Abigail Folsom, the "flea of conventions," could not irritate. The humbler the task the better it suited Ripley; it gave him, for instance, the purest joy to black William Allen's boots for him before the latter went to Boston. His self-control was of the sort that sends a jest to the lips when anxiety presses heavily on the heart, and marked, in his case, not so much force of will as of character. The nature of the only apparent impediment to success — lack of money — must have been peculiarly harassing. That a few thousand dollars should stand between disaster and an ensured future has shattered much lofty zeal on the part of idealists who scorn so vulgar a means of access to paradise.

Mr. Ripley, however, had no words of reproach for people who were slow to invest in a project which showed no sign of return, although it is fair to suppose that he had hoped that more people would be willing to run risks in the matter; and to-day it seems not a little singular that in the midst of the shrill popular cry for a higher life, financial support should not have been offered by certain men and women whose hearts at least indorsed this attempt. Undiscouraged, then, to all outward appearance, the chief organizer and promoter of Brook Farm walked unhesitatingly on, conscious before many months had passed that the

path which he had chosen led along a dangerous and probably impassable way. At the end of two years the question of industrial organization became a common topic of discussion and in the first months of 1844 such a step for Brook Farm was decided upon. It is not wholly clear through what processes Ripley reached his decision in this matter; for a more fundamental change in his attitude regarding what was socially desirable, he could not have made. It must have been that he came to lay more stress on the method by which individual freedom was to become assured, than on the fact of personal liberty in itself. He had agreed, up to this time, that the possibility of guaranteeing to every man the opportunity to develop himself into a symmetrical being could only be gained through the least necessary organization; but since unorganized society clearly was not calling out, in point of numbers, the membership essential to the stability of any civilized society, and since Fourier's elaboration did away with the chief stumbling block to the highest personal liberty — competition — why not Fourierism? It was only another marked instance of Ripley's disposition to accept the truth when he believed he had found it, let it clash ever so fiercely with his tastes and desires. The decision made prodigious demands upon him; for in urging the adoption of this system

he felt strongly the responsibility which he had laid on himself of bringing it into successful operation. He wrote and lectured with unceasing fervor in the faith that wide popular knowledge would ultimately convince those who were worthy to be received into a higher social order.

It is not pertinent to dwell here on the paradoxes of the New England conscience; but we may remind ourselves that just as the strongest religious faith in certain races bears no clear relation to their moral sense, so the New England heart and mind have been eternally at odds. The compromise which they have effected is this: the hard head, holding dominion over the soft heart, regulates conduct and keeps at a safe distance from doubtful investments, while allowing the heart unlimited sympathy with every good cause.

When, in the fall of 1845, the money was raised for finishing the unitary building, hope reassumed, for a time, its commanding position. How short-lived was this renewed vision of attainment has already been told, and, although Ripley's outward serenity varied not an appreciable hair from the normal, he realized almost immediately the bitter significance of the Phalanstery fire. He knew that the expectation of any considerable financial assistance was now futile, but he could meet this knowledge with a

smile which betokened that his faith in a principle was far deeper than any disappointment. Not that he abated a whit, even then, his consecrated labor, for his energy did not flag, and his determination to obey the promptings of duty or love — since they were synonymous terms in his vocabulary — did not falter; but he had heard the hour strike. A little later in the year his best intellectual solace, his library, was sold to Theodore Parker, to pay certain debts of the Phalanx. This treasured possession was largely responsible for Ripley's broad and well-grounded scholarship, his unprejudiced and impersonal view of men and of letters, and his unalterable devotion to the intuitive philosophy. His books numbered many French and German works on ethics, philosophy, and biblical criticism, besides much miscellaneous material in the domain of pure literature; and only he who has given up what has become a part of his intellectual self, knows the wrench which this necessity was to Ripley. As he took a last look at these victims of his failure, he said: "I can now understand how a man would feel if he could attend his own funeral."

The transfer of the property to a board of trustees was made in August, 1847, and the office of the *Harbinger* having been removed to New York, the Ripleys followed, making their home in Flatbush, Long Island. Mr. Ripley

continued his editorial labors, with indifferent encouragement, for something less than two years, when, after an illness of several weeks, his convalescence was greeted by the discovery that the *Harbinger* had ceased to be. Dust and emptiness were the only occupants of the little room in the top of the old *Tribune* building.

