OLD CONCORD

HER HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

Revised and Enlarged Edition

BY

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Author of The Pettibone Name, Five Little Peppers,
The Golden West, Hester, and others

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THE SITE OF THE BATTLE, SHOWING THE NEW BRIDGE, THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN 1836, AND THE MINUTE MAN.

Boston OLD CONCORD. Transcript

We have already referred to this charming volume, which only needs to be seen to be recognized as one of the most beautiful of this season's presentation books. Its charm is not, like that of many gorgeous giftbooks, ephemeral. It is permanent; first from its special subject, and secondly from the delightful way in which that subject is treated. The book carries with it an aroma of peculiar delight. Concord is like no other place in New England. There may be other places as beautiful in their way; there are others, perhaps, of more importance in the Commonwealth; and we know there are hundreds of places where there is more active life to the square foot; but with all these admissions, Concord still remains a place of special charm, the result and consequence of more causes than we care to analyze. Its picturesqueness and a certain quaintness of the village has always been noticed by visitors, no matter from what part of the globe they may have come. Added to this is the flavor of Revolutionary history, and the atmosphere created by the daily lives and presence for years of three or four of the giants in American literature. Here lived Hawthorne, and Emerson, and Thoreau, and the Alcotts, father and daughter, and the work that they did here has made it a literary Mecca for all time. These sketches have all the accuracy of photographs, together with that charm of color and life which a photograph never possesses. The author is a resident of Concord, and a dweller in one of its historic mansions, and is thoroughly acquainted with every nook and corner of the town, as well as every legend that belongs to them. The task which she assumes of guiding readers to the places made famous by pen and sword is a labor of love. She tells us how the pilgrimage should be undertaken, and what should be seen. We visit with her the ancient landmarks which belong to the past generations, and the more modern ones, which have even more interest to the multitude. The text is accompanied by a series of exquisite illustrations, nearly all of them views about the town, and is elegantly printed on choice paper, and beautifully bound.

Old Concord. By Margaret Sidney. Ill. Bos-

In Memoriam

TO MY HUSBAND

WHO LOVED OLD CONCORD

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

AND MY LIFE ANEW

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

List of Illustrations.

Old Concord

Her Highways and Byways

OLD CONCORD

HER HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

I.

A SPRING day with free range through Old Concord; then, if ever, comes that peace of body and mind that seldom blesses mortals. It may be that the legendary aroma of the amicable settlement between our enterprising fathers and the original owners, has permeated the old town. Certain it is that over the homesteads and fields broods a deep and abiding content. When all things shall come up for a final adjustment in the last great Day of days, it seems that Concord might be gently passed by, and allowed amid general dissolution, to hold herself together untouched.

Other places suggest the hand of the innovator, and the in-letting of a little vitalized blood; Concord never. Towns, villages and cities grow up and flourish around her borders, awakening no

envy, not even surprise. She knows it all, being keenly alive to what is going on in Church or State. With a not unpleasing indifference to material progress, she adjusts her opinions on every subject, considers this adjustment final, and rests by her river, gentle, sluggish and persistent as herself.

To accommodate the restless ones within her, it is said the neighboring city of B—— was founded. Hither go at early dawn, to seek a more stirring life among men, such as find their craving strong upon them, but they return at night, with a glad gleam in the eye, breathe "Concord" gratefully, and are satisfied.

The best way to see Old Concord is to take a low phaeton and an easy-going horse; with a superb indifference to time, to start without the worry of choosing your road. In any direction you will find rich fields. Arrange that the expedition be made in a day with a smart turn-out, and you will return at night, your mind filled with a surprising array of tablets, inscriptions, a Minute Man, a battlefield, a glimpse it may be of the river, a curiosity shop, an alarming number of graveyards, a sculptor's studio, homes of famous writers,

THE OLD BARRETT HOUSE.

as badly mixed up as the children in "Pinafore;" and you call all this Concord, and wonder that people make such a fuss over it, and why you took the trouble to come over to see it, and wish you had struck off something from the list your well-meaning friend in town had given you of things you must not fail to see, so that you might have reserved time "to do" Lexington also.

No; the carriage must be easy to ride in, and easy to get out of, for frequent studies; it must only hold two persons, you and your appreciative friend, who beside a little knowledge of the town must also possess the rare gift of occasional silence. The horse must not be ambitious to get on. He must be reasonable, and not take it ill if occasionally you forget his existence and leave him tethered beyond the time, while you gather the secrets of the town. It will take several days to "do" Concord in this manner; lazy driving about here and there, as your spirit wills, interviewing the old residents, who, in the seclusion of their ancient homesteads, are delightful indeed, and most valuable to you in your search for authentic records.

There are no hazy "may-bes" about the town

and its history; no elaborate dressing up of tradition. Everything is as open as the day for your inspection, and the bright sunlight of truth shines through it all. You are left free to study, search, and explore to your heart's content. No one is surprised that you have come; no one urges you to stay. Here, if in any spot on earth, each is master of his own movements, and lord of his time.

The indulgent reader will kindly understand that these sketches will not attempt to re-write Concord's history, nor estimate anew her literary life. They will treat of some of the old town's unwritten spots, and much that might escape the general sight-seer. But any study of Concord, however slight and methodless, must contain much of the past century's life so closely intertwined with that now going on in these quiet streets, and recognize the subtle influence of the immortal three who wrote, lived and are sheltered here in death.

No sound greets us other than the crooning and clucking of the fowls, picking their way across the road, one eye on the carriage and its occupants, and the occasional "caw" of the adventurous crow hungrily threatening the adjacent meadow. The

ONE CORNER OF THE "MUSTER ROOM" LOOKING INTO KITCHEN.

old gnarled apple-trees cast picturesque shadows on the grass of the door yard, which is guiltless of fencing, and over the old homestead as guiltless of paint. We draw rein; quick footsteps are heard in the little entry; the door is thrown back, and our hospitable hostess smilingly bids us enter.

"Do let us see the 'Muster Room,'*" we cry, "and tell us the story there," for this is the Colonel James Barrett house, and we have come for the record of the old homestead during the activities of the eventful nineteenth of April, 1775.

With the directness of a child, and the quick utterance of one who knows her story well, and enjoys telling it, Miss A. ushers us in, and offers for our acceptance high-backed rockers, but we hasten to the delightful window-niches, and very soon we are no longer living in to-day, but a past century claims us.

Colonel James Barrett, her great-grandfather (whose father lived before him in this old house), was born in 1710. He went through the French

* The "Muster Room" is the lower front room as seen in the accompanying view of the house. It has two front windows and one on the side. The age of the house is not known it has always been in the possession of the Barrett family.

War, to come out with impaired health. In the threatening times preceding the historic nineteenth, the important duty of buying the provincial stores was entrusted to him; he kept a portion of them carefully under his personal supervision. He held also the responsibility of examining the soldiers and of enlisting them. This work was always done in the room in which we were sitting. Hence its name—the "Muster Room." (There is a curious hole, shaped like a three-leaved clover, over the door; Miss A. pauses in her description, to tell us that her father said it was cut there when the house was built—for what purpose, other than ventilation, the visitor cannot imagine.)

When the British soldiers (a detachment under Captain Parsons being sent to the Barrett house for the stores, and to take Colonel James) were heard coming, the old mother of the Colonel was alone in the house. The family had urged her to flee to a place of safety, but the plucky old lady said, "No, I can't live very long anyway, and I rather stay and see that they don't burn down the house and barn."

One of the descendants of the Colonel gives it as his opinion that probably two companies were

sent to the house—about one hundred and fifty men. (Shattuck's History states three companies.)

Captain Parsons stepped up, "Madam, I have orders to search your house."

"You won't destroy private property?" asked the old lady, not flinching.

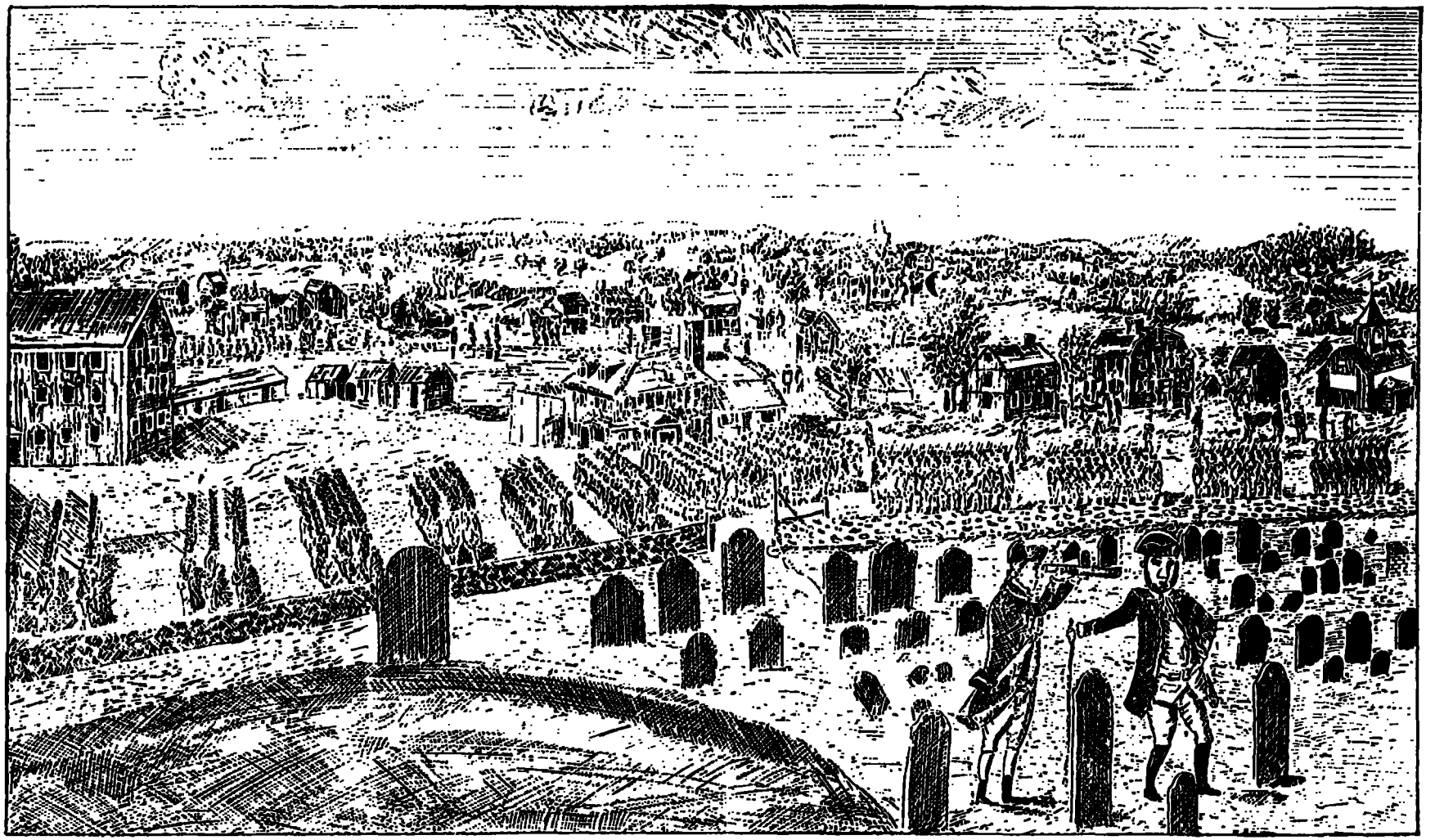
SITE OF THE OLD HOUSE, WHERE THE BRITISH SOLDIERS DRANK FROM THE WELL, AND "TORY BLISS" WAS SEEN.

"No; we will not destroy private property, but we shall take anything and everything we find that can be made into ammunition, or any stores, and our orders are to take Colonel James Barrett."

Early in the morning, when the first news of

trouble to come, was heard, the men in the Barrett family ploughed up the land south of the old barn, in what is now the kitchen garden, a space of about thirty feet square, and while one led the oxen, the others followed and dropped into the furrow the muskets that were stored in the house — then went back and turned the earth over them, thus concealing them. They carried the musket balls into the attic and threw them into an empty barrel; near by was another barrel about three quarters full of feathers; these they turned over the balls. When searching the house, a soldier, spying the barrel, thought he had a prize, and thrust his hand into the feathers, stirring them up. An officer exclaimed crossly, "You fool you! What do you expect to find there!" Jeers instead of commendation being the soldier's lot, he stopped short in his investigations, and our forefathers had cause to bless that laugh of the Briton.

There was a little trunk holding some pewter plates, very near the barrel. A soldier seized one end of this, lifted it and cried out, "This is heavy," preparing to break it in. The Colonel's old mother said immediately, "This is private property; it belongs to a maiden lady in the family" — so



FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING OF THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN, SHOWING THE BRITISH SOLDIERS DESTROYING THE STORES IN THE "EBBY HUBBARD" HOUSE, BY THROWING THEM INTO THE OLD MILL-POND.

The two figures in the burying-ground (Old Hill) are Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn viewing the Provincials who are mustering on an east hill in Concord (this east hill being Ponkawtasset). The three storied building on the extreme left, is the Unitarian Church, which at that time had its side toward the street. Next to it is the Wright Tavern, which is easily recognized. Between the two, and across the mill-pond, can be seen the British destroying the stores. The small building is the old mill (on the site at present occupied by Mr. Flint's grocery store). Just back and to the right of it, is the Block house, and beyond that can be seen the roof of the jail. The building with a cupola, on the extreme right, is the old Town-house. The soldiers in the foreground are the British marching to victory!

according to the promise fortunately secured from the commander, it remained undisturbed.

On the first alarm, the Colonel's son Stephen (who, the family record in the old Bible tells us, was born in 1750) was sent to Price Place (the cross roads where four roads meet, now called Prison Station) to tell the minute men who were hurrying from Stow and Harvard, and the vicinity, not to go down the road by the Barrett House, but to take the great road into town to the North Bridge. How long he waited at his post, tradition saith not, but when he came back he passed around the house and entered the kitchen door. A British officer met him as his foot crossed the threshold, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said, "I have orders to take you in irons to England."

His quick-witted grandmother started up and cried: "No, this is my grandson. This is not Colonel James Barrett; you may take him if you can find him."

The soldiers, hungry and defiant, asked the old lady for something to eat. She, with manner as kindly as if ministering to the necessities of friends, brought out pans of milk and set before them, ac-

companied by sweet loaves of brown bread, saying, "We are commanded in the Bible to feed our enemies." After they had eaten the bread and milk, one soldier offered her money. She refused with dignity, saying, "It is the price of blood." He then threw it into her lap.

The old barn that was then standing, was about forty feet distant from the house. The lane was the same as the present driveway, which is quite close to the homestead. The soldiers were going to burn the gun carriages there (the best ones had been saved by carrying them to Spruce gutter), but the old lady begged them not to do so, for she feared they would set fire to the barn. Her pluck had conquered their respect, and her kindness had made them gentle; and they drew them to the side of the corn barn, a small building about ten feet square, nearer to the road, and close to the lane. Here they had their conflagration to suit themselves.

The tradition is that one of the soldiers who searched the house came back and stayed several weeks with Colonel James. His name is believed to be Trott.

And now Miss A.'s voice held a tremor of tender

sentiment as she related the story of the pretty daughter of the house of Barrett. Milicent was the granddaughter of Colonel James, the daughter of his son James who married and settled in the

THE "EBBY HUBBARD HOUSE" WITH "EBBY" AT THE GATE.

next house toward Price Place. Milly, being young and pretty, it must be acknowledged, had learned how to coquette, and, so the story goes, had captivated, while on a visit to relatives in Cambridge, the hearts of some British soldiers

whom she met in the cotillion and minuet, the dances of the day, especially fascinating one of the officers.

