his contributions, though limited in range, were not narrow, and showed an evident aim at catholicity. The directness of his criticisms — for to these his efforts were mainly confined — had a touch of modernness; he was altogether sincere and showed little trace of influence, and herein his work manifested an essential superiority over that of Dana in the same periodical. He seldom deliberately tried to be clever, but allowed the natural sweetness of his mind to diffuse itself. The pepperiness of which he was fully capable came later, after he had become something of a Nestor in musical judgment; but even then he did not manifest it temperamentally. Only when the necessity arose for giving expression to a profound conviction of what he felt to be wrong principles in art did this quality come to the front.

The firmness of his beliefs sometimes passed from determination into obstinacy, and he enjoyed a well-earned though not evil reputation for being "set." He was the central figure of a little story which passed from mouth to mouth, until Emerson put it into print, without, however, naming Dwight. Mr. Ripley said to Theodore Parker: "There is your accomplished friend; he would hoe corn all Sunday if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday." Rumor adds that Parker replied: "It is good to know that he wants to hoe

corn any day in the week." One who knew him well says that Dwight was something of a quiddle, which is not so dangerous an appellation as it looks to the unacquainted eye, and which means only that he was fussy over trifles, in the same way in which the Englishman of popular legend is supposed to comport himself in relation to his tub when travelling. Dwight was not fond of excessive toil, and did his work just about when and how he pleased. This, it is said, is one reason why Ditson was obliged to discontinue the publishing of the *Journal of Music*. If Dwight set his own measure for work, he could not fairly have been called slothful; but he worked in the spirit of a dilettante — he indulged his moods, or, perhaps better, respected them.

As is often possible with fine organizations, he was able to adapt himself sympathetically to all conditions, mental and social. His nature was too large for a show of fastidiousness. He bore out the fact that only a gentleman can be a true democrat. His ideals were soaring, but he made it an obligation to be entirely human at the daily task, and in the schoolroom; at the table, especially, he was of a whole-souled simplicity, and a good companion of the hour. He even punned, and punned exceeding ill.

The younger members of the Brook Farm family called him the "Poet," more in recog-

nition of his temperament than of his verse — none of which has been widely remembered, except the seven stanzas, "Rest," already alluded to. Only a poet, however, such as the young folks thought him, would have proposed to leave the Association, with the liberty of an occasional return, in order to earn more money which he would turn back into the community. This was lofty, but it was not visionary. John Dwight was by no means indisposed to the comfort and warmth of this world, idealist as he unquestionably was. He loved books, art, friends; he even loved good dinners. During a visit to New York, where he delivered some lectures just after the Phalanstery fire, Dwight diligently sought aid for the falling venture; but it was too late, although he did not seem fully to realize the fact. The curtain is wisely drawn over the last days of Brook Farm. Ripley and Dwight, who kindled the fires and fanned them to a steady flame, were not the men to feel the chill as the embers burned low. But at last there was little need to remain over the ashes unless they would remain alone. The willingness to leave Brook Farm temporarily for the sake of the cause found its natural complement in the fact that Dwight was slow to desert it at the last, remaining even after Ripley had gone.

It was fitting that, in 1851, W. H. Channing should join in marriage Mary Bullard and John

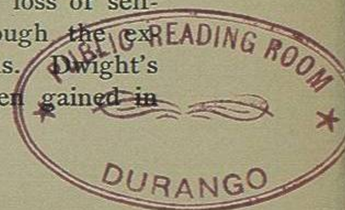
Dwight, both of them connected, he directly, she as a visitor, with Brook Farm, and both Associationists in Boston. This union was a happy and in every sense a suitable one, and it represented one of the brightest results of the tendency at Brook Farm to bring together harmonious minds. Of several worthy marriages traceable to the days of the Association none was more propitious than that of Dwight and Mary Bullard, of whom Channing said that she was the most thoroughly conscientious person he ever knew. Their capital was love and good courage, for Dwight was still without certainties for the future. He wrote for Elizur Wright's *Chronotype*, a one-cent paper published in Boston. Dana, Brisbane, Cranch, and the two cousins Channing, also assisted in this venture, which did not, however, succeed. Neither music nor reform languished with Dwight; he wrote in his especial field for journals in New York and Philadelphia, and was musical editor of the *Boston Commonwealth*. *Dwight's Journal of Music* first appeared under the date of April 10, 1852. The editor wrote to Cranch, a contributor to the first number: "It is my last, desperate (no very confident) grand *coup d'état* to try and get a living." Back of the enterprise stood the faithful Harvard Musical Association, and there was no lack of good will and personal effort on the part of Dwight's

