ican right of free speech, and on his duty as he saw it, only once a year. At first he pleaded valiantly for indulgence in this constitutional privilege once in three months, then once in six months. This was denied; and when the congregation refused him one day annually in which to speak his mind, he left a profession and became a man. The experience was a common one in those days; but Allen did not place the alternative of livelihood ahead of obvious duty. He went to Brook Farm, which welcomed any brave man, though it professed no especial love for abolitionism. Allen had the delicacy not to try to make his new home a College of the Propaganda, but put his skill at preaching to ready use. Orvis and he, during the two years which followed the adoption of the Brisbanized Fourierism, lectured on Association and especially on Brook Farm. Both were good organizers and practical men. Allen called a meeting of delegates, held at Lowell in 1844, and presided over by Ryckman; and out of this call came the New England Workingmen's Association, which sought specifically to secure by legislation a ten-hour working day.

John Allen did not sufficiently believe in vaccination to protect, in the accepted manner, his only and motherless child from the danger of smallpox. The boy was sometimes left with his aunt, Mrs. Leach, while his father was

away on lecture tours, and in September, 1845, the scourge came back with him from Boston. The Leaches had withdrawn from Brook Farm in 1843 to open a Grahamite hotel, and Mrs. Leach, who was a stout abolitionist, relieved the monotony of a vegetarian life by harboring runaway slaves. Her husband, George C. Leach, was as silent as his wife was voluble, and he is said to have found peace in the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs. Leach was a deadly foe to the "fix-ups" in which the young girls at the Farm sometimes indulged, although these were of the simplest description. Her little nephew's misfortune resulted from his association with a man servant who had been suffering from a cold, attended with an eruption, the nature of which was discovered soon after the child's return to Brook Farm. The little fellow was at once removed from the Hive, but too late to prevent an epidemic of moderate proportions. Over thirty cases of smallpox appeared; the Cottage was turned into a hospital, and the wise method of isolation put into practice until the patients grew too numerous. There was no fatal case, only a few cases were serious, and, admirable to tell, there was no panic. It was a severe test of the social and mental strength of the Associates that women and men moved calmly and easily about, keeping the work going, and nursing as

best they could. Allen's fanatical carelessness brought about a valuable experience, and for a time drove away the visitors. The son grew to manhood, enlisted in the Civil War, and was wounded, as it proved, mortally, at Vicksburg. The second wife of John Allen was Ellen Lazarus, whose father was at Brook Farm. The Allens went West, but the wife, unable to contend against the severities of the change, soon died.

Minot Pratt

Perhaps Mr. Ripley's most trusted adviser in matters relating to the practical management of the farm was Minot Pratt, who, during the months of conference and preparation, had given Ripley's scheme his sympathy and support. Mrs. Pratt and her three children were among the pioneers at the Farm, but Mr. Pratt did not arrive until two or three months later. He was a printer, and had held for some time the position of foreman in the *Christian Register* office; many details, therefore, had to be arranged before he could permanently abandon his work there.

Pratt was about thirty-six years old when he went to Brook Farm, where he was soon recognized as an important and beloved factor in the life. He became head farmer at the end of the first season. Although Pratt had had no experience in farm work, he took to it as a man who had always believed that he was not meant to

be a printer; and he rapidly acquired a sound working knowledge of practical agriculture which, it has been thought, would have averted financial disaster had it been supplemented by an equivalent wisdom on the part of even a few of his fellow workers. He became a trustee of the Association in April, 1843, taking the place left vacant by the withdrawal of Ichabod Morton, and filling it with distinction so long as he stayed at the Farm. Certain qualities of his character, as they disclosed themselves, revealed his peculiar worthiness for the trust reposed in him. Honesty and courage of the most unflinching variety, sagacity of judgment, and fineness of temper — these, attended with a voice and manner of exceeding gentleness, caused the balance of feeling toward him on the part of his fellows to show an almost perfect adjustment between love and confidence.

His fondness for all forms of life was very genuine, and was manifested with the same quiet force which he showed in handling practical or moral problems. His passion was botany; but it was not a mere scientific passion, since a feeling for beauty was one of its largest ingredients. It sometimes gave him joy to rescue the wild flowers and rose-bushes which were uprooted by the morning's ploughing, and carefully replant them along the edge of the town road as a future solace to the passer-by. Although he

must be classed with the inarticulate brotherhood, he seems none the less to have had some claim to the qualities and temperament of a poet in his fine appreciations.

