workshop was begun, according to Dr. Codman, some three hundred yards northwest of the Hive. It was a two-story building, sixty by forty, with a horse-mill in the cellar at first. This was later replaced by an engine which supplied power for the machinery used in the various branches of work. Partitions were put up as it became necessary to provide rooms for the different manufacturing industries which were introduced. The printing-office was placed on the second floor of the shop, and cot beds were sometimes set up on this floor for visitors who could not be cared for elsewhere.

Peter Kleinstrup, the gardener, probably arrived in the spring of 1843, and his coming gave a great impetus to the æsthetic consideration of the estate. A greenhouse was decided upon, and ornamental plants were cultivated during the outdoor season of that year, with the intention of placing them under cover in the winter. The fall came, but the money lagged, and at last a temporary shelter had to be provided in the sandy bank near the farm road. The project was by no means abandoned, however, and in the following spring fresh efforts were put forth in the direction of horticulture — partly as a business venture, and partly as an additional attraction to hoped-for members whose coming should hasten the days of prosperity. A garden, covering, perhaps, half an

acre, was laid out behind the Cottage, with a chance of enlargement, if necessary, by cutting away some of the woods beyond. This land was carefully levelled and laid out with the walks and other precise accessories of a conventionally professional flower garden. In the fall of 1844 the gardener's heart was made glad by a building in which his treasures could be safely and conveniently cared for during the winter. The greenhouse was placed behind the Cottage and garden, near the boundary wall of the estate and parallel with it. To make room for the building, it was a painful necessity to plough up a beautiful patch of rhodora.

Nothing in the change to Fourierism showed more courage than the decision to accept the experiment with such modifications of the founder's scheme as were made necessary by restricted funds and fewness of numbers. There was some pretence of carrying out the theory of groups, and so far as was practical the main outlines were followed, but the great harmonic proportions of Fourier were simply out of the question. One feature, however, was clearly indispensable — a central house as laid down by the Master or Teacher, as Brisbane insisted on calling him. Accordingly, in the summer of 1844, the unitary building, or Phalanstery, was begun. It was placed in front of the Eyrie, at some distance from it, and nearly parallel with the town road. All the public rooms were to be in this building, which was almost in the middle of the estate. The parlors, reading room, reception rooms, general assembly hall, dining room, capable of seating over three hundred people, kitchen and bakery, were carefully planned for a common use. By the staircase leading from the main hall — which was at the left of the centre of the building — there was access to a corridor-like piazza which extended along the entire front of the house. From this piazza opened seven doors leading to as many suites, each containing a parlor and three bedrooms. The third floor was arranged in the same way, and the attic was divided into single rooms. The building was of wood and 175 feet long. Thus the larger families, whose members had been scattered by reason of the crowded condition of the other houses, could be insured a secluded family life, and such rooms in the older buildings as were in use for other than living purposes might be available for this legitimate need.

The work went on very slowly, however, and by the time that it was necessary to stop work for the season, only the foundation walls had been laid and the first floor boarded. Some progress was made during the spring and summer of 1845, but the hope of occupying the house in the fall of that year had to be reluctantly abandoned. By the dawn of another spring, however, enough money had come in to stay the falling courage of the Directors. On Saturday, February 28, 1846, the carpenters put up a stove in the basement of the building, in order to dry it sufficiently to make work safe, and a fire was kindled there on Tuesday, March 3, in ignorance of a faultily constructed chimney. That night a dance was given at the Hive to celebrate what looked like the approaching fruition of hope; but the gayety was hardly well begun when the cry came that the Phalanstery was on fire. Treated at first as a joke, the gravity of the announcement speedily became evident, and the Associates rushed out to watch their own eclipse — complete and final.

The Phalanstery was not modelled closely after the unitary edifice of a Phalanx, and like other features of the change, was only a compromise with Fourier's original theories. It accorded, however, with the general plans of the Association, and great hopes were entertained of it. Except for the severe financial blow, Brook Farm had suffered no loss by reason of sentimental associations with the building, and the status was exactly as before. None of the usual functions were suspended, and every attempt was made to ignore, if possible, the seriousness of the situation. Minor dissensions were lulled by the common misfortune, and if bravery and a common spirit of resolve could have raised success from disaster, the fire might have proved a blessing. When the excitement had passed, however, there was a frank recognition of the meaning of the calamity. Letters of sympathy and some substantial assistance came, but there was no evading the problems before the Association.