Employment was at once offered him on the *Tribune*, although at first it seems to have been irregular and unprofitable. He earned $38 by his contribution to that paper between May 5 and July 14, 1849, an average of $3.80 a week. Not until September 21, 1851, did he receive a regular salary of $25 a week. From this point his fortunes gradually brightened until January 11, 1871, when it was agreed to pay him $75 a week. In the meantime he had moved to New York City, and in addition to his *Tribune* work, his articles added occasional strength to the columns of at least a dozen magazines; but the greatest monument to his industry and ability was the "American Cyclopædia," which was the project of Dr. Hawks, and which, in 1857, was undertaken with Ripley and Dana as editors. The first edition was completed in 1862, and it represented, for the first time, perhaps, a successful attempt at historical, political, and ecclesiastical impartiality on an encyclopædic scale.

After a painful illness Mrs. Ripley died from

a cancer, in February, 1861. Her husband made every effort to alleviate her weeks of suffering; but at the time he was receiving twenty-five dollars a week from the *Tribune*, and the Ripleys were living in one room. His distress of mind for her sake over cramped conditions was no less intense because it could not be inferred from his calm exterior.

Mrs. Ripley's life and work had been so intimately associated with her husband's that it seems fitting at this point to consider her part in the history of Brook Farm, although her service was quite important enough to be treated by itself. Sophia Willard Dana, the daughter of Francis Dana of Cambridge, married George Ripley in 1827. The previous year he had written home of the "being whose influence over me for the year past has so much elevated, strengthened, and refined my character"; and he had added that his regard for Miss Dana was "founded not upon any romantic or sudden passion, but upon great respect for intellectual power, moral worth, deep and true Christian piety, and peculiar refinement and dignity of character." Mrs. Ripley was in complete accord with her husband on all vital questions, but her temperament differed so radically from his that although she met opposition with as much courage as he, she showed less forbearance than he to the opposer. Ardor and impulsive-

ness were strong in her, but they were only the superficial expression of deep feeling and not substitutes for it. Her sympathies were wide and deep, but they were hardly so all-embracing as were her husband's. Gifted in mind and brilliant in conversation, it is easy to credit the tradition that her somewhat impetuous espousal of the community idea deeply annoyed her family and friends; the ready delight with which she exchanged the duties of a minister's wife for those of a maid-of-all-work might properly be expected to scandalize a conservative Cambridge family in any age. The first shock, of course, wore off, and when, later, the chief of the Wash-room Group was occasionally persuaded to seek a brief diversion among her Boston or Cambridge friends, her folly was generously overlooked and she received much pleasant social attention. She was a tall and graceful woman, slight in figure, and fair in coloring. She was near-sighted, but she depended on glasses only when looking at distant objects.

Her power of infusing life into those around her must have been extraordinary, and no amount of fatigue or discouragement seemed to affect it. Like her husband, she was always eager to undertake the most distasteful employments—such as the continuous nursing, for some little time, of the young Manila leper, Lucas Corrales. Indeed, as Miss Russell, her warm friend and admirer, has said: "Impossible seemed a word unknown to her." The eight or ten hours a day which she at first spent on laundry work were later modified, because her skill as a teacher brought her more and more into demand in the school; but it is said that she managed, apparently without the least effort, to impart to the laundry a constant atmosphere of almost seductive cheerfulness. One of the Associates says that she lacked "nature," and was wholly incompetent to advise or influence, in important emergencies, vigorous, natural young persons not on her plane of thought. This may be true, but it is equivalent to saying that nobody understood everybody, even in a society where so much was held in common.

There is some doubt as to the warmth of Mrs. Ripley's convictions regarding the expansion of Brook Farm into a Phalanx. When the first interest in Fourier showed itself in the community, she wrote: "I am greatly drawn of late to a close study of Fourier. His science of Association recommends itself more and more to my feelings and conscience, and I am constrained to accept him as a man of genius, a discoverer; though I believe that in many things his system is to be modified by the spirit of our times and nation." Whatever the spirit in which she accepted the new policy, there was

no visible sign of disappointment — only the old courage and buoyancy. When, however, disaster really came, her strength failed; and the consolation that George Ripley found in the contemplation of a heroic fight in which defeat had left his ideals untouched, she sought in that church which offers to make secure the future of any soul which submits to its discipline. One can only guess how much the closing of a common channel of sympathy affected Ripley; but he could not have been indifferent to the shutting off of a great field of thought and feeling in which they had hitherto walked in harmony.

