devil's interference. All the rigorous, merciless executions of the natural laws are his work. God has not gone off and left the machinery he set going. He is present with his Providence, and loves his children more than his machinery. A man will see his factory burnt down before he will see one of his children destroyed. The interests of love and mercy are not subordinate to this machinery that God has made. They are above it; and Christ exercised his power in their favor, independently and in opposition to the laws of nature, time and again. Philosophers who believe in nothing but "natural laws," are merciless. They preach a merciless universe. They would say, If your children get among the wheels, let them be crushed; there is no stopping the machinery. That is not God's way, nor any decent man's way.

Brooklyn, Dec. 26, 1851.

A LONDON LAW-OFFICE.

VIII.

"HEAVINESS may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." This was true in my case, for I awoke with a heart full of thankfulness and fresh resolutions.

Finding that there were Sunday-schools connected with the Lock chapel in need of assistance I tendered my services as a teacher, and soon found myself surrounded by some very pleasant companions who had all more or less passed through a similar experience to my own, and were now earnest and zealous to help others to a knowledge of the truth they had themselves so long and persistently neglected. With such material at hand it was easy to form an association, and we soon assembled in frequent meetings for studying the scriptures, and for prayer. Here were naval and military officers, three or four young lawyers, as many doctors; two barristers, musicians, builders, parsons, tailors, lamp-lighters, &c. We were all young, and our loving hearts so burned toward each other that we found no such pleasure as in the company of our little band. The schools succeeded beyond our expectation. We established ragged schools, scripture readings, district visiting, and midnight missions.

But the man whose advice and society I most esteemed, was a young Irish barrister, an incident in whose history has always been interesting to me. He was well educated, and had been bred to the Irish bar; but on the death of his parents found himself, after paying his father's debts, entirely destitute. Determined not to become a beggar in his native country, he sold all he could turn into cash and started for London. There he wandered about, an utter stran-

ger, vainly seeking any employment that would find him in food. He husbanded his funds at the expense of his stomach, hoping while he hungered, that God would answer his prayers, even though it were in his last extremity of need. It was on a Monday morning when he paid the last rent for his little garret, and left the house to wander in the busy streets of London. He had never known before what it was to be without a roof, but that morning he had only one penny left, and had eaten nothing the whole of the previous day. His heart sank within him as he contemplated a night's rest on some cold side-walk, and his faith wavered as he entered a baker's store about noon to invest his last penny in a piece of dry bread. As he hungrily devoured the dry morsel, a beggar followed him in the street soliciting alms. He was angry, feeling that insult was added to his other hardships, and that the fates were mocking him in his misfortunes. He hurried away from the importunate mendicant, but as the words overtook him,

"Forgive me, great God, I am very, very hungry," they sunk into his heart, and he thought, "Perhaps this poor fellow is more hungry than I am."

With tears in his eyes he turned around, and breaking his piece of bread in two, gave half of it to the beggar. A wealthy banker happening to pass at the time, observed the transaction, and after making himself acquainted with something of his history and necessities, at once placed him in the position in which I found him. He is now a man of considerable prominence and means.

Such was the man whom I was accustomed to consult and advise with in the former part of my religious experience; and he it was who recommended me to ascertain if there were not some religious men in my office, with whom I could form a combination which would strengthen ourselves, and have a good influence upon the other clerks. Full of this idea, I commenced my search with a total disregard of the gradation of rank which had hitherto placed an inseparable barrier between me and the under clerks. Indeed, one of the first sentiments that a clearer conception of Christ's gospel placed in my heart was, that men are to be measured by their true merits, and not by their means or mere worldly position. I knew from constant experience that none of my old associates were at all religious, for they ridiculed religion in every possible way. It was useless therefore to look among them for companions; but I must make one exception in favor of a young man who was a very high churchman. He did not go the length that others did, and although he laughed at me at first, he became, after a time, my firm supporter, thereby leaving me to imagine that he had somewhat modified the ideas which he at first ventilated, though I will do him the justice to presume that they were somewhat hastily expressed, viz., "That the Creator had wisely appointed one day in seven for men to be religious, and left the rest of the time for them to make their living; and he wouldn't give a straw for a man's religion that took all the week to attend to it." Seeing, however, that he was foremost among the pleasure-seekers, and that his arguments were copiously interlarded with expletives, his theology produced no impression upon me, and I turned to the other clerks in hopes of finding sentiments akin to my own. My first approach was toward an elderly man who had once kept a fashionable book-store in the town near which I was born, but having become reduced in his circumstances, sought employment as an underling in the accountant's department of Brown, Jones & Robinson. He constantly sought to be alone and being always shabbily dressed, and evidently of a very reflective turn of mind, I supposed he was of course religious; but was soon disappointed to find that he was an infidel of the Voltaire school. I was, however, much interested in his history, besides being considerably edified by contrasting it with that of my Christian friend, the Irish barrister. Both of them had brilliant talents and good education. One commenced life with ample funds and many friends, sinking into want and obscurity; while the other was utterly friendless, and, beginning his career with a kindly act, rose to rank and universal respect. I had fre-

quently heard people in the country talk about the mystery of H's birth, and I will now try to relate it in substance, as I heard it from himself and others.

One dry and dusty summer's afternoon, early in the nineteenth century, long before railways had been introduced, the inhabitants of the little town of Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, had their curiosity excited by the arrival of a traveling carriage with four horses and postillions. Stage coaches were so frequently passing that few people paid any attention to them, although there was always an idle few to gaze up into the faces of the passengers whilst a halt was made for the hasty change of teams; and so expert had some of these become from long years of habitual passenger-gazing, that their brains seemed to have been resolved into a portrait gallery of the traveling public, whose features and dress they could accurately describe for a long time after. The mail coaches attracted the most attention, on account of the news they brought, and a post-chaise always came in for its share of scrutiny, because few could afford to travel in that way unless they were persons of some distinction. But this dashing carriage, drawn by the best steeds that could be hired upon the road, was evidently the property of some great nobleman, and it became the duty of every busy-body in the town to inspect the travelers and ascertain their business and destination. The whole town stood at its doors or looked out of its windows after the strange carriage. Bakers, barbers, butchers, and blacksmiths, saddlers, surgeons, shopkeepers, and servant girls, all stared; but when, instead of stopping to change horses in the street, they saw it whirl quickly under the old archway of the hostelry and disappear from view, every one started into endless conjectures. Who could it be? The Judges, the Bishop, the county Members of Parliament were all suggested, the probabilities and possibilities being discussed pro and con; but those who stood close to the hostelry door and stared at the travelers as if salvation depended upon their identifying them again on the day of judgment, found their imaginations running riot when they saw a nurse, with an infant, alight from the carriage, and an elderly gentleman, who looked like a lawyer, call for a room and a "dinner so soon as possible," ordering the postillions to be ready to start again at a certain time that same evening. It was noticed, also, that the gentleman called upon the Dean, who returned with him to the hotel. And the next day it was rumored that the nurse and baby had been left behind, the gentleman and carriage having gone away during the night. Curiosity was on tip-toe; but as the Dean knew all about it, every one agreed that nothing was very wrong in the transaction.