friends, most of whom were, like himself, still in the tentative period of life. The first year paid for itself; but the *Journal* was as uncompromising as the *Liberator*, which appealed to the wider sentiments of humanity and justice, and subsistence is likely to be an actual problem for a man who writes without the spirit of conciliation and who has not the least faculty for seizing an opportunity to enrich himself, should such an opportunity come. Twelve hundred dollars a year was the value set on this idealist in his palmiest days, but probably as many cents would have satisfied him, could he, on that sum, have maintained his self-respect. Since he cared little for popularity, there is an interesting suggestion in the fact that Dwight's very lack of technical discrimination and his persistent adherence to simplicity and grandeur as constant ideals, brought forward and upward the mass of musical opinion. Dwight could, however, be tolerant, though it was easy to discern the effort, as in the case of Wagner, whom he did not and could not like.

After something less than ten years of sympathetic companionship and love, Mary his wife died while he was abroad. It was characteristic of his fineness that he could find it possible to stay his year out in Europe, instead of hurrying back to greater loneliness. The relations of time and space being henceforth

disturbed for him, he found her presence as real far from her lonely grave as near it. Thereafter Dwight's home was in the hearts and at the houses of his many friends. He lived, however, after 1873, in the rooms of the Harvard Musical Association — the veritable "genius loci."

On September 3, 1881, appeared the last issue of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which for thirty years had contended, not without a measure of recognition, for the best conceivable standards. In his old age, therefore, Dwight manfully laid down the task which he had taken up in his prime "to make a living." But he renounced nothing — absolutely nothing. As he thought and wrote in 1850, so did he think and write in 1880. "If one have anything worth saying, will it not be as good to-morrow as today?" What he was in the Brook Farm days he remained, — poor, brave, inspiring, intellectually honest. There was no element of calculation in his nature, and therefore it was possible for him honorably to accept assistance, as he occasionally did, from friends who loved him and believed in him; but such aid was rendered rather to his cause than to the man himself. To be helped in this way, without loss of self-respect, is a test of dignity, though the experiment is necessarily dangerous. Dwight's character suffered no loss; it even gained in



serenity. He dispensed such kindness as he could, and is remembered for his good will toward young musicians. He was even able to help, in her failing days, an old Brook Farm visitor — Signora Biscaccianti. His face was kindly, and his manner gentle to those whom he knew. He was of short stature, his head was a fine one, and in his later years he was of dignified appearance.

Nearly four months after he was eighty years of age, on September 5, 1893, he died. This event brought together such men and women as never gather except to do honor to those who die tenacious of ideals, though profiting nothing from the maintenance thereof, but a continuing memory in the hearts of the elect; and his funeral service was marked by a cheerfulness and sincerity, which, in their recognition of death, well typified the old Brook Farmer's attitude toward life.

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Hawthorne's deciding motive in joining the enterprise at Brook Farm does not appear; but it is possible that he was glad for a time to go into intellectual retreat when his relation with the Boston Custom House was severed in 1841. The money which he invested, one thousand dollars, was saved from his government earnings. His first entry in his note-books bears the date of April 13, 1841, only a few days after Ripley had begun the

experiment. He arrived in the midst of one of those late spring snowstorms which never fail to impress a New Englander with their unseasonableness, though they are as invariable as the solstices. If the world gained nothing else from this trip to Arcadia, it at least has the benefit of the early pages of the "Blithedale Romance," in which the narrator arrives at nightfall in the midst of just such a storm. The intimate but fallacious relationship between man and nature, her counterplots against his purposes, are here told with Hawthorne's best power.

Hawthorne was at first possessed of a mighty zeal which lasted well into the summer. His first bucolic experience was with the famous "transcendental heifer," mistakenly said to have been the property of Margaret Fuller. The beast was recalcitrant and anti-social, and was finally sent to Coventry by the more docile kine, always to be counted on for moderate conservatism. Her would-be tamer, not wishing to be unjust, refers later to this heifer as having "a very intelligent face" and "a reflective cast of character." He certainly paid her alleged mistress no such tribute, but thus early let appear his thinly veiled contempt for the high priestess of Transcendentalism. Even earlier his antagonism toward this eminent woman was strong, if it was not frank, when he wrote: "I was invited to

dine at Mr. Bancroft's yesterday with Miss Margaret Fuller, but Providence had given me some business to do, for which I was very thankful."