Mrs. Ripley taught for some time after the move to New York, and became gradually absorbed in charitable and philanthropic work. The household was still a happy one, each taking the same genuine interest in the other's work, but there was always the forbidden ground on which neither cared to venture. Thus more than a decade passed before the fatality which terminated Sophia Ripley's life. After her death Ripley went to Brooklyn, and perhaps, as never before, gave way to grief. But his healthy nature could not long entertain morbidness, and he returned to New York, to take up again his normal and busy life. His second marriage in the fall of 1865 with Mrs. Schlossberger, a German lady some thirty years

his junior, who married again after his death, brought him many years of wholesome companionship — years, too, which, though far from idle, were lightened by intervals of rest and travel. From April until October, 1866, he was in Europe, and it was during this visit that he paid a memorable call recently described by Justin McCarthy. Armed with a letter of introduction from Emerson, he sought Carlyle, who had once described him as "a Socinian minister who left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions." Ripley listened patiently to a long and violent tirade against the conduct of the Federal government in America, but he made no effort to stem the torrent of Carlyle's wrath. When the noisy silentiary paused for a moment, — a rare occurrence, — Ripley quietly gathered himself up, and without a word of remonstrance left the Chelsea home, not again to cross its threshold. His second visit to Europe covered the time from May, 1869, to the fall of 1870, and in the course of these months he sent to the *Tribune* some remarkable letters on the Franco-Prussian War, and an able and fair-minded criticism on the proceedings of the Ecumenical Council which assembled at the Vatican in 1870. Like his friend Parker, Ripley had no great love for art or for natural beauty, and his attention while abroad was almost wholly ab-

sorbed by the consideration of peoples, institutions, and social problems.

Some of the most important writing which Ripley had hoped to do, he did not live to accomplish. He left uncompleted the chapter on "Philosophic Thought in Boston," which he was preparing for the fourth volume of Winsor's "Memorial History." His friend Channing had long been urging him to write a history of modern systems of philosophy — a task for which his extraordinary mental balance especially fitted him, but this he apparently had not even begun. George Bancroft wrote with regret that a history of intellectual culture in Boston did not come from Ripley's pen, "for he has left us no one who can write it so justly, so tenderly, and with such knowledge of the subject and candor and skill as he would have done."

As a young man Ripley was slender, with a pale, clean-shaven face, closely curling brown hair, and black eyes which were so near-sighted that he always wore spectacles. In later life he grew stout and wore a beard, and the vision of the "formal, punctilious, ascetic" young clergyman of the early forties was replaced by that of the cheerful, scholarly man of the world of the early seventies — an appearance that he maintained to the time of his death on July 4, 1880.

Ripley discharged all the obligations resting on the Brook Farm Phalanx at the time of its dissolution. Although these did not amount to more than one thousand dollars, the last receipt was dated December 22, 1862, and was an acknowledgment of payment, partly in money and partly by a copy of the "Cyclopædia," received for groceries. No sharper comment is necessary on the deprivations of his first years in New York. It has been felt that nobody gained less from the Brook Farm experiment than did Ripley, and although that surmise must in many ways be true, it cannot, in the largest sense, be accepted by those who have followed carefully the man's after life. The blows of the hammer may harden the metal into a rail or temper it into a Damascus blade. Both the bludgeon and the blade are useful, but the latter does the finer work. So when courage becomes not defiance but fortitude; when endurance does not allow itself to sink into stoicism at the death of that in which belief has been deepest, there is good certainty that much besides a crushing impact has accrued to the victim of fate.

Charles Anderson Dana

Some of the nicknames foisted on the various Associates seem forced and even witless, but the "Professor" was no bad title for Dana. Born at Hinsdale, New Hampshire, in 1819, he passed his boyhood in Buffalo and there worked in a store, and fitted himself

for Harvard College, which he entered in 1839. When he was in the middle of his course his sight became seriously weakened from reading "Oliver Twist" by candle light. At three in the morning he had finished the badly printed volume, and had nearly ruined his eyes. Several Harvard men were already at Brook Farm, and they invited Dana to join them. He went thither in the fall of 1841 to begin his work in the school as an instructor in Greek and German. He received his degree from Harvard College in 1863 as of the class of 1843, and from the same college the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1861.