She used to tease him, woman-like, to tell her how they managed their military affairs, and how they made their cartridges.

He, man-like, told her the manner in which they made cartridges, adding if they should find out in England that he had given her the secret, he would, on his return, lose his head. (But it seems he had already lost that!)

After the eventful nineteenth of April, she came home to her father's house and, woman-like again, at once proceeded to put her knowledge into good results. She gathered all her mates about her, and told them the secret; and busily the young fingers flew, forming after the directions given by her British swain, the cartridges that were to save her brave countrymen. The scissors that she used were in the Old South Meeting House, but have been given to the Concord Library by a cousin of the heroine.

The shadows on the grass are lengthening fast; the fowls that have been so noisily busy, begin to trail back across the road, thinking of twilight and

rest, when we come into the present century once more, and realize that we must leave the charming old house.

"But first you must hear the story of that knoll yonder," cries Miss A., pointing out the side window. We can see nothing but some trees in the distance, and we say so.

"It is the site of another stopping-place of the British soldiers," she said in her quick, earnest way, determined to leave nothing untold that we might need to know. "At that time there was on the rise of ground next to this homestead a house occupied by Samuel Barrett and family. He was the only gunsmith living in this vicinity, and made the flint-lock guns for the minute men. It is said that at early dawn of the nineteenth of April a man on horseback, supposed to be 'Tory Bliss,' stopped by this old house, and pointed significantly to Colonel James Barrett's house.

"There was a well near the dwelling at the foot of the tree. Here the British soldiers stopped and took long refreshing draughts; as they drank, a woman in the house held up one of the children to let him see the troops.

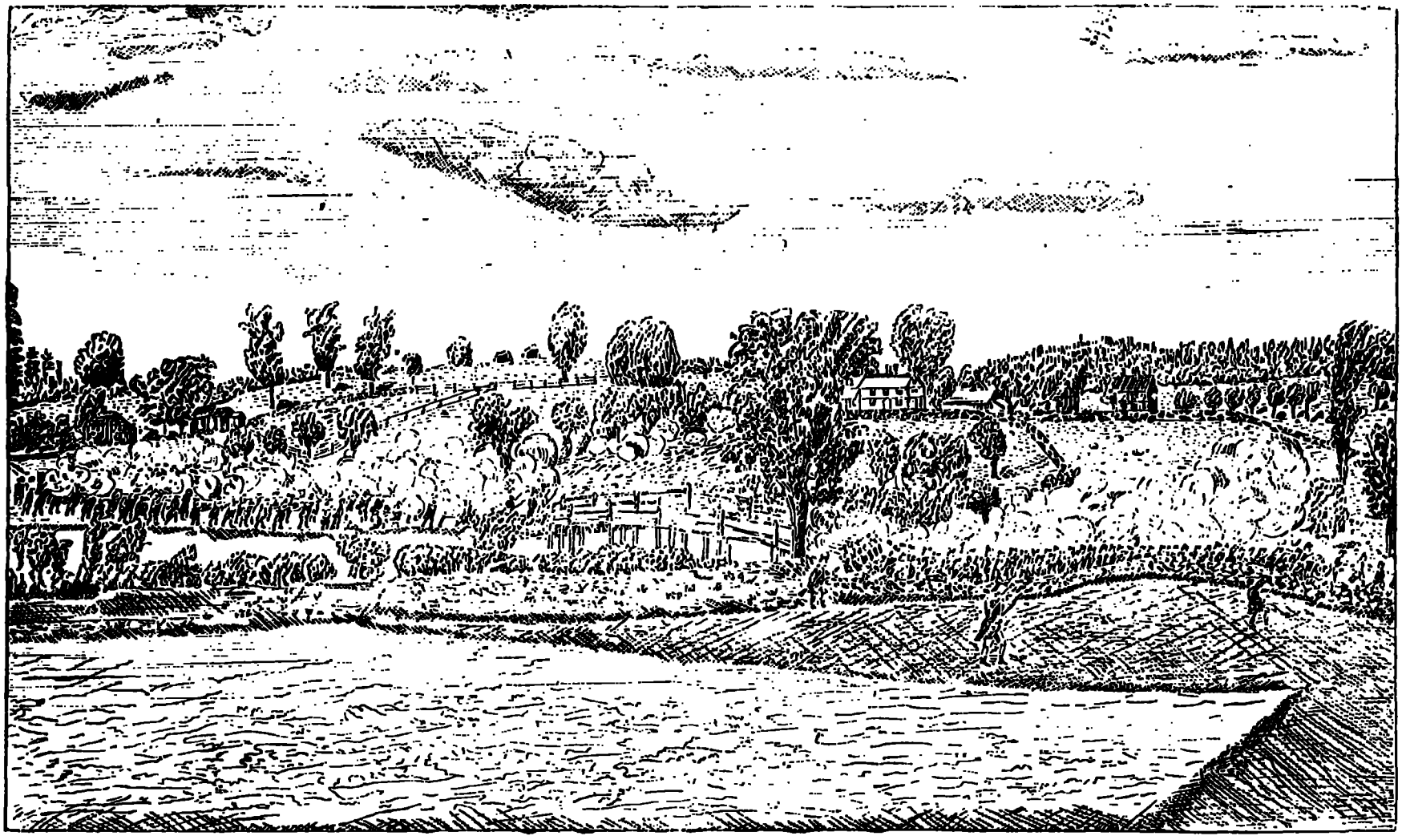
"Tradition says," continued Miss A., "an old

man in the family who was down in the village that morning, in the midst of the sudden tumult when those quiet farmers became determined fighters, expressed himself very plainly about the British; instantly a rough soldier threatened to kill him — to be met with the reply, 'There is no need of your doing that, for the Lord will save you the trouble in a very short time, for I am too old to live long.'"

We seem to be hearing the fearless words of the old patriot as we drive by the quiet meadows, so eloquent of deeds. We have dropped helplessly into the past. Every inch of ground traversed brings us nearer to a mine of history and tradition — the town's centre.

The sites of the mill-pond, the mill, the old block-house and town-house, are now covered by the business of the town. Trade has taken possession of historic ground. To this centre, where the throbbing secrets of those perilous times were whispered with bated breath, the farmer of to-day comes to talk over, at the post-office and the store, the affairs of the whole world, discussed in the last newspaper.

The "Ebby Hubbard house," as it was called,



FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING SHOWING THE FIGHT AT THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE. THE "PROVINCIALS" ARE ON THE FURTHER SIDE.

was beyond the corner on Walden street. Here was a large quantity of grain and ammunition stored on the nineteenth of April, which the British destroyed by throwing into the mill-pond. Malt was made on the Hubbard place; the old malt-house at the end of the house proper, being blown down in the September gale; the house was pulled down in 1874. The old homestead from the first sheltered a patriotism beyond question; for years after when Ebenezer, or "Ebby," the name he carried among the townspeople, inherited the old place, he saved every cent that was possible from his hard earnings, to accomplish his cherished desire that a suitable memorial should mark the spot where the Provincials stood on the day of the fight, and that the old North Bridge should be replaced by a fitting structure. He died as he lived, alone; the neighbors found him sitting in his chair one morning, but the old patriot had passed on. This was in 1870. Carrying out the provisions of his will, the year 1875 saw the Minute Man "telling the story in granite and bronze" to an eager multitude who thronged the new North Bridge to honor the nation's birthplace.

While one detachment of the British soldiers

was thus destroying the stores taken from the "Ebby Hubbard" house, a second was sent to Colonel James Barrett's house, a third was guarding the Old South Bridge (the site of the present Fitchburg R. R. bridge on Main street), and the fourth was at the North Bridge.

The Mill-pond occupied the meadow between Heywood street (then "Potter's Lane") and the Mill-dam and Lexington and Walden streets; the site of the old mill being now covered by the grocery store. Traditions linger around the old mill. One is the following:—

When the soldiers entered to search for stores, the miller put each hand on a barrel of meal, saying, "This is my property, and you have no orders to disturb private property," thereby saving by his self-possession much that was intrusted to his care. It appears, in reviewing the history of Old Concord, that all the people were quick-witted on that eventful nineteenth of April. All honor to the minute men, and brave embattled farmers, but we must also acknowledge that the ready tact and sturdy fearlessness of those who went not up to battle helped "to hold the town that day."

II.

Shut in by the Bedford thoroughfare and the turnpike running from Concord to Lexington, is a thread of a road. As it runs away from either of the highways which it connects, it seems to delight in nothing so much as executing a series of curves, winding in and out among the fields, and around an occasional rocky ledge, with indifference to the order a well-behaved road would be supposed to observe. It is a road run riot. And whoever drives down its alder and birch-bordered length, or knows its beauty enough to prefer a walk through it, feels at once as frolicsome and care-free as the wayfaring itself.

It suggests the antics of a lamb, or the fresh joyousness of a child, with his hands full of daisies, in a sweet English lane.

The ideal of quiet; up-springing life healthful and luxuriant, yet abounds on all sides. There is plenty of enterprise in the farms stretching off on

either hand; all things blossoming and giving fruit with evidence of being well cared for.

Young trees assert themselves most picturesquely in that old gnarled orchard back of yonder stone wall. The very bushes by the roadside, based by the clumps of ferns, grow greener, sweeter and more wholesome than in any other road of our acquaintance. How inexpressibly fresh the air!

Long ago, so one is told by the "oldest inhabitant" (that convenient individual who shoulders all our slips in accuracy), a negro slave, freed and sent to Boston by his master, built a little cabin on the plains, as the open fields were then called. He was known to his townsfolk as "Old Virginia." At this time it was a mere footpath that ran by the door of the little cabin, and it soon became, in village parlance, the "Old Virginia Lane," which name it retained for many years after the town had widened it.

It is at times so narrow, and it has acquired such a trick of doubling and twisting, that the traveler going from the Bedford road is not surprised to come suddenly upon a small house with its adjacent barn that appears to block his progress, suggesting the unpleasant thought that he has

THE VIRGINIA ROAD.

mistaken his way, and is after all making straight into somebody's door-yard. A few steps, however, and the road opens again to his encouraged view around the house, into apparently endless windings.

A tidy little homestead of the pattern so common

THOREAU'S BIRTHPLACE.

in New England as to be describable by the hundred, meets us at the gentle slope; and presently we come upon two poplars gaunt and grim, seeming to say, "we guarded the homestead that you seek."

"We must believe them," we exclaim, and draw rein, to pay tribute of respect to their undoubted connection with Thoreau. We are delighted to find it all true; that the house in which Thoreau was born, was moved some time afterward from the shelter of the poplars, to its present position of treeless waste.

A little more of doubling and winding, and we see the house, an ugly, square flat-faced domicile, given up to a foreign element that swarms in and out its old door. But nothing can undo the fact that within its walls the nature-poet first saw the light of day. So we gaze reverently at the unpicturesque shell of a habitation, and determine to see if possible its interior.

A surly dog responds to our insinuating rap on the door, by running around the house, piercing the air with short, nervous barks, thus hastening the approach of the good woman of the family who cuffs him for his pains and turns a pleasant face to us.

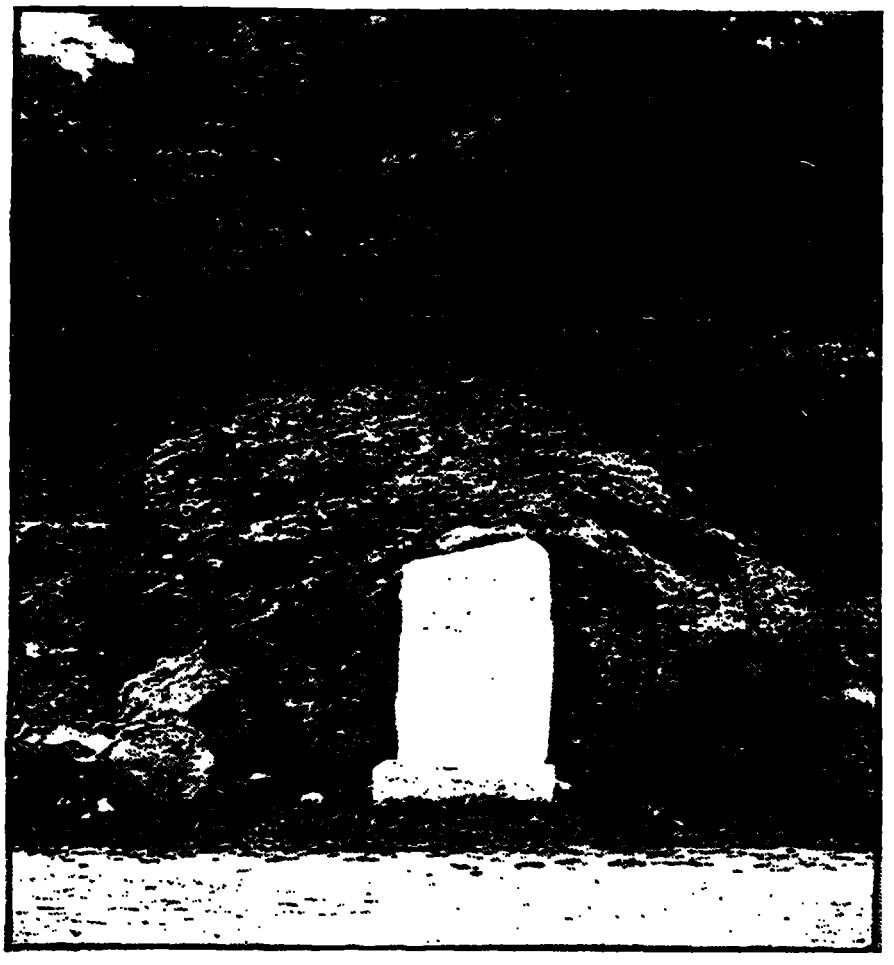
She willingly assents to our request to see the old house, and we step over the threshold, the dog, notwithstanding his rebuff, carefully at our heels, and we are soon within the front room at our left,

which we half believe is the apartment where Thoreau was born. As authorities differ, however, we must see the other room that claims the honor, and we beg the privilege. The good woman hesitates, then bursts out, "'Tain't decent to look at, we keep our oats and apples and odds and ends there. I'm a-going to fix it up and paper and paint it when my son gets time, but"—

"If we only may," we interrupt the stream. She smiles and relents, and presently we are over the stairs and within the room. Neither of the apartments is in the least interesting. The house is not old enough to be quaint, and nothing of its interior calls for a description. It is Thoreau's birthplace; this is its only claim for attention. We pass out silently, and resume our journey.

At every curve of the old road, we seem to drop some pestering care; we are so shut off from the world's highway, that we have absolutely forgotten the gnat-like demands upon our lives. It is as if we were free once more with that security that we do not remember since childhood. And no one shall say us "nay" if we loiter blissfully where we will. The next moment — and we turn sharply into the broad highway cleverly concealed by one

of the usual curves. Life once more takes us up with a "Why have you tarried so long?" and we are on the turnpike leading to Lexington.



THE TABLET ON THE BLUFF.

Once on the broad thoroughfare and we are in the clutches of the spirit of unrest again. We can no more resist her, than deny admittance to the air that enters our lungs.

"Only a bit further to the tablet on the bluff. What a pity to come so far and leave it unseen," says our companion wheedlingly — so we are gracious; particularly as our inclination points that way also.