The nurse was provided with a little cottage, where she lived for many years, and people soon became accustomed to regard her as the mother, and the little boy as her son. Even gossip and curiosity will in time wear out; and by degrees, she became no more an object of observation than those who had been born and bred in the parish. The child grew up and was educated in the grammar school, proving himself a boy of brilliant parts and taking the head of every class he entered. His guardian grew old, and a "secret" preyed upon her soul. Every comfort that ample funds could provide was hers, and the boy was kind and affectionate; but the "secret" gnawed at her heart, and while she caressed the child whom she loved as her own, she determined some time or other to divulge the secret of his birth; then turning horror-stricken toward the oath she had taken of eternal secrecy, she resolved to keep it to the last; and had she known the boy's best interests she would undoubtedly have done so. Two things weighed upon her conscience. True, she had helped conceal the shame of a young lady of noble birth and title, and had been well paid for it; but the child, whom she loved more than all else, she had helped to deceive, and defraud of the position in society to which he was entitled. Then at her death she intended to leave him all the property she possessed; and how could he defend it under a false name?

She was sick and dying. The Dean before referred to, sat by her bed-side. She wished to receive the sacrament; but the "secret" stared her in the face.

She wished to die, but the "secret" seemed to hinder the flight of her soul. Exacting from the Dean a promise of secrecy, she admitted the fact that the boy was not her son, and that his real name was H. The old lady did not recover from her malady, but dying, left her little property to H. A sum of money had been placed in the Dean's hands in trust for the child, by the unknown lawyer, and the property now left by the nurse amounted in all to about ten thousand pounds sterling, so that H. was well provided for if he had been content to let well enough alone; but the change of his name and the mystery of his birth, wrought constantly in the naturally romantic mind of the boy, and he formed a deeply settled purpose in his heart, that when he attained his majority the residue of his life and means should be devoted to the discovery of his parentage. E.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, MAY 17, 1869.

AMERICAN SOCIALISMS. NO. XXXII.

Ohio Associations Continued.

WE come now to the Fourier experiments; and will begin with

THE TRUMBULL PHALANX.

This experiment, according to Macdonald, originated among the Socialist enthusiasts of Pittsburg. Its locality at Braceville, Trumbull Co., O., was selected, and a commencement was made in the spring of 1844. From this date till its failure in the latter part of 1847, we find in the *Phalanx* and *Harbinger* some sixteen notices of it, long and short, from which we are to gather its history. Our best way will be to quote the salient parts of these notices; and so let the friends of the experiment speak for themselves. The rose-color of their representations will be corrected by the ultimate facts. This was one of the three most notable experiments in the Fourier epoch—the North American and the Wisconsin Phalanxes being the other two.

[From a letter of Mr. Jehu Brainerd, June 29th, 1844.]

The location which this society has chosen, is a very beautiful one and is situated in the north-west quarter of Braceville township, eight miles west of Warren, and five miles north of Newton Falls.

The Domain was purchased of Mr. Eli Barnum, at twelve dollars per acre, and consists of two hundred and eighty acres of the choicest land, about half of which is under good cultivation. There is a valuable and durable mill privilege on the domain, valued at three thousand six hundred dollars; and at the time the purchase was made, there were in successful operation, a grist mill with two run of stones, an oil-mill, saw-mill, double carding-machine, and cloth-dressing works.

The principal buildings on the domain are a large two story brick house, grist-mill and oil-mill, very large, substantial, and entirely new (framed and well painted), and a large barn; the other buildings, though sufficient for present accommodation, are old and somewhat decayed.

There has been already subscribed in real estate stock, most of which is within two miles and less of the domain, nine hundred and fifty-seven acres of land, mostly improved farms, which were valued (including neat stock, grain &c.) at sixteen thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. Five hundred dollars cash capital has also been subscribed and paid in, and about six hundred dollars in lathes, tools, machinery, &c., including one hundred thousand feet of lumber, have been received.

There are thirty-five families now belonging to the Association, in all one hundred and forty souls; of this number forty-three are males over twenty-one years of age.

Until accommodations can be prepared on the domain, some of the families will reside on the farms subscribed as stock. It is the intention to commence an edifice of brick this present summer, and extend it from time to time, as the increase of members may require, or the funds of the society admit. For present necessity, temporary buildings are erected.

[From a letter of Mr. N. C. Meeker, Aug. 10, 1844.]

The number of persons belonging to the Phalanx, is about two hundred; some reside on the domain proper, others on more distant farms belonging to the Phalanx. Indeed as regards room, they are much crowded, residing in loose sheds. Nevertheless, on no consideration would they exchange present conditions for former ones. More convenient residences are to be erected forthwith, but it is not contem-

plated to erect the Phalanstery or final edifice for a year or so, or until they are possessed of sufficient means. Then the magnificent palace of the Combined Order will equally shame the temples of antiquity and the card-houses of modern days.

For the present year, hard work and few of the attractions of Association are expected. Almost everything is unfitted for the use of Associations, being too insignificant, or characteristic of present society; made to sell rather than to use. The members of the Trumbull Phalanx, knowing how to work truly, and fully understanding that it is a gigantic labor to overturn the despair which has been accumulating so long in men's bosoms, have nerved themselves manfully, showing the true dignity of human nature.

Labor is partially organized by the instituting of groups, and to much advantage. Boys who were idle and unproductive, have become producers, and a very fine garden is the work of their hands. They are under the charge of a proper person, who permits them to choose their foreman from among themselves, and at certain hours, in grounds laid out for the purpose, to engage in sports. Even the men themselves, at the close of the work, find agreeable and salutary exercise in a game of ball. Some going to school, earn six or seven shillings a week, and where they work in the brick-yard, from three to four shillings a day. These sums are not final wages, but permits; for when a dividend is declared there will be an additional remuneration.

On the Sabbath I attended their social meeting, in which those of all persuasions participated. The liberal views and kindly feelings manifested by the various speakers were such as I had never heard before. They spoke of the near relations they sustained to each other, and of the many blessings they look to receive in the future; meanwhile the present Unity gave them an idea of Heaven. One spirit of joy and gladness seemed to animate them, viz; that they had escaped from the wants, cares, and temptations of civilization, and instead were placed where public good is the same as individual good; hence, nothing save pre-conceived prejudices, fast giving away, prevent their loving their neighbors as themselves. This is the spirit of Christianity. Their position calls for union; no good can arise from divers sects; no good ever did arise; and they will all unite, Presbyterians, Disciples, Baptists, Methodists, and all; and if any name be needed, under that of *Unionism*. After meeting, the Sacrament was administered; then followed a Bible class, and singing exercises closed the day. [It would seem from this description, that the Trumbull was an "evangelical" Phalanx—the only specimen we have found.]

Those not accustomed to view the progress of combined labor will be astonished to see aggregates. A vast brick-kiln is raised in a short time; a touch plants a field of corn, and a few weeks turns a forest into a farm. Only a few of such results can be seen now; but enough has been done at this Phalanx since last spring, to give one an idea of the vast results which will arise in the days of the New Industrial World. Seating myself in the venerable orchard, with the temporary dwellings on the opposite side, the joiners at their benches in their open shops under the green boughs, and hearing on every side the sound of industry, the roll of wheels in the mills, and merry voices, I could not help exclaiming mentally: Indeed my eyes see men making haste to free the slave of all names, nations and tongues, and my ears hear them driving, thick and fast, nails into the coffin of despotism. I can but look on the establishment of this Phalanx as a step of as much importance as any which secured our political independence; and much greater than that which gained the Magna Charta, the foundation of English liberty.