Dana seems not to have defied worldly custom either in the matter of blouses or unusual hair; in fact, he was not especially responsive to the little caprices of his fellows, and seldom joined in the merriment, but was always on hand for the serious affairs, having been made a trustee soon after his arrival. He not only worked and taught well, but sang well, and was bass in a choir, which, according to Arthur Sumner, sang a "Kyrie Eleison" night and day. "It seems to me," adds Sumner, "that they sang it rather often." One admirable bit of training for his future profession Dana acquired through his connection with the *Harbinger*, to which he was a frequent contributor. Many of his articles were youthful and imitative — hardly better than

any well brought-up young fellow might produce. The mannerisms of the sturdy English reviewing of the day sat heavily upon him, and he was constantly dismissing the victims of his disapproval with the familiar congé of the British quarterlies. Short poems and literary notices formed the major part of his work, but it is unnecessary to particularize the amount or quality of what he did. It was all excellent practice. Poe, Cooper, and Anthon were his youthful hatreds.

According to Colonel Higginson the Professor was "the best all-round man at Brook Farm, but was held not to be quite so zealous or unselfish for the faith as were some of the others," though his speeches in Boston and elsewhere were most effective. Dana was at that time a very young man, with the faults, but with all the splendor and promise of youth. No one has criticised the fidelity of his work at the school, and no one, not excepting Ripley, spoke more fervidly than Dana in the cause of Association. He was wise, if not wholly ingenuous, for he had the sagacity at the meeting held in December, 1843, to advocate a continuance of Associationism for Brook Farm, while the followers of Brisbane, bringer of huge programmes and unnumbered woes, proclaimed the virtues of modified Fourierism. Dana lost the toss, but did not forsake the field. On the contrary, even

after the flames of the Phalanstery swept up vortically the hopes of five years, he still valiantly preached the faith delivered to the saints. As a mature man the great editor found so few causes on which he could lavish his vanishing enthusiasm that it is a pleasure to recall his scrupulous adhesion to the doctrines of Association until those doctrines became normally merged into vaster and more immediate problems. His name ranks in importance with Orvis and Allen as a lecturer, although he probably did not, so often as they, address the public. But when he talked he was influential. On the platform Dana had no especial fluency, but he did have the compensating graces of frankness and a natural manner. On one occasion he defended, and most honestly, ambition as "the greatest of the four social passions." This it was, the speaker argued, which brought the Associates together in order to better social conditions. It corresponds to the seventh note of music, requiring for completeness the striking of the eighth note, which belongs also to the octave beyond. To strike these notes is to arrive at a final object, the higher unity. Noble and straightforward sentiments, but born, one would hardly think, of that "mordaunt and luminous spirit," as Dana was afterward remembered. In Dana, however, there were memories, some of them tender, for these sincerer days. Dana, who

wore no emotions on his sleeve, never forgot, and never in word, however much in conduct, repudiated Brook Farm. No abler or more sympathetic tribute has ever been paid to the Association than was spoken by him at the University of Michigan on January 21, 1895. The charm of the life, the causes of failure, his own experiences, are all candidly and gracefully told. Mr. Ripley is mentioned with respect and cordiality. Where the treasure is there will the heart be also. Charles Dana, who laughed at much which some men hold dear, never vilipended his own experience at Brook Farm, though it is a matter of conjecture whether he retained faith in any particular reform, social or political. He took pains in this lecture to deny that there was any communism in the experiment. Nothing in his nature would have responded to that principle. The real trouble at Brook Farm to him was evident: "it didn't pay"; but he insisted that the breaking up was regretted by all who shared the life there. He severed his own connection soon after the fire, at which he did not chance to be present, and secured work in Boston on the *Chronotype* at five dollars a week.