Before we reach the bluff, we can see the guide board beyond, at the junction of two roads. It tells us that "both roads lead to Lexington." On the green sward underneath, lies stretched a lazy pilgrim, familiarly called "a tramp," who doubtless oppressed by the activity calling for a choice of roads, concludes to sleep over it. We can almost feel his sullen eyes upon us, querying the Fate that would give us a carriage and deny him one; but in the shadow of the tablet telling of our ancestors' courage, shall we be afraid? As long as our tramp moves not, we will stay and get our record: —

THIS BLUFF
WAS USED AS A RALLYING POINT
BY THE BRITISH
APRIL 19, 1775.
AFTER A SHARP FIGHT
THEY RETREATED TO FISKE HILL
FROM WHICH THEY WERE DRIVEN
IN GREAT CONFUSION.

How difficult to believe that this same stony, dusty thoroughfare once echoed terror to the quiet dwellers whose homes lay in the path of the destroyer. Fancy how gay they were, those conquering eight hundred soldiers fresh from the massacre at Lexington, and jubilant over the easy victory before them. But the retreat — was there ever such another! Sore, defeated, confused, they hurry from the concealed fires of every bush, till they are routed on this bluff, to scatter in a panic-stricken rush for their lives.

The blood in us stirs this mild spring day as we go over the story learned so long ago in the well-thumbed books of our childhood. Not even a gentle bird giving some deprecatory advice to her mate as to the location of their first housekeeping venture, nor the soft spring air playing through the thicket crowning the slope, can soothe us into our usual habit of mind.

We wonder if it is the best thing, after all, to record our victories on the face of Nature, changing the peaceful hum of the cricket and the sonorous call of the rustic to his lazy oxen, into the clash of the bayonet and the rattle of musketry, and making it delightful to feel blood-thirsty.

We remark as much to our companion whose eye gleams, as we feel that our own is gleaming. She sits straight in our ancient vehicle, and says it

MERIAM'S CORNER.

all with stiffened vertebræ, without uttering a word, "We cannot quench History."

But our tramp is stirring, and we may be quenched, so we turn ingloriously, and rattle back over the stony "pike."

After a day in Old Concord, no one is justified in surprise at coming upon a tablet. And no matter how many times one reads the inscription on one of these constantly recurring granite blocks, there is always an involuntary pause (unless hurrying to catch a train) in their vicinity. It is sometimes a trifle uncomfortable to be so historically surrounded. At present we are in quest of all such landmarks. So leaving the tablet on the bluff and resuming our course toward Concord Centre, we welcome another at the junction of the Lexington and Bedford roads:

MERIAM'S CORNER

THE BRITISH TROOPS
RETREATING FROM THE
OLD NORTH BRIDGE
WERE HERE ATTACKED IN FLANK
BY THE MEN OF CONCORD
AND NEIGHBORING TOWNS
AND DRIVEN UNDER A HOT FIRE
TO CHARLESTOWN.

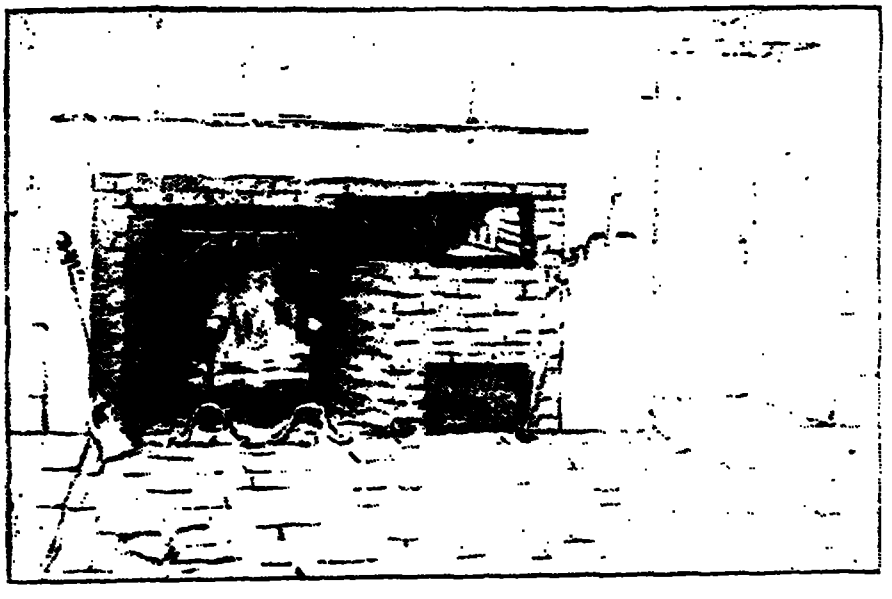
Set back from the road, its side close upon the Bedford thoroughfare, is a square, dingy yellow house with a lean-to and venerable doors. It is

EPHRAIM W. BULL, THE ORIGINATOR OF THE CONCORD GRAPE.

picturesque from the road, its door-yard guarded by two flourishing trees of a later date; and from this point appears well-built and able to easily stand the strain of another century. But turning into the Bedford road, the house suddenly belies its brave front, and seems to be on the verge of decrepitude. A second glance, however, shows us that it is only a series of out-buildings clinging to each other till the word to drop comes, when they will probably all go loyally as one.

Here we catch a glimpse of a round, good-natured face at the window, and we approach the house, and beg for the local traditions. The matron, we find, is pleased to tell us, and the good man of the house corroborates it all, the information being drawn from the descendants of the old family, the original owners of the house. Condensed it reads like this: When the good wife of the Meriam household heard the drums of the approaching foe, she ran and barricaded the front door with chairs, but the soldiers, hungry and cross, pushed it open and found their way to the kitchen, where, sniffing the hot johnny cake in the brick oven, they drew it out in a trice, while two of their number hurried to the barn to milk the cows.

Meanwhile "the girls" of the family, rushed across the road (which then ran over the present corn-field) and hid in the clump of quince bushes growing near the site of the barn put up by the present proprietor, while other members of the household dug



THE OLD OVEN IN THE MERIAM HOUSE.

up from the ash-pit in the cellar the store of silver money (thirty dollars) there concealed and carried it to a place of safety.

The milkers at the barn were presently alarmed by the sound of the approaching Billerica minute men, and they retreated in haste, without the com-

THE WAYSIDE.

fortable breakfast they anticipated. As they straggled off precipitately "Slow Meriam," as he was called, one of the sons ("never was known to be first in anything," in the words of our narrator), took down his old gun and deliberately aimed at an officer. "He has more stripes on than any of the others," he said, evidently intending to make a brilliant *amende* for his slowness. The British soldiers hurrying off over the Lexington pike turned and gave the old house many random shots. One bullet pierced the east door. The hole has been filled up, but the mark made by the bullet is easily seen by the visitor. The old brick oven that baked the Meriam's bread a century ago, is still baking a family loaf on certain occasions, and the quaint closets over the shelf whose doors open in the centre, and the "corner closet," shelter as they did then, household articles of various kinds. It is like many another old Concord dwelling, just as fit to live in now, as it was in the old days, and holding twice as much comfort as any of our "Queen Annes," or nondescript "villas."

We are sorry to go, but the originator of the Concord grape, Ephraim W. Bull, has expressed himself willing to receive us, and we repair to his

dwelling, which, to use a localism, "is just a piece up the road." "He is in his greenhouse, of course," says my companion, who knew of him by hearsay.

"Oh! I hope among his grapes," we cry. And we are right. There stands the old man, kindly, and keen-eyed, of middle height, and tough, sinewy build. He has the face of a scholar, a shrewd man of the world, and a lover of Nature. He is self-possessed as a ruler over a large domain, yet Fate has decreed him a small pittance of this world's goods. He is royally happy, and not a cloud dims his outlook on men and things, whom he watches with an observant eye, prepared as few are to keep abreast with the times. With a simplicity that is charming, the old man receives us, and going on with his work of gently pruning his beloved vines, he gives us quiet deference, and listens patiently to every word. We speak of the Concord grape, and find that ill health proved to him a blessing, for it drove him fifty years ago to this home and occupation, and made it possible for him to slowly evolve the precious fruit from the wild cumberer of the ground. The story is familiar to all — would that every one might hear it from the old man's lips. We are glad to remember as we listen, that public

HAWTHORNE'S STUDY IN THE TOWER AT "THE WAYSIDE."

acknowledgment has been made of the value of the Concord grape, and, at the same time, due honor was given to its originator. It is pleasant to think of one instance, at least, where appreciation is paid to the living, and Fame has a chance to be enjoyed by the one who has earned her favor.

The queer little house with its lean-to that looks as if it were built to encourage the greenhouse, is really somewhat commodious, as a family of ten children was brought up within its walls. That the sons and daughters tarried no longer in the home than early youth, must be supposed, in order to believe the story.

We have, by dropping in among the Concord grape-vines this pleasant morning, happened upon rich findings, indeed. We are delighted to learn that so much of the vicinity of the old garden where we stand is teeming with traditions for us. Concord being the shire town, and the stages running up and down over this old road, quite a local business in the memory of our friend, naturally sprang up here. One must always remember that in the original settlement of the town, the first houses were built between the mill-dam and Meriam's Corner, on the north side of the road, up against the sand-

hill, which afforded protection from the winds and storms of winter, and allowed them to be more easily constructed. If only this old road, as it was then, could be reproduced for us! But the most slender accounts of the original appearance of the settlement, are all that remain for us. We can reach back quite far, however, to credible tales. The memory of our friend, of traditions told to him, supplies much that is interesting.

Old Montifuero, an Italian, lived on the esplanade midway between Meriam's Corner and Mr. Bull's house. He made confections and a certain kind of cakes, quite as popular as the "Election cake" of training-day renown. Mr. Bull relates that on a sad recital in Montifuero's ears, of the ill health of good Dr. Ripley, he looked at first sympathetic, then brightened up. "If he die, what a lot of cakes I will sell," anticipating the big crowd drawn to the town.

One French, who served in the Revolution, lived at one time in Mr. Bull's house. He was a blacksmith, and his shop was in the corner of the grounds next to The Wayside which it adjoins. He lived there till two years before Mr. Bull came, which was in 1837.

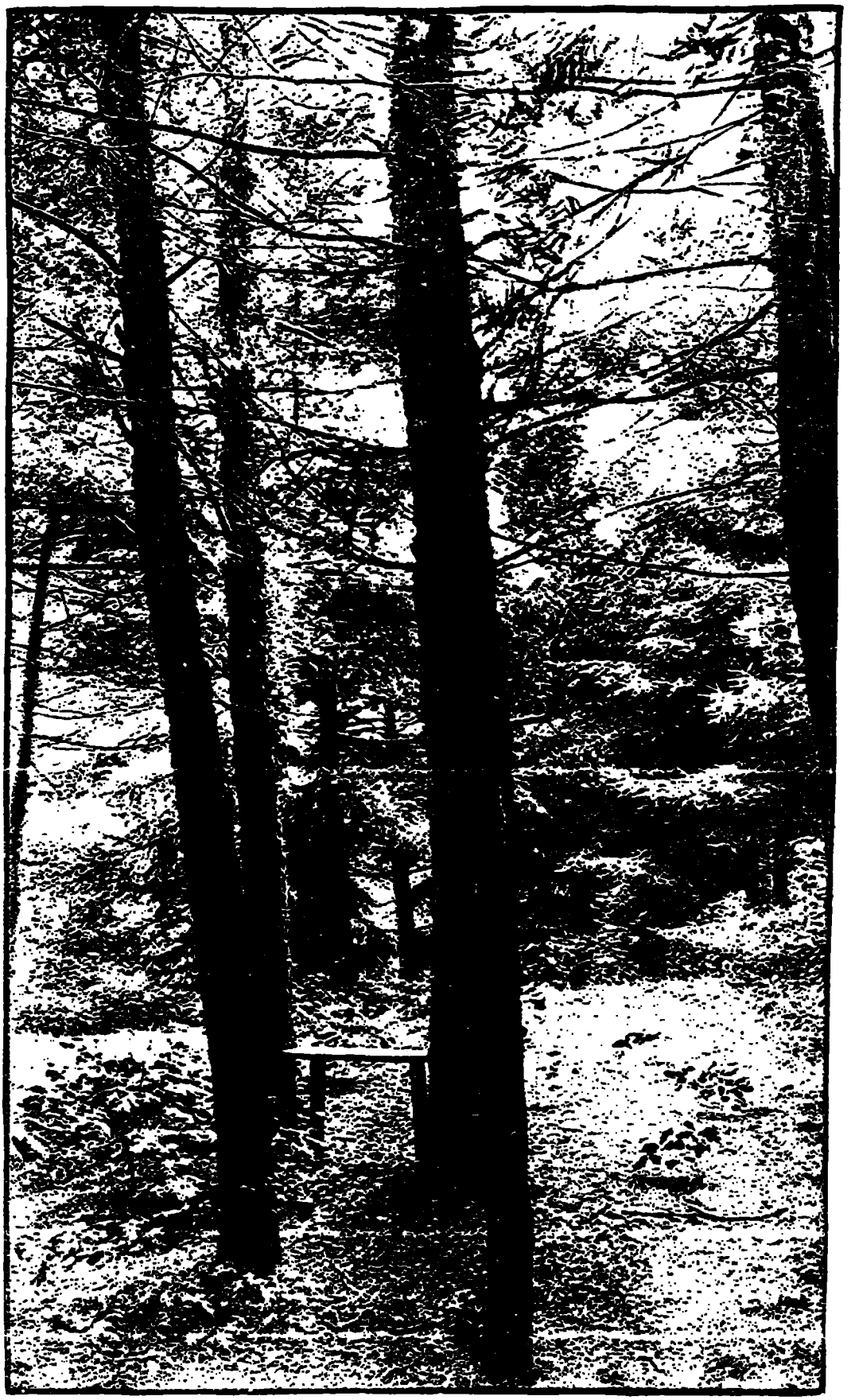
THE LATCH PATH ON WAYSIDE GROUNDS.

In the corner of Love Lane, which strikes off from the Lexington road opposite The Wayside, stood a large Headquarters for the stage department; the letters were distributed by the stages and taken up from the deputy post-office for this quarter, which was kept in the little square house, forming the main part of The Wayside, whose time of building antedates all traditions. In this little house lived one Samuel Hoar, a man who came from Lincoln, a wheelwright by profession. The story goes that he lived and died in the belief that when he died, his spirit would pass into a white horse. (He was evidently trying to eclipse the former occupant of the dwelling whom Hawthorne has made immortal by recounting his fixed belief that he had found the secret of perpetual life.) His shop stood in the angle of the old stone wall adjoining the grounds of our friend Mr. Bull. Long years after, it was cut in two, one half being attached to either end of The Wayside.

Afterward a Col. Cogswell, of Grafton, who was born in Mr. Bull's house and whose father was an officer in the Revolutionary War, bought The Wayside. He moved West, and subsequently sold the place to Mr. Alcott.

Here lived the "Little Women" — Jo, Meg, Beth and Amy — and made the little old house a cheery home indeed! Here Joe scribbled, and Amy wrestled with her fine words; here was Beth's little cottage piano, and here Meg mothered them all when dear Mrs. March was away. In 1852 Nathaniel Hawthorne bought the place, naming it "Wayside," the Alcott family removing to Boston.

We recall the prefatory letter to a friend accompanying the "Snow Image" in which Hawthorne wrote, "Was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public as in my case? I sat down by the *wayside* of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity." His son-in-law, George P. Lathrop, quoting this in a published article, adds, "Although the name 'The Wayside,' applies to the physical situation, Hawthorne probably also connected with it a fanciful symbolism. I think it pleased him to conceive of himself, even after he became famous, as sitting by the wayside and



HAWTHORNE'S SEAT.

observing the show of human life while it flowed by him."

The last romance written by Nathaniel Hawthorne, was "Septimius Felton," the scene of which is laid at "Wayside."