For once, at least, in its brief career, Brook Farm was obliged to receive and acknowledge gratefully the crude agency of a civilization which it affected, playfully, no doubt, to despise. The snow-covered ground threw back the reflection of the blaze, and the glow was visible for miles. Aid came from all sides, and "civilisées" worked to extinguish the flames, as if the cause were sacred to themselves. The destruction, however, was soon complete, and there was nothing left to do but to invite those who had fought the fire to share the morning's breakfast, just ready from the baker's oven. While these courtesies were going forward, George Ripley thanked those who had helped him and his associates. With that courage peculiarly his own, — never so buoyant as during the hardest stress, — he assured the firemen that their visit was so unexpected that he could only regret that Brook Farm was not better prepared to give them a "worthier if not a warmer reception." It is recorded that no one seems to have

labored more energetically to quell the flames than neighbor Orange, who, though ironically silent at festivities in the grove, gave his honest strength in the hour of misfortune. He would have little understood the submissiveness of Dwight's sister, who wrote of the event: "I was calm — felt that it was the work of Heaven and was good." The sentimental character of some of the members was brought out by the burning of the Phalanstery, as it so often was by lesser provocations, and an æsthetic appreciation of the scene was not allowed to languish.

The Association had been in existence for just five years. In that time it had built or bought three houses, besides making substantial additions to the original house; it had constructed a workshop and a greenhouse; it had beautified and cultivated a large tract of land; and it had nearly finished a huge Phalanstery, seventy-five per cent of the cost of which had been paid. In view of the small capital with which the project started, this does not seem a particularly meagre record of achievement.

The City of Roxbury had used the Hive for an almshouse only about a year when it burned down, the barn sharing its fate. The present Lutheran Home was raised on part of the old foundations of the Hive, and its printing-office stands near by. The Eyrie and the Pilgrim

House have since fallen victims either to flames or to weather; but the workshop is said to form a part of the annex to the present Asylum. From May 11 to July 8, 1861, the Second Massachusetts Infantry, under Colonel (afterward General) George H. Gordon, was quartered in what was known as Camp Andrew, the camp occupying the slope now given over to the graveyard; the regiment found on the estate a parade ground large enough for the evolutions of a thousand men — Brook Farm's best crop, according to the *mot* of Dr. James Freeman Clarke, who was at that time its owner.

The Industries

The industries relied upon to furnish the visible profits of the Association were many. It was expected that returns from these sources would materially supplement the receipts from new members who should come with property, from outsiders who should take up the stock of the Association as an investment, and from pupils and other boarders — the founders having placed their chief dependence on these three means of revenue during the period of development. How wide their expectations shot of the mark, except in the case of the school, has been brought out; and it remains to show the strenuous attempts to make good an income in other directions.

During the first two years little was undertaken beyond increasing the tillage of the farm — a difficult and costly process. Although there was a large output of hay, it was not of a prime quality, and did not, therefore, bring high prices. Vegetables, fruit, and milk were marketable products, but much of the time the need of the Association itself for these articles was in excess of the supply. Dr. Codman is inclined to think that the time-limit of work in summer to ten hours, was unwise — that during the haying and harvesting season there were many days when it would have been an economy to disregard such a regulation; but this was one of the few cases in which Ripley sacrificed the future to the present.

