

PLEA FOR THE INVALID.

Be patient with the invalid,
For she has very few
Of all the rich and varied joys
That God has given you.
She sees with wistful eyes how free
And buoyantly you move—
Ah! let her never feel the need
Of sympathy and love.

The glad blue skies are smiling fair
Upon your flowery way;
She hears your jocund speech and laugh,
Your blithe and merry lay;
And harder, steadier doth she strive
To hush the vain regret
That she no more may taste the joys
She never can forget.

It is no light, no trivial thing,
To bear for weary years
Pale languor or protracted pain,
With smiles instead of tears,—
To be cut off from all that's bright
And beautiful on earth,
And hear beyond her solitude
The light fresh tones of mirth.

To be, while in this glorious world,
Of all the world forgot,
And strive with daily heroism
For this to murmur not;
But, Oh, there is a keener pang
That deeper founts has stirred—
The cool neglect of wearied friends,
The careless, unkind word!

Be patient with the invalid;
You cannot know how sweet
And priceless is each glance of love
Her weary eyes may meet.
She treasures every tender tone
As 'twere a jewel rare;
Each gentle act of kindness done,
As wealth beyond compare.

Be patient with the invalid;
Far better when ye part,
When death, that long expected friend,
Comes to the longing heart;
Far better then to think of hours
In pitying kindness spent,
Than o'er the memories of the past
All vainly to repent.

Pain, bravely borne and long endured,
Will conquer her at times;
Then tell her of a happier world;
Point to those glorious climes
That smile a little farther on,
Where sister seraphs wait
To welcome her, all purified,
Within the pearly gate.

Be patient with the invalid,
In health well prized and dear;
Pity the poor unfortunate
So doomed to suffer here.
A wife, a mother she may be,
A gentle sister fair;
Be patient with the stricken one
Committed to thy care.

Socialism in America.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS FROM THE EARLIEST.

It is a remarkable proof of the facility with which the impatient, headlong American people drop and forget any scheme that has seemed to them full of promise, but the slow progress of which has led them to lose confidence in it, that in the recent presidential campaign the opponents of one of the leading candidates appeared to have actually forgotten that he was the prime mover of the great Fourierite excitement in this country, and thus neglected what might have served them as an argument against him. As many others besides Mr. Greeley, who were prominent in the late political campaign, were socialistic leaders in younger days, this is a fitting time to consider what American socialism is and has been; especially as it is well known that most of these gentlemen are still hopeful of seeing society reorganized somewhat in accordance with Fourier's ideas, though latterly they have expected more immediate results from the development of English co-operation. Most of the young men of the present generation will be surprised to learn that the socialistic excitement from 1842 to 1850 was as great as that concerning California gold. They will also marvel that so many men whom they revere as leaders in action as well as thought were in the vigor of their youth devoted to the promulgation of socialistic doctrines, of which most prominent men and women now speak with a flippant sneer, as impracticable dreams.

THE OLD LIGHTS OF FOURIERISM.

I approach with mingled awe and reverence that enchanted ground upon which men who are now leaders in the councils of this nation once trod with buoyant step, while their souls were full of enthusiastic anticipation of the year

One of universal human perfection. It was a noble and beautiful faith that filled the minds of American socialists during the exciting Owenite days of 1825, and the more exciting Fourierite days of 1842 to 1850. Some men now eminent may feel rather ashamed of the youthful ardor they displayed in those far days. My word to them is:

"Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

I must dwell somewhat upon these old socialistic leaders, because the fact is a curious one, that so many who threw their whole souls into the Fourierite movement are now solid men of wealth and position—leaders in literature and politics; or, like Hawthorne, have died covered with glory. Let us go over the list. Of Mr. Greeley I need say nothing. George Ripley has won himself the name of being the best book critic in this country. He is a solid member of the *Tribune* Association. Charles A. Dana has made his mark in various ways. Parke Godwin, long a mainstay of the *Evening Post*, has wealth and a high social position. George W. Curtis, as editor of Harper's periodicals alone, has an elevated literary position. He is, moreover, one of our leading political lights. Albert Brisbane, faithful among the faithless, has the honor of being the only one among the old leaders of Fourierism who still makes the propagation of that faith his chief life-purpose. William H. Channing, glorious enthusiast! who strove in vain so long to enkindle in the thinkers of this country his white heat zeal for the reorganization of society, has a world-wide reputation as a *litterateur*, and is enjoying learned leisure. Of Ralph Waldo Emerson I need only say that he was one of the originators of "Brook Farm"—the greatest socialistic experiment of New England; wherein Ripley, Dana, Hawthorne, Curtis, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, and a host of lesser literary lights, strove to remodel society. Henry James, having won a high niche in the world of letters, is still enjoying a life of learned ease. N. C. Meeker, after being a very amusing agricultural editor for the *Tribune*, has established the famous town of Greeley, in Colorado. Robert Dale Owen, though never, perhaps, a Fourierite, comes properly into this list. He is a leading man in politics and literature.