The great Lexington road has little changed since the days when the wonderful romancer described it in the opening pages of this last book of his. There is the same "ridgy hill," along whose foot-line the early settlers planted their humble dwellings, substantially built for the most part, as those houses must be that are to shelter one's children's children; yet primitive enough with ample opportunity left to those who come after, to extend or to alter as prosperity and civilization may demand. This turnpike — "pike" in the vernacular of the oldest inhabitant — connected the centre of Concord, the county town, or "shire," with Lexington, its near neighbor, afterward to be drawn into a closer relationship by reason of the bloody baptism of April 19, 1775.

Rose Garfield lived in a small house, says Hawthorne, "the site of which is still indicated by the cavity of a cellar,* in which I this very past sum-

* This is the depression at the end of the Larch path on Wayside grounds.

mer planted some sunflowers to thrust their great disks out from the hollow, and allure the bee and the humming-bird." Robert Hagburn lived, so the romancer tells us, in a house "a hundred yards or so nearer to the village." This was the Orchard House; the hill, making a little détour, as it were, from the road, the dwelling being set in this curve, and thus drawn back from the wayfaring.

Septimius Felton dwelt in a "two-story house," Hawthorne tells us, "gabled before, but with only two rooms on a floor, crowded upon by the hill behind." (The Wayside.) "A house of thick walls, as if the projector had that sturdy feeling of permanence in life which incites people to make strong their earthly habitations." Perhaps this "projector," by some occult law of heredity, handed down through the years his belief in the permanence of life, as a bequeathment to Septimius. It was, he tells us, "an ordinary dwelling of a well-to-do New England farmer, such as his race had been for two or three generations past, although there were traditions of ancestors who had led lives of thought and study, and possessed all the erudition that the universities of England could bestow."

The Larch path Hawthorne laid out at the top

WAYSIDE DINING-ROOM.

In the Introduction to "Tanglewood Tales," which were written at The Wayside, Hawthorne says of this room: "So we descended the hill to my small, old cottage, and shut ourselves up in the southeastern room, where the sunshine comes in, warmly and brightly through the better half of a winter's day."

of the gentle slope that rises from the wayfaring; following that winding curve made by the road as it breaks away from the straighter line and the turnpike. Along its outer edge, the romancer and his wife planted the slips of trees brought from Old England, scarcely able to realize, even in a vision, the wealth of foliage, and the graceful, tremulous pendants that now, on a summer day, conceal the path from the curious gaze of the passer-by. Indeed could Hawthorne see now his old home, what surprise would overtake him! No bare hillside with a scanty growth of infant trees and shrubs to mark its summit while bending in discouraged fashion to the stormy north wind, but a brave, luxuriant forest, crowning with lavish beneficence every undulation, till at last on the upper height it raises triumphant arms to the sky above.

Drawn back from the Larch path, and within a stone's throw of the old apple-tree on the lawn that furnished a wealth of bloom (his favorite flower) for his friends to strew over him on that May day when the great romancer was laid to rest, is the Hawthorne path, on whose crest one comes suddenly upon the supposed site that Hawthorne imaged as the burial-place of the young British officer.

The dying youth, his brilliant uniform stained with the life-blood that was quickly ebbing away his young life, we remember, begged Septimius to bury him here, where he fell; voicing his longing for quiet rest in the "little old church at Whitnash, with its low gray tower, and the old yew-tree in front, hollow with age." But as that could not be, he begs again, "Bury me here, on this very spot. A soldier lies best where he falls." And so Septimius obeys.

Still further on over the ridgy crest one follows the ribbon-like Indian trail, as "Hawthorne's path" winds along its narrow way. George Parsons Lathrop speaks of it: "It is as if Nature refused to obliterate the trace of his footsteps," and following it, one comes at last to the shadow of the "Big Pine" and the "Hawthorne Seat" at a little remove in a grove of younger trees.

From the top of this hill, a good view in Hawthorne's day, could be enjoyed, of the neighboring country side. Now the trees are so tall and thick, and the intervening shrubbery so intrusive, that the outlying landscape is shut out.

Hawthorne always expressed a great fondness for the scene that lay before him as he daily paced

ORCHARD HOUSE.

back and forth across this hilltop. "There is," he says, "a peculiar, quiet charm in these broad meadows and gentle eminences. They are better than mountains. . . . A few summer weeks among mountains; a lifetime among green meadows and placid slopes, with outlines forever new, because continually fading out of the memory; such would be my sober choice."

The Orchard House, Mr. Alcott's home after he sold The Wayside to Mr. Hawthorne, is separated from it by a rustic fence whose present state is more a shadow of the past than a reality. Here the father gardened, held conversations, wrote his poems, and originated the School of Philosophy. The daughter opened the golden way to Fame and Fortune by the realistic drama of "Little Women," that was immediately set up on the stage of every quiet home-centre.

The old house now holds, in the presence of Dr. W. T. Harris, a delightful influence strong and far-reaching toward the solution of the educational problems of the day.

"The Chapel" hanging to the side of the hill with philosophic calmness, annually re-filled the scholars who gathered there with the year's supply

of analytic wisdom. Many and deep were the regrets when the Concord School of Philosophy closed its doors.

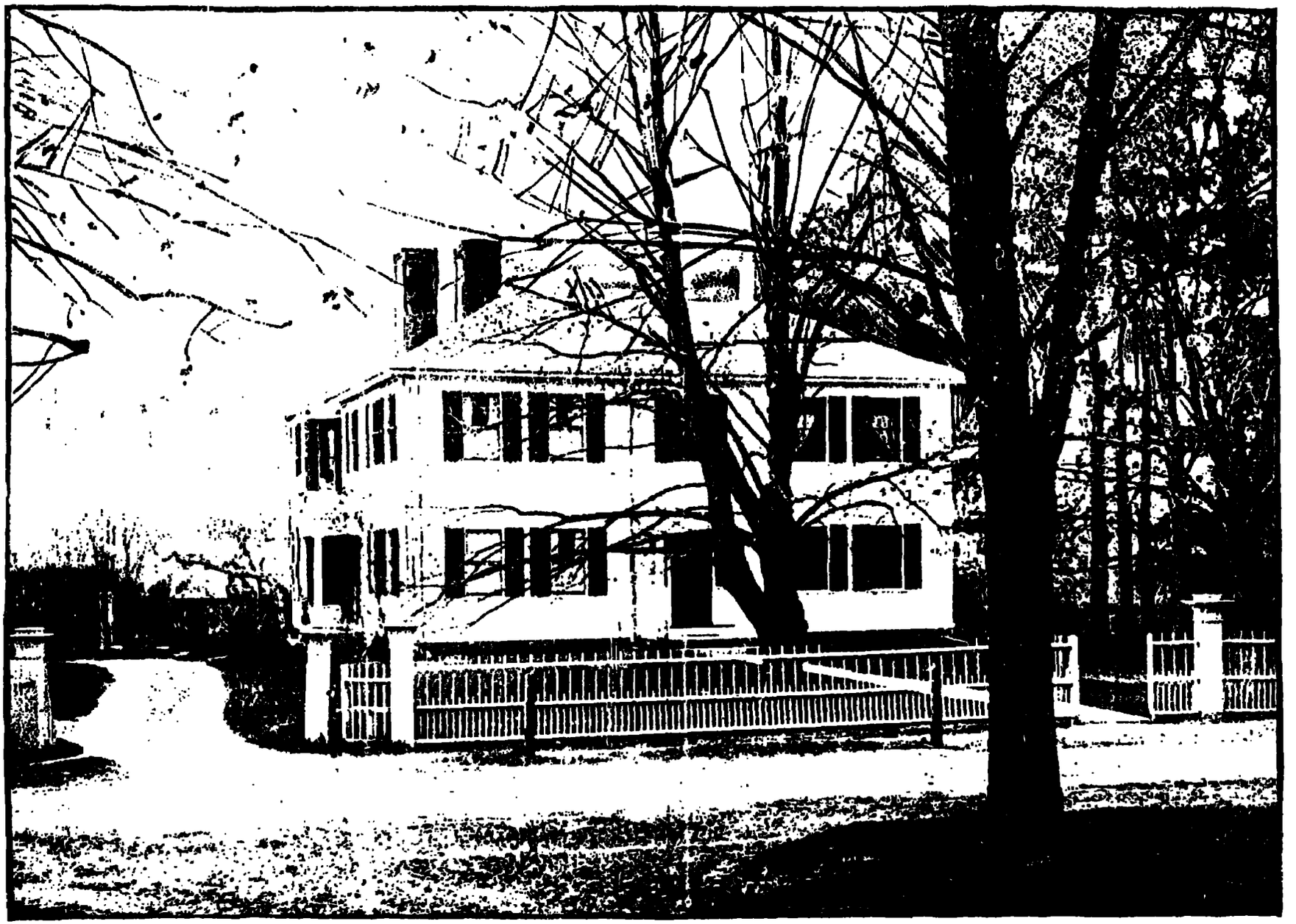
We pause beneath the knot of pines by the roadside guarding the home of Emerson, and this from "The Poet" springs involuntarily to our companion's lips: —

"The gods talk in the breath of the woods,
  They talk in the shaken pine,
And fill the long reach of the old seashore
  With dialogue divine:

"And the poet who overhears
  Some random word they say,
Is the fated man of men
  Whom the ages must obey."

And we return for answer, "Never did the 'fated man of men whom the ages must obey,' utter a truer note than this: —

"'Be of good cheer, brave spirit; steadfastly
Serve that low whisper thou hast served: for know
God hath a select family of sons
Now scattered wide through earth, and each alone
Who are thy spiritual kindred, and each one
By constant service to that inward law,
Is weaving the divine proportions
Of a true monarch's soul. Beauty and strength,
The riches of a spotless memory,
The eloquence of truth, the wisdom got
By searching of a clear and loving eye
That seeth as God seeth. These are their gifts,



EMERSON'S HOME.

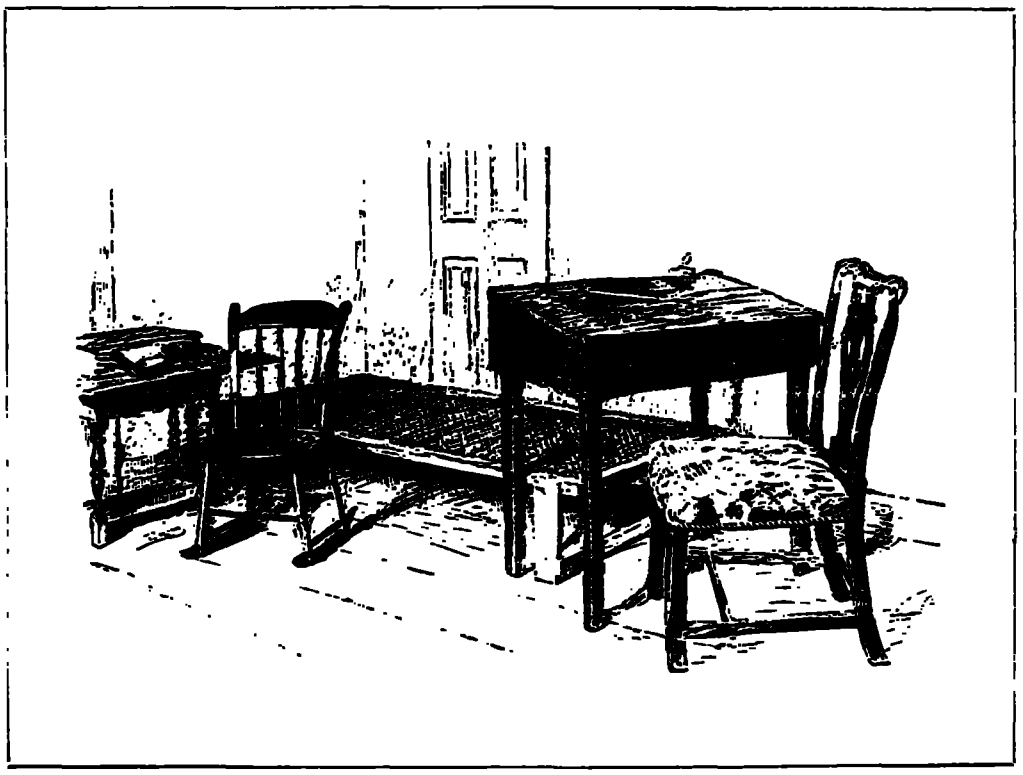
And Time, who keeps God's word, brings on the day
To seal the marriage of those minds with thine,
Thine everlasting lovers. Ye shall be
The salt of all the elements, world of the world.'"

Half-way up the opposite gentle slope and drawn well back from the road, is the old "Minott House." This dwelling was on the corner of The Wayside grounds a century or more ago. Moved to its present position some eighty years since, and altered to the dwelling now known to the town-folk, it is a place that wooes artists most seductively; possessing the right pose on the hill-side, the proper drapery of elm-boughs around its weather-stained walls, and exactly the proportion of gentle dilapidation, to make a pleasing picture.

The little street (Heywood) fronting the fine old family mansion two centuries old of the same name, is identical with "Potter's Lane."

Continuing toward the mill-dam on the right hand side of Lexington Street, we find an interesting group of houses, one needing special mention, the "old Brown House;" built by Reuben Brown, a harness-maker whose shop was next toward the centre, and in whose house cartridges were made a century ago. A few curious bits of

this interior give a hint of the old-time quaintness of the house to those who care for the study of such things. Passing down the cellar stairs, one sees a small square door in the wall, opening into a room by the side of the chimney ten feet high



THE THOREAU CORNER.

and about six feet broad, where the bacon was smoked, the fire being made with corncobs.

At the foot of the cellar stairs, a bit to the right, there is the same swinging oaken shelf supported by heavy iron chains that held the Thanksgiving pies and "Election cake" so many generations

THE OLD MINOTT HOUSE.

ago. Underneath it are the two beams of oak, where the cider barrels reposed. The "living room" with its big fireplace is the family room of a century and a quarter ago. The old house was inherited by the son, Deacon Brown; and thirty-two years ago it passed into the hands of the family who recently sold it to the Antiquarian Society. Mrs. C. tells us that Mr. Emerson used at one time the upper front east room with its open fireplace, as a study. Here he wrote many lectures and essays.

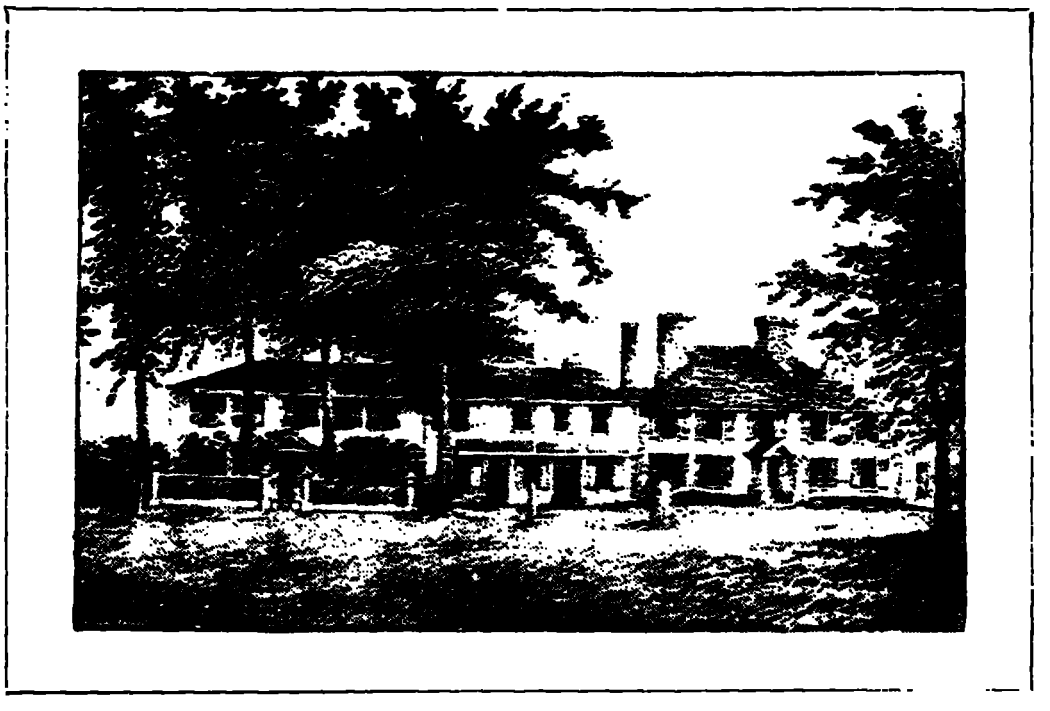
The old house is now occupied by Mr. C. E. Davis, who has moved thither, by invitation of the Antiquarian Society, a large, oddly-assorted, most interesting collection of colonial furniture, curiosities and relics, hitherto kept in several rooms in the Court House.