But as yet there is nothing clearly demonstrated save by faith. That which remains to be seen is, whether families can be made to associate in peace, enjoying the profits as well as pleasures arising from public tables, granaries, store-houses, libraries, schools, gardens, walks and fountains; or, briefer, whether a man will be willing that he and his neighbor should be happy together. Are men forever to be such consummate fools as to neglect even the colossal profits of Association? Am I to be astonished by hearing sensible men declare, because mankind have been the victims of false relations, that these things are impracticable? No, no! We have been shown by the Columbus of the New Industrial World how to solve the problem of the egg, and a few caravels have adventured across the unknown ocean, and are now, at the dawn of a new day, drawing nigh unto strange shores, covered with green, and loading the breeze with the fragrance of unseen flowers.

NATHAN C. MEEKER.

[From an official letter to a Convention of Associations in New York, signed by B. Robins and H. N. Jones, President and Secretary of the Trumbull Phalanx, dated Oct. 1, 1844.]

We should have sent a delegate to your Convention or written sooner, were not the assistance of each of our members daily demanded, as also all our time, in the building up of Humanity's Home. In common with the inhabitants of the region round about (it is supposed on account of the dry season), we have had many cases of fever and ague, a disease which has not been known here for many years.

This has prevented our executing various plans for organization, &c., which we are now entering upon. And now, with each day, we have abundant cause to hope for a joyous future. We have harmony within and sympathy without; and being persuaded that these are sure indications of success, we toil on, "Heart within and God o'erhead."

Further, our pecuniary prospects brighten. Late arrangements add to our means of paying our debt, which is light; and accumulations of landed estate make us quite secure. Nevertheless we feel that we are at the transition period, using varied and noble elements not the most skillfully, and that we need more than man's wisdom to guide us.

The union of the Associations we look upon as a great and grand idea, without which the chain of universal unity were incomplete. When we shall have emerged from the sea of civilization, so that we can do our own breathing, we shall be able to cooperate with our friends throughout the world, as members of the Grand Phalanx. Meanwhile, our hearts will be with you, urging you not to falter in the work in which all the noble and healthy spirit of the age is engaged.

Accompanying is a copy of our Constitution. Our number is over 200. We have 1,500 acres of land, half under cultivation, and a capital stock of \$100,000. The branches of industry are sufficiently varied, but mostly agricultural.

[Letter of J. D. T. to the Pittsburg Spirit of the Age, July, 1845.]

I have just returned from a visit to the Trumbull Phalanx, and I can not but express my astonishment at the condition in which I found the Association. I had never heard much of this Phalanx, and what little had been said, gave me no very favorable opinion of either location or people, and in consequence I went there somewhat prejudiced against them. I was pleased, however, to find that they have a beautiful and romantic Domain, a rich soil, with all the natural and artificial advantages they can desire. The Domain consists of 1100 acres in all. The total cost of the real estate property of the Phalanx is \$18,428; on which they have paid \$8,230, leaving a debt of \$10,198. The payments are remarkably easy; on the principal, \$1,000 are to be paid in September next, and the same sum in April 1846, and \$1,133 in April 1847, and the same sum annually thereafter. They apprehend no difficulty in meeting their engagements. Should they even fail in making the first payments, they will be indulged by their creditor. From this it will be seen that the pecuniary condition of the Trumbull Phalanx is encouraging.

The Phalanx has fee simple titles to many tracts of land, and a house in Warren, with which they will secure capitalists who choose to invest money for the purpose of establishing some branches of manufacturing.

There are about 250 people on the Domain at present, and weekly arrivals of new members. The greater portion of them are able-bodied men, who are industrious and devoted to the cause in which they are engaged. The ladies perform their duties in this pioneer movement in a manner deserving great praise.

The educational department of the Phalanx is well organized. The children from eight to fourteen attend a manual-labor school, which is now in successful operation.

The advantages of Association are realized in the boarding department. The price per week for men, women and children, is not more than forty cents.

They soon expect to manufacture their own clothing. Carders, cloth-dressers, weavers, &c., are now at work. These branches will be a source of profit to the Association.

A good flouring-mill with two run of stone is now in operation, which more than supplies the bread stuffs. They expect shortly to have four run of stone, when this branch will be of immense profit to the Association. The mill draws the custom of the neighborhood for a number of miles around.

Two saw-mills are now in operation, which cut 600,000 feet per year, worth at least \$3,000. The lumber is principally sent to Akron.

A shingle-machine, now in operation, will yield a revenue of \$3,000 or \$4,000 per annum. Machinery for making wooden bowls has been erected, which will also yield a revenue of about \$3,000.

An Ashery will yield the present season about \$500. The Blacksmiths, Shoemakers, and other branches are doing well.

A wagon shop is in progress of erection, and a tan-yard will be sunk and a house built, the second story of which is intended for a shoe shop.

Crops:—30 acres of wheat, 50 acres of oats, 70 acres of corn, 12 acres of potatoes, 5 acres of English turnips, 10 acres of buckwheat, 5 acres of garden truck, 1½ acres of broom corn.

There are 500 young peach trees in the nursery; 200 apple trees in the old orchard (fruit killed this year).

Live Stock.—45 cows, 12 horses, 5 yoke of oxen, 25 head of young cattle.

From the above hasty sketch (for I can not find time to speak of this flourishing Association as I should), it will be seen that it stands firm. The members live together, under all the disadvantages

of a new movement, in perfect harmony; and what is gratifying, Mr. Van Amringe is there, cheering them on in the great cause by his eloquence, and setting them an example of devotion to the good of humanity.

J. D. T.

[Editorial in the Harbinger Aug. 23, 1845.]

TRUMBULL PHALANX.—We rejoice to learn by a letter just received from a member of this promising Association, that they are going forward with strength and hope, determined to make a full experiment of the great principles which they have espoused. Have patience, brothers, for a short season; shrink not under the toils of the pioneer; let nothing daunt your courage, nor cloud your cheerfulness; and soon you will joy with the "joy of harvest." A few years will present the beautiful spectacle of prosperous, harmonic, happy Phalanxes, dotting the broad prairies of the West, spreading over its luxuriant valleys, and radiating light to the whole land that is now in "darkness and the shadow of death." The whole American people will yet see that the organization of industry is the great problem of the age; that the spirit of democracy must expand in universal Unity; that co-operation in labor and union of interest alone can realize the "freedom and equality" which have been made the basis of our national Institutions.

We trust that our friends at the Trumbull Phalanx will let us hear from them again at an early date. We shall always be glad to circulate any intelligence with which they may favor us. Here is what they say of their present condition:

"Our crops are now coming in; oats are excellent, wheat and rye are about average, while our corn will be superior. We are thankful that we shall raise enough to carry us through the year; for we know what it is to buy every thing. We are certain of success, certain that the great principles of Association are to be carried out by us; if not on one piece of ground, then on another. Literally we constitute a Phalanx, a Phalanx which can not be broken, let what will oppose. And this you are authorized to say in any place or manner."

[Letter of N. C. Meeker to the Pittsburg Journal.]

Trumbull Phalanx, Sept. 13, 1845.