Truly systems which enlist the heartiest sympathies of such men as these I have enumerated, are worthy of something better than the scorn which the mention of them now usually calls forth.

In the development of this subject, I shall make extensive use of J. H. Noyes' book on Socialism, which again is mostly compiled from the manuscripts of a curious old Scotchman named MacDonald, who was the "Old Mortality" of American socialism, and who spent the twelve years between 1842 and 1854 in wandering about this country, visiting the wrecks of socialistic experiments, and obtaining facts concerning them.

THE SUCCESSFUL ASSOCIATIONS.

As mankind admires success above all things, I can doubtless rivet attention more closely upon the subject by describing the successful communities than in any other way.

The world would know nothing of some of the most singular of these undertakings, but for the information furnished by a German named Jacobi, who sent it to a friend of mine who was publishing a little Reform paper in Cincinnati, when I was there in 1858. Jacobi said: "During the last eight years I have visited all the communities in this country, except the Icarian, staying at each from six months to two years." He gives them in chronological order:

1. Conrad Beizel, a German, founded the colony of Ephrata, in Pennsylvania, 1713. There were at times some thousands of members. They were Bible communists, lived in celibacy, and became rich. The marvel is that this community still existed in 1858, one hundred and forty-five years after it was started, and some of the grand old buildings were standing, and a dozen old men lingered among them. I read a description of this place by Schele de Vere, in a magazine.

2. In 1774 came Ann Lee and the Shakers. They have now eighteen prosperous societies. No other mention of them is needed. They are one of the wonders of the world, and have proved for all time that

associative life is possible and may be permanent.

3. George Rapp, a German, came to this country in 1803. In 1804 he brought over two ship loads of his followers, and settled upon five thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania. They were celibates, but music, painting, and sculpture flourished among them. Their museums and gardens were the wonder of the region. In 1814 they built Harmony, in Indiana, and were 1,000 strong. In 1824 they sold that village and the 30,000 acres adjacent, to Robert Owen, and built Economy, near Pittsburgh, where they now are. They own railroads and oil wells and are millionaires. There is abundant proof that it was their religion that held them together. These sturdy associationists, departing in peace and with abundant wealth, must have indulged in many "a great, silent, inward guffaw," as they saw Robert Owen's followers entering into possession of their orderly village. Twenty-five years of communism had taught them that "except ye become as little children" ye cannot enter into this kingdom of heaven.

4. Joseph Bimeler, a German (the Germans are so good-natured and industrious that they make first-rate associationists), founded Zoar, in Ohio, with 800 followers, in 1816. They are liberal Bible believers. *They live married or single, as they choose*, are rich, a good moral people, and number five hundred.

5. Samuel Snowberger, an American, founded a community at Snowhill, Pa., in 1820, in imitation of that of Beizel. In 1858 this society numbered thirty and was well off.

6. Christian Metz, a German, founded Ebenezer, near Pittsburgh, in 1846. Metz and one of his sisters have been "mediums" for thirty years, and their sect has received practical business direction from one spirit here and in Germany for a century. They have never been disappointed in its promises. They are Bible believers. They permit marriages when the ruling spirit consents. They have thousands of members, and have moved to Iowa, where they have 30,000 acres. Different members brought in \$100,000, \$60,000, \$40,000, etc.

7. Erick Jansen, a Swede, began communism at Bishop Hill, Ill., in 1846. His society are Bible believers. In 1858 they were 800 strong and well off. They prefer celibacy but do not object to marriage.

