My dear, if you would like to make a sinner of a saint,
Just take her to the Bible with an air of vexed complaint.

I had not joined the church. I knew within me, sweet and clear,
A tenderness, as if that One Divinely Good were near;
I loved that Presence, but my heart accepted not the creed
That made me willing to be lost, if thus the Lord had need.

The gentle words that Jesus spoke were bread of life to me;
But, overlaid with doctrines fierce of duty and decree,
I could not say I took them all, as father thought I should,
And as at worship, night and morn, he often prayed I would.

Eric, he often talked to me, and urged me, still in vain,
To go before the elders and to let them make it plain;
And so our lovers' interviews grew into hot debate
Upon electing love, and faith, and mankind's lost estate.

At last one day, with mournful face, he said, "It is a sin
To marry, if not in the Lord. All glorious within
Should be the daughter of the King." I, smiling, set him free.
Heart's love, true love, *is* in the Lord; but that he did not see.

He married Jennie MacIntyre. She'd tried to win him long.
They say his life has not been quite as merry as a song.
He gathered wealth of lands and gold, his vessels crossed the sea,
But his stately home was grim and cold, as what else could it be—

With her? "You're sorry for my life?" Nay, darling, all is best:
I'm surer of it as my sun leans down the golden west.
I was too quick and passionate, perhaps, for Eric Gray,
And I have lived in God's content, safe folded, all my way.

But there at Eric's funeral, the lilies on his breast,
The lilies and the sheaf of wheat, and the aged face at rest,
With something of the look it wore, the young look back again—
It brought the old days here once more, the pleasure and the pain.

And all my heart went forward, past the shadow and the cross,
Even to that home where perfect love hath never thorn or loss,
Where neither do they marry, nor in marriage are they given,
But are like unto the angels in God's house, which is Heaven.

CONCORD BOOKS.

"Books are the monuments of lives."

TO students of books and to lovers of nature, Concord is especially attractive. To the first class it is hallowed ground, the theatre of grand literary achievement, the past and present residence of famous men. Its hills, woods, and river, even its trees and road-sides, are sacred, beloved of genius. No spot in the township, however uncultured, can be ignored. In this dry swamp, it may be, Emerson saw the Rhodora; on that bend of the river, perhaps, Thoreau watched the withered leaves floating down to the Merrimac, or, at this corner of the prosaic Main Street, noted the elms spreading their "yellow parasols" over the houses.

But the lovers of nature would assert the natural beauty of the town independently of its fame. It is true that there is a certain peculiar charm about Concord. Perhaps this consists in the fact that nature's rights are generally and gracefully conceded there. The place has not the roughness of a new town, in which nature is allowed license, nor the artificiality and primness of a more pretentious one, in which nature is tortured and repressed. Nowhere are our old *bourgeois* friends, dandelions and hardhack, golden-rod and white-weed, more respected and respectable than here. In the most aristocratic portions of the village as well as in its by-ways they plant flourishing colonies along sidewalks and beside fences. The town is the El Dorado of common things—an El Dorado from which stone walls and blackberry vines, button-woods and broom-poplars, are not yet banished.

On the walls of his observatory Hawthorne painted a line from Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters*,

"There is no joy but Calm."

Those who disagree with Tennyson and with Hawthorne will probably turn in some im-

patience from the quiet exterior of Concord, which, until recently, has known few changes in the last century, and seek satisfaction in the thought of its mental activity. The atmosphere of the place is not bracing nor energetic. There is no business, no enterprise. The work is done mostly with brains, not hands. One must either constantly resist the prevailing dreaminess and inertia, or succumb to it, and, gradually becoming transcendental, begin to count riches not by dollars, but by ideas.

Concord is rich in books; indeed, within the last two years it has been made a millionaire among towns by the gift of a library building and by large and valuable additions to its former stock of literature. Neither its immediate nor its remote past disgraces its present. Mr. Hoar, in his remarks on the occasion of the dedication of the new library, spoke of certain "Instructions" given to the selectmen of the town in 1672. The third article of these "Instructions" is as follows:

"That care be taken of the Books of Marters and other bookes that belong to the Towne, that they be kept from abusive usage, and not be lent to persons more than one month at one time."

If the "other bookes" at all resembled the "Books of Marters," surely we of the present day can only wonder at the "dim beginnings" of our public library, and meditate with proper awe upon the literature that our forefathers enjoyed two hundred years ago.

The constitution of the Concord Library —drawn up in 1784 by the Rev. Ezra Ripley, one of the "ancient aristocracy of New England clergymen"—is a most curious manuscript. In fact, it is a manuscript likeness of its good author, whose virtues and whose oddities are so well remembered by the towns-people. The quaint cramped handwriting, the lengthy and careful provisos, the particularity with which all conditions are reiterated, remind one irresistibly of the personal peculiarities shown in the accompanying silhouette. The silhouette betrays that the doctor was old-fashioned—so does the handwriting; the expression shows that the doctor was conscientious and cautious — so do the provisos; the prominency and set of the under-lip establish the fact that the doctor was very firm and rather rigorous—so do the conditions.

According to his rules, the library was never to be kept more than half a mile from the meeting-house, which was the centre of civilization in those days. The library year was divided into quarters, and books were drawn on the first Wednesday of every month, with quarterly preliminaries designed to prevent preference being given to one member above another. Here are some extracts:

"The name of each member, being wrote on separate tickets, shall be put into a box prepared therefor,

and as many numbers as there are members in the Company, beginning with No. One and proceeding on to Two, Three, and so on in that order, being wrote on separate tickets, shall be put in another box, prepared as aforesaid. And the Librarian, with the assistance of the Secretary and Committee, shall, once in every three months, previous to the time affixed for taking out books, draw the tickets for establishing the order in which each member shall take out books for the ensuing quarter. And he whose name shall be drawn against No. One, shall have the exclusive right to choose what books he chooses to take out for the three following months....

"And when any member shall have begun to take out any set of volumes of the same book, he shall have the right to proceed through the whole set, in order, any rule herein contained notwithstanding. And no member shall take out more than one volume at one time, except in such cases where any set of volumes

may be so connected as that real advantage can not be enjoyed without seeing more than one volume; such as the *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, and the like. In such case, any number of volumes, or the whole set, may be taken by one member."