The Pratt family lived at the Hive during their four years of residence on the Farm, and their youngest child, Theodore Parker Pratt, was the first child born there. Mrs. Pratt, whose belief in the associative life was fully as deep as her husband's, lived up to her faith as honestly and bravely as he, and she and her children were very happy in the community. But both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt foresaw, rather early, the termination of the Phalanx, and felt that they ought not to wait until that event left them stranded before seeking some other means of providing a livelihood for their family. Though they both approved the grafting of Fourieristic variations upon the old life, it is doubtful whether they gave a very cordial assent to some of the concomitant changes; and in April, 1845, they reluctantly left West Roxbury to take possession of a farm which they had hired at Concord. Saddened as were Ripley and the others at this loss, they recognized the justice of Pratt's arguments that his children were still too young to add anything to the productiveness of the Association and were, therefore, to that extent, a burden upon it; and that the farm was in a condition to be deprived of his services without

serious embarrassment. If he decided to say nothing of his deeper reasons, it is characteristic that in his letter of farewell he could only express a hope — not a belief — that "this attempt to live out the great and holy idea of association for brotherly coöperation" might meet with final success.

Mr. Pratt later bought the Concord farm and spent there the remainder of his life, continuing in the intervals of agricultural toil his botanical studies, and writing his "Flora of Concord," the manuscript of which is held by the Concord Library. He has been described as one of the "most conspicuously attractive inhabitants" of the Hive — large and of fine physique, with strong features, and a modest but dignified mien. He died on March 29, 1878, his wife surviving him until May, 1891, when she died somewhat past eighty, the last of the signers of the original agreement.

George Partridge Bradford

George Partridge Bradford, who figures as the Dominie in Mrs. Kirby's *Old and New* papers, was another of the Brook Farm clergymen who had felt the inadequacy of the pulpit as a medium of social service. Mere formality and conventionalism would not sit easily on the son of so sturdy a revolutionary soldier as Captain Gamaliel Bradford, once of Duxbury. The latter, whose wife was Elizabeth Hickling, had several children, of whom

George was the youngest; he was born on February 16, 1807. When he was ten years old his mother died, and he became the special charge of his sister Sarah, who, in 1818, married the Rev. Samuel Ripley, of Waltham. Mrs. Ripley helped her husband to prepare young men for college. She was a genuine Transcendentalist, and in recognition of the fact Emerson gave her one of the three copies of "Sartor Resartus" which Carlyle sent to America. Of the remaining two copies, Emerson kept one himself and gave the other to Hedge. Mrs. Dall, in her comprehensive lecture on "Transcendentalism in New England," does not hesitate to say that the picture of Parson Allen's home, as drawn by Saxe Holm in "My Tourmaline," is a tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ripley.

The guidance and companionship of this gifted woman were potent formative influences on a mind with strong natural prepossessions toward philosophic thought. Bradford was of the class of 1825 at Harvard, and was graduated three years later from the Divinity School, where he would gladly have been retained as an instructor if he had felt willing to stay; for even at that time his ability as a teacher was evidently suspected if not well known. Although he delivered an occasional sermon, he never took a regular parish, partly for causes already

alluded to, and partly because he recognized certain limitations of temperament in himself. Perhaps, too, the straightforward comment of Dr. Andrews Norton may have acted not as a stimulating douche, but as an extinguishing wet blanket: "Your discourse, Mr. Bradford, is marked by the absence of every qualification which a good sermon ought to have;" and the suggestion, despite the differing points of view of the two men, was timely enough to insure acceptance by the fair-minded Bradford.

Teaching soon commended itself to him as the work in which his tastes and training could best be utilized, and his first class was gathered in Plymouth, where he received such pupils — mostly girls — as were able by inclination or by opportunity to draw upon the wide resources of his scholarship. One marked peculiarity of his mind, which reflected itself in his conduct, was an inability to confine himself for any length of time within prescribed limits. After a year or two of work in one place he would begin to fancy that the quality of his teaching was falling off a little, or that, for some other reason, it would be better to abandon the present undertaking and start afresh. This almost morbid self-distrust, which gradually lessened as he grew older, was a singular weakness in so discriminating an intellect, but it nevertheless produced a peculiarly lovable character. Curtis thinks

that his restlessness was not of nervous origin, but was only an expression of "fulness of life and sympathy." Mrs. Ripley once said of Bradford that he would not be happy in heaven unless he could see his way out.