From the "Social Record" of 1870, the same little paper which furnished the above interesting facts twelve years before, I have an account of the Icarian Community. It is located near Owen City, Adams Co., Iowa, in the south-west part of the State, where it was established in 1854. It is now in a successful and prosperous condition. It has about sixty members, and 1,729 acres of land. The members all live together in one common interest, and hold all their property in common. They sustain the ordinary marriage and family relations.

OWEN'S COMMUNITIES.

I must pass briefly over the Owen Communities. The only one of these that merits attention is that at New Harmony; and nothing but the fact that 900 people gathered pell-mell on a tract of land—including the Rappite village—that cost \$150,000, makes this worthy of notice, for it was an utter failure from the beginning. It was the first of the grand, absurd picnics indulged in by the American people, under the fond delusion that they were making thorough trial of integral association. All these inorganic mobs soon went, of course, to "nameless shreds and dissolution."

OWEN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Owenites had a good time while Robert doled out money to them. Amusements flourished. The society had a band of music (whistling before they got out of the woods). Tuesday evenings were appropriated to balls; Friday evenings to concerts—both in the old Rappite church. There was no religious worship. Five military companies, consisting of infantry, artillery, riflemen, veterans, and fusiliers, did duty from time to time in the public square.

Well, the whole thing soon vanished like a dream. Owen said, after the final dissolution, that he "wanted honesty of purpose, and he got dishonesty. He wanted temperance, and instead he was continually troubled with the intemperate. He wanted industry, and he found idleness. He wanted cleanliness,

and he found dirt. He wanted carefulness, and he found waste. He wanted to find desire for knowledge but he found apathy."

GREELEY'S VERDICT.

Horace Greeley gave the outline of a very long chapter in the history of socialism when he uttered the following: "A serious obstacle to the success of any socialistic experiment must always be confronted. I allude to the kind of persons who are naturally attracted to it. Along with many noble and lofty souls, whose impulses are purely philanthropic, and who are willing to labor and suffer reproach for any cause that promises to benefit mankind, there throng scores of whom the world is quite worthy—the conceited, the crotchety, the selfish, the headstrong, the pugnacious, the unappreciated, the played-out, the idle and the good-for-nothing generally, who, finding themselves utterly out of place, and at a discount in the world as it is, conclude that they are exactly fitted for the world as it ought to be. These may have failed again and again, and been protested at every bank to which they have been presented, and yet they are sure to jump at any new movement as if they had been born expressly to superintend and direct it, though they are morally certain to ruin whatever they lay their hands on. Destitute of means and practical ability, of prudence, tact, and common sense, they have such a wealth of assurance and self-confidence that they clutch the responsible positions which the capable and worthy modestly shrink from; so responsibilities that would tax the ablest are mistakenly devolved on the blindest and least fit."

THE FOURIER EXCITEMENT.

Turning from the meager details of Owen's Communities, I come to the wonderful outbreak of Fourierism, which was initiated by Horace Greeley and Albert Brisbane, in 1842. A faint idea of the grandeur of this uprising of the people against our absurd "perfectible, perfectibilizing civilization," as Fourier calls it, may be obtained from the numerical records of those who actually took part in the associations. The 8,600 that are found on MacDonald's lists do not include those who engaged in obscure, spasmodic attempts, and who would make as many more; while the converts to the doctrine, who were ready to take part in the movement when it became an assured success, have been estimated at ten times the actual workers; so that in all about 200,000 of our citizens must have been proud of the name of Fourierite in those early days of the new hope. An old gentleman tells me that the excitement was so great that any man who got possession of a barn and a few acres, and proclaimed that he was setting up the kingdom of heaven on this new basis, was sure to be overrun with recruits (many of them no doubt like those of Falstaff) in a few weeks. It was like the time when the multitude followed Christ into the wilderness, save that the expected miraculous feeding was lacking. Yet though these fantastic attempts were such disastrous failures, old socialists maintain that they caused a socialistic change of heart in our people, and that a yearning toward social reconstruction has become a part of the permanent inner experience of the American people.