In order to lay down new land, it was necessary either to plough up some of the grass land or to clear waste land of underbrush and bushes, and then to enrich it all to the point of productiveness. There were always two barriers which checked development along this line — want of men and want of manure. The farm could not supply the latter in sufficient quantities, and to buy liberally would have been beyond its purse. In dull seasons, it was considered prudent to dig muck, which, though serviceable, was not wholly satisfactory. When the nursery was decided upon, the community laid a heavy burden on itself, for, besides the cost of buying a multitude of young trees and seedlings, the necessary transplanting, budding, and grafting had to be done by a man trained to the work. For evident reasons, too, it was thought well to keep the grounds in good order; and doubtless this was indirectly a sound policy, although circumstances conspired to make it ineffective. The flower garden was perhaps the most disheartening failure, for after a very careful preparation, it was found that the natural soil was quite unsuited to the purpose, and that proper fertilization was out of the question. The greenhouse, too, had not begun to pay its way when the Association dissolved. It had required the attention of two men, whose services might otherwise have been utilized in more profitable channels, and the fuel for winter added a large item to the expense account. There is little doubt that these things would have paid in the course of time and that the embarrassment which the Board of Direction suffered was attributable to lack of capital rather than to lack of skill, although, in default of funds, more skill would have enlivened the prospect. As it was, the added fertility of the farm benefited only those into whose possession it came later. Few agricultural implements suitable for use on such uneven ground were then obtainable, and Dr. Codman asserts that not until the third or fourth year was it thought prudent to buy a horse-rake; this and a seed-drill, taken on trial, were the only modern implements used. A

peat meadow, lying near the river, was one of the pleasantest spots in which to work, and several of the Associates were glad to turn in this direction when they could be spared from more pressing duties.

As the Community drew to itself a greater and greater variety of individuals, the trades at which they had previously worked were gradually introduced, until carpenters, printers, and shoemakers were at work, and the manufacture of Britannia ware and of doors, sashes, and blinds was established. The Shoe-making Group was of good size, consisting, probably, of eight or ten men in the latter days; but they were seldom overworked, although such sales as they made were fairly profitable. Britannia-ware lamps and coffee-pots did not find a ready market. The printers expended their time, for the most part, on the *Harbinger*, and the carpenters found ample employment on the estate. The sash and blind business ought to have been remunerative, for it was in the hands of George Hatch, an exceedingly capable man; but lack of capital was particularly disastrous to this industry. Lumber could not be bought in large quantities; furthermore, it could not be kept on hand long enough to become properly dried, and the vexation of customers whose doors shrank was great and justifiable. A formidable obstacle to prosperity was the distance of the farm from its market. It was nine miles from Boston and four from the nearest railroad station, now Forest Hills, and all the stock for manufacturing purposes, as well as family stores, coal, and manure, had to be transported by teams, while the manufactured goods and farm produce must go back over the same ground to be sold. This usually kept two wagons and two men on the road all the time, and diminished by just so much the productive strength of the Community.

The later organization of these industries under the Phalanx is outlined in the second constitution: "The department of Industry shall be managed in groups and series as far as is practicable, and shall consist of three primary series, to wit: Agricultural, Mechanical, and Domestic Industry. The chief of each group to be elected weekly, and the chief of each series once in two months by the members thereof, subject to the approval of the General Direction." "New groups and series may be formed from time to time for the prosecution of different and new branches of industry." A group consisted of three or more persons doing the same kind of work, although it seems not to have been permissible to use any but "harmonic numbers" in making up a group. Three, five, seven, or twelve people might combine to form a group, but not four, six, or eight. This was, of course, stark lunacy. In a Farming

Series of goodly proportions there would be a Planting Group, a Ploughing Group, a Hoeing Group, a Weeding Group, in the fields; a Cattle Group and a Milking Group, in the barn; a Nursery Group and a Greenhouse Group, in their usual places. The Mechanical Series included the manufacturing industries already named, and the Domestic Series was subdivided into Dormitory, Consistory, Kitchen, Washing, Ironing and Mending Groups. The Teaching Group was associated with no series; the commercial agents of the Association were detached personages, and so were the members of the "Sacred Legion," who volunteered to perform any peculiarly odious tasks. There was also a convenient Miscellaneous Group, the name of which indicated its duties.