Here is the "Thoreau Corner," where are grouped the beds, the desk, the chair and table used by the Nature-lover in his hut at Walden and his other homes. On the desk lie the paper-folder and the quill pen picked up where it lay after recording the last words of Thoreau.

No one should visit old Concord without paying tribute to the Antiquarian House, whose quaint sign in all the glory of fresh paint, swings allur-

ingly from a cross-beam between the two old trees fronting the dwelling.

And now we come a bit further up the road to the Unitarian Church on our left, and next to it the famous old Wright Tavern once kept, one must



SHATTUCK'S STORE AND THE PUBLIC STOREHOUSE.

remember, by Oliver Brown who was in the Boston Tea Party. Fronting the little park where stands the monument to the memory of the Concord men who fell in the Civil War, is a long old building.

A century ago, the inhabitants of Concord saw over the door of the centre of this building the sign, D. Shattuck and Co., paints, oils and drugs;

one long end being occupied by Mr. Shattuck as his residence; the other was used as a public storehouse. This last addition afterward became Thoreau's home for a time.

"I do not dare to look at the clock on the church," says our companion. "Let us ignore it."

But it is striking six, and we remember that no voice of the church should fall upon the unwilling ears of the pilgrims, even though sorely tempted by the rich yield of a "Concord day." We turn submissively toward home.

III.

LET us first visit the Library," so proposes our companion at the breakfast table. On the part of the humble chronicler of these days in Old Concord, there is supreme delight, having, since our entrance into her river-girt borders, desired just this hour in her Library. The order is given for the easy-going beast who by this time quite understands our erratic movements, and takes no little pride in meeting all demands upon him with gentle resignation, to be made ready and waiting at the door.

Many of our readers know well the history of this great gift to the town. Through the wise forethought of a public-spirited citizen, esteemed for that sterling virtue and keen intellect that marks New England character, it planted itself in the very heart of the daily life of the people, where, going or coming, to toil or to pleasure, they must see its presence and hear the voice from its elo-

quent halls: "Come up hither; freely take, and learn how best to live."

It is impossible for the youngest citizen of Con-

IN THE CONCORD LIBRARY.

cord to forget the existence of the Library. Beautifully placed, on the point running down between two prominent streets, with a little park in front, that the generosity of the donor has provided shall always be kept open, the lawn like a bit of English

grass for greenery and luxuriant smoothness, it appeals to the eye, and woos the senses. It is most attractive of exterior.

A mural tablet in the vestibule tells the visitor that —

WILLIAM MUNROE
BORN IN CONCORD, JUNE 24, 1806
BUILT THIS LIBRARY
AND GAVE IT
WITH FUNDS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE AND EXTENSION
FOR THE USE OF THE INHABITANTS
OF HIS NATIVE TOWN.

On entering the Main Hall one naturally turns to the left into the Reading Room admirably adapted to its purpose, and well supplied with the current magazines and periodicals.

Here are several historic reminders of Concord's Great Day; a curious sketch of Concord Jail hangs on the wall. An explanatory note under it says: "The jail in which General Sir Archibald Campbell and —— Wilson were confined when taken off Boston by a French Privateer. This sketch was made either by Campbell or his fellow prisoner during their confinement in 1777."

THE LIBRARY, SHOWING MAIN STREET AND SUDBURY ROAD.

Here also hang the scissors used by Milicent Barrett in making cartridges during these memorable days; and on the opposite wall is a quaint hand-bill evidently circulated with its fellows to stir up patriotism in the young American blood, entitled, under a row of black coffins, "Bloody Butchery by the British Troops, or, Runaway Fight of the Regulars," and having some memorial verses appended to those "worthies who fell in the Concord Fight."

There is a fine, half-length portrait in oil over the mantel of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose serene spirit broods over this realm of thought, lending inspiration to the students and casual readers gathered around the tables and in little groups through the room.

The view of the Main Hall given in the accompanying illustration, shows the alcove devoted to the Concord Authors. In its centre is the bust of the donor of the Library; on either hand the busts of Hawthorne and Emerson. In the foreground, stands the statue of the Minute Man, one of Concord's greatest works, and which she is never tired of honoring. Busts of Plato, Agassiz and Horace Mann, voiceless yet eloquent, are on the other sides of the Hall.

Here too the very children know there is a presence other than the silent books, the voiceless statues, and the subtle influence of the place, to help them upward; a wise, kindly presence that shall enter into the needs of each, and intuitively supply them.

There is probably a larger number of books drawn from this Library than from that of any other town of its size in the United States. Even the infants appear to be omniverous readers, judging by the returns of the librarian. To be born in Concord, presupposes a love of books, and the first inhalations of the air, it is said, introduce a yearning for the infinite; two or three years more, and the urchin in knickerbockers, or the little maid in a pinafore, trudges serenely down the small walk from the street, clambers over the steps, and demands with a tiny but wholly self-possessed voice, the chosen book at the librarian's desk!

"It stands like a beacon on some slender promontory," observes our companion.

"With the life of both roads surging up against it," we add as we come out and pause a moment in the little park to look up at the building.

"Yes; and then each tide goes its way with its

human interests purified and strengthened because of this watch-tower. 'After life's fitful fever' the man who thought enough of his fellows to erect it, must sleep well, their benisons in his ears."

Down shadowy Sudbury Street we pass quietly,

MR. FRENCH'S STUDIO, WHERE THE MINUTE MAN WAS MODELED.

cross the railroad track, between sweet-scented, smiling meadows, follow the curve for a short distance till we reach a low gray cottage with lattice window and broad porch, half concealed under spreading apple boughs. Off to the right stretch fertile fields; in front is the ancestral home. Here

the young artist wisely built his studio in the midst of influences best calculated to make the divine art within him grow to its highest achievement. Here his fellow townsmen recognized the message that the young worker had for them, and proudly they intrusted to him their greatest commission. Here was the Minute Man breathed into the clay, till the rough block spoke and told the story of our fathers' struggle for a home and a country.

Continuing on the road toward Walden Pond we are presently entangled in a thick growth of shrubbery, through which the faintest trace of a path is visible. Here the aboriginal settlers must have dwelt in comparative safety from their white brethren's envious eyes, so shut in is it, so thoroughly secluded from all haunts of men. After assuring ourselves over and over in needlessly loud tones that we are not afraid, we plunge in, bestow a gentle reminder on the unresisting horse, and give ourselves up to our determination to find the site of Thoreau's hut, the Cove, and as much else as is possible, of Lake Walden.

A whirring in the bushes starts our resolution, and makes it pale a bit, but as we cannot turn back because of the narrowness of the path, we

A CORNER OF MR. FRENCH'S STUDIO, SHOWING HIS STATUE OF ENDYMION.

make a show of courage and drive on with tightened rein.

"A woodchuck," suggests our companion, comfortingly.

We never knew what it was that disturbed our peace; and presently after much tearing of the carriage wheels through the undergrowth, and a corresponding amount of head-ducking to avoid the drooping untrimmed branches that insist in recklessly striking our faces, we come suddenly upon, not what we fondly hoped to see, but the railroad track!

We look into each other's faces in despair.

"Would you attempt it?" asks one; which one, shall remain in oblivion.

"There is no place to turn off; we must retrace our way if we give up," says the other.

"We have come to see Lake Walden, and the site of Thoreau's hut, and 'give up' as you put it, hasn't a nice sound."

By this time we are over the track, and a smothered "toot" somewhere down the shining rails sends us at a brisk pace tearing a trail for ourselves through the forest.

Walden Pond, lying in a deep wood between

Lincoln and Concord, about a mile and a half south of the latter town, is nearly a half-mile long, and one and three quarter miles in circumference. It is beautifully located, from all points asserting itself most picturesquely. Even from the railroad, seen from the swift-speeding car, every glance reveals a vision of beauty, and a flash of a blue lake embowered in an emerald thicket of pine and oak haunts one all the rest of that day.

But a nearer and more prolonged view, such as one gets over a boat's side in the centre of the pond, convinces one that an emerald tint also belongs to the water as well as to the trees; not so much, as some would tell us, from the reflection of the foliage in the bosom of the pond, as to the peculiarity of the water coloring itself.

One part of the shore rises quite abruptly from the water edge to some fifty feet, while on the opposite side the height is still greater, though less abrupt of ascent.

Walden has not the grandeur of a lake in the midst of mountainous scenery — that the few may visit and picture to their less fortunate fellows; it is a thought of God for the many, set on a thoroughfare, for the poor and needy, for the little

children, for whoever will, to come and be refreshed by its beauty. It is a sweet dream of Life's possibilities in the midst of dull leaden actualities; and that God did give it so freely, and keep it unspoiled from man's improving fingers, is a cause for the deepest gratitude in any one who looks down into its blue depths.

Naturally a tradition hovers over its silent borders. Before the white men came, the Indians in holding a powwow upon a neighboring hill, as high as the depth of the pond, employed much profanity to express themselves. In the midst of it, the hill quaked and wavered, and suddenly collapsed. Only one ancient squaw named Walden escaped the general ruin.

The stones of which the hill was composed, rolled down to become the shores of the pond that now opened to let the Indians and their naughty tongues down to a bottomless pit.

As the Indians were rarely known to be profane, or indeed to give their tongues much license, this ancient tradition lacks credibility in one particular at least.

People there are who aver that the lake is bottomless. Thoreau, its best student and its ardent

lover, says, "The water is so transparent that the bottom can easily be discerned at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet." He also says, —

"The pond rises and falls, but whether regularly or not, and within what period, nobody knows, though, as usual, many pretend to know. It is commonly higher in the winter and lower in the summer, though not corresponding to the general wet and dryness."

There is no discoverable inlet or outlet to Walden but, using again the words of Thoreau, "rain and snow and evaporation."

A beautiful curve, as seen from the Lake, in shape like a crescent, its wooded slope gentle of ascent, shielding him who would pace up and down by the water edge, fitly frames "Thoreau's Cove." Just far enough removed from the transient visitor to Walden Pond, quite difficult of access through the woods, it was yet easy for the hermit poet to permit himself a view of his fellows, whom he was fond of studying with a grim kind of pleasure. No recluse of the friar's frock and sackcloth girdle was he; nor was he sent to solitude by the pangs of a nature preying upon itself, and crying out that all the world misunderstood him. Cheek by

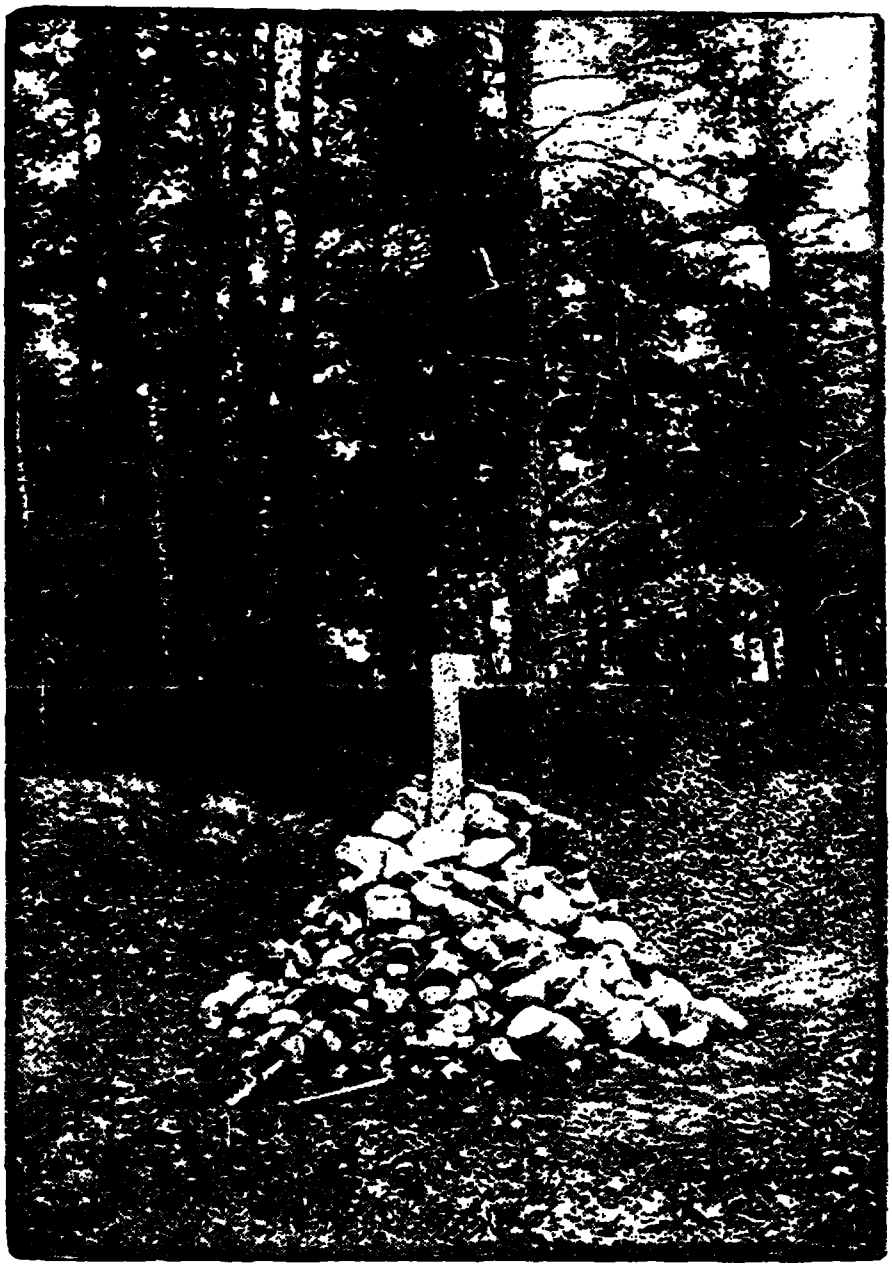
jowl with Nature even in her merriest moods, he found himself, and never a little bird tripped across his path but lingered to tell him her happiest secret. All things breathed for him their best life, giving just as the sunshine did, warmth and beauty to his soul, because he too was a child of the sun.

THOREAU'S COVE AT WALDEN POND.

By the shores of Walden, Thoreau lived but a brief period as men count time — two years and two months; but in the twenty-four hours of each day he passed a long uninterrupted life of thought, in which God alone was his teacher; he in turn becoming teacher to other men who necessarily

must live in crowded marts, and toil in the heat of the day. "Like a voice crying in the wilderness" was his stern invective against all the immoralities of money-getting, and the deceptions of social life, suggesting a brighter day of cleanness of living, through the soul's recognizance of its own divinity. Thoreau never sent one into the wilderness to find this out; he went himself, as thus to go was the only thing that fitted his necessities, but he allowed each one to discover the royal road to happiness. Scorning to assume a teacher's seat, he was essentially a Doctor of the Laws of life, and the chair in which he was placed by willing scholars, was endowed by the Alma Mater of us all — Mother Nature herself.