More of the "regulations" might be copied, but these are sufficient to present to the reader's mind a vivid picture of the difficulties with which lovers of literature were beset in 1784, sometimes obliged to carry home the sets of books that fell to their share in wagons, and again waiting years for a desired volume.

According to Shattuck's *History of Concord*, the "Charitable Library Association" succeeded the "Library Company," and was formed in 1795. The catalogue of books belonging to this association has been preserved. It contains seventy volumes, and the only exception to the prevailing "solidity" of the list is *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Some years later—in 1821—new members joined the elder proprietors, and the "Concord Social Library" was founded. A note in *The Yeoman and Gazette*, an old weekly newspaper of Concord, states that it contained in 1828 six hundred volumes. In 1835 the number had increased to nine hundred, and there were fifty share-holders.

In the year 1851 a collection of books called the "Town Library" was joined to the one before mentioned. Parish literature and agricultural literature formed two special departments in the new institution, which continued till 1873, when the "Concord Free Public Library" absorbed into itself alike the chaff and the wheat gathered by past associations and companies, and renewed, re-arranged, and recatalogued all books possessed by the town, in order to make them worthy of better surroundings.

The new library building, presented to the town by one of its citizens, Mr. William Munroe, stands in the centre of the village, the best of monuments to its generous giver, who, although he has added no work of his own to Concord's list of literary achievement, has rendered much of such achievement possible to others, and has laid the foundation for a broader general education. The building is remarkable for originality of design and elaboration of detail; it is, indeed, so odd that at first it did not receive much favor. It has often—perhaps on account of its many angles and colors—been profanely likened to a German toy; and Mrs. Moulton, in a letter to the *Tribune*, observes that "the literature of Concord is, no doubt, its religion; therefore, very appropriately, the library is built like a church."

However, let the criticisms be what they may, in these days of everlasting similarity of architecture, change, oddity of effect, are positive virtues in building. This library, being unique and fanciful enough to content the most fastidious, is a real rest to

WILLIAM MUNROE.

eyes wearied with the sameness of French roofs and square outlines. It is like a line of poetry quoted in a page of prose.

The character of the town rendered Mr. Munroe's gift most appropriate. It would be hard to find a place wherein so large a class would be so much interested in a library and so well able to contribute to it; and the contributions are not only the printed works of individuals, but literary relics and curiosities of the highest value. Each of the collection of busts — which is not yet complete—is the gift of a townsman or townswoman. Those already mounted are of Plato, Agassiz, Emerson, Mann, Hawthorne, and Brown. To these will probably be added busts of Thoreau and Alcott. The bust of Mr. Brown, presented by the "Farmer's Club," is the work of Daniel French, a young Concord artist, who made the model for the statue of the "Minute-Man," which is cast in "historic brass" and set on the Revolutionary battle-ground.

In the reading room of the library hangs a portrait of Columbus—a copy by Raffaelle Mengs of an original painting by Titian. It is a piece of rich coloring, somewhat darkened by time, and is believed to have belonged to the collection of Madame Letitia Bonaparte. Near by hangs a large portrait of Mr. Emerson, painted in Edinburgh in 1848, and opposite is a copy of Stuart's portrait of Washington.

With the portrait of Washington Mr. Munroe gave a manuscript letter written by the "Father of his Country" to General Greene, and dated April 24, 1779. Mr. J. T. Fields has made the library richer by the addition to it of five autographs: the original manuscripts of *Dorothy Q.*, by Holmes; Thoreau's *Walking;* Emerson's *Culture;* Lowell's *Cathedral;* and one of Motley's addresses. Among other treasures of the institution are

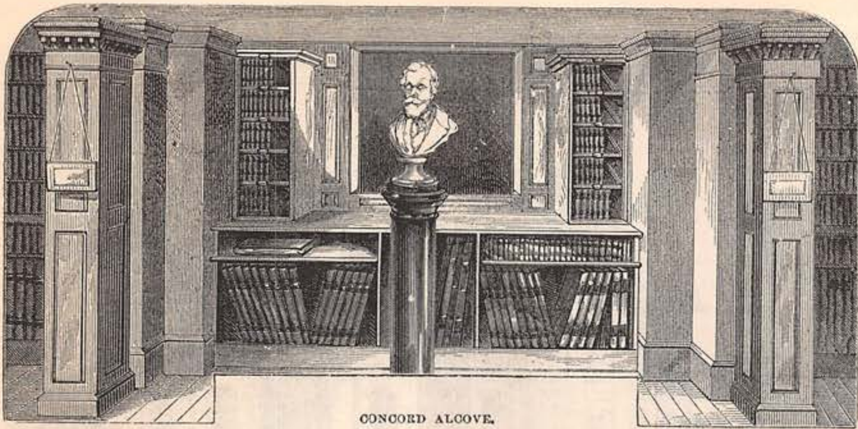
THE CONCORD LIBRARY.

a flora of the township, arranged by Horace Mann, Jun.; a Bible printed in 1599; a collection of coins and medals, ancient and modern; a copy of Luke's Gospel in Chinese; a number of Indian arrow-heads and curiosities, mostly found on a farm in the northwest part of Concord; two portfolios of heliotype impressions; a volume containing engravings of Hogarth's works; and many valuable reference books not usually found on library shelves.

The Concord Alcove, however, is the most unique feature of the library. The bust of Mr. Munroe, cut in marble by Thomas R. Gould, is set in this alcove. And here are collected nearly all the printed works of Concord authors from the time of the settlement on the river Musketaquid to the present year. Here are also files of old yellow newspapers published in the township years ago, when it was more populous, and boasted some business enterprise. And on the shelves above are bound numbers of the *Dial*, edited by Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller.

The literature of Concord dates from 1646, in which year the Rev. Peter Bulkeley published his *Gospel Covenant*, one of the first books ever published in New England, and valuable as defining the position of seceders from the Church of England. It is a series of connected sermons, setting forth the merits of the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Works, the decision between which so disturbed the minds of the first settlers on the Musketaquid that discussion bade fair to be endless. Indeed, it is stated in Shattuck's *History of Concord* that the towns-people on their way to attack the Pequot Indians were obliged to pause in the wilderness and decide whether they were under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works before proceeding.