R. M. RIDDLE: Sir,—I have the pleasure of informing the public, through the columns of the *Commercial Journal*, that we consider the success of our Association as entirely certain. We have made our full payment of five hundred dollars, and, what is perhaps more encouraging, we are at this moment engaged in industrial operations which yield us thirty dollars, cash, each week. The waters are now rising, and in a few days, in addition to these works which are now in operation, we shall add as much more to the above revenue. The Trumbull Phalanx may now be considered as an entirely successful enterprise.

Our crops will be enough to carry us through. Last year we paid over a thousand dollars for provisions. We have sixty-five acres of corn, fifty-five of oats, twenty-four of buckwheat, thirty of wheat, twenty of rye, twelve of potatoes, and two of broom corn. Our corn, owing to the excellent soil and superior skill of the foreman of the farming department, is the best in all this region of country. Thus we have already one of the great advantages of Association, in securing the services of the most able and scientific, not for individual, selfish good, but for public good. We are fortunate, also, that we shall be able to keep all our stock of fifty cows, &c., and not be obliged to drive them off or kill them, as the farmers do around us, for we have nearly fodder enough from our grains alone. Thus we are placed in a situation for building up an Association, for establishing a perfect organization of industry by means of the Groups and Series, and in education by the monitorial manual-labor system, and shall demonstrate that order and not civilization is Heaven's first law.

Some eight or ten families have lately left us, one-fourth because they had been in the habit of living on better food (so they said), but the remainder because they were averse to our carrying out the principles of Association as far as we thought they ought to be carried; and on leaving, they received in return whatever they asked of us. They who enter Association ought first to study themselves, and learn which stage of Association they are fitted for, the Transitional or the Perfect. If they are willing to endure privations, to eat coarse food, sometimes with no meat, but with milk for a substitute (this is a glorious resort for the Grahamites), to live on friendly terms with an old hat or coat, rather than have the society run in debt, and to have patience when many things go wrong, and are willing to work long and late to make them go right, they may consider themselves fitted for the transition-period. But if they sigh for the flesh-pots and leeks and onions of civilization, feel melancholy with a patch on their back, and growl because they can not have eggs and honey and warm biscuit and butter for breakfast, they had better stay where they are, and wait for the advent of perfect industrial Association. I am thus trifling in contrast; for there is nothing so serious, hearty, and I might add, sublime, as the

building up of a Phalanx, making and seeing it grow day by day, and anticipating what fruits we shall enjoy when a few years are past. Why, the heart of man has never yet conceived what are the to be results of the equilibriumal development of all the powers and faculties of man. It is like endeavoring to comprehend the nature and pursuits of a spiritual and superior race of beings.

We are prepared to receive members who are desirous of uniting their interests with us, and of becoming truly devoted to the cause of Industrial Association. Yours truly, N. C. MEEKER.

[From a letter of J. D. S. to The Tribune, Sept. 29, 1846.]

The progress made by the Trumbull Phalanx is doing great good. People begin to say, "If they can hang together under such bad circumstances for so long a time, and no difficulties occur, what must we hope for, now that they are peculiarly independent?" You have heard, I presume, that the Pittsburgers have furnished money enough to place that Association out of debt. I may be over-sanguine, but I feel confident of their complete success. I fear our Eastern friends have not sufficient faith in our efforts. Well, I trust we may disappoint them. The Trumbull, so far as means amount to anything, stands first of any Phalanx in the United States; and as to harmony among the members, I can only say that there has been no difficulty yet.

Yours truly, J. D. S.

[Correspondence of The Harbinger, Jan. 2, 1847.]

We have received [says the editor], the following gratifying account of the Trumbull Phalanx. Every attempt of the kind here described, though not to be regarded as an experiment of a MODEL PHALANX, is in the highest degree interesting, as showing the advantages of combined industry and social union. Go forward, strong-hearted brothers, assured that every step you take is bringing us nearer the wished for goal, when the redemption of Humanity shall be fully realized. This is what they say:

"We are getting along well. Our Pittsburg friends have lately sent us two thousand dollars, and are to send more during the winter. We are also adding to our numbers. We have an abundance of our own raising; but aside from this, our mill brings sufficient for our support. We have put up a power-loom at our upper works, and are about prepared to produce thereby sufficient to clothe us. Hence, from uniting capital, labor and skill in two mechanical branches, we secure, with ordinary industry, what no equal number of families in civilization can be said to possess entirely,—a sufficient amount of food and clothing. And these are items which practical men know how to value; and we know how to value them too, because they are the results of our own efforts.

"We have two schools, one belonging to the district, that is, a state or public school, and the other to the Phalanx, both taught by persons who are members. In the latter school, among other improvements, there are classes in Phonography and Phototypy,—learning the new systems embraced by the writing and printing reformation, the progress of which is highly satisfactory.

"On the whole, we feel that our success is ensured beyond an earthly doubt. Not but that we have yet to pass through trying scenes. But we have encountered so many difficulties that we are not apprehensive but that we are prepared to meet others equally as great. Indeed we feel that if we had known at the commencement what fiery trials were to surround us, we should have hesitated to enter upon the enterprise. Now, being firmly in, we will brave it through, and we think you may look to see us grow with each year, adding knowledge to wealth, and industrious habits to religious precepts and elevated sentiments, till we shall be prepared to enter upon the Combined Order, and, with our co-partners, who are now breast and heart with us, lead the Kingdoms of the Earth into the regions of 'Light, Liberty and Love.'"

[Editorial in the Pittsburg Post, Jan. 1847.]

TRUMBULL PHALANX.—Several Pittsburgers have joined the above named Association; and a sufficient amount of money has been contributed to place it upon a solid foundation. It is peculiarly independent, as we are informed; and the members are full of faith in complete success.

Several letters have been received by persons in this city from resident members of the Phalanx. We should like to have one of them for publication, to show the feelings which pervade those who are working out the problem of social unity.

They write in substance—"The Association is prosperous, and we are all happy."

The Trumbull Phalanx is now in its third or fourth year, and so far has met with but few of the difficulties anticipated by the friends or enemies of the cause. The progress has been slow, it is true, owing to a variety of causes, the principal one of which has been removed, viz: debt. Much sickness existed on the domain during the last season, but no fears are felt for the future as to the general health of the neighborhood.

[From a letter of C. Woodhouse, July 3, 1847.]

This Phalanx has been in existence nearly four years, and has encountered many difficulties and submitted to many privations. Difficulties still exist and privations are not now few or small; but so great is their change for the better in less than four years, that they are fully impressed with the promise of success. At no time, indeed, have they met with as many difficulties as the lonely settler in a new country meets with; for in all their poverty they have been in pleasant company and have aided one another. They are now surrounded by all the "necessaries" and some of the "comforts" of life. Each family has a convenient dwelling, and as far as I can judge from a short visit, they enjoy the "good of their labor, with no one to molest or make them afraid." Several branches of mechanical industry are carried on there, but agriculture is the staff on which they principally lean. Their land is very good, and of their thousand acres, over three hundred are improved. Their stock—horses, cattle and cows—"look very well," as the farmers say. The improvements and condition of the domain bespeak thrift, industry and practical skill. The Trumbullites are workers. I saw no "dainty fingered" theorists there. When such do come, I am informed, they do not stay long. Work is the order of the day. They would be glad of more leisure; but at this stage of the enterprise they put forth all their powers to redeem themselves from debt, and make such improvements as will conduce to this end, and at the same time add to their comforts. Not a cent is expended in display or for "knickknacks." The President lives in a log house and drives team on the business of the Association. Whatever politicians may say to the contrary, I think he is the only veritable "Log-Cabin President" the whole land can claim.