A curious pile of stones now marks the spot where Thoreau's hut was built by himself. It is interesting to note that these stones have been brought here singly from the edge of the Lake by the sympathetic hand of each visitor. Sometime, let us hope in the near future when those yet remaining who knew and loved him can voice their sympathy with the movement, there is to be a more enduring expression than this pile, that shall tell the passing stranger something like this: —



VISITORS' MEMORIAL ON THE SITE OF THOREAU'S HUT.

Here was Thoreau; here he lived apart from men those days and nights, developing in the light of Nature, and taught of God, when his soul grew apace.

Why did Thoreau turn from the haunts of men, to a life in the woods? His own words tell us: "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. . . . I wanted to live deep, and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why, then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

Why did he choose Walden for the scene of his voluntary isolation? Hear him: "Why, here is Walden, the same woodland lake that I discovered so many years ago; where a forest was cut down last winter another is springing up by its shore as

lustily as ever; the same thought is welling up to its surface that was then; it is the same liquid joy and happiness to itself and its Maker, ay, and it may be to me."

After a variety of amusing and original experiences in which he becomes the possessor of boards and nails, this man of the wilderness, hewing the tall and stately pines, consenting that none other shall supply the rafters for his dwelling, at last has a semi-public raising, and becomes, to use his own words, "a squatter" by the Pond.

"My house was on the side of a hill, immediately on the edge of the larger wood, in the midst of a young forest of pitch pines and hickories, and half a dozen rods from the pond, to which a narrow foot-path led down the hill."

Every little item of expense attendant upon this new venture in housekeeping, is put down most carefully, and given ingenuously to the public. To meet a part of this outlay, he plants two and a half acres of beans, a commodity that his association and training taught him could not fail to be salable.

The cabin was furnished with a simplicity that matched its exterior. Part of it was Thoreau's

own handiwork; the "bed, table, chairs, desk and writing utensils" being given as an illustration in the description of the "Thoreau corner" in the Antiquarian House. "In short," he says, "I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we live simply and wisely." He is very careful to add, "I would not have any one adopt my mode of living on any account, for beside that before he has fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself. I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue his own way."

To interpret the message of Walden Pond to the human heart, one should study her often, during many seasons, and through moods as changeful as the shifting lights that play upon her surface. It is rarely that one can abide by her as did Thoreau — the message is sent to most of us in another way. We, looking down into the mirror of her clear innocence, take it thankfully, and go our way into the thick of the world again, helped where we needed help.

IV.

For a little time pilgrims may put aside the claims of the Concord River; but the days are numbered. Go whither one will, threading the rose-brier and alder-bordered lane, or traversing the broad public thoroughfare; plunging into the sequestered spots in search of the remotely historic, or sitting at the feet of some modern sage or brilliant literary light — one is kept in and through it all distinctly conscious of the presence of the liquid highway, down whose silent surface he may glide, and find in the gentle flow of the stream, and the shifting beauty of the shore, that repose and inspiration that every well-meaning life demands for itself.

An idyllic day in Concord presupposes some touch of the River. It is possible in launching one's canoe from the little landing-place by the Minute Man, to lose the thread of existence that connects one with the remainder of humanity, bid-

ON THE CONCORD RIVER.

ding them a serene good-by as your bark leaves the shore, and floats off through the lily pads to revel in solitude. It is by no means a selfish enjoyment. You become acquainted with your own nature as you are shut in by the bank on either side, to the mirror of this shining stream that seems to be scanning you with the clear eyes of truth, and luring the best possibilities within you, to become sturdy realities.

It is the gentlest of teachers, and leaves the pupil unconscious of being led, which is the most exquisite of all influences. You only know that uncharitableness and kindred sins seem to drop off and float away from you down the stream to disappear in yonder shallow curve; you are even sorry that you were cross to the book agent who called at your door in the early morning to be sure of finding you at home, and you have a vague idea that you were responsible for that flurry with the cook that arose on your daily round through her department, that day. Before starting on this expedition, you were quite sure that she alone of all the women created, was the most trying and persistently evil creature; but now, the wild beating of your righteous indignation dies down to a

sluggish rhythm, in tune with the river, and you are gently sorry that you gave her temptation to air her tongue.

But your remorse, however salutary, must be gentle. None of the stiff breezes that stir up a harrowed conscience to a bitter résumé, blow upon your soul here. The liquid melody as your canoe glides on through the water, mingling with the note of the wood-bird shaping his course by the river, suggests hope and peace together with your sweet contrition; and you slowly prepare, while lazily manipulating your oars, for meeting life on the morrow, in the proper attitude toward all men.

For the moment you do not even care where you are going. The fierce spirit of unrest that takes possession of the sight-seer, has no hold upon you. In due time, you are confident, you will come upon the meeting-place of the rivers, into the sacred precincts of the hemlocks, over by the Island, and into stately Fairhaven Bay. You are content to float on and bide your time, and absorb all that is a part of your living present.

There are wild, adventurous pilgrims who rush up and down this liquid thoroughfare. You meet them; they are distressed at its placidity, and

FAIRHAVEN BAY.

because there is nothing "going on," but themselves. The shadow of the hemlocks to them is an insipid washed-out darkness, with not a hint of a ruin or buried cave to relieve its dullness. Nashawtuck tablet on Egg Rock is something like what they have come to see, and they pull up beside it, wishing there was more of it. But their restlessness is soon over, like an uneasy dream; and only the ripples caused by their departing boat, remain to tell that they have disturbed Nature in one of her most delightful hiding places.

The Musketaquid, Grass-ground River, or Great River, whose waters bordered the happy hunting grounds of the first owners, has its rise, through one of its branches, in Southern Hopkinton, and the other in a pond and a cedar swamp in Westborough, and after traversing many towns, for some of which it forms the boundary line, it empties itself, swelled by the North or Assabeth River, into the Merrimack at Lowell. It has a sluggish, scarcely perceptible current; at low-water mark the stream is from four to fifteen feet deep, being two hundred feet wide as it enters Concord, and three hundred where it leaves the town. So the historian tells us.

Between these figures and topographical facts, lies a world of beauty, history and romance. What food for legend-hunters; what rich material waiting by this gently flowing highway, for the historically inclined; what echoes of converse held by the immortal Three in the temple not made by hands, and arched with the somber hemlocks! Who sails the Concord, finds these waiting for him, if his ears are but attuned to catch the sounds.

Thoreau interpreted the woods and lakes around Concord, with her river, to his townsmen and the stranger alike; opening up new beauties where there were eyes to see. Another, Mr. George Bradford Bartlett, with the love of one born and bred within her borders, the son of the revered physician, is fitted, as few are, to follow the Nature-poet as interpreter. Equally at home in the forest, on the lake, or the river, he is the best of guides, and furnished by Nature and training, with imperturbable kindness and good spirits, he gains appreciation for his own qualities of heart and mind, from those who are supposed to be only admiring the scenery, and accumulating the legends from his never-ceasing store.

Hawthorne, the best of companions to his friends, Emerson and Thoreau, on their excursions on the

river, made also many silent voyages of discovery along the Assabeth and Sudbury, when his boat drifted idly with the current, or his facile fingers set

ON THE ASSABETH.

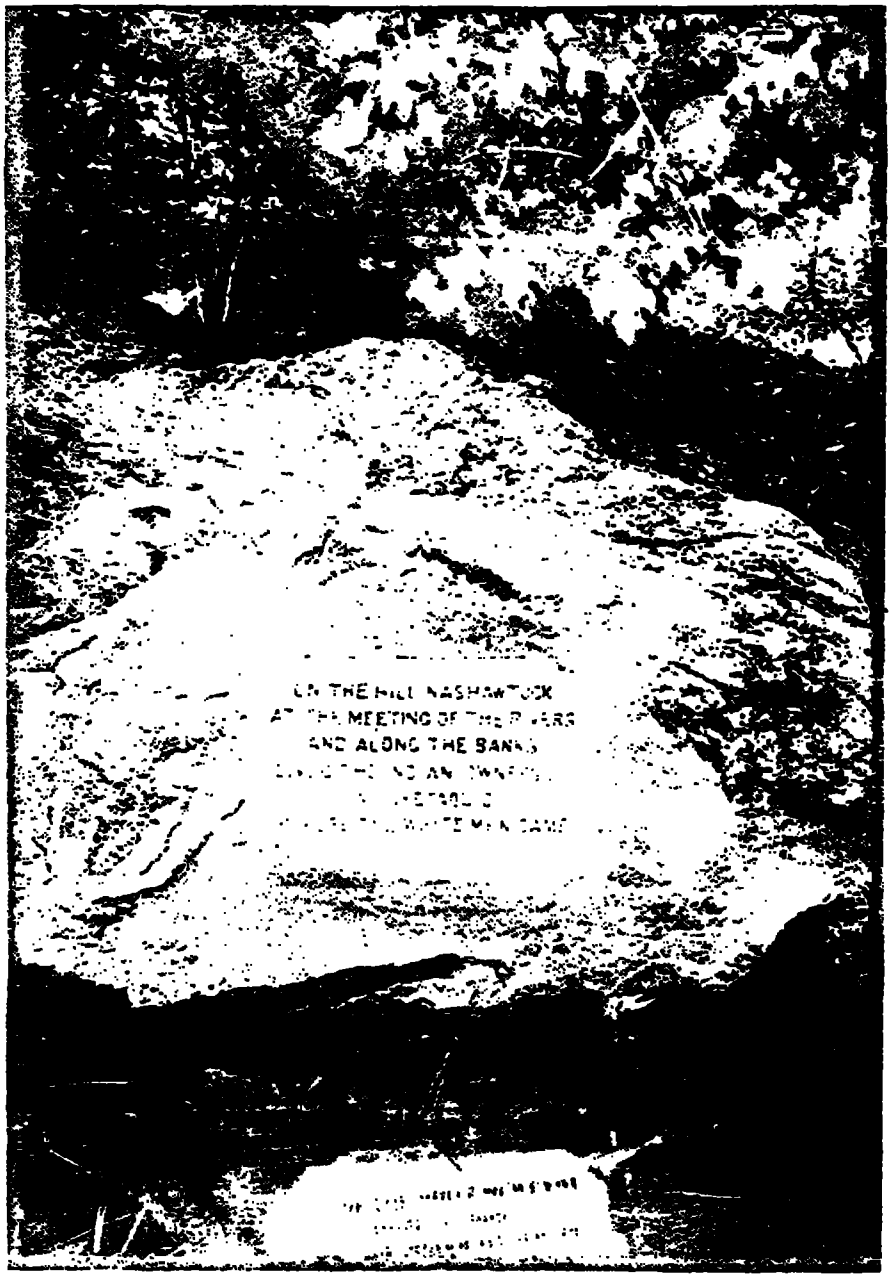
themselves to their task of managing the oars, as his mood might be. The gentle current, sometimes scarcely perceptible to him who in softly-gliding canoe traverses this liquid highway, yielded to the romancer, weaving his weird creations, an undertone that never interfered with the play of his fancy. He was fond of it all, and expressed his delight in this winding river, particularly the North Branch.

The hemlocks wooed him many times with their deep, dark stillness; the overhanging trees, flinging their tips in the water, while their roots tenaciously cling to the high receding bank above, "the Indian name of which," says Hawthorne, "I have forgotten,

THE HEMLOCKS.

though Mr. Thoreau told it to me; and here in some instances the trees stand leaning over the river stretching out their arms as if about to plunge in headlong."

We debark, and leave our small canoe fast to the sloping shore that runs down from the grounds



THE TABLET AT EGG ROCK.

belonging to the Old Manse, to resume the phaeton once more. The weather-beaten house, home of the Puritan pastor, and, for a brief space, the shelter of the great romancer who lingered within its then venerable walls, while he recorded their old-time quaintness and wrote them into fame, looks as if Time had always claimed it for his own, holding the refusal before all other tenants.

"Between two tall gateposts of unhewn stone," so opens the Mosses from an old Manse "(the gate itself having long fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash trees." . . . "The wheeltrack leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows and an old white horse who had his own living to pick up along the roadside."

As the avenue looked then, so now it presents the same aspect, forty odd years later.

The old homestead of dull red color and rambling outline, with its substantial outbuildings, on the other side of the highway, presents to the passer-by the view of one of Concord's oldest

houses. On the face of the L, is a diamond-shaped bit of white marble, to mark the place where the British bullet went through on the day of the Fight; a piece of the Old North Bridge is nailed to a neighboring beam; under this is kept

THE ELISHA JONES HOUSE.

the stone (one of several used as stepping stones when the water was high on the causeway) where Isaac Davis, a minute man, fell, mortally wounded. An old resident who lived in this house which was owned by Elisha Jones at that time, used to relate that she stood on a pile of salt fish (part of the

AVENUE TO THE OLD MANSE.

stores which were concealed there) to see the "red coats march by."

The Lowell Railroad track just beyond, brings us back to the enterprising present, of steam, and electricity. We cross it, and amble on, to turn presently at our left into a small lane, that takes us out on the Bedford road. Only a few steps on this, and we are brought face to face with one of the "God's acres" of which this old town is so prolific. Turning within the inclosure, we follow the winding road that soon leaves the cemetery in the distance. The way is bordered on the right by groves of thrifty young pines and spruce, with their eternal green suggesting the freshness of the Heavenly fields; the left is open and undulating, till we reach the brow of the hill to come suddenly upon a rustic summer house overlooking the basin or hollow. Here sleep they who have toiled with brain and hand among their living fellows, who will one day follow them.

Nothing but inspiration can result from a few hours' stay in Sleepy Hollow. "Their work is done" — the quiet sleepers' — but ours is not. Passed on to us is the fearful heritage of woe and sin and ignorance in the world; for us, with voice,

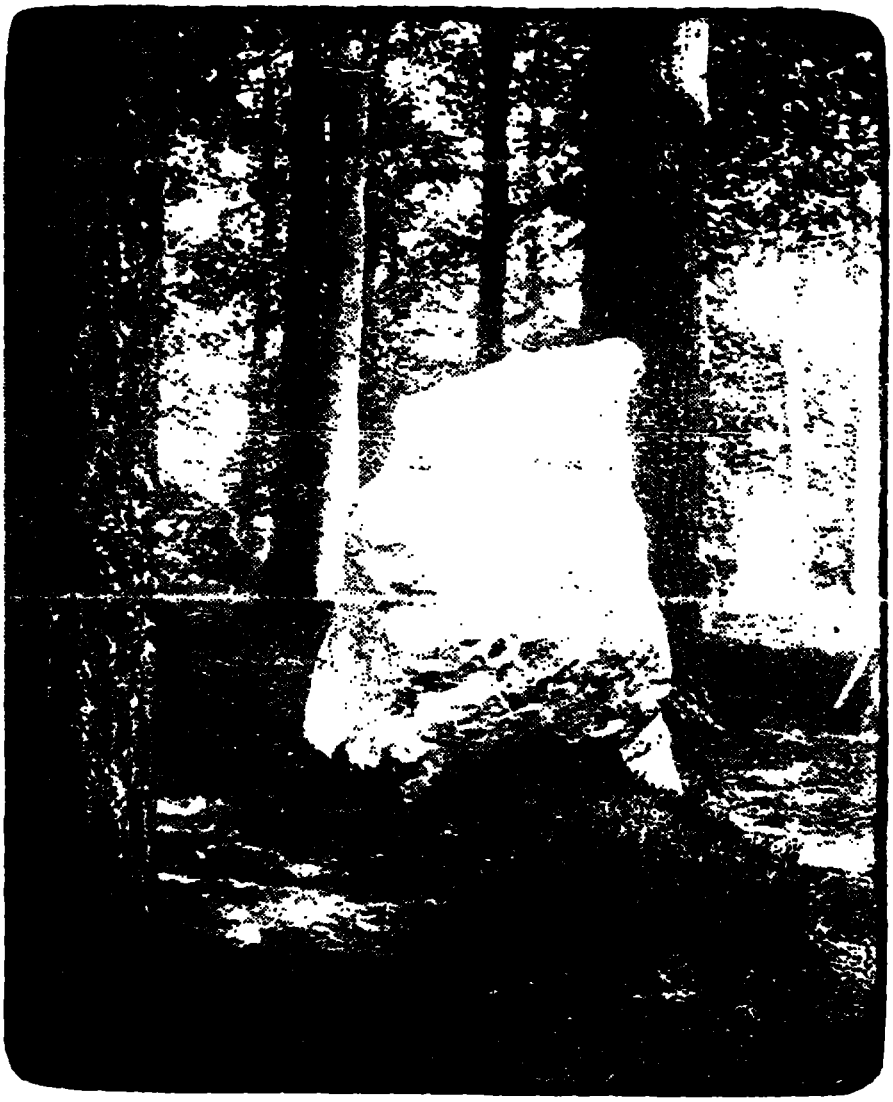
with pen, and with hand-labor, to do what we may, to lessen it, and to help the Christ to be unveiled in each heart.

