

It is a remarkable proof of the influence of the socialistic movement upon the American people, that the progress of which has led them to lose confidence in it, that in the recent presidential campaign, the socialistic element appeared to have been forgotten, that he was the prime mover of the great Fourteenth Amendment in this country, and the neglected what might have served him as an excellent campaign slogan, especially as it is well known that most of these gentlemen are still hopeful of seeing society reorganized in accordance with Fourier's ideas, though lately 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 which began in 1840 was as great as that concerning California gold. They will also marvel that so many men, who they were at first leaders in the vigor of their youth devoted to the propagation of socialistic doctrines, of which most prominent men and women now speak with a flippant sneer, as impracticable dreams.

THE OLD LIGHTS OF SOCIETIES.
I approach with mingled awe and reverence that enchanted ground upon which many who are now leaders in the councils of this nation once trod with buoyant step. While their souls were full of enthusiastic anticipations 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 days of the Forty-fourth days of 1842 to 1843, some men more impatient than others, and some more devoted to the faithful and they displayed in those far days. My word to them is:

"The 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 Fourier's movement are now solid men of wealth and position—leaders in literature, politics, or like Fourier, have died covered with glory. Let us go over the list. Of Mr. George Ripley I need say nothing. George Ripley has won his name of being the best book critic in this country. He is a solid member of the French Association. Charles A. Dana has made his mark in various ways. Parker Godwin, long a mainstay of the *Evening Post*, has wealth and a high social position. George W. Curtis, as editor of Harper's periodicals, has an elevated literary position. He is, moreover, one of our leading political lights. Albert Brisbane, faithful among the faithful, has the honor of being the only one among the old leaders of Fourierism who still makes the propagation of that faith his life-purpose. William H. Channing, a glorious enthusiast! who in his earlier days, like Fourier, was in the ranks of the country his white heat zeal for the reorganization of society, and a world-wide reputation as a *literature*, and is enjoying learned leisure. Of Ralph Waldo Emerson I need only say that he was one of the great socialistic experimenters of New England, wherein Fourierism flourished, thence, Curtis, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, and a host of lesser literary lights, strove to remodel society, and in the process having won a high niche in the world of letters, is still enjoying a life of learned ease. N. C. McKim, after being a very ardent ardent ardent editor for the *Tribune*, has established the famous Town of Greece, in Colorado. Robert Dale Owen, though never, perhaps, a Fourierist, came properly into this list. He is a leading name in politics and literature.

Truly systems which enlist the heartiest sympathies of 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. E. Royce's 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 excess 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 successful of these undertakings, but for the information furnished by a German named Jacob, who sent it to a friend of mine who was publishing a little Reform paper in Cincinnati, when I was there in 1858, Jacob said: "During the last eight years I have visited all the communities in this country, except the *Lebanon*, staying at each from six months to two years." He gives them in chronological order:

1. *Concord*, Beloit, a German, founded the colony of *Concord*, in Pennsylvania, 1718. There were then some thousands of members. They were living in communities, 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 Scholz de Vere, in a magazine.

2. In 1771 came Ann Lee and the *Shakers*. They have now eighteen prosperous societies. No other institution 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 the country in 1800. 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 houses and gardens were the wonder of the world. In 1824 they built Harmony, in Indiana, and were 1,000 strong. In 1824 they moved to a village and the 30,000 acres adjacent to it. Robert Owen, and built Economy, near Pittsburgh, where they now are. They own railroads and all the other things of the world. There is abundant proof that it was their religion that held them together. These sturdy associations, departing in peace and with abundant wealth, must have indulged in many a great silent inward puff, as they saw Robert Owen's followers entering into the season of their orderly village. Twenty-five years of communism had taught them that they were no longer as little children, and they no longer enter into this kingdom of heaven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
A Boston woman, who has been married in the papers that Sunday marriages are illegal, wants to know how it is with a baby born on a Sunday. If it is so, which should be punished, the father, or the mother, or the baby?