It was nothing but what might have been expected, then, that Bradford should join that "company of teachers" at Brook Farm, at the very outset, for they were men with whose previous spiritual strivings he had had much in common, and for whose purpose he felt the sincerest friendliness. He naturally fell into place in the school, and his gentle and kindly enthusiasm stimulated the general growth in mental health. Mrs. Kirby says that he was "one of those born at thirty-four, who would never get any older," and the friends of his later life have always been ready to substantiate this assertion. The slight tempering of his wit and vivacity by his occasional gentle melancholy resulted in the sort of humor which has happily been called quaint. On one occasion some of the Brook Farm maidens took their lunch to Parker's church, in order to avoid the long walk between the services, and they insisted on having their impromptu picnic in the pulpit, as a protest against the superstition that there was anything sacred about that particular piece of wood. The Dominie, who had accompanied the party to church, shook his head reproachfully, and said

that "he wished to retain the superstition about the wood, since he had once occupied the pulpit himself."

That Bradford's service to the Association was not wholly intellectual, is shown by a sentence in a letter written to Hawthorne by his sister while he was still at the Farm. "Mr. George Bradford," she writes, italicizing as only a sister can, "one of your *brethren*, has paid a visit in Lowell, where I understand his *hands* excited great astonishment." Bradford came honestly by these callous hands, for he worked in the hay field, milked cows, dug peat, and "pounded" clothes in a barrel — a task which must be performed to be properly appreciated. Bradford was a fine botanist and an expert in market-gardening, his special delight being, when he went to see Emerson, to give advice if not actual help about the vegetables and to trim the trees; and it is clear that the sage did not consider this expert knowledge the least admirable of his friend's accomplishments.

Although Bradford spoke with some approval at first of Fourier, he did not stay to help reconstruct the community. He believed Fourier to have had "a rare and original mind"; but he was also aware that "our nobler part protests at much which a genuine descendant of the old Puritans must always find it hard to swallow." It is recounted of him that he came down stairs

at the Hive one morning, clad in a long overcoat, and carrying an umbrella and a package wrapped up in a blue silk handkerchief. He had before intimated that he could not cordially approve the Association's attitude toward the outside world, and that the "idea" did not seem quite so acceptable to him as he had hoped; and he now announced his plan of migrating to Plymouth, where he meant to start, with his friend Marston Watson, a little market-garden of his own. Before leaving, however, he asked one or two of the young women who had always shown a feeling of affectionate admiration for him to hear a portentous confession which he felt impelled to make, although he realized that in so doing he must forfeit their regard forever. The lack of seriousness with which this prelude was received disturbed the gentle Dominie more than his sense of guilt; but trusting to the horrors of the revelation itself to make a proper impression, he declared boldly that there had been times when he would not have lifted a finger to save Charles Dana's life, had he been in immediate danger of losing it, so jealous was he (Bradford) at Dana's success in luring into his German class the very girls whom Bradford himself longed to instruct in that language.

The kindly scholar thus took his leave and worked among his own vegetables. Watson and he sold them in person to Plymouth housekeepers and received the handsome tribute that for once here were market-gardeners who knew their place, since they always brought their goods to the back door. Bradford eventually resumed his chosen profession, carrying it on in various places, and occasionally exchanging its joys for those of travel. Seven trips to Europe helped to prevent his falling into the mere routine of teaching, although there is little likelihood that he would ever have succumbed to a weakness against which constitutional prejudice protected him. His literary achievement was slight for a man of his scholarship and tastes; he edited, however, some admirable selections from Fénelon, and finished the luminous and comprehensive chapter on "Philosophic Thought in Boston" which Ripley had sketched for the fourth volume of Winsor's "Memorial History." His literary judgment was sound and as independent as his politics, in which he gave allegiance to ideas rather than to parties or men. He was devoutly though not gloomily religious; yet here, also, he was bound by no tenets. Although in later life he became deaf, his intellectual vigor did not wane, and he never grew indifferent to the interests of his youth. Mr. Bradford did not marry, but he had the confidence and friendship of many noble women, some of whom were glad to ascribe to his instruction their love for many good things.

