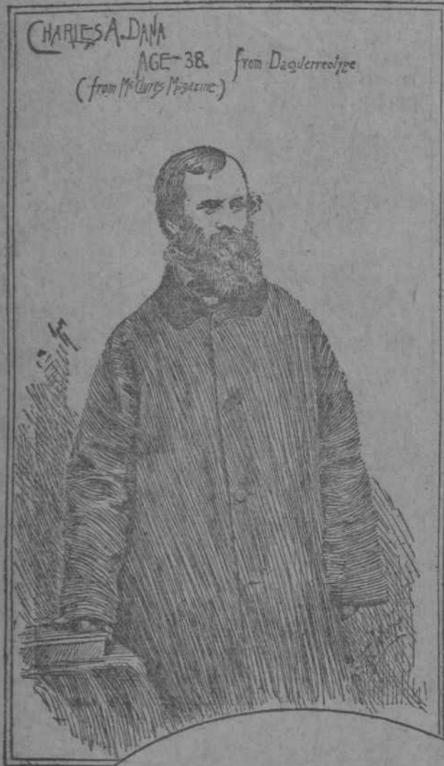
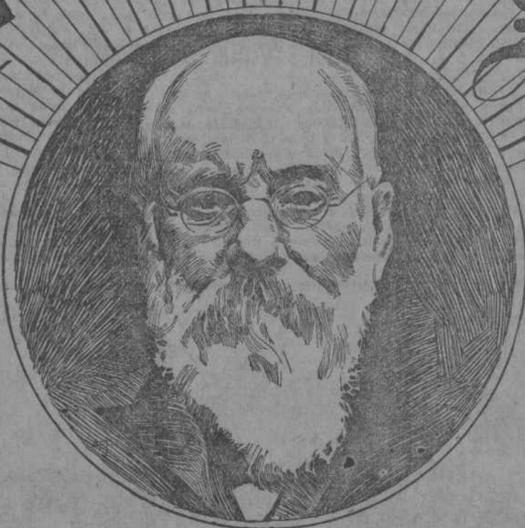


CHARLES A. DANA, FROM BROOK FARM TO PARK ROW.

Some of His Opinions, Utterances, Savings and Epigrams During a Long and Many-Sided Career as a Socialistic Dreamer, War Correspondent, Lecturer, Thinker and Editor.



The Sun.



Mr. Dana's Five Maxims of Journalism.

I.—Never be in a hurry.
 II.—Hold fast to the Constitution.
 III.—Stand by the Stars and Stripes. Above all, stand for Liberty, whatever happens.
 IV.—A word that is not spoken never does any mischief.
 V.—All the goodness of a good egg cannot make up for the badness of a bad one.
 VI.—If you find you have been wrong don't fear to say so.

Mr. Dana's Idea of the Liberty of the Press.

"I have always felt that whatever the Divine Providence permitted to occur I was not too proud to print."—CHAS. A. DANA, in a Lecture on Journalism.

The Making of a Reporter

The qualifications of the reporter you cannot estimate too highly. In the first place, he must know the truth when he hears it and sees it. There are a great many men who are born without that faculty, unfortunately. But there are some men that a lie cannot deceive. And that is a very precious gift for a reporter, as well as for anybody else. The man who has it is sure to live long and prosper; especially if he is able to tell the truth which he sees, to state the fact or the discovery that he has been sent out after in a clear and vivid and interesting manner.

The Sunday Newspaper.

"I do not see anything wrong either in making or in reading a Sunday newspaper, in fact, if I found anything noxious in the Sunday newspaper I should be ready to denounce it; yet, while there is liable to be something you would wish to have changed in any newspaper, and in every newspaper, we do not find any special fault in the Sunday newspaper. It is a picture of the world as it is, of the good men and of the bad, the virtues and the crimes; and as the crimes of half a dozen are more startling and tend more to arrest our attention than the virtues of a thousand good men, it is to the crimes that a great deal of attention is necessarily paid. But is it wrong to report and to publish these things? Everybody will talk about them. The newspapers could not suppress them if they would; and if any one newspaper regularly omitted to give an account of

interesting swindles, or forgeries, or murders, the people would stop reading that paper and go off and get one where they could find all the news. Besides, I have been led to conclude, in reasoning upon this subject, that if the Divine Providence permits such things to happen, we, who are merely the witnesses of its operation, may certainly stop a moment and report the facts to each other.



Dana at the Front in the Civil War Representing the Government.

From Mr. Dana's "Reminiscences of Men and Events of the Civil War," to be published in McClure's Magazine for November.