For nearly two hundred years after the appearance of this book the only publications were pamphlet sermons of especial merit or interest. Of the ministerial authors the most prolific was Dr. Ezra Ripley. Twelve sermons of his were printed within a period of thirty-seven years. Only four discourses besides his own are recorded as having been preserved before the year 1841, from which year the "literary period" of Concord dates. He seems to have made a greater impression upon his time than any of his predecessors upon theirs. To-day the mention of Dr. Ripley's name will call an involuntary smile to many a wrinkled face. His sterling worth, his whole-hearted zeal, and his kindly, quaint humor won both the respect and love of his parishioners. He was so conscientious that he returned thanks publicly in prayer for his first pair of spectacles; so zealous that he would start out to attend Sunday service though the snow was higher than his horse's head; but it is a question whether the indifferent and fair-weather Christians of later times can afford to laugh at such conscientiousness and zeal. It is true that the children to whom he used



CONCORD ALCOVE.

to preach—who are now old men and women —remember ruefully the length of his sermons and the chilly atmosphere of the church in which he spoke; but that only proves that the good doctor thought more of spiritual than of physical comfort. If he had not been simple, thorough, and Christian, the quiet and Puritanical people to whom he ministered—the generation of hard-working, commonplace Abels and Marthas, Johns and Davids, Ruths and Patiences —would never so have loved and honored him.

Two Masonic discourses, a *History of the Concord Fight* and a *Treatise on Education*, complete the list of his published works. He is said to have written over three thousand sermons in his lifetime—a fact which weighed heavily on Mr. Hawthorne's spirits when, in 1843, he became an inmate of his parsonage.

Oddly enough, the staid and stiff line of literature indicated above was broken in upon about 1828 by a drama. At this time John A. Stone, a resident of Concord, wrote a play entitled *Metamora*, which is still in existence in manuscript form. For it Edwin Forrest paid five hundred dollars, a price considered enormous at that time. This play first made the great actor famous. After Forrest's death the manuscript was sold by his executors to a couple of star actors for one thousand dollars. Forrest also paid a thousand dollars for a second play by the same author, called *The Ancient Briton*. Mr. Stone wrote other dramas, and occasionally himself appeared on the stage in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. His fame is obscured by time. Few of the present denizens of Concord have any accurate knowledge of him or his dramas, but among the files of old Concord newspapers may be found a short poem of his, signed "Metamora," and preceded by a complimentary paragraph by the editor. It was written on the occasion of the opening of a theatre at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and is dated January 24, 1830. This poem is not especially admirable. Although the verse is smooth and the expression felicitous, the style is too diffuse to suit modern taste. It is, however, unfair to judge a dramatist by fugitive lines, and one can not divest one's self of the melancholy interest which attaches to the memory of the author. He was still a young man when he became famous, and his family lived, report says, in an old house that used to stand near the corner of Main and Walden streets. He was only thirty-three when, "in a temporary fit of insanity," he drowned himself in the Schuylkill River. A brief paragraph in an encyclopedia is the only record that remains to us of this unfortunate man of genius—this *rara avis* among sermon-writing authors.

In the year 1832, two years before Mr. Stone ended his life, Hawthorne published his first book. The title is *Fanshawe*, but the book is usually chronicled as an "Anonymous Romance." Hawthorne was living in Boston at the time of its publication. The volume soon passed out of print and out of memory, and in later years Hawthorne never cared to claim its authorship. *Twice-told Tales*, which was issued four years later, bore his name. It is a collection of magazine stories, and its success justified the publication of a second series in 1842. A year after, Hawthorne came to Concord. He was not famous at that time, and his dreamy, reserved habits prevented his forming many friendships, except with his literary kindred. He lived in the old gambrel-roofed parsonage, famous for Revolutionary memories, famous also because Emerson had been a recent resident there. This he christened the "Old Manse," and it is doubly renowned through his occupancy of it.

The place is charming—an El Dorado for a dreamer. How charming, any one can understand who reads the introduction to that collection of magazine stories, written while

Hawthorne lived in it, and called *Mosses from an Old Manse.* The genius of the place is in his pages, and one hardly needs the picture in order to become familiar with it.

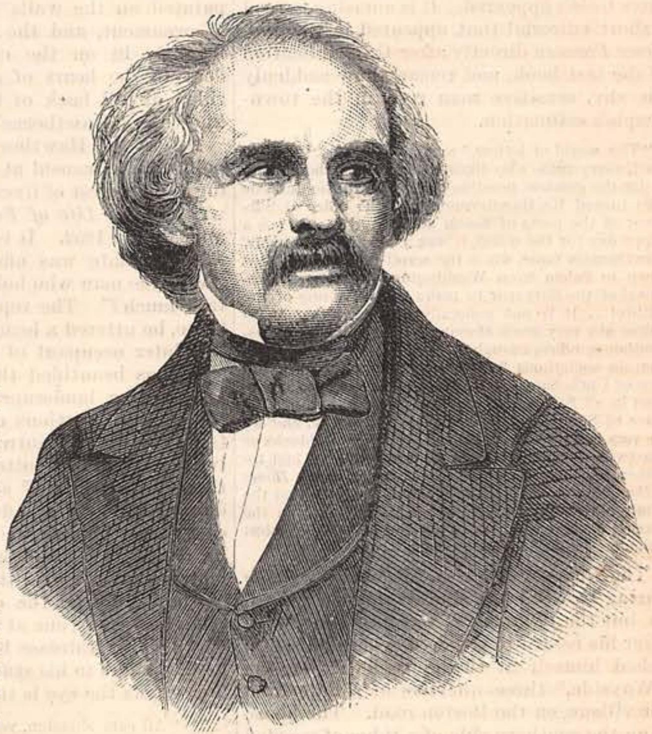
Whatever the critics may say, Hawthorne never loved common things, as Thoreau did. His imagination was more lofty and delicate. He could idealize way-side weeds and garden vegetables, but he could not revel in out-door life and enjoy its unattractive details as did his friend. He never could have written the description of a "river voyage" which enlivens the first pages of Thoreau's *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers,* and which is here transcribed:

"It is worth while to make a voyage up this stream, if you go no farther than Sudbury, only to see how much country there is in the rear of us—great hills and a hundred brooks and farm-houses and barns and hay-stacks you never saw before; and men every where —Sudbury (that is, Southborough) men and Wayland and Nine-acre Corner men, and Bound Rock, where four towns bound on a rock in the river—Lincoln, Wayland, Sudbury, and Concord. Many waves are there agitated by the wind, keeping nature fresh: the spray blowing in your face; reeds and rushes waving; ducks by the hundred, all uneasy in the surf, in the raw wind, just ready to rise, and now going off with a clatter and a whistling, like riggers straight for Labrador, flying against the stiff gale with reefed wings, or else circling round first, with all their paddles moving briskly, just over the surf, to reconnoitre you before they leave these parts; gulls wheeling overhead; musk-rats swimming for dear life, wet and cold, with no fire to warm them by that you know of, their labored homes rising here and there like hay-stacks; and countless mice and moles and winged tit-mice along the sunny, windy shore; cranberries tossed on the waves and heaving up on the beach, their little red skiffs beating about among the alders. Such healthy natural tumult as proves that the last day is not yet at hand. And there stand all around the alders, the birches, the oaks, and maples, full of glee and sap, holding in their buds till the waters subside. You shall perhaps run aground on Cranberry Island (only some spires of last year's pipe-grass above the water to show where the danger is), and get as good a freezing as any where on the Northwest coast. I never voyaged so far in my life."

Hawthorne could never so have delighted in a spring flood on a raw day. His muse is more refined; and he gives dainty and delicate pieces of description that show as great appreciativeness. For instance, what can be prettier than this which he says about apple-trees:

"The trees possess a domestic character, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants. There is so much individuality of character, too, among apple-trees that it gives them an additional claim to be objects of human interest. One is hard and crabbed in its manifestations, and another gives us fruit as mild as charity. One is churlish and illiberal, evidently grudging the few apples it bears; another exhausts itself in free-hearted benevolence. The variety of grotesque shapes into which apple-trees contort themselves has its effect on those who get acquainted with them. They stretch out their crooked branches and take such hold on the imagination that we remember them as humorists and odd fellows. And what is more melancholy than the old apple-trees that linger about a spot where once stood a homestead, but where is now only a ruined chimney rising out of a grassy and weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every wayfarer—apples bitter-sweet with the moral of human vicissitude."

While in Concord, Hawthorne lived an out-of-doors life, his chief companions being Thoreau and Channing. It was perhaps owing to the Sleepy Hollow atmosphere that he did not do his best work while living there. Mr. Hawthorne's democratic principles gained him two public posts—one in 1838, five years before he married, and another in 1846. It was after he left the Salem Custom-house, in a period of great discouragement to himself, that the world was surprised by the publication of the *Scarlet Letter.*



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

"OLD MANSE."

pleasantly close to the road. It was dilapidated when Hawthorne purchased it, and was altogether an unpleasant change from the "Manse." He repaired the house, however, built additions, and constructed an observatory, which overlooks a wide stretch of level fields and roads. The square room at the top of this observatory became his sanctum. Here he dreamed and wrote his wonderful stories. The house is now used as a boarding-school for young ladies, and the observatory is occupied as a sleeping-room; but one can form some idea of how it looked when Hawthorne used it, with red mottoes painted on the walls that else were bare of ornament, and the sunshine streaming brightly in on the confusion of articles dear to the heart of an author. On the ridge of hill back of the house is a path known as "Hawthorne's Walk."

Within a twelvemonth, the *House of the Seven Gables* appeared. It is amusing to read a short editorial that appeared in the *Middlesex Freeman* directly after the publication of the last book, and remark how suddenly the shy, sensitive man rose in the town-people's estimation.

"The world of letters," says this article, "and, indeed, every man who likes to read good books, are under the greatest possible obligation to the dullards who turned Mr. Hawthorne out of the office of Surveyor of the ports of Salem and Beverly....It was a happy day for the world, it was a blessed day for Mr. Hawthorne's fame, when the scroll of Fate was sent down to Salem from Washington, ordering the removal of the Surveyor to make room for one of the faithful....It is not generally supposed that it requires any very great amount of genius to fill a Custom-house office, though it is undeniable that clever men do sometimes find their way among the publicans of Uncle Sam. We believe there was not a blockhead in all Salem who was not capable of filling the place of Surveyor as well as Mr. Hawthorne, and we are very certain that all the heads in Salem—blocks or otherwise—could not, even if they had been laid together, have produced the *Scarlet Letter* or the *House of the Seven Gables*....Let us thank the gods that the admirers of stupidity triumphed in 1846, and, in the excess of their love of letters, compelled the ablest romancer in our country to write."

The *House of the Seven Gables* was written during Hawthorne's short residence in Lenox, but the *Blithedale Romance* was produced after his return to Concord, where he established himself at the place he called the "Wayside," three-quarters of a mile from the village, on the Boston road. The house is on the southern side of a ridge of wooded hills, much shut in by shrubbery, and un-

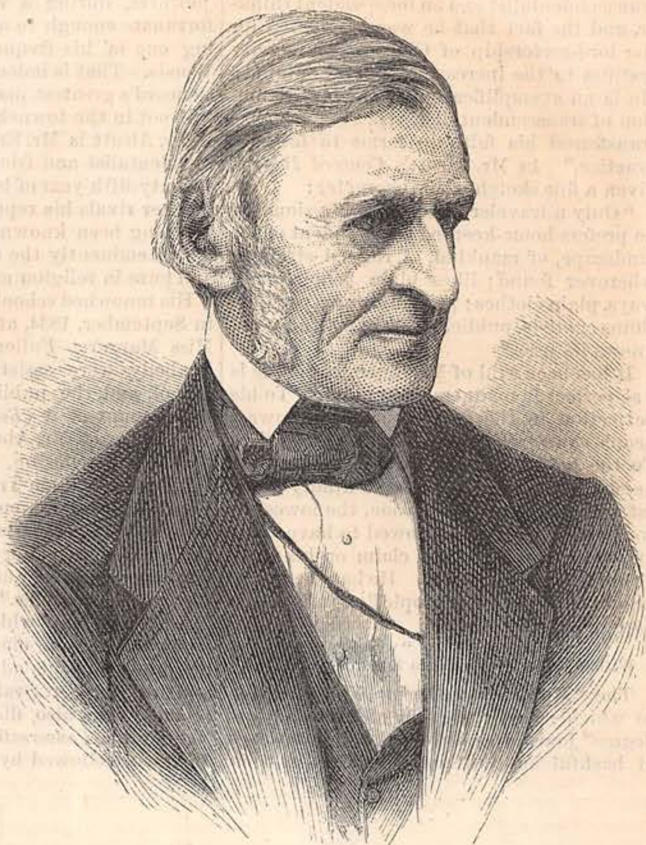
Before Mr. Hawthorne received the appointment of consul at Liverpool, while living the quietest of lives in Concord, he had written the *Life of Franklin Pierce*. This appeared in 1852. It is recorded that when the consulate was offered him he asked, "Will the man who holds the office have to talk much?" The reply being in the negative, he uttered a hearty "Thank God!"