When he died suddenly on January 26, 1890, those who had known him long realized that, little as there was to chronicle in his uneventful career, his sweetness and refinement, always discernible in his face, had contributed an imperishable fragrance to their lives.

An instance of Bradford's hopeless honesty is told by President Walker, to whom he applied for the position of Librarian at Harvard College. Instead of unfolding his qualifications, Bradford elaborately gave every possible reason why he should not have the place, much to the good President's astonishment.

Warren Burton

Warren Burton, who joined the organizing party in the spring of 1841, was a native of Wilton, New Hampshire, where he was born in 1800. There must be fundamental soundness in a nature on which such corroding ills as Burton suffered when a child leave no scar. The faith of many a youth has been permanently darkened by less severe religious perturbations than those through which he passed, in his attempts to accept the theology of the day and yet follow the leadings of his own warm affections. His first troubles came at the age of four, from what he read and from the conversations which he heard; but he told himself that when he grew old enough to go to church, seeming contradictions would be explained and his doubts would vanish. Great, then, was his dismay to find that

"his understanding in divine things was still further darkened at the house of worship," and that the problem must be wrestled with alone. As his mind unfolded under the influence of study, general reading, and observation, and he came to understand the function of a figure of speech, much of the terror of the earlier days faded; the multiplication of interests made it easy not to focus his thoughts on the theological puzzle. At fifteen the "melancholy superstition" had passed and he had "escaped a conversion and a zeal without knowledge." For some time the inevitable reaction set in; religion became a wholly neglected subject, until his later study of the Bible and his profound love of nature established a normal readjustment between his moral and spiritual life. Having put behind him a boyhood tortured not only with religious doubts, but with acute dyspepsia, — a youth rendered peculiarly lonely through the early loss of his mother, and through the fact that he was an only child, — Burton entered college a mature, overthoughtful young man, though a very child in simplicity. He was almost wholly self-prepared for academic work, the district school and the occasional help of the parish minister having been his only sources of instruction.

A member of the class of 1821 at Harvard he received his second degree in 1825, and was graduated from the Divinity School in 1826.

His first parish was that of the Third (Unitarian) Congregational Church at East Cambridge, which he took in March, 1828, and where he remained until June, 1829. At the close of his service there he declined, for a time, to accept another appointment, preferring to use the opportunity afforded him as a "minister at large" to carry out certain educational projects to which he felt committed. Accordingly, not until September, 1833, do we find him again a settled minister; but at that time he became the pastor of a church in South Hingham which he served until 1835, when he was called to take charge of the Second Religious Society in Waltham. In the year following his removal to Waltham, his beloved wife, Sarah Flint, whom he had married in 1828, died. This woman, whose character was as rare as her beauty, had been his friend and companion from boyhood, and her loss so told upon him that he abandoned his work in April, 1837, and again threw himself into the cause of popular education. The great responsibility devolving on home influences in the matter of education and culture was his special theme, and his stay at Brook Farm only strengthened his belief in the importance of his mission.

Little is recorded of his community life beyond the fact that he came in the spring of 1841 and was gone in the spring of 1844; but if anything may be inferred from his later fervor and

buoyancy under discouraging conditions, it is that his character must at all times have endeared him to his fellows, and that he returned to the world fortified and resolute.

From August, 1844, until October, 1848, he was a minister at large in Boston, and during 1849–1850 he occupied a like position in Worcester, acting also in 1849 as chaplain of the Worcester prison. From that time until his death lecturing and writing absorbed him, although he found time to perform the duties incumbent upon the chaplain of the State Senate in 1852, of the House in 1850, and again in 1860, and of the State Constitutional Convention in 1853. As is the way with ministers at large, he was very poor, yet he seems never to have been disturbed by so irrelevant a fact. If he could deliver a course of lectures on his favorite topic to large and interested audiences, he cared little whether there were pecuniary returns. In addition to his poverty, his later years of work were seriously hampered by ill health; still these twin harpies produced no sensible modification of purpose and no diminution of courage. His "Helps to Education" was a worthy contribution to this overconsidered question, and his "District School as it Was" is the joint production of wisdom and humor. Burton's mother is thought to be the original of the teacher — Mary Smith — of this book. "Scenery Shower" is a

little book of quite another type, for it sets forth the moral worthiness of nature as a subject for observation and study. "Scenery Showing" is the title of a later edition, to avoid an obvious ambiguity in the first title.