[From a letter of the Women of the Trumbull Phalanx to the Women of the Boston Union of Associationists, July 13, 1847.]

* * * It is plain that our efforts must be different from yours. Yours is the part to arouse the idle and indifferent by your conversation, and by contributing funds to sustain and aid publications. Ours is the part to organize ourselves in all the affairs of life, in the best manner that our imperfect institution will permit; and, not least, to have faith in our own efforts. In this last particular we are sometimes deficient, for it is impossible for us with our imperfect and limited capacities, clearly and fully to foresee what faith and confidence in God's providence can accomplish. We have been brought hither through doubts and dangers, and through the shadows of the Future we have no guide save where duty points the way.

Our trials lie in the commonest walks. To forego conveniences, to live poorly, dress homely, to listen calmly, reply mildly, and wait patiently, are what we must become familiar with. True, these are requirements by no means uncommon; but imperfect beings like ourselves are apt to imagine that they alone are called upon to endure. Yet, perhaps, we enjoy no less than the most of our sex; nay, we are in truth, sisters the world round; if one suffers, all suffer, no matter whether she tends her husband's dogs amidst the Polar snows, or mounts her consort's funeral pile upon the banks of the Ganges. Together we weep, together we rejoice. We rise, we fall together.

It would afford us much pleasure could we be associated together. Could all the women fitted to engage in Social Reform be located on one domain, one cannot imagine the immense changes that would ensue. We pray that we, or at least our children, may live to see the day when kindred souls shall be permitted to co-operate in a sphere sufficiently extensive to call forth all our powers.

[From a letter of N. C. Meeker, Aug. 11, 1847.]

Our progress and prosperity are still continued. By this we only mean that whatever we secure is by overcoming many difficulties. Our triumphs, humble though they be, are achieved in the same manner that the poet, or the sculptor, or the chemist, achieves his, by labor, by application; and we believe that to produce the most useful and beautiful things, the most labor and pains are necessary.

Our present difficulties are, first, want of a sufficient number to enable us to establish independent groups, as Fourier has laid down. The present arrangement is as though we were all in one group; what is earned by the body is divided among individuals according to the amount of labor expended by each. Were our branches of business fewer (for we carry on almost every branch of industry necessary to support us) we could organize with less danger of interruption, which at present must be incessant; yet, at the same time there would be less choice of employment. Our number is about two hundred and fifty, and that of laboring men not far from fifty. This want of a greater number is by no means a serious difficulty; still, one we wish were corrected by an addition of scientific and industrious men, with some capital.

Again, when the season is wet, we have the fever and ague among us to some extent, though previous to our locating here the place was healthy. Whether it will be healthy in future we of course cannot determine, but see no reason why it may not. The

ague is by no means dangerous, but it is quite disagreeable, and during its continuance, is quite discouraging. Upon the approach of cold weather it disappears, and we recover, feeling as strong and hopeful as ever. Other diseases do not visit us, and the mortality of the place is low, averaging thus far, almost four years, less than two annually, and these were children. We are convinced, however, that all cause of the ague may be removed by a little outlay, which, of course, we shall make.

These are our chief incumbrances at present; others have existed equally discouraging, and have been surmounted. The time was when our very existence for a period longer than a few months, was exceedingly doubtful. Two or three heavy payments remained due, and our creditor was pressing. Now we shall not owe him a cent till next April. By the assistance of our Pittsburg friends and Mr. Van Amringe, we have been put in this situation. About half of our debt of about \$7,000, is paid. All honor to Englishmen (Wm. Bayle in particular), who have thus set an example to the "sons of '76."

[From a report of a Convention of Associationists at Boston, Oct. 1847.]

The condition and prospects of the experiments now in progress in this country, especially the North American, Trumbull, and Wisconsin Phalanxes, were discussed. Mr. Cooke has lately visited all these Associations, and brings back a large amount of interesting information. The situation of the North American is decidedly hopeful; as to the other two, his impressions were of a less sanguine tone than letters which have been recently published in the *Harbinger* and *Tribune*. Yet it is not time to despair.

[Letter announcing the failure.]

Braceville, Trumbull Co., O., Dec. 3, 1847.

To the Editors of the *Harbinger*—

GENTLEMEN:—You and your readers have no doubt heard before this of the dissolution of this Association, and the report is but too true; we have fallen. But we wish civilization to know that in our fall we have not broken our necks; we have indeed caught a few pretty bad scratches; but all our limbs are yet sound, and we mean to pick ourselves up again; we will try and try again. The infant has to fall several times before he can walk; but that does not discourage him, and he succeeds; nor shall we be so easily discouraged.

Some errors, not intentional though fatal, have been committed here; we see them now and will endeavor to avoid them. I believe that it may be said of us with truth, that our failure is a triumph. Our fervent love for Association is not quenched; we are not dispersed; we are not discouraged; we are not even scared; we know our own position; what we have done we have done deliberately and intentionally, and we think we know also what we have to do. There are, however, difficulties in our way; we are aware of them. We may not succeed in reorganizing here as we wish to do; but if we fail, we will try elsewhere. There is yet room in this western world. We will first offer ourselves, our experience, our energies, and whatever means are left us, to our sister Associations. We think we are worth accepting; but if they have the inhumanity to refuse, we will try to build a new hive somewhere else, in the woods or in the prairies. God will not drive us from his own earth. He has lent it to all men; and we are men, and men of good intentions, of no sinister motives. Our rights are as good in His eyes as those of our brothers.

We do not deem it necessary here to give a detailed account of our affairs and circumstances. It will be sufficient to say that, however unfavorable they may be at present, we do not consider our position as desperate. We think we know the remedy; and we intend to use our best exertions to effect a cure. It may be proper also to state that we have not in any manner infringed our charter.

I do not write in an official capacity, but I am authorized to say, Gentlemen, that if you can conveniently, and will, as soon as practicable, give this communication an insertion in the *Harbinger*, you will serve the cause, and oblige your brothers of the late Trumbull Phalanx.

G. M. M.

After this decease, an attempt was made to resuscitate the Association; as will be seen in the following paragraphs:

[From The *Harbinger*, May 27, 1848.]

A correspondent on the domain says:

From an improvident philanthropy, the Phalanx had admitted too indiscriminately; so that the society was rather an asylum for the needy, sick and disabled, than a nucleus of efficient members, carrying out with all their power and energies, a system on which they honestly rely for restoring their race to elevation and happiness.

They had also accepted unprofitable capital, producing absolutely nothing, upon which they were paying interest upon interest. All this weighed most heavily on the efficient members. They made up their minds to break up altogether.

A new society has been organized, who have bought at auction, and very low, the Domain with

all its improvements. We, the new society, purpose to work on the following foundation: Our object is to try the system of Fourier, as far as it is in our power, with our limited means, &c., &c.

[From The *Harbinger*, July 15, 1848.]