A later occupant of Hawthorne's "Wayside" has beautified the little observatory by painting landscapes and sea views on the inclined portions of the upper ceiling. Over the mantel, surrounded by a trailing ivy wreath, is the motto, "In memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne," supplemented by the date of his birth and death. In the southeast corner is preserved the shelf at which he wrote in a standing position. His red mottoes are still over the doors of the presses that stand on the opposite side of the room in corners, one at the head of the steep and narrow staircase by which Hawthorne used to climb to his study. The motto that first greets the eye is this:

"All care abandon, ye who enter here."

The "literary period" of Concord com-

menced in 1841, six years after Mr. Emerson came to reside in it. In 1835 he wrote *Nature* in his study at the "Old Manse." This book, as the critics said, "struck the key-note of his philosophy." Before its appearance, however, he was a marked man. His eloquence as a preacher, and afterward his secession from church beliefs, together with the brilliant course of lectures and addresses delivered in Boston and Cambridge, had attracted much attention, and when in 1841 he published the first series of his *Essays*, his "name was on every one's tongue." At that time Alcott had published his treatise *On Early Education* (1832) and his *Conversations on the Gospels* (1836). Miss Peabody had also written the record of his school. But Alcott had then hardly become identified with Concord. Thoreau, who graduated from Harvard in 1837, was at that time engaged in teaching or trade, Hawthorne was at Brook Farm, and Channing was not yet introduced to the public. The latter's first volume of poems appeared in 1843.



A second volume of Emerson's *Essays* appeared in 1844, succeeding Channing's earliest poems. He had then removed from the "Manse" to the house he now occupies—a large square white mansion set back from the road, and secluded by a growth of pine and chestnut trees. It is not half a mile from Hawthorne's "Wayside." This house was old, and had to be repaired. The trees that now surround it were planted by Thoreau and Alcott during one of Emerson's absences in Europe, and until recently a rustic summer-house has stood upon the grounds, which was designed and built by Thoreau. Mr. Emerson went to this house directly after his marriage in 1835. It was partially burned three years ago, but was rebuilt on the same plan. Despite the rebuilding, it has nothing unpleasantly new in its aspect, but stands among its pines with an air of aristocratic age. It is but a short distance from the village.

In 1846 Mr. Emerson published his first poems. This volume contains some of his most famous verses, viz., "Rhodora," "The Humble Bee," "A Snow-Storm," "Forerunners," and "The Problem."

The essay "Nature," with nine popular lectures, was republished in 1849 under the title of *Miscellanies*. In the same year Thoreau published his *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. From that time to this, leaving out the years 1857 and 1861, which were barren, every twelvemonth has been marked by the issuing of a book—sometimes of two or three books, by Concord authors.

Mr. Emerson belongs to no school of phi-

losophy and to no sect in religion. He is a transcendentalist and an independent thinker, and the fact that he was nominated for the lord-rectorship of Glasgow University testifies to the increase of liberal opinions. He is an exemplification of the best definition of transcendentalist, viz., "one who has transferred his faith in forms to faith in practice." In Mr. Alcott's *Concord Days* is given a fine sketch of his character:

"Only a traveler at times, professionally, he prefers home-keeping; is a student of the landscape, of mankind, of rugged strength wherever found; likes plain people, plain ways, plain clothes; prefers earnest persons; shuns egotists, publicity; loves solitude, and knows its uses."

It has been said of Mr. Emerson that he is "as perfect in manners as in mind." To his perfection in the first respect his townspeople can surely testify without exception. To the tradesman and to the scholar alike he shows the same invariable kindly interest and courtesy. Every one, the lowest as well as the highest, is allowed to have, or at any rate to establish, a claim on his time, attention, and good-will. He has the "power of idealizing other people," or rather, perhaps, he has learned,

"without labor,
Without reserve as well, to love his neighbor."

The "study under the pines" is a shrine to which many "pilgrims of high and low degree" journey, and toward which the eyes of bashful and curious sojourners in Concord look wistfully. Sometimes these sojourners, during a woodland ramble, are fortunate enough to meet Mr. Emerson taking one of his frequent walks in Walden Woods. That is indeed a favor, for they see Concord's greatest man in the most beautiful spot in the township.

Mr. Alcott is Mr. Emerson's brother transcendentalist and friend, and is now in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His fame as a teacher rivals his repute as an author. He has long been known as an ideal reformer, and is eminently the advocate of the grand and pure in religion and society.

His renowned school in Boston was opened in September, 1834, at the Masonic Temple. Miss Margaret Fuller and Miss Elizabeth Peabody were assistant teachers in this school, and the public owes to the latter the account of it (*Record of a School*, 1874). This was not Mr. Alcott's first attempt at teaching in Boston, for he had formerly taught a school on Tremont Street, near St. Paul's Church, for more than a year. He continued his second school in that city for three years, teaching it, as his biographer, Mr. Sanborn, says, "on Pestalozzian and on Christian principles." Some views on the New Testament which he held and advanced then gave offense to the parents of his pupils, and his advocacy of Grahamism, and inviting Dr. Graham to lecture in his school, were also disliked. The publication of his *Conversations on the Gospels*, in 1837, was followed by severe criticism from many journals. In consequence of these newspaper attacks the school dwindled rapidly, and when, in 1839, Mr. Alcott insisted on admitting a colored child among his scholars, most of the other children were immediately withdrawn by the aggrieved parents. Only five were left, and the school was closed.