On April 16 he broke a machine for chopping hay, through very excess of effort, and his remarkable energy then employed itself on a heap of manure. This useful adjunct to the new life he soon began to call his "gold mine," but admits that "a man's soul may as well be buried there as under a pile of money." Presently he writes: "I have milked a cow!" He is pleased with his environment, saying: "The scenery is of a mild and placid character;" and in a letter to his sister Louisa: "This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life, and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village." In the same letter he gleefully boasts that he is transformed into a complete farmer, and the next day adds to his note-book that toil "defiles the hands indeed, but not the soul," and speaks of his calling as a righteous and heaven-blest way of life. Spring advanced and turned to summer, and still Nathaniel Hawthorne moiled on, until suddenly, on August 12, he burst forth in a different but not less rhapsodical strain: "In a little more than a fortnight I shall be free from my bondage — free to enjoy Nature — free to think and feel. . . . Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionably brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so." On September 22 he records: "Here I am again. . . . I have a friendlier disposition toward the farm now that I am no longer obliged to toil in its stubborn furrows." Three days later there follows a determination not to "spend the winter here." The happy release from the furrows is easily explained by his election to "two high offices," as he calls them, one as Trustee of the Brook Farm Institute, and the other as Chairman of the Committee of Finance. The community may not have shown much earthly wisdom in this selection, but literature is the richer by several pages at this point in his note-book, where are described places in the close neighborhood grown dear to his isolated heart. He even goes to Brighton with William Allen to buy some little pigs, and only four days later bursts forth into that immortal commentary on a pen of full-grown swine, *mox morituri*. The deep and refreshing humor of these few paragraphs gladden, like rain, the heart of him who reads, and are worth the whole of the "Blithedale Romance," if one is seeking merely to discover the true influence of Brook Farm on Hawthorne. The pig as a literary motive was never more delicately conceived, not even in Stevenson's tribute

to his black and reluctantly fertile sow in the "Vailima Letters."

Hawthorne liked a quiet laugh, and made welcome any one who could follow his own moods. Hence his attachment to the undemonstrative Tom Orange, a character remembered to this day in West Roxbury, as much for his own personal traits as by reason of his understandings with the taciturn author who gave him renown. Tradition holds that Orange's widow long resisted the attentions of suitors with the same lofty devotion to deceased greatness as was shown by Sarah Churchill to the memory of John, Duke of Marlborough, though it may be that she had found in marriage more acidulation than is expressed by so inviting a name as Orange. At a picnic on the sixth birthday of Frank Dana a masquerade was held in the grove. Orange was present at this motley fun; and Hawthorne, on whom it left a fantastic impression, speaks of his stolid friend as a "thick-set, sturdy figure, enjoying the fun well enough, yet rather laughing with a perception of the nonsensicalness than at all entering into the spirit of the thing." Irony is not wholly reserved for the disposal of the gods.

From this time until the last entry in his notes the new financier seems frankly to have devoted himself to long and solitary walks, studying the changing colors of autumn, and

largely ignoring other reasons for his stay at Brook Farm. He abandoned momentarily his observations of the waning season to concern himself with a psychological analysis of a little seamstress who had just arrived from Boston. She was about seventeen years old — a child in action, yet "with all the prerogatives and liabilities of a woman." There is a faint hint in this young creature of Priscilla in the "Blithedale Romance."

One turns regretfully from these charming comments on the neighboring country, and from one in particular on "an upland swell of our pasture, across the valley of the river Charles." On October 27 he joyfully notes: "Fringed gentians — I found the last, probably, that will be seen this year, growing on the margin of the brook." This is the latest entry which has any place here, and it rounds out an incident in the life of a genius — an incident which began with a strenuous attack on a compost heap, and ended, fitly enough, with a lonely discovery of gentians!