The same correspondent says:

With respect to our little society here, we wish at present to say only that it is going on with alacrity and great hopes of success. We are prepared for a few additional members with the requisite qualifications; but we do not think it expedient to do or say much to induce any body to come on until we see how we shall fare through what is called the sickly season. To the present date, however, we may sum up our condition in these three words: We are *healthy, busy and happy*.

This is the last we find about the new organization. So we conclude it soon passed away.

As it is best to hear all sides, we will conclude this account with some extracts from a *grumbling* letter, which we find among Macdonald's manuscripts.

[Account by a Malcontent.]

*** "A great portion of the land was swampy, so much so that it could not be cultivated. It laid low, and had a creek running through it, which at times overflowed, and caused a great deal of sickness to the inhabitants of the place. The disease was mostly fever and ague; and this was so bad, that three-fourths of the people, both old and young, were shaking with it for months together. Through the public prints, persons favorable to the Association were invited to join, which had the effect of drawing many of the usual mixed characters from various parts of the country. Some came with the idea that they could live in idleness at the expense of the purchasers of the estate, and these ideas they practically carried out; whilst others came with good hearts for the cause. There were one or two designing persons, who came with no other intent than to push themselves into situations in which they could impose upon their fellow members; and this, to a certain extent, they succeeded in doing.

When the people first assembled, there was not sufficient house room to accommodate them, and they were huddled together like brutes; but they built some log cabins, and then tried to establish some kind of order, by rules and regulations. One of their laws was, that all persons before becoming members must pay twenty-five dollars each. Some did pay this, but the majority had not the money to pay. I think most persons came there for a mere *shift*. Their poverty and their quarreling about what they called religion (for there were many notions about which was the right way to heaven), were great drawbacks to success. Nearly all the business was carried on by barter, there was so little money. Labor was counted by the hour, and was booked to each individual. Booking was about all the pay they ever got. At the 'breaking up,' some of the members had due to them for labor and stock, five or six hundred dollars; and some of them did not receive as many cents.

"To give an idea of the state of things, I may mention, that there was a shrewd Yankee there, who established a boarding-house and pretended to accommodate boarders at very reasonable charges. He was poor, but he made many shifts to get something for his boarders to eat, though it was but very little. There was seldom any butter, cheese, or animal food upon the table, and what he called coffee was made of burnt bread. He had no bedding for the boarders; they had to provide it for themselves if they could; if not, they had to sleep on the floor. For this board he charged, \$1.02½ per week, while it was proved that the cost of such board per week for each individual was not more than 20 cts. This man professed to be a doctor, (though I believe he really knew no more of medicine than any other person there); and as there were so many persons sick with the ague, he got plenty of work. Previous to the 'breaking up' of the concern, he brought in his bills to the patients (whom he had never benefited), charging them from ten to thirty dollars each, and some even higher. But the people being very poor, he did not succeed in recovering much of what he called his 'just dues;' though by threats of the law he scared some of them out of a trifle. There

was another keen fellow, a preacher and lawyer, who got into office as secretary and treasurer, and kept the accounts. When there was any money he had the management of it; and I believe he knew perfectly well how to use it for his own advantage, which many of the members felt to their sorrow. The property was supposed to have been held by stock-holders. Those who had the management of things know best how it was finally disposed of. For my part I think this was the most unsatisfactory experiment which was attempted in the West.

"J. M., Member of the Trumbull Phalanx.*"

What a story of passion and suffering can be traced in this broken material! Study it. Think of the great hope at the beginning; the heroism of the long struggle; the bitterness of the end. This human group was made up of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and lovers, and had two hundred hearts, longing for blessedness. Plodding on their weary march of life, Association rose before them like the *mirage* of the desert. They see in the vague distance, magnificent palaces, green fields, golden harvests, sparkling fountains, abundance of rest and romance; in one word, HOME—which also is HEAVEN. They rush like the thirsty caravan to realize their vision. And now the scene changes. Instead of reaching palaces, they find themselves huddled together in loose sheds—thirty-five families trying to live in dwellings built for one. They left the world to escape from want and care and temptation; and behold, these hungry wolves follow them in fiercer packs than ever. The gloom of debt is over them from the beginning. Again and again they are on the brink of bankruptcy. It is a constant question and doubt whether they will "SUCCEED," which means, whether they will barely keep soul and body together, and pacify their creditors. But they cheer one another on. "They *must* succeed; they *will* succeed; they *are* already succeeding!" These words they say over and over to themselves, and shout them to the public. Still debt hangs over them. They get a subsidy from outside friends. But the deficit increases. Meanwhile disease persecutes them. All through the sultry months which should have been their working time, they lie idle in their loose sheds, or where they can find a place, sweating and shivering in misery and despair. Human parasites gather about them, like vultures scenting prey from afar. Their own passions torment them. They are cursed with suspicion and the evil eye. They quarrel about religion. They quarrel about their food. They dispute about carrying out their principles. Eight or ten families desert. The rest worry on through the long years. Foes watch them with cruel exultation. Friends shout to them, "Hold on a little longer!" They hold on just as long as they can, insisting that they are successful, or are just going to be, till the last. Then comes the "break up;" and who can tell the agonies of that great corporate death!

If the reader is willing to peer into the darkest depths of this suffering, let him read again and consider well that suppressed wail of the women where they speak of the "polar snows" and the "funeral pile;" and let him think of all that is meant when the men say, "If we had known at the commencement what fiery trials were to surround us, we should have hesitated to enter on the enterprise. *But now, being fairly in, we will brace it through!*" See how pathetically these soldiers of despair, with defeat in full view, offer themselves to other Associations, and take comfort in the assurance that God will not drive them from the earth! See how the heroes of the "forlorn hope," after defeat has come, turn again and reorganize, refusing to surrender! The end came at last, but left no record.

This is not comedy, but direst tragedy. God forbid that we should laugh at it, or think of it with any feeling but saddest sympathy. We ourselves

* It is noted on the margin of this manuscript that John Wood was a member of the Trumbull Phalanx. This is the same Englishman that figured in the scene with the Dutchman in the Prairie Home Community. We have heard that he tried the North American Phalanx a while; and we know that he staid at the O. C. several months. How many more Socialist "picnics" he attended, we can not say. When he left us he had discovered that "Communism is the grave of liberty."

are thoroughly acquainted with these heights and depths. These men and women seem to us like brothers and sisters. We could easily weep with them and for them, if it would do any good. But the better way is to learn what such sufferings teach, and hasten to find and show the true path, which these pilgrims missed; that so their illusions may not be repeated forever.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CONFESSION.

North Haven, Conn., May 2, 1869.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY:—I feel that it would be well for me to declare my position, that it may be known where I stand. I confess Christ in me before the world, a whole Savior from sin. I believe that Mr. Noyes has the truth, and I want to commit myself to it. I believe the Community to be right, and I confess my sympathy with you, and my separation from my old life and associations, the devil and all his works, through Christ our Savior. I am your disciple in Christ.

FRANK W. TUTTLE.

THE CIRCULAR.

May 9, 1869.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—For some time I have been thinking about writing you a letter to inform you of my interest and sympathy in the principles and affairs of your Association. I know it must be gratifying and encouraging to you to learn from time to time, that here and there new friends are springing up, forming "out-posts" among the people for the promulgation of your doctrines.