When Mr. Brisbane's lectures, and those of his disciples, and the column devoted daily to Fourierism in the *Tribune* had got the people fairly warmed up, the stampede for the associative centers began. It would be amusing, if it were not so saddening, to note the localities in which the most of these melancholy experiments were instituted. Fourier having put his veto upon all small movements and small domains, our people determined that if they could not gather men and money in accordance with the master magician's formulae, they would at least have the magical number of acres. Rock-covered mountains suited them as well as fertile plains—especially when the former were \$1 an acre and the latter were \$100.

POOR PICKING.

Northern Pennsylvania, where many of these "fool's paradises" were located, is traversed by three great chains of mountains, and not less than eight high ridges run through the State, and spread themselves abroad in that region. They were then, at least, mountain

deserts—cold and rocky. The Sylvania Domain, 2,394 acres, was 1,500 feet above the Hudson. Stunted pines grew there. The Peace Union Settlement, 10,000 acres, was on the ridges of Warren County. Rev. George Ginal's 30,000 acres were among the mountains of McKean County, and still wilder. The Social Reform Unity was in Pike County, near the Sylvania. Its domain was thickly covered with stones and boulders, price, \$1.25 per acre. The Goose Pond Community succeeded to these stones and boulders.

WEALTH FLOWING IN.

But the above associations only represent one phase of the movement. Strong, wise men, by the thousand, vast tracts of rich land, and abundance of money and goods were attracted into these undertakings in some parts of the country, especially in Western New York. It is said that within a radius of fifty miles from Rochester most of the great American excitements, such as Mormonism, Anti-Masonry, and Spiritualism, have taken their rise or reached their highest pitch. Hepworth Dixon calls this the "Burnt District." T. C. Leland, writing from Rochester, in April, 1844, said: "I attended the Socialistic Convention at Batavia. The turn-out was astonishing. Nearly every town in Genesee County was well represented. Many came from five to twelve miles on foot. Indeed, all Western New York is in a deep shaking agitation on the subject. Nine associations are now contemplated within fifty miles of this city. From the astonishing rush of applications for membership in these associations, I have no hesitation in saying that twenty thousand persons west of the longitude of Rochester in this State is a low estimate of those who are now willing, nay anxious, to take their place in associative unity."

As a result of this uproar, we find some very substantial associations. The Clarkson Phalanx, on the shore of Ontario, had \$95,000 worth of choice land, valued at \$145,000 soon after the bubble burst. In April, 1844, there were 420 souls on the place, as happy as clams at high water. All professions and all creeds were represented. They had houses, mills, and 400 cultivated acres, 400 sheep, 25 horses, 40 cows, 12 yoke of oxen, etc., etc. They had rich gardens and abundant pasture, and cut 200 tons of hay in a year. They held together only a year. The chief cause of failure alleged was that their capital was wrongfully tied up in the hands of the trustees.

The Jefferson County Phalanx had 300 persons on 1,200 acres of superior land, finely watered near Waterton. It was composed of several farms, put in by farmers. Real estate, provisions and tools were brought in as freely as in Apostolic Communism times; though I need not add that Fourierism is far from communism.

DISGUSTED WITH FOURIER.

By 1847, however, Western New York had become very sick of Fourier. The Brook Farm (duration six years) missionary, John Allen, writing from Rochester in that year, said: "The prospect for meetings in this city is less favorable than that of any place we have visited. It is the nest wherein was hatched that anomalous brood of birds, the confederated phalanxes of Western New York." The very name of association is odious with the public, and the unfortunate people who went into these movements in such mad haste have been ridiculed until endurance is no longer possible, and they have slunk from the sight and knowledge of their neighbors." I will venture to say that among these were many of the noblest people of the region.

WESTERN ENTHUSIASM.

There were very solid attempts at association in Western States. The Ohio Phalanx had 600 acres of bottom land, all cleared and under cultivation, and 550 acres of fertile hills, in 1844. I am acquainted with E. P. Grant, their president, who is now a solid citizen of Ohio, and as warm as ever in the cause. He is interested in the only existing Fourierite movement, that of E. V. de Boissiere, the wealthy French gentleman, who has buried himself in the prairie at Ottawa, Kansas, to do or die for Fourier, and whose fortune is to be nearly all invested in the "Kansas Co-operative Farm." The Ohio Phalanx is said to have had \$100,000 pledged for its support. Turning to Michigan, we find the