The remoteness which he craved was secured to him somehow, but a man of genius may not wholly escape the solicitudes of the women of his family. His mother and sisters did not take kindly to his vague experimenting; there is even a suspicion that the work at Brook Farm seemed to them "beneath" his level, and

they were at no loss for words to convey their feelings. In particular were they anxious lest he work too hard. "Mother groans over it, wishes you would come home," wrote his sister to the brave ploughman as early as the tenth of May. Then they soon generate fears that he may injure himself in hot weather, without thin clothing. "What is the use of burning your brains out in the sun, when you can do anything better with them?" They hear that he is carrying milk into Boston every morning; and his sister Elizabeth, in happier vein, states her belief that he will spoil the cows, if he try to milk them. Thus did the worthiest of women prove their anxiety lest their admired one in any way lower himself by his unaccountable antics. But Hawthorne had an admirable obstinacy, else he would surely have yielded to such powerful domestic pressure. Sisterly care gave way at last to a genuine burst of sarcasm, when Louisa wrote in August: "It is said you are to do the travelling in Europe for the Community!" After this she troubled him no further. In the same month Hawthorne sent two letters to Sophia Peabody, which seem to have been the last written her from Brook Farm. On July 9, of the next year, they were married.

Curtis once wrote in the Easy Chair that Hawthorne showed no marked affection for

Brook Farm, although Hawthorne himself has referred to his stay there as the one romantic episode of his life. The intimate nature of his note-books reveals the state of his feelings, although allowance is to be made for the spirit of banter and the half sincerities which are apt to pervade mere jottings and memoranda. If sympathy was wanting toward Transcendentalism itself, or its concrete expression through the Association, yet Hawthorne's genius worked out some interesting, if not especially profitable, results. In spite of frequent warnings and disclaimers regarding the book, in some contrary fashion the "Blithedale Romance" has come to be regarded as the epic of Brook Farm. An intelligent consideration of this story — a story of the second rank in Hawthorne's work — makes it clear that he was far more of a realist than is usually conceded. Harsh, for instance, as his interpretation of Margaret Fuller was, she doubtless appeared to him exactly as he described her. Seeing her unlovely attributes more clearly than he was able to see anything else, this realistic tendency, a sort of mental near-sightedness, impelled him to his ungracious task. There was a trend in favor of accurate rather than of fanciful and disguised use of literary material. Though the pen reluctantly comes to the writing of it, there was also in Hawthorne a fondness for discovering the

forbidding aspects of a personality or a situation — a willingness to minimize.

Hawthorne was gentle by birth and training, and his occasional indelicacies are, for this reason, the less acceptable. Whenever he was able to free himself from circumstantiality and to rise on the wings of his imagination, he left beneath him these afflicting trammels. But he did not invariably escape into the empyrean, and the "Blithedale Romance" is one instance in which he hardly attempted a lofty flight. Having clearly in mind certain incidents and experiences at Brook Farm, some of which amused and irritated him, he did not avoid the impulse to tell these happenings pretty nearly as he found them, until, unsubstantial as the characters may or may not be, the daily life and doings, the scenery, the surroundings, and even trivial details are presented with a well-nigh faultless accuracy. Whoever chances to know the topography and history of Brook Farm, must of necessity follow the "Blithedale Romance" from the opening transcript of the author's arrival in the April storm, through real scenes and real events corresponding only too faithfully with the *mise-en-scène* and movement of the Brook Farm Association. It is no crime to have so thinly disguised actualities, only a fair and legitimate method of literary procedure. The characters are not easily traceable,

but even in this respect Hawthorne did not free himself from the impressions once received and never to be obliterated from his sensitized nature. It matters little whether or not Zenobia is a blend of Miss Fuller and Mrs. Barlow; there certainly is more than an intimation of both. Arthur Sumner says that nobody at Brook Farm distantly resembled Zenobia; but a boy in his teens could not have gained impressions such as a woman like Hawthorne's heroine would have made upon an older man. Mrs. Kirby says that Zenobia was a friend of Miss Peabody, and died in Florence in the eighties. The same writer affirms that the original of Priscilla was a pretty, black-eyed girl who had been used as a clairvoyant in medical practice, but who, probably because she was a Roman Catholic, had ceased to develop her marked powers. In the strongest and most repellent character, Hollingsworth, Hawthorne may have incorporated something of the fierce, almost tiresome earnestness of Brownson or the pathetic zeal of Ripley. But here the fusion of the separate constituents has been complete, and a fresh character moulded, bearing only the true stamp of the artist's work. Minot Pratt is said, not without reason, to be the original of Silas Foster. These creations are Hawthorne's own, after all has been said. It would be unwise to conjecture how far a sense of his own

insufficiency at the Farm may have affected his coloring of the picture. Curtis thought that Hawthorne's aloofness and want of effective support resembled the attitude of Charles Lamb toward life. "He had a subtle and pervasive humor, but no spirits," wrote the same friendly hand. A less generous critic might have said that Hawthorne expressed for his own uses the essential values of Brook Farm, and then speedily tired of it. Mrs. Kirby held that he was out of place, and "obtained the fruits of observation at second hand."