He joined the staff of the *Tribune* in 1847, and in 1848 went to Europe as a correspondent of five papers, — an early instance of syndicate letter-writing, — and earned thereby about forty

dollars a week. This lasted for eight months, when he returned to the *Tribune*, on the staff of which he remained until Greeley, who disagreed with Dana over the conduct of the war, dismissed him in 1862. He was made a special commissioner of the War Department to look after the condition of the pay service in the West, and was confirmed as Assistant Secretary of War in January, 1864. For reasons of personal safety he had also been appointed by Secretary Stanton, in June, 1863, an assistant adjutant general with the rank of major. At the front for purposes of closer observation, and associated in Washington with the men who surrounded Lincoln and his cabinet, Dana's ability had the fullest opportunity to declare itself. In 1865 he took charge of the newly started *Chicago Republican*, but in 1868 issued his first number of the *New York Sun*, of which for nearly thirty years thereafter he was the essential force, though always supported by a staff conspicuous in the ranks of American journalism.

When Dana forsook the isolation of Brook Farm, he found many shining examples of a pretentiousness which he genuinely despised. A good hater with an early start, a critic without careful balance, it was natural enough that he should soon find himself in contact with a vast deal of humbug. It was not difficult for him, with his temper, to begin to find that his opponents were charlatans, or at least that they had sufficient duplicity to make him distrust them. The theory is a convenient one: it is easier to distrust a man because you dislike him, than to dislike him because you distrust him. Mr. Dana was ready at finding motives for vindictive hatred toward men who did not do what pleased him. He met the fate of all who do not cherish the spirit of fairness: he continued to interest and to please, but his judgment was discredited. There are many who can bear testimony to the generosity and helpfulness of Dana, especially toward men of his profession; his private life, his refinements and tastes were irreproachable. Many good men had no faith in him, and thought him to have been false and unsubstantial. Other men, who stood near him, are willing to affirm that on a question of principle he never ratted. However all this may be, in the judgment of those who best knew Brook Farm, he, of all its associates, departed furthest from its aspirations.

Dana was accounted a handsome man, not after the graceful type of the Curtises, but masculine, yet so slender as to seem tall. He had a firm, expressive face, regular and clear cut, a scholar's forehead, auburn hair, and a full beard. Strong in mind and general physique, he conveyed the impression of force whether he moved or spoke. In his old age he preserved a look

of virility and determination, though hard-headedness clearly predominated over graciousness. He was, at Brook Farm, kindly mannered, and gave a pleasant impression to those who met him, while a natural dignity kept him from many of the extravagances into which some of the others easily fell. He showed a taste for the farm work, which later, when success gave opportunity, grew into a fondness for livestock and all the accompaniments of a country life. An admirable nervous and muscular strength explains much of Dana's capacity for successful work.

A Southern family at Brook Farm, by the name of Macdaniel, consisted of a mother, two daughters, Fanny and Eunice, and a son, Osborne. Eunice became the wife of Dana while they were at the Farm, though the wedding did not take place on the estate. Maria Dana, Charles Dana's sister, married Osborne Macdaniel, who wrote a number of articles, strong but eccentric, for the *Harbinger*. Macdaniel was of a deeply speculative turn of mind, but did not hold that philosophy was adapted to everyday life. Mrs. Macdaniel, whose mentality is as vigorous as was her brother's, has never abandoned the faith.

John Sullivan Dwight

It is not a cheerful prospect to face existence as a stickit minister; but it was inevitable for a man who, through excess of feeling and want of assertiveness, wept on the

occasion of reading his first marriage service. To underestimate a man thus dowered is easy. Parker, mistaking essential gentleness for fundamental weakness, assured Dwight that impulse assumed the place of will in his character, and that he lacked "Selbstständigkeit." Lowell, too, seems to have been hardly more accurate in his interpretation of Dwight, for as late as 1854 he committed the amusing *bêtise* of suggesting that Dwight's proper career might be the establishment of a "bureau for governesses."

It was natural that John Dwight should turn fondly to West Roxbury, for it was once the home of his mother, Mary Corey. He was himself a Boston boy, the son of Dr. John Dwight; he was a graduate of the Latin School, of Harvard College, and of the Divinity School. A lover of fine letters, the poet of his class at Harvard at graduation (1832), he also found or made time to devote himself to music. He was a member of the Pierian Sodality, an organization which still maintains repute in the undergraduate activities, and his zeal for music continued during his course at the Divinity School, from which he was graduated in 1836. The frequent experience of a university career was his: that the main objects of his training were gradually lost in the development of stronger interests. The promising academic scholar and the young Unitarian cleric were soon, but not too speedily,

absorbed in the teacher and critic of music, later to dominate opinion in a large community for many years. He was one of the first members of a society formed in 1837, which as early as 1840 had taken the permanent name of the "Harvard Musical Association," and which in a few years exerted an influence far beyond the institution which gave it name and habitation.