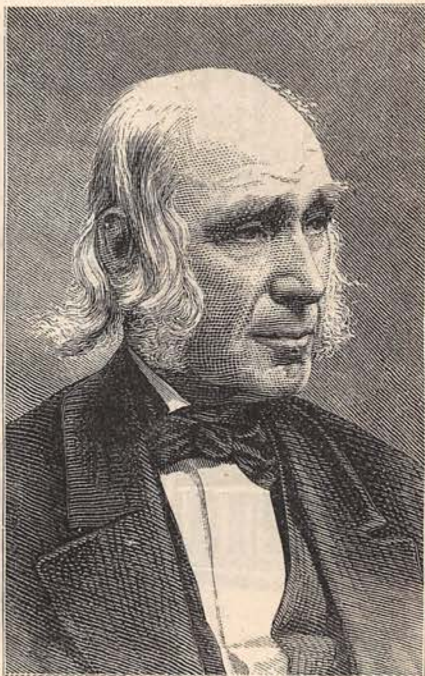
HOME OF EMERSON.

Mr. Alcott's manner of teaching is nearly identical with the so-called "object-teaching" now in use in Boston and in many other cities. He had been married eight years when his Temple school was closed, and with it ended a career of teaching which had lasted fifteen years.

Mr. Alcott was early identified with the transcendental movement, and in 1835, in accordance with his Grahamistic belief, gave up the use of animal food. After closing his school he was invited to join the Brook Farm Association, and afterward the Hopedale Community. He refused both, for what scruple is not known; and, "faithful," says Mr. Sanborn in his biographical sketch, "to his idea of true living," chopped wood and gardened in Concord.

He had, however, his own idea of a "community," which, after a visit to England in 1843, he began to try to realize. He founded a society on the Wyman Farm, in Harvard. This consisted of ninety acres of land. An old house was upon the farm, and in this Mr. Alcott with his family and associates lived. The place was christened "Fruitlands." The associate founders were few, and the experiment proved a failure either practically or morally. In 1845 Mr. Alcott returned to Concord and bought a farm there. The old house which stood on this farm, and which was rebuilt by him and christened "Hillside," is identical with Hawthorne's "Wayside."

In 1857 Mr. Alcott purchased his present residence, which stands next the "Wayside," and remodeled it very tastefully. At the time of purchase it was one of the most forlorn of square farm-houses, owing all its attractiveness to the wooded hills back of it, and the wide sunny prospect before. It is now the most delightful and unique of houses, nestled brownly under elms, with an apple orchard on its right, and shut off from the traveled way by a rustic fence made by Mr. Alcott himself. Within, it is full of prettinesses and surprises artistically contrived, for the Alcott family can boast an artist. The house is low, wide, and roomy, full of nooks that can be peopled effectively with statues and pictures or stored richly with books.



A. Bronson Alcott

On this spot Mr. Alcott has since lived. Even now in his later years he is more hale and vigorous than many a man of fifty. His two charming books of essays and the many "Conversations" and lectures given East and West testify to his continual activity of mind, as his health testifies to his activity of body. He has interested himself in promoting the welfare of Concord schools, and for some years held the office of superintendent, giving the children occasional hour-long conversations.

"One of Mr. Alcott's best contributions to literature," say some of his friends, "is his daughter Louisa." This lady took the public heart by storm six years ago by the publication of *Little Women*, and has since been established as a prime favorite with old and young. Miss Alcott has caused much dissension in families: witness the fact of five or six persons wanting the same book at once. She has also wrought endless mischief in young ladies' hearts by causing a whole generation of misses to fall in love with her Laurie, who after all has no original in life, but *is* original with Miss Alcott. But for all this she has been fully forgiven. Not Miss Burney, not Mrs. Stowe, not Bret Harte after the appearance of the *Heathen Chinee*, ever received the adulation that has been poured out at Miss Alcott's feet by a host of enthusiastic juveniles. And the seniors are not much more moderate. The American public is usually phlegmatic enough, but for once it forgot itself and laughed and cried at the will of a story-teller.

One very amusing instance of tender-heartedness occurred in the city of New York. A gentleman riding on a horse-car was reading the *Old-fashioned Girl*, and was much affected by the mishaps and make-ups of Polly and Tom. Suddenly becoming conscious of a moisture about the eyes, he glanced around suspiciously to see if any one had observed him, and noticed that a young lady on his right was also reading

THE ALCOTT HOME.

eagerly, and undisguisedly crying as she read. Glancing at the book, the gentleman was astonished to find that it was the second volume of *Little Women*.

Tragedy is very well, but comedy is better; so says the general voice. The mass of readers having duly cried over *Hospital Sketches* and *Moods*, forgot their emotion, perhaps, but the hearty laughs they enjoyed at the expense of the March family are not forgettable, and make the book immortal.

The Plumfield school, described in *Little Men*, is from the model of Mr. Alcott's school in Boston, in which Miss Louisa was a pupil. Apropos of this, let me say that perhaps the reality of much of Miss Alcott's so-called fiction is what gives it vividness; or, perhaps, the charm of the story is in the telling. It is hard to define the attraction of her books—an attraction so great that the sale of all has amounted to more than a quarter of a million copies.

In 1873 was published the biography of Thoreau, the poet-naturalist. This book was written by his brother naturalist Channing, and through it have been made known almost all the facts of interest concerning the author of *Walden*. Thoreau has left his record upon Concord, and one is reminded of him at every turn. There is probably not a foot of it that he did not visit; there is not a plant, not a lichen, not a bird, he did not know. His love for every thing in nature, his "intimacy with out-doors," his fancies for and about little things that most people never notice, such as river rushes, shrub oaks, haze, dust, and smoke, are as pretty and odd as any thing in literature. It seems, when one reads his books, as if Mr. Thoreau had been a child, and Concord his toy-house. He made friends with all sorts of inanimate things, hailed them after an absence, and wrote about them lovingly. He speculated about trees, grasses, flowers, birds, and weeds continually, and imagined all manner of wonderful things about them. The pieces of drift-wood floating down the Assabet River are argosies in his eyes; oak leaves have the shape of continents; he voyages to Sudbury Meadows as to unknown lands, and thinks being stranded on Cranberry Island as exciting as being

Very much yours
L. M. Alcott.

wrecked on the Northwest coast. He might have said, with Whittier,

> "On life's current, he who drifts
> Is one with him who rows or sails;
> And he who wanders widest, lifts
> No more of beauty's jealous veils
> Than he who from his doorway sees
> The miracle of flowers and trees,
> Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
> And from cloud-minarets hears the sunset call to prayer."