Hawthorne was not untrue to himself at Brook Farm, unless in going there at all he was capricious — his heart being involved in no affair of social regeneration. But even in his sombre genius there was some gladness, and a true romantic impulse may have drawn him thither, though he made no pretence of accepting the new gospel. The whole experience stands as a thing apart and unrelated to the rest of his life. Such complete detachment cannot be affirmed of any other of those who gave reputation to or borrowed it from Brook Farm.

John Orvis and John Allen

Brook Farmers have usually treated their early experience, not as a folly of youth, but in a partly tender, partly vague way which serves to veil, perhaps not intentionally, what is so hopelessly gone except in recollection. Self-respect would save these memories

from cynicism or ridicule, but the bold declaration of a continuing faith and practice is rare; John Orvis, however, stands conspicuous for an abiding devotion to the principles of Association. His loyalty to the sentiment of justice was a legitimate inheritance from his parents, who were Hicksite Quakers, and although he ceased to be a member of the Society of Friends when he was still young, he never abandoned that conception of life into which he had been born and reared. His youth was spent on his father's beautiful farm in Ferrisburg, Vermont, where he laid the foundations for the superb health which in after years enabled him to lavish a boundless energy on great tasks. His early intellectual training, which he received principally at the hands of an Englishman named Wholley, was not comprehensive; he afterward became a student at Oberlin College, but never finished his course. He came to Boston while still a youth, and finding himself in the midst of the antislavery agitation, he lost no time in espousing this cause. Late in 1843 or early in 1844 he decided to share the fortunes of Brook Farm, and having chosen to become a member of the Farming Group, he worked with notable earnestness and good humor. John Cheever, whose wit was not fine enough, perhaps, to discriminate between positiveness of conviction and self-importance, used to call

Orvis "John Almighty," not, however, to Orvis's marked discomfiture.

When Fourierism was introduced, Orvis was called to the more important work of lecturing through the country in behalf of the general cause, and for the interest of Brook Farm in particular. An extract from one of his letters to the *Harbinger*, written during a tour in Vermont in February, 1846, illustrates the spirit in which he and his associate lecturer, John Allen, met hardships. "Our lectures were not successful there (Brattleboro) the first evening. The second evening they were quite satisfactory, both to ourselves and the audience, as far as we could judge. . . . I think we succeeded in giving a tolerably fair expression of the aims of Association. The next day we sent our trunks to Putney by stage and walked ourselves, it being only ten miles." The trunks were missing at Putney, and Orvis consumed a winter's day in tracing them to Walpole, Allen proceeding to Saxtonsville to keep an appointment that evening. On the following morning Orvis set out for the same place in a conveyance loaned by a friend. "This was more than kind," he says, "for it was the stormiest day of the winter, and we had to ride nine miles in the teeth of a fierce Northeaster, the roads filled with snow, and a perfectly unbroken track. But we had a noble steed, and a brave mountain driver who

had trifled with storms from his boyhood. We got through in about two hours, really enjoying the ride." Allen had lectured to about fifty people the evening before, "after lighting his own fire, and borrowing lamps from the tavern to light the hall, and ringing the bell himself." The second evening was so stormy that no lecture was held. Just why midwinter should have been selected as a propitious season for visiting the villages of the Green Mountain state is not, on the surface, apparent; but, timely or not, the ardor of John Orvis and John Allen was not to be cooled by so trifling an obstacle as unseasonableness. Orvis was a particularly convincing speaker, for not only did he possess a clear, rich, and beautifully modulated voice, but his simple and earnest manner of presenting his subject carried great weight. He was not without humor, and the introduction to his review of Guénon's "Treatise on Milch Cows" is too pleasant not to be quoted: "Here is another new discovery under the sun — a veritable discovery, a French discovery. This last fact will, perhaps, seriously compromise its popularity in this country. Our good puritanic people will no doubt discover a tendency to *infidelity* or French *licentiousness* in it, and therefore reject it, as they do almost everything with which a Frenchman has to do." The discovery itself seems worth mentioning as one which has not yet revolution-

ized the dairy, viz.: that the quality and quantity of milk which any cow will give, and the length of time that she will continue to give it, can be accurately told by observing the hair, or "escutcheon," and dandruff on the posterior parts of the animal.