Great stress was laid on the interchangeableness of these occupations. If a carpenter's work was slack, or he was temporarily weary of carpentering, he could exchange his plane for a scythe, or a hoe, or a milk-pail at any time. This presupposed an unwonted versatility, which was more likely to show itself within the groups of the Domestic Series than elsewhere. The "chief" of each group kept a carefully tabulated account of the work done by each member of his group, regular or "visiting," and at the end of the season it was possible to make accurate returns of the number of hours applied to the prosecution of each industry. Mr. Ripley was of the opinion that this arrangement secured "more personal freedom and a wider sphere for its exercise;" and that there was "a more constant demand for the exercise of all the faculties." It is possible that the waste of time which was incurred by this system was offset by the waste of nervous energy which is undoubtedly occasioned by the friction of competitive life. George Bradford has said that many hours were lost through lack of any definite school programme; for it frequently happened that a teacher who was digging on the farm would leave his work to meet an engagement with a pupil; but the pupil, being absorbed in the pursuit of woodchucks, would either forget his appointment altogether, or put in an appearance an hour late. It is also plain that undue time and prominence was given to the matter of elections. Each group was to elect a "chief" every week, and once in two months all the "chiefs" of the same series were to meet and choose a "chief" for that series. This was only one of the badges of mental vulgarity which Fourierism wore. It left out of the account all questions of fitness for leadership, and dwelt on the baser desire for notoriety or conspicuousness as opposed to merit. It may have been a preventive of jealousy, although that is doubtful. Indeed, since Fourierism

made a ritual of organization, only limited minds could accept it for any length of time.

The Household Work

The Transcendental Brethren of the Common Life had it well in mind not only to think together, though not certainly alike, to drudge with a holy and equal zeal, no matter how humble or how high the diverse tasks, but to give the theory of Association the sharp test of a communal table and to elevate domestic service to noble conditions. If, during the years of trial, there were grumblings over necessary economies of fare, there was hardly a note of shirking or dissatisfaction among those who humbly yet proudly served. "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ploughman," in his first enthusiasm wrote to his sister: "The whole fraternity eat together, and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine." This seraphic content died soon in the heart of the romantic ploughman, but the health and joy born of simple food and unpretending equality satisfied the Brook Farmers so well that they varied little the household plan with which they began. "Our food was very plain, but good," says Miss Russell; but she adds that fresh meat was not always to be had. On Sundays, beans and pork were furnished, not only in accordance with local tradition, but also as a luxury befitting the day and in recognition of that occasional orgy which a latter day English Socialist holds to be a necessity of human life. Pandowdy is mentioned by one writer as a delicacy, while Miss Russell speaks with feeling of brewis — a dish now passing into undeserved neglect, but once in New England of great repute. Temperance in food was the rule; in regard to drink, it was a matter of principle. The close union of the school and the Association would have invited hostility toward even the most restricted use of wine, beer, or spirits. When the evil days began, there was retrenchment in the cost of living as in other ways. The use of coffee was modified, and the quality of butter noticeably fell. Such details speedily aroused the attention of outsiders, but there is evidence that the Brook Farmers took their hardships in the same buoyant spirit in which they entered the experiment as a whole.

Radical in many ways these reformers certainly were; they often contravened social habits, and roused unfeigned astonishment and amusement in persons of discretion and solid worth. But they were not Bohemians, and had few of the proclivities of that agreeable and undeterminable fellowship. Even tobacco, that constant solacement to those at odds with respectability, was in little vogue. One woman

says that this indulgence was held in such contempt by the socially dominant sex that no man essayed the practice of it; but there were at least three smokers — Baldwin, Pallisse, the engineer, and Kleinstrup, the gardener, whose vain efforts to abjure his shame have been sympathetically pictured by a fellow worker.

Simple as the dietary was, there were in this hive of oddities some who went even yet further from the world's ways of eating. There was a Graham table, at which sat vegetarians, who were for eating no flesh while the world stood, and who even denied themselves tea and coffee. It was an era of cold water and unbolted flour. It was not so much a question what to eat as what not to eat. Emerson, it is remembered, decided not to invite Charles Lane to sit at his Thanksgiving board lest that over-principled copartner of Alcott should make an occasion for ethical improvement over the turkey. The vegetarians had a fair chance at Brook Farm to test the comparative value of their faith; and it is known that they stood well with their associates for endurance, persistence, and general good health. This relatively equal footing may, however, have been due to the involuntary continence of those who chose a wider but at best a very unpretentious menu. It has been said that it was the custom to put a cent down by one's plate for each cup of tea ordered;

but whether the rule held for all, or only for visitors, it is not possible to say.