It is not clear why Dwight ever wished to be a preacher; religious he may easily have been, but theology was not in him. Miss Elizabeth Peabody once spoke to him frankly of a "certain want of fluency in prayer," and Theodore Parker, who roomed near him as a divinity student, was not reluctant seemingly to point out a vagueness which "mistook the indefinite for the Infinite." His one important ministry was at Northampton, where he preached during a part of 1839, and where he was ordained in the spring of 1840. At the close of this episode, in the summer of 1841, he withdrew from the profession, though he occasionally "assisted" Channing at the meetings of the Associationists in Boston some years later. He did not, like Channing, vibrate between the pulpit and socialistic schemes, but stepped definitely out into the arena of the Newness. The disruption was not violent, and little sense of disappointment or failure was evident on his part. Retreat with him never meant surrender, and he did not ascribe to loss of faith a change made compulsory by his own lack of fitness for one of the professions.

Dwight came to Brook Farm without kindred, although his parents and two sisters joined him later and remained with him. He was young, unmarried, and well rid of the mournful obligation of earning a living through a calling from which the zest was gone; but he did not enter the experiment because there was no opening elsewhere, though to be sure his capital stock was mainly a lofty enthusiasm. Not until November of the first year of the Farm did he become a member of the Association, and to him was soon assigned, in the school, the work of instruction in music and Latin. Resourcefulness is, after all, an admirable test of ability, and Dwight, starting his new career with a fair education and some aptitude for imparting his knowledge, quickly developed his greatest capacity and instilled into the whole community his own conceptions regarding music. The other influences of Brook Farm were indirect; but John Dwight, diffident and seclusive as he was, imposed on the Association a cult which formed no part of the original programme outside the school curriculum.

Though he might come to his task, which he loved, tired with the work on the farm, which he barely endured, he felt that this alternation of

drudgeries was good for him. In later years he said: "I have no doubt I should not have been living at this day if it had not been for the life there, for what I did on the farm and among the trees, in handling the hay, and even in handling the scythe." Tradition does not say how close any one dared to approach when a Transcendentalist swung so lethal an implement as the scythe; but cautious beholders would have been justified in maintaining that prudent remoteness observed by Longfellow, who declined to go into the wilds when he learned that Emerson had purchased a gun for the expedition.

Mr. George Willis Cooke, from whose interesting volume on Dwight many facts here given are gratefully drawn, has compared Dwight's influence at this period to that of Emerson, Parker, and Ripley. If "Einfluss" is to be insisted upon, and the transplantation of German ideas to be held of much account in the simple story of Boston Transcendentalism, the name of Beethoven must enter any reckoning which includes Goethe and Kant. No external influence has been so potent or lasting in Boston as the genuine love for Beethoven, and for the few other names clustering about the greater genius.

Literary work was one of Dwight's minor interests in his West Roxbury life, although he

had earlier tried his hand with some success at such employment. During his clerical career he had taken a modest part in the brisk interest which had arisen in favor of German studies. He translated a considerable part of and edited the whole of the "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller" for the second volume of Ripley's "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature." The book was inscribed to Carlyle, who showed himself wonderfully gracious in giving permission for the dedication; but he warned Dwight against "the thrice accursed sin of self-conceit." Dwight was still in Northampton when the first number of the *Dial* appeared, to the first volume of which he contributed several articles, among them his poem called "Rest," which to this day passes current as a translation from Goethe The last four verses, —

> "'Tis loving and serving
> The Highest and Best!
> 'Tis onward! unswerving,
> And that is true rest," —

might well have been written by the hand that so largely guided an earlier exaltation, and might, oddly enough, have been set over, with an added ethical note, by Carlyle. It is a curious instance not only of powerful influence but of an impersonal fame.

Dwight assisted in editing the *Harbinger*, and