The Sleepy Hollow seems not alone to point to the life beyond, where activities maimed and held

HAWTHORNE'S GRAVE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

down here, are unchained and symmetrical; but to be full of the life that is of to-day, crowded with richest possibilities.

Who reads their written words, should stand beside the silent graves of Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau. The matchless eloquence of silence



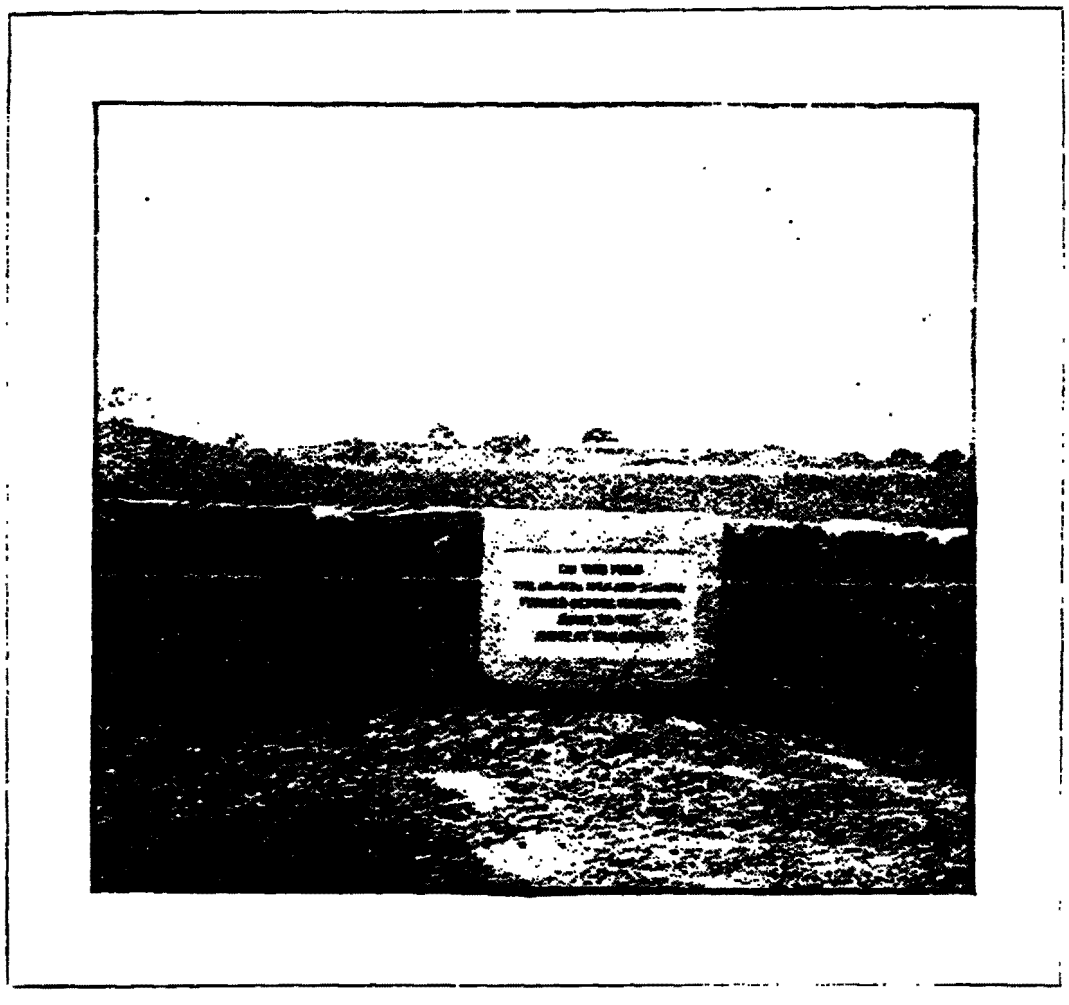
EMERSON'S GRAVE.

is here, unbroken by sound of a voice. Only the winds play through the pines, most fittingly, for to each of the immortal Three, the pine had a message in life.

Thoreau's grave, whose dull red stone has been replaced by a handsome granite block, is on the Ridge, just across a narrow foot-path separating it from that of Hawthorne, and a little below Ridge Path. The great romancer's resting-place is inclosed in a hedge of arbor vitæ, and is marked on its marble foot and head-stones by the one name "Hawthorne." At the side sleeps little Gladys, aged two years, Julian Hawthorne's little daughter, while the beautiful boy that blessed the heart of his mother, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, for four brief summers, rests at the feet of that grandparent whom he was to know only in the life beyond.

Following the path to the two tall pines that guard the grave of Emerson, whose request it was to be laid beside them, we see the beautiful bowlder of pink quartz — most suggestive of memorials! No modeler's chisel has touched it to prune its rough beauty. Just as it came from its native quarry, it was placed above the heart that remained

through a long life, fresh as from its Maker's hands. No words are needed to tell the stranger, "This is the grave of Ralph Waldo Emerson."



THE TABLET ON KEYES' HILL.

And just across the narrow driveway is the new-made grave of one who, called in the midst of his work, found here appropriate resting-place. Just as unique in his way — just as striking a figure in his individuality, his was the part in life's great work to break a path for the tender feet of the little

SITE OF HARVARD COLLEGE TEMPORARILY LOCATED AT CONCORD

ones who clamored for knowledge. The "children's friend" brought to them their printed page — their own literature; he went into new and untried ways to do it; he made himself their champion; he struggled on mid difficulties and obstacles that would have defeated one not sent by God to do that work. And suddenly he was not, for God took him — the man with the heart of a little child, and the will and the fibre of a hero.

Midday finds us after a visit to the Tablet on Keyes' Hill, lunching in our phaeton, in a shady spot on "College Road." Over a winding thoroughfare, striking off near the old Barrett House, we have come; not only winding is the road, but with constantly narrowing sides, it is growing more and more stony and uncomfortable for horse, and carriage occupants, until at last it resolves itself into a respectable cart path, where there is small danger of meeting a fellow traveler. This is the time we seize to become a disciple of William Black; and never did food or a bottle of milk taste better to a pilgrim.

After the lunch is disposed of, we clamber through the thicket, wondering how the college boys liked it, the turning out in winter, by the

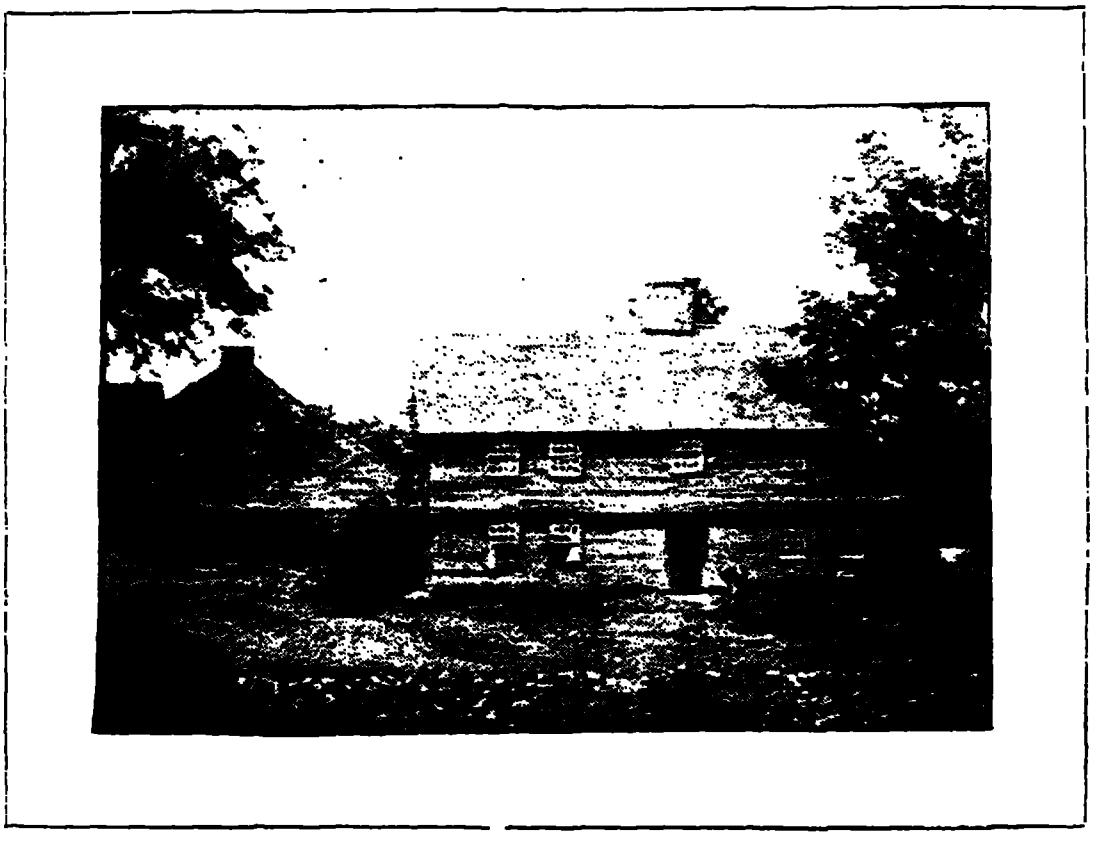
order of the Provincial Congress, from their especial quarters in Cambridge, to give place to the soldiers. As the Professors were accommodated down in the village, the President being housed at good Dr. Minott's, the young fellows in the woods probably had as fine a chance for their pranks, unseen, as could be desired. Several of the students boarded at an old house at the foot of Lee's Hill; this was burned about twenty-five years since. Lee was the notorious Tory, it will be remembered, who was for a time a prisoner within his own farm limits, as punishment for his treasonable sentiments.

The sun is nearly down, the most becoming light we had almost said, in which to view the quaint old house to which we now drive up, after a leisurely circuit. But we remember that in early morning we have wandered by this fascinating bit of antiquity, and again at noon, and each time have found the old Hosmer House with its surroundings, irresistible in its appeal to our sense of picturesqueness.

Set back from the road, and guarded by its rambling stone wall, overarched by a drooping elm in the dooryard, the other trees at a slight remove,

THE HOSMER HOUSE.

the old house looks at one with a gentle dignity as if it held itself aloof from all other dwelling-places that must yield to the inroads of Time. As was observed of the Minott House, it is most



THE OLD WINTHROP HOUSE.

favorably placed for an artistic effect; all its groupings adding to the quaintness of outline, and its weather-stained front. Within, is one of the old-time gentlewomen who, carrying her ninety years lightly, meets one graciously as if on the threshold of life; glad to open for a new-comer her store of reminiscences of noted people and places in the

old town. This is the home of friends of Thoreau, who grew up with him, into sympathy with Nature and truth.

In front, and quite near to the stone wall, stood the quaint, old Winthrop House. Beautiful oak panelings modeled from the homesteads in Old England, adorned this interior. When the dwelling was taken down, some thirty years since, a sheathing to a beam, being torn off, disclosed an account written in chalk, of a sale of lumber, over a century and a half ago recorded there, covered and left, a silent witness of the past.

We drive home, crossing the river at the "Red Bridge." The western glow drops down upon the shining stillness that scarce tells of a current. But inevitably, it is running to its end, surely, steadily underneath. So do our two lives, *compagnons de voyage*, as we are, move down the stream of time. Peaceful sightseeing and reminiscence-gathering must soon give place to busy work and a new hold on sterner duties. Life bears us on with imperceptible current, yet just as relentlessly as does that of the river, to its end.

V.

And a day comes at last, when the easy-going horse, hitherto of the most courteous and obliging demeanor, flatly persists in his refusal to do any more "pilgriming." In other words, he cannot be found when wanted — and at last traced with great difficulty, by one of his two companions in the trips recorded in this simple history, he is discovered peering from a thick covert in one corner of the pasture, his equine mind flatly made up to assert his equine will. And he shows such decided skill in displaying the teeth still left him, whenever her hand essays to pat his aged nose, that she concludes it would be unkind to insist that he be led forth and go on a tour this day. Particularly as all her blandishments in the way of sugar and cake-bits, and even a juicy apple, still create in him only a deep displeasure. So she desists with a sigh, and says, approaching the window where her wiser comrade has had an eye to the

whole proceeding, "I really prefer not to use the phaeton to-day; let us walk."

Thus it is that Fairyland is entered and possessed.

"How foolish those persons are who have never learned the art of walking," observes the pilgrim who has just parted from the old horse. "Half the pleasure in life consists in this simple exercise; there is positive exhilaration in each step."

"Yes," asserts the other pedestrian, as they tramp down Walden Street, past the large, dun-colored domicile before whose door the two had appeared on their first day in Concord.

"How were we to know it was not a boarding-house!" they had exclaimed to each other, as they gained the street, after being told that it was the almshouse, by the pleasant-faced woman who heard their request to be "taken in and lodged and kept." "Was ever anything so delusive? Why I looked through the window as I stood on the piazza — I couldn't help seeing, you know — and there was an old man fondling a little child in his lap, and the two were laughing, and it was all as neat and cosy and home-y as you please."

And then down a little farther, on this same

Walden Street, the two had inquired at another house standing "back from the village street," a pillared aristocrat among its fellows, for the privilege, for any consideration within reasonable bounds that the owner should stipulate, of calling the place "home" while they sojourned in Concord.

"We will make no mistakes this time," said the other pilgrim. "You would do better to let me inquire, for I am quite certain here," and she walked up the steps and in between the pillars with an erectness of spine that precedes victory.

"This is the home for the aged, ma'm," observed the domestic in answer to the question, and peering through the screen door that shut the two out from the elysium they sought.

"What; a charitable place?" cried the pilgrim, fixed as a statue and with about as much changefulness of expression.

"Yes, m'am, for th' old ladies and gentlemen — we're goin' to have a lawn party for 'em to-morrow, won't you come?"

The two turn, after they are well on the thoroughfare once more, and gaze long and steadfastly at the fine old mansion and its well-kept grounds.

"If we were only a little poorer, or a little older,

we could get in one of these houses maybe, and give lawn parties, too," cries one.

But our pilgrims must stop reminiscing and give themselves up to Fairyland.