The usual duties were mainly discharged by the young women, no attempt being made to foist on the men tasks beyond their experience or knowledge. As volunteers and gallant aids to the household brigade the men were, however, welcome, and made themselves useful and possibly attractive. They were of special service in the laundry, where the pounding, wringing, and hanging out of clothes was a severe test of muscular strength, since there were no mechanical adjuncts to this department. Appliances to reduce the irksomeness of the trivial round were few; a pump was the main dependence for water, and duly appointed carriers visited daily each house and supplied the empty pitchers, sometimes attended, in stormy weather, by a youth who carried an umbrella. Curtis occasionally trimmed lamps, and Dana organized a band of griddle-cake servitors composed of "four of the most elegant youths of the Community." One legend, which has the air of probability, deposes that a student confessed his passion while helping his sweetheart at the sink. On washing-day evenings offers of help in folding the clothes were never rejected, and the work went fast and gayly. Similar gatherings prepared vegetables for the market in the barn on summer evenings; and while chivalry and the

ardor of youth went far toward lightening these household tasks, the young men had to exert themselves to hold an even pace with the sex permanently skilled in deftness. The excess of young men in point of numbers over the young women is partly responsible for their large share in these domestic labors, and a desire to free the young women for participation in some further scheme of entertainment was not seldom a motive power. It would be too much to expect that this ecstatic fervor should be constantly maintained, but during the earlier years the men certainly discharged well and with commendable patience their moiety.

Visitors were amused at the "fanaticism exhibited by well-bred women scrubbing floors and scraping plates, and of scholars and gentlemen hoeing potatoes and cleaning out stables, and particularly at the general air of cheerful engrossment apparent throughout." Monotony there must have been, and often, but it is the testimony of all who have spoken, that the real marvel was that so much variety and good spirits were introduced. Little sympathy was needed for the well-bred women and the scholars, because as soon as was practicable, special capacity was developed and youthful training for particular service was made available. Miss Russell says, "I was early taught to clear starch," and "offered to make up the muslins of all on the place who wore them." Muslins were certainly a luxury from a communal point of view, and perhaps, like other futilities and unnecessary details, were not encouraged. There were no curtains, and no carpets except on one or two of the "best rooms."

In the beginning there had been a hired cook, but when economy became imperative, one of the women associates offered to undertake this trying duty, and in spite of unsmothered growling over her efforts at retrenchment, she adhered to her chosen post and to her policy *usque ad finem.* Peter Baldwin — the "General" — filled the important rôle of baker, thus reducing to a minimum the demands upon the cook.

Emerson, who never refers to Brook Farm without conveying to the finest sense the assurance that some one is laughing behind the shrubbery, notes the disintegrating tendency of these harmonious souls, when he says: "The country members naturally were surprised to observe that one man ploughed all day, and one looked out of the window all day — and perhaps drew his picture, and both received at night the same wages."

At its fullest, life there had few complexities, but it strove to spread beyond the bounds of the few acres of the farm. Some of the women saw possibilities of introducing leaven into the eventless farm life of the near neighborhood,

and of showing the good wives about them that the commonplaces of milking, churning, and the preparation of coarse fare could become glorious by the gospel of Brook Farm. Alarmed already at neighbor Orange's innate fondness for butchering, and wishing to spread softening influences, two Sisters of the Transcendental charity called on the family of a farmer hard by "whose spirit level was soft-soap, rag mats, tallow-dips, and patch-work quilts." Defeat was swift and inevitable, and a decision was born of the futile experiment that women's time is largely wasted in unprofitable "social life."

The amelioration of the human lot was not the only quest; if it was not possible to indoctrinate farmers' wives, there were still left the dumb beasts, conservative to be sure, but docile and perhaps open to conviction. Domestic hygiene met with a sharp rebuff when a plan to raise calves on hay-tea was set in operation. This attempt to dispense with the maternal office of the cow proved fatal to the particular calf selected for the experiment. Ripley is said to have worn an air of ill-concealed guilt during the decline and fall of this well-intentioned theory.

The Amusements and Customs

Enjoyment was almost from the first a serious pursuit of the community. It formed a part of the curriculum and was a daily habit of life. The few disaffected individuals who held aloof threw no continuing