After the Phalanstery fire — a catastrophe which Orvis did not witness — his zeal redoubled for the sinking cause. Mrs. Ripley speaks of his return after lecturing, at this period, "rather worn down and disappointed, but with undying hope, faith, and devotion." So far as he was able he gained subscribers to the stock. With a few more members like Orvis, Pratt, and Mrs. Ripley, Brook Farm might have weathered all storms.

On December 24, 1846, John Orvis was married to John Dwight's sister, Marianne, who came to the Farm in the fall of 1843. During her early stay she taught Latin and drawing, and she always helped with some of the household work; but later, a demand having arisen for her water-color sketches of the wild flowers of the district, she gave almost her entire time to supplying them. It was not an unusual thing for her to spend eight hours a day in her little studio at the Pilgrim House, autumn leaves supplying her with material for work when the flowers had passed by. Mrs. Orvis is still living.

After leaving Brook Farm Orvis took up, for

a time, insurance and the selling of sewing machines; but with his uncommon skill for organization, his ability as a lecturer, and his desire for social reform, the career of a business man did not sit easily on his soul. In 1862 he went to England to study the workings of coöperation, investigating with especial care the Rochdale plan. His return in 1865 was the beginning of a systematic effort to introduce coöperative stores into this country; but although the attempt yielded good results in some parts of the West, it failed in the East, largely through bad management.

The Patrons of Husbandry, a coöperative society made up of farmers, having attained large proportions and a certain stability, a feeling began to disseminate itself in favor of a similar organization for the mechanical trades, and this sentiment culminated in 1874, largely through the efforts of William H. Earle, in the formation of the Sovereigns of Industry — a secret order. To the firm establishing of this order John Orvis brought his trained intelligence and his unabated strength as a lecturer and an organizer. When the National Council of this association appointed him as its national lecturer, it imposed on him for two years grave responsibilities for which it offered but slight remuneration. But Orvis was too much occupied with his endeavor to transform a theory into a condition, to pay

attention to the monetary aspect of his labor; he believed that the principle of coöperation could be as effectively employed in the production as in the distribution of wealth; and to the task of elucidating this conviction he applied every resource of his mind, his tongue, and his pen.

His contributions to papers and magazines were numerous and telling; in addition to his other duties he edited the *Sovereigns of Industry Bulletin.* Though the Order grew very rapidly, there was so great a delay in adopting the Rochdale system that many of the stores, which were to buy at wholesale and sell at cost, were undersold by competitors and forced out of business; and in 1879, or thereabouts, the project was abandoned.

In a proper sense he was a labor agitator; he had the qualities which characterize the best English protagonists in this cause, in that he was not blatant or self-seeking. He defended the trades-unions, and was himself a member of the Knights of Labor, although he deprecated many of the methods to which these bodies resorted. Nationalism, also, had its charm for him as a possible avenue of escape from existing inequalities.

It was a part of Orvis's social creed that to Brook Farm were traceable many of the movements which for the past fifty years in America have looked toward the improvement of indus-

trial conditions; and although his disappointment grew as one star of hope after another rose and set, he was no more a sceptic in regard to social possibilities when he died, in April, 1897, than he had been as a Brook Farmer. He was of too sturdy a fibre, and his beliefs were too fundamental, for him to abandon faith in anything but a concrete experiment, which had actually been tried and failed. With all his strength, his tastes were delicate; music, pictures, rural beauty, children, gave him keen delight; and his exuberant health made anything but cheerfulness and buoyancy an impossibility. Always a student and a reader, he was, despite his moderate early acquirements, an exceedingly well informed man; and the natural generosity of his mind, which was fully matched by the generosity of his heart, developed under self-cultivation into a rare toleration which much enhanced the value and prominence of his work and influence.

The Rev. John Allen was a Universalist who had the good sense to leave a ministry which had forgotten the injunction to preach the gospel to every creature. His reason was a simple one: he disbelieved in slavery, and was willing to say so, even from the pulpit. His church disbelieved in slavery too, but the subject was annoying. Mr. Allen was moderate indeed and conciliatory; he consented to levy on the Amer-