The CIRCULAR comes regularly each week to the address of my wife, and we both prize it very highly. It stands next to the Bible in my choice for Sunday reading. When I open its pages I feel sure there are no accounts of horrible murders, rape-scrapes, or advertisements of patent nostrums and other swindling humbugs which defile the columns of nearly every other paper in the land. But on the other hand it teaches wholesome truths and imparts useful information. The article entitled "Before Communism," a few weeks ago, is the best exposition of the work of grace in the heart that I have ever seen. It is just my idea of the influence upon the heart and life of those who come into close relationship with Christ. I was much impressed with the remark that there must be a constant "going back" to first principles.

The articles upon American Socialism are deeply interesting to me: they impress me constantly that no other system of theology, or scientific arrangement, can furnish such a solid basis for successful and harmonious Community life as the Christian Communism of the Oneida Community. Especially in relation to sexual freedom, no other system yet devised could keep it within proper bounds. I think the Shakers would find much more difficulty in using freely without abuse, than they now do in total abstinence.

Both myself and wife are deeply interested in your experiments in breeding children, though we can learn but little of the particulars through the CIRCULAR. Does not the term "man-factory," used lately, incline a little to the vulgar? For my part, I want the columns of the CIRCULAR to be as free as possible from every thing which will give skeptics opportunity for criticism. I want the CIRCULAR to be always high-toned and scientific.

There is one passage in the Bible I can hardly reconcile with your social arrangements. I refer to the "deeds of the Nicolaitans;" can you explain it?

[We think the followers of T. L. Nichols are the true Nicolaitans. Unrestricted, irresponsible sexual intercourse is fornication. Complex marriage is a very different thing. ED. CIR.]

SMITH'S STORY.

XIX.

MY trip across the plains and back, which I have described, was undoubtedly a turning point in my life. It was perhaps the culmination of my

animal nature. Never, since then, have I thought nearly so much of horses, hunting, fishing and other physical amusements as previously. A reaction set in which gradually led me to seek contentment in intellectual and spiritual pursuits. The devil sought my total ruin; and by enticing me away from home and civilization, made a cunning stroke. Such a life as that on the plains, tends to hardness, recklessness and egotism; but the hand of God kindly led me back, and showed me that I had been foolish, wayward and disobedient; that I had followed the descending instead of the ascending fellowship. At the time, I was far from fully recognizing the danger I had been in. In fact I had a certain kind of religious enthusiasm on my return. While journeying I had spent Sundays in studying the Bible and those before-mentioned pamphlets. But looking back, from my present stand-point, I see that I was in imminent danger of spiritual shipwreck. My spirituality was at low ebb; or rather I had never possessed but little, and that little would soon have been swallowed up in unbelief. I found myself considerably humbled, and my faith in God strengthened. I could not then fully understand why I was turned back; but the subsequent leadings of Providence make it all clear. God saw the future, and in his mercy and goodness he proposed to allow me the inestimable privilege of attending the highest school on earth. It took me a long time to learn to follow the leadings of the Spirit, and the long-suffering of God is very manifest in his dealings with me.

At the end of one month's labor, father proposed that I go to New York, enter Madison University, and prepare myself for a Baptist minister. I was quite eager for knowledge, but was more fully convinced than ever that the Orthodox churches had dropped a stitch somewhere in their theology. So I replied that I would gladly go to school and complete my education; but I would not agree to come out a Baptist.

"O well," said he, "these boyish whims you have, will all disappear when you come in contact with the profound learning of the theological divines of the University, who have made the study of the scriptures in their original tongue their life work."

Well, I started for New York; although I must confess that I did not exactly see how I was to get means to complete my collegiate course. But father seemed confident that the Lord would provide the means if I were in earnest. My six months outdoor exercise had rendered me very robust and healthy, and I was in good trim for hard study. My outfit of clothing was very scant; for having disposed of so much during the summer, my parents did not feel able, or did not think it best to give me more than just enough to make me look decent, and that of a quality not suitable for winter. At father's request I visited Strikersville, the scene of my childhood days. After a short stay, I went to Vesper, a little village in the southern part of Onondaga Co., where my father was born, and where my grandfather still lived, together with other relatives. I now found myself within thirty miles of Madison University, but destitute of money, and nearly destitute of clothes. I was offered the position of teacher in the higher department of the union school in the village, and decided to accept it. I attended a teacher's institute, at Marcellus; was examined, and received a certificate permitting me to teach anywhere in the county for one year.

Under date of Oct. 9th, 1859, mother wrote me as follows:

"MY DEAR SON:—I hope you will not be discouraged. There are always a great many who can find nothing to do. It was just so when your father was at Hamilton. But he always minded his own business, kept his own secrets, had his lessons in advance, and when an armful of oven-wood was wanted in a minute, he was ready to get it, and not lose his lesson by so doing. With your education, tact, and talent, I have no doubt you can get through with your studies; but it will require some self-denial and perseverance. I should advise you to go direct to Hamilton, and do the best you can. Where there is a will there is a way. You must not be

faint-hearted. The Lord provided the way last year, but you were not willing to accept it then. He may try you some now; but you must be thankful for Jonah's gourd; and if it withers you must not murmur, but trust in the Lord. What is before you I can not say, but I hope you may be very cautious about expressing an opinion hastily. I would willingly work hard and live close, to help you, could I be sure you were exerting yourself to do good, and would persevere in it."

Oct. 23d she wrote again:

"I am very sorry that you did not go directly to Hamilton and see for yourself what you could do. Had you done so, and entered a class, and tried to persevere in your studies, I have no doubt your father would have rendered you some assistance; and even if you thought it necessary to teach this winter, you had means enough to go there and enter a class and stay a few weeks, and then with your knowledge of mathematics, I think you could have kept up with your class. But you must act for yourself and take your own course. Perhaps it is for the best as it is. * * * I hope you will adorn your profession, set a good example before the world, and exert an influence over your scholars which shall be calculated to lead them to Jesus. If you ever wish to labor for the good of souls, do it now. Do not fail to open your school with prayer. You will be watched closely, and others will expect you to be a pattern. Your influence will be the means of saving or ruining souls. I think your temptations will be far greater than they would be at Hamilton. You will, I trust, keep a very careful watch over yourself, and pray often and earnest. May you be kept from all evil!"

Such advice, and such prayers, could not fail to have their influence on me for good. I earnestly longed for a pure, sinless life, and was constantly resolving to honor the name of Christian; but just as constantly I was coming under condemnation by living the experience described in the 7th of Romans. I opened my school each morning by reading a portion of the scripture, and uttering a short prayer; and my heart continually went out to God for wisdom to enable me to set a good example before my pupils.

By opening my school with prayer I published to the community that I professed to be a Christian. Then came the question, "To what denomination do you belong?" On leaving Iowa City the Baptist church had given me the following certificate:

"This certifies that D. Edson Smith is a member of the Baptist church at Iowa City, Iowa, and as such we recommend him to the fellowship of any sister church of the same faith and order where God in his providence may cast his lot. By order and in behalf of the church.