"MR. STANTON sent for me to come to Washington. He wanted some one to go to Grant's army, he said, to report daily to him the military proceedings, and to give such information as would enable Mr. Lincoln and him to settle their minds as to Grant, about whom, at that time, there were many doubts, and against whom there was some complaint.

"Will you go?" Mr. Stanton asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Very well," he replied. "The ostensible function I shall give you will be that of a special commissioner of the War Department, to investigate the pay department in Western armies, but your real duty will be to report to me every day what you see."



His Account of Life at Brook Farm with the Transcendentalists.

From a lecture delivered at the University of Michigan, Jan. 21, 1897.

THEY (Mr. Ripley and his friends) organized a society called the Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education, and began work. This organization was conceived in transcendentalism and designed to carry on social life in accordance with democratic and Christian ideas. There had been all the time a notable agitation respecting the unsanitary habits of college students, of people who pursued literature and learning. They used to sit in their studies and get no regular exercise, and had no life in nature; they did not go out in the free air and gain their livelihood by the sweat of their brows.

The argument was that while any one was pursuing philosophy, and literature, and philology, and mathematics, he ought to work on the land, to cultivate the earth, and the man who didn't work on the land could not have first-rate health.

You may like to know something of the mode of life there. In reorganizing society the teaching of Fourier, which we adopted, was that all industries should be carried on in groups and series. For instance, there should be a series of gardeners. One group of them cultivated trees, another small fruits, another vegetables, and there were half a dozen of these different but connected groups. So it was all through the establishment.

There was a series that managed the domestic labor or housework. There was a group called the group of the dormitory that made the beds, and took care of the bedrooms generally; one called the confectionery, that had charge of the parlors and public rooms, and one called the refectory, which included the cooks, the waiters and the dishwashers. They were organized and worked together, I know that, because I was head waiter. And it was great fun, I can tell you.

There were seventy people or more, and at dinner they all came in and we served them. So every department of the establishment was carried on in that way. Each person chose what he wished to do, what groups he would work in, and none of the boys and girls tried to shirk. There was more entertainment in doing the duty than in trying to get away from it.

In the Phalanx the young people, the middle-aged and the old, should all be ready to do a duty, which may be inconvenient as well as that which it is convenient for him to do. For instance, Mr. Ripley, the head of the Phalanx, was chief of the confectionery group. I belonged to the same group. That was a universal quality and characteristic of the society. Just as a sculptor, who is carving an Apollo, an image of divine beauty, goes to his work with joy and passion, so among us every duty and every kind of labor ought to be performed with the same enthusiasm, the same zeal and the same sense of artistic pride.

Mr. Dana on the Education of a Journalist.

A word as to the education that a young journalist should work for. In the first place, he should learn everything that it is possible for him to know. I never saw a newspaper man who knew too much, except those who knew too many things of the wrong sort, so I am myself a partisan of the strict, old-fashioned classical education.

On Corporations.

A corporation has no heart, no human sympathies; it has a rule to be rigidly followed, a treasury to fill; it recognizes no brotherhood; acts of friendship are forbidden to it; it is not a part of humanity; it is a machine for making money.

The operative, crushed by the sense of weakness, yields to despair, or, what is worse, falls into brutality.

Go through the great manufacturing cities of France, for example, or those of England and Belgium, where the system is much nearer its final perfection than in this country, and tell us if such is not the wretched lot of the proletarians, that is, the hired laborers. And to this state American laborers are approaching!

On Reformers.

The true reformer ought never to despair. Let him remember that error alone can fall, and that the truth he serves can only be obscured for a season. Does the world scorn him and mock at him as one by one his cherished hopes are frustrated, and the labor of years seems fruitless? Heed it not, noble heart! Thy exceeding love for them that thus despise thee is not wasted; not vain thy yearning to bless them that answer thee with sneers!

It is not for the day thou workest, but for the ages; fear not that the eyes shall be the harvest of thy deeds. Commit thy-

tion. The man who knows Greek and Latin, and knows it, I don't mean who has read six books of Virgil for a college examination, but the man who can pick up Virgil or Tacitus without going to his dictionary; and the man who can read the Iliad in Greek without bogging, and if he can read Aristotle and Plato, all the better; that man may be trusted to edit a newspaper.

But, above all, he should know his own language, the English language. The more you understand it the more you go know

into the depths of it, the more familiar you are with the roots and the complications and the developments of it, the more you will look at it with wonder and admiration. The man who is going to publish a daily manual of news and facts and ideas and truths, or even lies, in that language, should know the language thoroughly. Otherwise he may sometimes say what he does not mean.