And amidst all his enthusiasm and fancifulness he managed to be so persistently and unexpectedly practical that his readers can not steer clear of facts if they try. He was that rare character which is half poetical, half mathematical. He was always amassing facts, and always falling in love with fancies. He idealized and calculated at once. He wrote something remarkably pretty about water-lilies, and in the next few lines informed the reader that there are seven varieties of lily pads to be found in the Concord River. He delighted in statistics, and between his driest paragraphs would sandwich a thoroughly poetical phrase or sentence and think it quite in place.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of Walking, that is, of taking walks

FAC-SIMILE OF THOREAU'S WRITING, FROM "WALKING."

Mr. Thoreau was "a college-bred man, with an aptitude for many pursuits of the brain and the hands." Those things he attempted he did almost perfectly. His remark about "having made a pencil, and having no need to make another," has almost passed into a proverb. Like Mr. Alcott, he rebelled against the customs and requirements of social life, and thought men's occupations poor and their rewards petty. His hermit life was an active protestation against social forms. He commenced his life at Walden in 1845, and lived there two years and two months. Walden is a small and beautiful pond a half mile from the village of Concord. Why it is called "Walden," no one knows. Thoreau states that if the name was not derived from some English locality (Saffron Walden, for instance), one might suppose that it was called originally "Walled-in Pond." It seems more probable, however, that the pond received its name from Richard Walden, a famous man in the early history of Massachusetts Bay. He was Speaker of the General Court of Massachusetts from 1666 to 1679, a magistrate, a major, a colonel, and President of the Province of New Hampshire when it was set apart from Massachusetts. He had been an active trader among the Indians along the banks of the Merrimac and vicinity as early as 1635, and he had been a friend, and also an associate in the General Court, of Major Simon Willard, one of the pioneers of Concord.

On one occasion this Richard Walden was deemed so great an authority that his oath was necessary to fix the name of the Merrimac River, into which the Concord River flows. He affirmed that it was called by the Indians "Merremake," and sometimes "Merremack." His name, in the historical records of New Hampshire, is spelled in various ways—Waldern, Walderne, Waldron, and Walden. He signed his name Waldern. He was killed by the Indians at Cocheco in 1680.

Many word-tributes were paid Mr. Tho-

WALDEN.

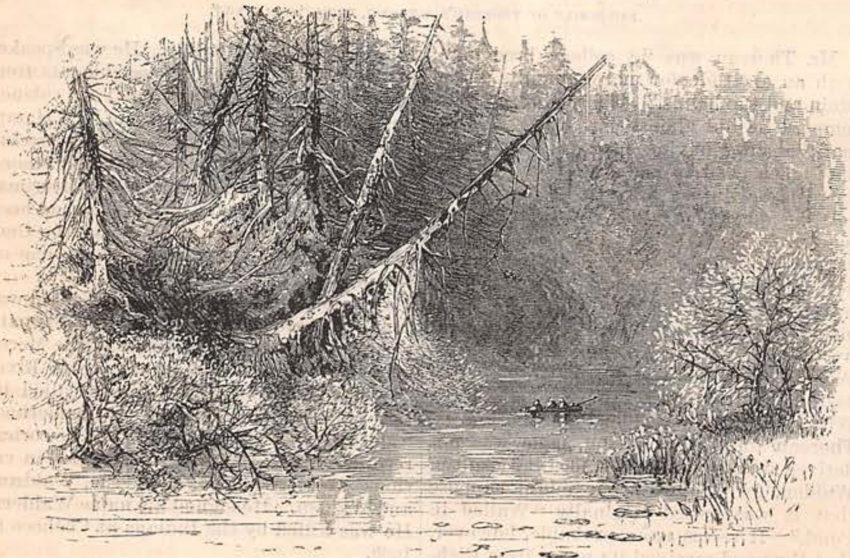
reau before his star had fairly risen. Channing says, in his *Near Home:*

"I see Rudolpho cross our honest fields,
Collapsed in thought, cool as a Stagirite
At intellectual problems; mastering,
Day after day, part of the world's concern;
Still adding to his list beetle and bee—
Of what the vireo builds a pensile nest,
And why the peetweet drops her giant egg
In wheezing meadows, odorous with sweet-brake:
Nor welcome dawns nor shrinking nights him menace,
Still girt about for observation, still
Keen to pursue the devious paths that lead
To knowledge, oft so dearly bought."

And Mr. Emerson said, in his *Wood Notes* (1846):

"It seemed that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him,
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,
As if, by secret sight, he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise."

Most of Thoreau's towns-people remember him as a serious, blue-eyed, strong-featured man, whom they met occasionally on the streets, or here and there in the woodlands, or on the river. Only a few, his chosen friends, knew him at all intimately, and some of these did not understand him.



VIEW ON THE ASSABET.

He was so different from other men that it was difficult to comprehend his character, and he was possibly a little brusque in manner and language. There is something irresistibly attractive about his life and himself. The little white house on Main Street in which he used to live is not much associated with him. His home was really out-of-doors, and it is in the woodlands or on the top of some breezy hill that he is best remembered. I fancy, however, that many Concordians remember his "powerful mathematics" more vividly than his finest chapters, and knew him more favorably as a surveyor than as an author.

His life was just as consistently devoted to Nature after he ceased to live with her as a hermit. She was the only lady of his love. He could not live away from her. There is nothing more pathetic than the biographer's account of his longing for his old freedom in the last year of his life, when entirely broken down by disease—of his trying in vain to scrape the frost from the pane nearest him on a sharp winter's morning, and saying, with utter sadness, as he failed, "I can not even *see* out-doors."

He lies near Hawthorne, in the little Concord cemetery that is being peopled so illustriously. None of his family are now living in the town. His mother is dead, and his only surviving sister resides elsewhere. His house has passed into the hands of Mr. F. B. Sanborn. Three trunks filled with his unpublished manuscripts have lately been deposited by his sister in the library at Concord.

Mr. Channing loves nature better than poetry. This must be true, for most poets are apt to be fickle and to seek for effect, but Mr. Channing never sacrifices the beauty of details to the whole, and is minutely faithful to every part. His descriptive poems, therefore, resemble a succession of small and very perfect pictures.