Burton became an eager disciple of Swedenborg, whose doctrines had aroused more or less interest at Brook Farm, and showed, according to the *Dial*, marked affinity with those of Fourier; but it is said that he held these doctrines in no narrow sense. He also took a deep interest in phrenology. His manner was full of cordiality, and the eagerness and vitality of youth persisted in his talk long after his physical frame had yielded to disease and pain. In September, 1845, he had married Mary Merritt of Salem, who, in his last illness, cared for him with tireless affection. His two children had both died when comparatively young, and Burton himself died in Salem in 1866.

Charles King Newcomb

The perplexities and pleasures of the community were matters of equal indifference to Charles Newcomb, whose aloofness from the general life marks him as a person for special consideration. He came from Providence, where he had been graduated from Brown University in 1837, at the age of seventeen. He had, as a youth, looked forward to the ministry as his profession, "but soon found it impossible to be a sectarian." He attached

himself to the Farm in the early days as a "full boarder" — not because he felt at that time any irresistible passion for the uplifting of mankind, but because he saw that the seclusion and the simplicity of the life would put no barrier in the way of loafing and inviting his soul. Charles Newcomb thought a good deal about the soul. He was deeply versed in the literature of mysticism, which he dearly loved, and according to Emerson "he hated intellect with the ferocity of a Swedenborg." Emerson was convinced that Newcomb's remarkable subtlety of mind amounted to genius, and he assured Margaret Fuller that certain sentences in "Dolon," Newcomb's sole contribution, apparently, to the *Dial* were "worth the printing of the *Dial* that they may go forth." One sentence from this curious paper indicates, if not genius, its next of kin: "A child will act from the fulness of its affections and feelings as if from consciousness, but these are the spirit which thus affect him, and he acts from them as facts which buoy him up and float him, not as sentiment which is need of the fact, and makes him a seeker, as men, who away from their home, or outwardly related to their sphere, feel that which develops in them sentiment and aspiration, but does not put them in the natural position of the sentiment, and the sentiment thus acts, out of its place, from depths which the surface in its hurried

action, is as if dissevered from." Grammar, next to intellect, was his dearest foe.

Newcomb was a sentimental devotee of unattached Catholicism, fascinated by its "psalms and anthems and dramatic rites," but scornful of its other claims. In his room at the Eyrie were pictures of such of the Church's canonized ones as possessed the qualities which he admired. He was fond of lending the works of St. Augustine and similar books to his neighbors, and was given to reciting the litany in the middle of the night. When he first heard of Fanny Ellsler's arrival in Boston, he denounced her as a "vile creature"; but, having seen her, he placed her portrait between that of Loyola and Xavier. If, on a Sunday morning in winter, as he skated along the river, this feverish young man should happen to detect a church spire at no great distance from the shore, it would give him the profoundest satisfaction to remove his skates, seek out the church, enter it, skates in hand, kneel a moment at the altar, and return briskly to his sport.

Communion with himself and Nature (the spelling of which without a capital would have seemed blasphemous to him) was the chosen occupation of his life; and if, when he felt the need of other companionship, he sought the society of children oftener than that of his contemporaries, it was because children were nearer to Nature

and Life than were men, — whose "relations to Nature are closed by their coming between the realities of soul and Nature," — whatever that may mean. His vagaries engendered amusement and sometimes surprise even in this colony where idiosyncrasies were generously condoned. He was, as a matter of course, exceedingly sensitive to "atmosphere," and is said by Mrs. Kirby, to whose readers he is known as Erasmus, to have changed his seat at table because he resented the "profound exactions" made by the eyes of his unconscious feminine vis-à-vis.

There was an all-around lack of vigor in the youth. Slight in body, uncertain in carriage, with eyes of a peculiar expression which betrayed his introspective habits, a prominent nose and long, dark, rather unkempt hair, he carried an air of mystery about him that allured rather than repelled. He alone, of the dwellers in this oasis, held up contemplation as a cult.

Although he failed, for some reason, to make his real ability felt, there is no doubt that he was gifted to an unusual degree. After leaving West Roxbury he returned to Providence and, in 1862, served for three months in the Tenth Rhode Island Volunteer Infantry. In 1870 he went to Europe for a permanent residence, living mostly in London and Paris. On one occasion he spent some time in Rome with his Brook