Then there are a great many sciences of the present day that the young newspaper man ought to learn. He ought to know

the practical sciences above all, especially chemistry and electricity; history he should know, too, particularly American history, the American Constitution, and constitutional law. About political economy I don't speak so emphatically. Carlyle said it was a dismal science, and I have noticed that a great many young men who have studied it very carefully, and who could discuss it with much emphasis, didn't seem to know so much themselves. But it is there, and it must be attended to, no doubt.

Women in Journalism.

"There are now a great many ladies employed on the newspapers, not only in New York City, but, I dare say, almost everywhere else. They are employed as reporters, as writers, as artists, and they are valuable assistants in almost every department. There is only one difficulty about it; they don't stay. When you have found a lady about whom you are convinced it is impossible to replace her, she goes and marries some rich man, especially if she is pretty, and there the poor editor is left, helpless and without consolation.

MR. DANA AS AN ADVOCATE OF SOCIALISM.

Extracts from His Early Writings in "The Harbinger," Published About 1845.

Each increase in their number and each improvement in the machinery that aids their toil, is not a blessing as it should be, but a curse, and but arms with a new weapon, the power that tramples them beneath its feet. The Sueton, red with the blood of the slain, will draw again to-morrow in its crystal clearness, but at some Leeds, or Manchester or Spitalfields (to mention no American names), to-morrow's sun will rise on even a sadder scene than it has looked upon to-day, and so we know it will be for year after year.

On Commercial Robbery.

Our commercial relations are in a similar condition; the same anarchical despotism prevails in them. We are as little protected against individual cupidity as is the Turkish peasant. The difference is that he is robbed outright and by main strength, while we are operated upon by a more delicate and less tangible mechanism. The general good is as little respected in one case as in the other. We can only wonder at the blindness of the public, which has allowed itself to be plundered by irresponsible commerce without seriously inquiring if it could be helped. We say blindness, but it must be acknowledged that a more forcible expression would be more exact.

On the Moneyed Feudalism.

It has come to this, that the moneyed feudalism, which in the world grinds out the very life of men, stupifies their souls, and ruins their bodies, so that their families become extinct in three generations, is laying its unrelaxing hand upon our own brothers. Talk of free trade and of protection! Each has its advantages, each is, in its time, an element of human progress, but what shall we say of competition in labor, of the universal hostility of interests, on which this accursed system is based? Shall it last forever, shall it have

On Industrial War.

We shudder at the horrors of a battlefield, where a day, an hour, has hurried thousands, amid groans and shrieks and the rage of hellish fury, into one bloody ruin; but afterward, over that field have sprung up the flowers and waving grass and grain, as the peaceful hand of nature has effaced all marks of the terrible havoc.

But in the unnatural warfare of civilized industry—a struggle in which no high principle is engaged, and the mere force of capital wages destruction, which, under a false system it cannot avoid, against helpless masses of God's children, whose only resource is to yield themselves, body and soul, to their fate, there is no respite, no amelioration; and as new generations throng up into this breathing world, there await them only a more hopeless misery, a more certain wretchedness.

On the Right to a Living.

Every person born into the world has an indisputable right to a subsistence, but this does not imply a right to either a large or small portion of the soil. It does imply the right to labor and the right to the fruit thereof. A man of mechanical genius, for instance, may have neither the desire nor the ability to cultivate the soil. Society is not then bound to furnish him with land, but only to supply him with such work as is adapted to his tastes and capacities, and to see that he receives the just value of what he produces. But to each man the community owes absolutely protection of his right to labor. It is bound to furnish such an outlet to engage in agriculture the means of doing so. In order that it may do this it must hold the land itself. Otherwise, what shall prevent monopoly and the destruction of the right to labor?

Of what benefit to me that I am guaranteed the use of a little piece of land if civilized commerce yearly seizes me out of three-quarters of its product? What good do I derive from my farm if I am left exposed to the knaveries and frauds, like hungry cubs seeking around their infernal mother, of free competition? If I am not guaranteed the fruit of my labor my land might almost as well be located in Nova Zembla.

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But it is not to be wondered at. Indeed, one soon learns that in civilization no absurdity is astonishing. The fault lies not so much with the public as with economists, who, with a few magical words, such as "balance of trade" and "laissez aller," have fairly bludgeoned the world and endowed the most hideous of monsters with a sort of captivating beauty.

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