Mr. Emerson says, in his preface to the *Wanderer* (1871):

> "This author has one essential talent in his art—surprise. In the 'Poet's Corner' of the newspaper we read a line or two, and perceiving that we can guess the rest, turn to the telegraphic news. But the reader of the 'Mountain' must proceed to the end of the canto. We like the poet whose thought we can not predict, and whose mind is so full of genuine knowledge that we are sure to be enriched by every verse."

In Mr. Channing's first poems (1843) we find some remarkable ones, viz., "The Earth Spirit," "Reverence," "Death," and "The Poet's Hope." At the close of the latter are written those two lines that have been so widely quoted,

> "Hope hath happy place with me:
> If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

As his critic says, Mr. Channing's poetry "points to new art." Unlike other writers of rhymes, he thinks more of the subject than of the manner of treating it, and thoroughly disdains effect. He is like that modern writer of whom it is said, "D—— is more heartily loyal to nature than to himself."

Mr. Channing is a reserved, self-contained man, who lives his life in his own way, quite independently of others. He has his own circle of friends, his goddess Nature, and his books, and like his friend, Mr. Thoreau, is satisfied with these.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn deserves prominent mention among Concord authors. He is well known to the public as the friend, and almost the brother martyr, of John Brown. He taught a successful private school in Concord for several years, and in 1860 had

F. B. SANBORN.

two daughters of John Brown among his pupils. On the evening of April 3, 1860, was made the memorable attempt to kidnap and convey him to Washington. He had previously been summoned to appear before a select committee of members of the Senate to answer concerning the charge of complicity with John Brown. As is well known, the highest legal authority of Massachusetts opined that the Senate had no authority so to summon him. The attempt to kidnap him, which aroused such general indignation, was the consequence of his refusal to obey the summons to the capital. There was a conflict, which resulted in the delivery of Mr. Sanborn by force, and the pursuit of the officers for a long distance over the Boston road.

After the attempt on his liberty, Mr. Sanborn went to Canada, and waited there the

settlement of the disputed question of the Senate's authority. He at length returned to Concord, and went on with his school more than two years longer. He subsequently held the office of Secretary of the Board of State Charities, and at the same time was literary editor of the *Commonwealth*, a Boston weekly. He afterward removed to Springfield, having resigned his secretaryship and entirely discontinued teaching, and became one of the editors of the Springfield *Republican*, of which paper he is now the Boston correspondent or reporter. He resides, as has been previously mentioned, in the Thoreau house, which is not at all changed in exterior from what it was twelve years ago. An odd fact about this house is one that used to be told by Thoreau's mother: when the architect had finished the design of the dwelling, it was discovered that he had omitted the necessary item of front stairs. This defect had to be remedied by Mr. Thoreau himself.

One of Mr. Sanborn's near neighbors is Mr. Frederic Hudson, ex-editor of the New York *Herald* and author of a recently published *History of Journalism;* another is Mr. William W. Wheildon, formerly the editor of a Charlestown paper, the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, author of various books and pamphlets on topics of the time, and the originator of the "Wheildon pear," which has received much notice in agricultural issues, as has also the "Concord grape," originated by his fellow-townsman, Mr. E. W. Bull.

There are many who deserve more especial notice than we can give here. Among these may be mentioned the Rev. Mr. Folsom, author of *Translations of the Four Gospels*. He went to Concord as a teacher in 1862 or 1863, and until recently continued a resident of the town. He was for many years occupied in preaching, was a professor at Meadville, and for a time editor of the *Christian Register*. His translations and Scriptural criticisms are of much value. The late Mr. Simon Brown, editor of the *New England Farmer*, was a prominent and much-beloved citizen of Concord. Mr. George and Mr. Ripley Bartlett (of whom both are poets, and one an excellent comedian, author of a book on *Parlor Theatricals*, which has just been given to the public) are also sons of the place.

There are a number of authors whose names are so associated with Concord that it is hard to realize that the town has no claim on them. Margaret Fuller, afterward Countess d'Ossoli, is one of these, as is also Mr. George William Curtis, who, amidst his brilliant career, seems still to retain a kindly remembrance of the "town of his adoption." Mr. Curtis's connection with Concord is a very slight one. In 1843, after leaving Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, he and his brother went to Concord, where they remained eighteen months, living with a farmer, and both taking part in the ordinary work of the farm. They were engaged partly in agriculture and partly in study, and for six months tilled a small piece of land on their own account. The farm upon which they lived is in the northeast part of the town, and commands a beautiful view of the village. It is now owned by a gentleman named Tileston. Mr. Curtis allows the town to assert its partial claim upon him, and has presented copies of his books to its library. Mrs. Austin, the authoress of several popular works, until recently resided in Concord.

There are not as many devotees of art as of literature in Concord, yet the town boasts some worth boasting of. There is Miss May Alcott, a sister of the authoress, of whom Mr. Ruskin, the prince of critics, has deigned to say that no one else is competent to copy his favorite Turner; who has almost perfectly reproduced effects which have caused despair in the case of more pretentious artists; who has, so to speak, "seized the spirit of Turner's paintings," and guessed his secrets.

Mr. Daniel French is an artist who, in spite of his youth, has accomplished a great deal of wonderfully good work. His first design gave evidence of genius, and his busts and bass-reliefs are excellent in execution, and most faithful as likenesses. His "Owls" and the "Cow that set Chicago on Fire" introduced him to the public, and his "Dolly Varden," and the model for the "Minute-Man," which is set on the American side of the Revolutionary battle-ground, have gained him much fame. Mr. French is now in Italy, working in Powers's studio.

Some of Concord's "true lovers" are now seriously afraid that it is losing character, and fast becoming like a city suburb. They are distressed to see trees cut away, corners religiously squared, picturesque streets straightened, and railroads crossing quiet and formerly inviolate fields and woods. They are outraged at the idea of picnickers daily reveling in Thoreau's haunts at Walden, and bitterly complain that presently there will not be an angle left to hang a fancy on. "Why not leave Concord, with its rural quiet and its memories, alone?"

A graver question is concerning the literary future of the little village for which the past has done so much. Perhaps its grand "epoch" has really passed by. Perhaps it is true that it is really losing individuality, and sinking to the common level; or perhaps it is destined to reap higher honors: who can help speculating as to its fate?

But in the future, whatever happen, the town can not be robbed of its patrimony of fame. Let its continued record be rich or bare, it shall still be an aristocrat among towns—a place "dowered with the gentility that comes of able thinking."