R. M. BIXBY, Ch. Clerk."

This lacked one essential sentence, namely; "Is a member in good standing;" and I would not present it. Besides I felt that I was no longer a Baptist, neither could I subscribe to any church-creed that I knew of. So I answered the above question by saying that I did not belong to any denomination. That seemed queer to them. They had never before seen a case like it. "To open his school with prayer, to profess to be a follower of Christ, and yet to belong to no denomination; we must inquire into this," said they. And inquire they did, as to my religious belief, till they had learned all I did believe; and to that had added suggestions of their imaginations until I was represented to be a heretic of the deepest dye, and a dangerous man to have charge of their children during six hours of the day. In vain I walked uprightly, and entirely refrained from thrusting my theological notions upon any one; the disaffection only grew worse. A general meeting of the villagers and patrons of the school, was at length called for the purpose of taking measures to turn me out of the school; for the trustees had refused to do it on any religious ground. The meeting was largely attended, the school-house being crowded to overflowing. The business of the meeting was presented by a Methodist brother, and charges preferred against me to the effect that I was instilling into the minds of children doctrines that were not orthodox.

I was called upon to answer the charges, which, by the grace of God, I succeeded in doing in a manner that gained me many friends; whereupon my enemies appeared to waver, and to think that perhaps they had been misinformed, and that I was not so mischievous a fellow as they had been led to suppose from reports. At any rate the affair resulted in establishing me in my school.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

—Apple-trees are in blossom; we have lettuce from the forcing-pit, and asparagus from the beds. Early potatoes and beets are above ground, and peas have been hoed.

—On the hill-side three or four miles west of us are some deep ravines in which great drifts of snow are deposited in the course of the winter. It was not till yesterday, May 13, that we saw the last of them. After two of them had apparently been reduced to a very small size, they resisted two days of summer heat.

—The *Oneida Dispatch* seems to have got an item from our bulletin this week. Trap and silk orders are bulletined every noon for the information of the family, and the orders for May 9, which were rather remarkable, must have come under the eye of some one in the office of that paper. As there is a slight error in the number of traps reported, we will restate the order: 1,116 dozen traps, including 2 bear traps, amounting to \$1,004.72; and 63 pounds of machine twist, (our own manufacture) amounting to \$977.08. Total for the day, \$4,981.80.

—We hav'n't told you yet what has become of the old children's house. Does n't somebody want to know? It has taken its stand across the road, just south of the store, and is undergoing a process of rejuvenation charming to behold. But that isn't the best of it; in its old age it is to be promoted to a position of unparalleled dignity. "Some men," you know, "are born great, and others have greatness thrust upon them." This house, whose walls had long echoed the cries and laughter of noisy children from spanking babyhood to verdant youth, is to be converted into a hall of learning—a seminary. We call it our embryonic college.

—Connected with the cellar-digging is the construction of a sewer—for a long time the pet scheme of the sanitary committee. Its present length is five hundred and eighty feet; its depth from five to thirteen feet; the size of the tiles one foot in diameter. It crosses the road and debouches in the east meadow; but is ultimately to be extended at both ends; one way to the creek and the other to the Tontine.

—Received a call from a Birmese, or a Karenese as known in his country. There are two tribes in Birmah, Karens and Birmans, and he belongs to the former. He is a student in Hamilton College, with three young countrymen, all preparing for missionaries to their native land. He would scarcely be distinguished in feature from the Indians in our neighborhood. He registered his name in English, Birmese and Karenese.

—Nine masons and a dozen or more other workmen are rapidly laying the cellar walls of the wing. The new structure is to have a more solid foundation than the mansion of which it is to form a part. The tower built eight years ago has sunk a little; but the mason who laid the foundation to tower No. 2 says he never before made one so firm. The cellar walls are divided into numerous sections placed so close together that no beams will be laid for flooring, but the joists will be attached to the walls.

—A trapper in North Carolina writes: "I bought of you, last January, sixty No. 1 steel traps and the *Trapper's Guide*. Although I knew nothing about trapping I did pretty well even in this old country, where people say there are no minks. I use your No. 1 traps for minks. I caught one otter, ten coons, and one sheep in them, last winter, and some dogs also." Another writing from Schroon Lake, N. Y., says: "In this (Essex) county during the last twenty-five years I have caught sixty-four bears; I mean I have *skinned* so many."

—If the Japanese affiliate with the Brocton Community, and the Indians with the Shakers, the Russians seem to have seen the star in the west of the O. C. Another man from St. Petersburg has come all the way to join. He was bred a printer in that capital, and had read "New America." His name is Sergay (Russian for Sergius) Frederovick Choobaroff. His coat is lined with fur, and his shirt is bright red, which is the synonym for beautiful, we are told, in Russia. If he could not join, he wished to be employed, and a shovel was given him, that being the implement most in use about here just now; but one would think he had never seen the ground before; he handled his shovel like a woman. So he has gone to the trap factory, where he is said to be a good worker.

ITEMS.

A MILLION dollars worth of United States bonds were purchased on the 12th by the government, at prices varying from 115½ to 115 3-10. The purpose is to use the surplus money in the Treasury to purchase the six per cent. gold bonds, in order to stop the interest.

ON Monday, May 10, the two great divisions of the Pacific Railroad, i. e. the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, accomplished their junction at Promontory Point, Utah, by laying the last rail and tie, and driving the last spike. The following is the official announcement of its completion, made by the officers of the two divisions, to the Associated Press:

"*Promontory Summit, Utah, May 10.*—The last rail is laid! The last spike driven! The Pacific Railroad is completed. The point of junction is 1,086 miles west of the Missouri River, and 960 miles east of Sacramento City.

"LELAND SANFORD, Central Pacific Railroad.
T. C. DURANT, }
SIDNEY DILLON, } Union Pacific Railroad."
JOHN DAFF, }

According to previous arrangement, the completion took place at precisely 12 o'clock, noon, at the place of junction. This was at 11 o'clock and 45 minutes, San Francisco time; and 2 o'clock and 47 minutes at Washington City.

The overland mail now goes by railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, at \$200 a mile per annum. The price heretofore has been \$1,100 a mile.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. C., N. Y.—We appreciate your kind expressions of interest.

W. B. E., Mich.—We don't keep "choice garden seeds" for sale.

J. P., Ala.—Your communication was read, and we came very near publishing it.—Our No. 0 traps are adapted to squirrels.—We send the "descriptive list," as requested.

D. R. L., Mass.—The dollar you sent was received; but we have not been accustomed to acknowledge the receipt of money except by special request.

L. A. M. B., N. H.—Yes, we admit minors who are true converts and whose parents sanction their coming.—It makes no difference how far people come, if they are one in heart with us; though the door of entrance has been for some time closed. Certainly; our grounds and a considerable part of our houses are almost constantly open to the inspection of visitors.

Unknown.—"Somebody" returns his CIRCULAR of April 26, with this expressive sentence (commencing with a small *d*), on the wrapper: "*don't want any more.*" Our ex-subscriber gives us credit for greater penetration than we possess. We have not yet attained a state of clairvoyance where we can identify an individual who returns his paper guiltless of name and postmark; nor are we such chirographic detectives that we can recognize his penmanship among that of fifteen or twenty hundred others. We should be very glad, sir, to relieve you of the presence of the CIRCULAR; but until you will deign to inform us more definitely who you are, and whether you dwell in Timbuctoo or Ispahan, we fear you will have to endure the melancholy infliction.

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, 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 Rate, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased. Descriptive-list and price list sent on application.

WILLOW-PLACE FOUNDRY.

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

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK.

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

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,

(WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY), WALLINGFORD, CONN.

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

PICTURES.

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

PUBLICATIONS.

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

SALVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents 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.