With faces set toward Walden Pond, serene in its translucent blue, and shimmering in the morning sunlight, the two pedestrians walk as briskly as those can who have hitherto trusted to the powers of an equine conductor to "get on," — and by the time they have passed the junction of the road with Thoreau Street, they are quite willing to espy the little opening in the woods to the left, that will admit them to Fairyland and her treasures. At this point the chronicle of these Concord explorations must record the first falling out these comrades have sustained. The waving line of dense foliage has many little breaks that necessitate a choice between them, by one who is seeking a path. It is with faces flushed and a manner far from serene, therefore, that the pilgrims at last stand drawn deep within the cool, sylvan dell that divides them from the outer world and its quarrels.

"We have been like two naughty children," observed Pilgrim No. 1, coming to her senses with a gasp — "that is, I have been."

THE LOVER'S PATH IN FAIRYLAND.

"Your repentance is better than your grammar," remarks the other, taking refuge in a pert reply, to hide the shakiness of her voice.

"'Let's make up,' as the children say."

"Wait till we get to Lover's Path," says the other with a short laugh. So the two strike into a winding road; one on side the bank withdrawn, high and green, a wealth of lusty foliage waves soft yet insistent messages of goodwill and peace; on the other is the deep ravine, hinting in its mysterious depths of heavy brake, and darkening shrub, of Indian lurking-places and aboriginal security.

"I verily believe," says Pilgrim No. 1, dropping into an "Indian-file" pace, behind her companion, as they slowly thread their way along, "that this is the original camping ground of the first owners of Concord — the Musketaquidians."

"You forget," contributes the other, "all history locates them in quite another part of the town."

"One ought sometimes to rise superior to history," cries No. 1 impatiently; "those Indians must have lived here. Think what a glorious place for the Squaw-Sachem to hold her court, and" —

"Oh! I'd much rather believe the truth — that Nashawtuck was their home," cries the other.

" Besides, the Indian Queen never lived in Concord at all."

Her companion wisely takes time to gaze long at slope and dell, before she answers: " I think we would better get to Lover's Path and make up our little difference," she remarks slowly.

" Before we begin another," finishes Pilgrim No. 2, grimly. And on they walk in silence. And presently in an idyllic curve of Lover's Path they sit down, adjust their differences, and then take up once more the Indian question.

" Here is my theory," begins No. 1, switching the nodding ferns with the tip of her parasol, thereby rousing indignant colonies of ants, and black beetles, with an occasional gray lizard to lend dignity to the scene; " that when the renowned Nanapashenit died, the government being in a woman's hand, the Squaw-Sachem was wise enough to move to Concord, and that she located as near Walden Pond as it was possible to get. I'm sure I should, had I been in her place; and that she made the seat of her power here in this very spot; here she married Webbacowet, the pow-wow, wizard, priest, sorcerer, chirurgeon, and what-not, of the tribe."

"But all that happened elsewhere," breaks in the other pilgrim, with fire in her eye, to defend her point.

"Tahattawan, the Sub-chief, may have lived on Nashawtuck," continues the self-appointed historian, ignoring all insinuations and waxing warmer,

THE SYLVAN SHORE.

"that I'm willing to allow, but don't walk over my pet theory, I beg."

"Perhaps you can see Captain Moseley's wig hanging on that tree," suggests her friend with an ironical tinge to the "color of her tone" — and pointing to a twisted specimen of oak just across the path. "You remember that story?"

"No; never heard it."

"I'm so glad, because now it gives me a chance to talk," leaning forward in a conversational attitude: "Why, you see there was a certain Captain Moseley, a soldier, but a terror on the sea as well, for he had been a West Indian Buccaneer. Well, he indulged in a bit of New England finery in those days, a wig. Probably his locks underneath were flowing and plentiful, in the pirate style, but for dress-up occasions his caput was not complete without an extra arrangement of hair. When he was soldiering, and before an engagement, he would carefully hang his wig on a bush or branch of a tree. So of course the Indians thought he had two heads. It was bad enough to fight the Evil One with a single head; when it came to having two, it was quite time for the tomahawk to be buried, and the spear and arrow to follow."

"Nonsense! As if an Indian would care whether two or twenty heads sat on a pair of shoulders! In fact the richness of scalp material would please him best. However, let that pass. What was Captain Moseley doing in Concord, pray tell? Imagine a dashing buccaneer in this quiet spot!"

"Oh! he brought twelve pirates; they had been given their freedom to fight the Indians."

"All the dogs of war let loose on the poor red man — the old story," murmurs the other. "But this was after King Philip's war, when the Indians came back to Concord from Nashoba which is now part of Littleton. Aren't you getting the dates a little mixed?"

"I don't care about dates; one must rise superior to dates," retorts the first pilgrim recklessly. "I'm only indulging in harmless tradition; do let me! the spot provokes it."

"Very well; what next?"

"Well, these Indians were hurried away to the rough and stormy shores of Deer Island, where even they dwindled to a mere remnant of a tribe until finally but one warrior lived "to tell the tale."

"If Deer Island had been wanted for the enterprise of the white agriculturist, I suppose the Indian would have moved off accommodatingly into the sea."

"I presume so. But let us go back to the Indian Queen. 'I just love her,' as the children say; for real charity, and that old-fashioned virtue one seldom hears of nowadays, gratitude, give me one who can say as she said to Jotham Gibbons" —

"And who, pray, is Jotham Gibbons?"

"Oh! he was the son of Captain Edward Gibbons of Boston — never mind; the father had been kind to her, and the Squaw-Sachem didn't forget it. So she gave the choice piece of land, somewhere near the Mystic ponds, she had saved for herself, to this same Jotham Gibbons; and this comes down through the years as the message that went with the gift — from an "untutored savage" mind you — "for the many kindnesses received from his father, and for the tender love and respect which she bore to the son, and desired that these be recorded in perpetual remembrance of this thing."

"And so you see," continues No. 1, "this is one reason why I want to locate the Indian Queen in this charming spot. Think of Sylvan Lake, where she could view her dusky face, and braid her elfin locks, as by a mirror; over which her light canoe could dance, and" —

"I see I must get you away," says No. 2, struggling to her feet," before, like Silas Wegg, you "drop into poetry."

"Let us go around the pond," cries the other, "I'll promise not to say "Indian" again, only the driest of facts concerning the origin of Fairyland."

"I know that already," her companion, far

FAIRYLAND POND.

ahead now in the path, gives back over her shoulder. "Ebby Hubbard owned it, and it was afterward sold to a public-spirited citizen who spent much time and thought and money on it. It was a large tract of rough unpromising land; your beautiful pond had to be evolved by the generous hand that has thrown this all open to whomever cared to enter in. All honor to this public-spirited citizen, I say, who laid a debt at each man's door, for this same old-fashioned virtue of gratitude to repay."

O, Sylvan Lake! with thy veil of delicate tree-twigs drawn before thy face, like the tracery of a fairy dream that only half reveals the mystic beauty of a longed-for Paradise — sweet be thy borders, shut in by interlacing boughs of Nature's most prodigal forest growth; so far removed from haunts of man, that only the echoes of the wilderness confuse thee, yet so close to the shining rail along which run the feet of traffic, and by which are conducted the daily going and coming of the human family, that the shy bird takes quick warning at the rumble of the train, and lifting her pretty head deserts thy limpid banks, and, her thirst unquenched, on frightened wing she hurries to a place of safety and repose.

So profound the stillness is with thee! Never broken save by hum of bee, the twitter of bird, or chatter of squirrel; only the sky to smile into thy bosom, and disturb thy quiet, by the dancing light of a sunbeam. The winds that break and twist the writhing forms of the oak and maple, the alder and the pine, do not come near thee to ruffle thy fair surface. It is as if the gentlest of hands had soothingly passed over thy shining face, that was thenceforth to image only the reflection of the Divine content, expressed at the birth-throe of creation — "and God saw that it was good."

And on the morrow the easy-going horse, being clothed in his right mind once more, comes humbly up to the door while the pilgrims are eating their morning repast, pokes his nose within, as one who would say, "Here I am; take me," his eye shining clear with Duty's light.

And so, easily forgiven, he is trusted once more with the environment of harness and shafts, and he turns his head to gaze triumphantly at the familiar old dashboard and the vehicle with its gentle slope that accommodates a tired-out spring; and he forgets his sin of the day before, and is content as a child with himself and all the world.

LEE'S HILL.

And thus the pilgrims drive out to Lee's Hill, so rich in tradition and incident as to require a volume for itself. But our pilgrims are not after statistics and historical information; this is already well given in various places. What they desire is to revel in all the feast of tradition and story; to carry away some of the local coloring and to get a word picture or two of some of the episodes connected with life at the Hill in the olden days.

"Of course the place is named for 'Tory Lee'?" suggests the one who manipulates the reins.

"I don't know, but I presume so; he seems to have been a man who made his mark here in Concord. Whatever is to be said of him, Joseph Lee did not 'let the grass grow under his feet.'"

"And yet he found time to keep up a lively church quarrel. To him, I presume, is due the origin of the Black Horse Church, that was held, 'so they say,' in the big room of a tavern which had for a sign a black horse; the tavern was near the spot where the library now stands."

"I don't see why the Concordians were so easy with him for giving secret information to the British; his head ought to have come off for a spy," exclaims the other pilgrim indignantly.

"Well, it was pretty bad for him to be made a prisoner on his own farm for fourteen months," answered her companion. "That must have been dreadful!"

"Particularly when the Harvard students were turned loose on him. Twelve were portioned out to Tory Lee's farm, you remember, when the college was moved to Concord; just think of it!"

"Poor Tory Lee! it is safe to say that life wasn't easy for him then. Well, why wasn't the hill named Willard Hill, I wonder, for good Simon Willard, that benefactor of the young community, without whom nothing seems to have been done; or Gray Hill, after 'Billy Gray of Salem,' who at one time owned the farm? Now Billy was a man to proudly perpetuate any association with; and besides, when we reflect that it was his golden aid that made it possible for 'the good ship *Constitution*' to give the world some valuable ideas concerning our young independence, it would have been very natural for his name to be honored in this way. But Tory Lee!"

"By the way, were not some of the timbers of the *Constitution* cut from trees on this same Lee's Hill?"

"Possibly; but then it's glory enough that 'Billy Gray' floated her on the waters when she took the *Guerriere;* never mind how she was built."

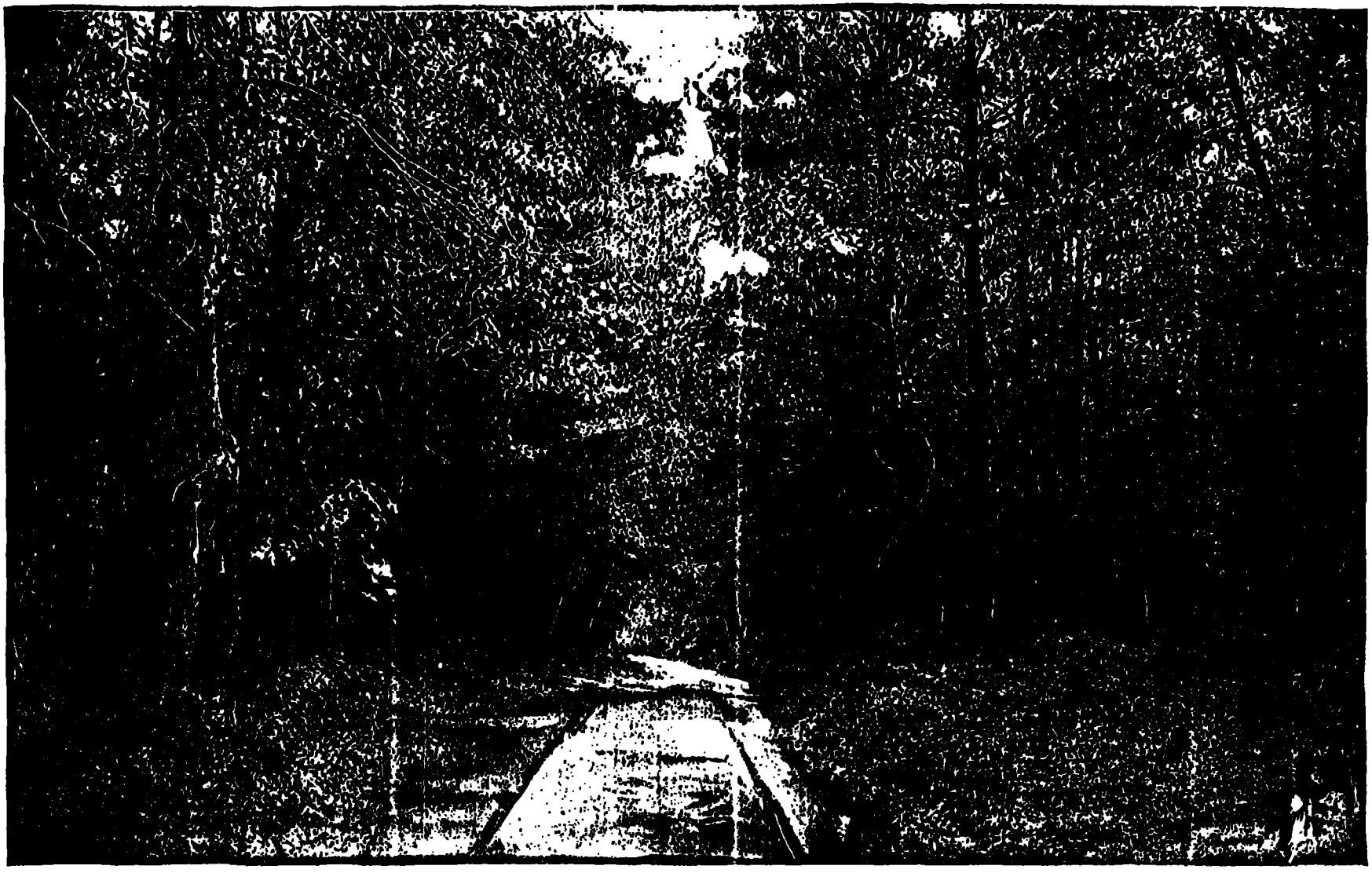
"But the credit of that belongs to Concord too, and people ought to know it," insisted the other pilgrim obstinately.

Her companion turned and regarded her. "Concord has been first in everything, it seems to me, since the world began; it appears to be too late to dispute now her right to universal supremacy. Oh! most fortunate they who are born Concordians."

VI.

Even the "oldest inhabitant," from whom one can usually wrest some information to suit his fancy or that can be "restored" till it becomes history, fails one when appealed to for the origin of the name of "The Nine Acre Corner." Then the "oldest inhabitant" (otherwise the very essence of kindness and brotherly love) turns his head away and says, "I don't know." And no entreaties that he shall go down into its hitherto forgotten past, for a scrap of ancient lore concerning it — just a scrap that would make the fortune of the humble scribe — can move him to anything other than "I don't know," as final as the executioner's knife.

There is a belief current in some quarters, that the grant of nine acres granted to Peter Bulkeley, somewhere in that vicinity, may be responsible for the title. But the "oldest inhabitant," when appealed to on this point, only shakes his head again and steadfastly murmurs, "I don't know."



ON THE ROAD TO "NINE ACRE CORNER."

Mystery enhances the charm the locality holds over the one who would see Concord from a phaeton. And so one bright morning, when not too bright, after a recent rain (that the sand awaiting them in the ancient thoroughfare known as the "Old Marlborough Road" may not be too powdery), our pilgrims make an early start; for they have grimly announced their determination not to come home alive without adding to the delightful drive to "Nine Acre Corner," a conscientious inspection of the "Old Marlborough Road."

"Heaven help you both!" exclaims the friend who hears, and immediately she looks over her little store of household remedies for the soothing herb, that brewed, will waft them on their return, into a sweet forgetfulness of the misery into which they are being lured. And she blames herself for countenancing Thoreau's seductive invitation.

But they tuck the book in under a flap of the old phaeton cushion, and are content with all the world.

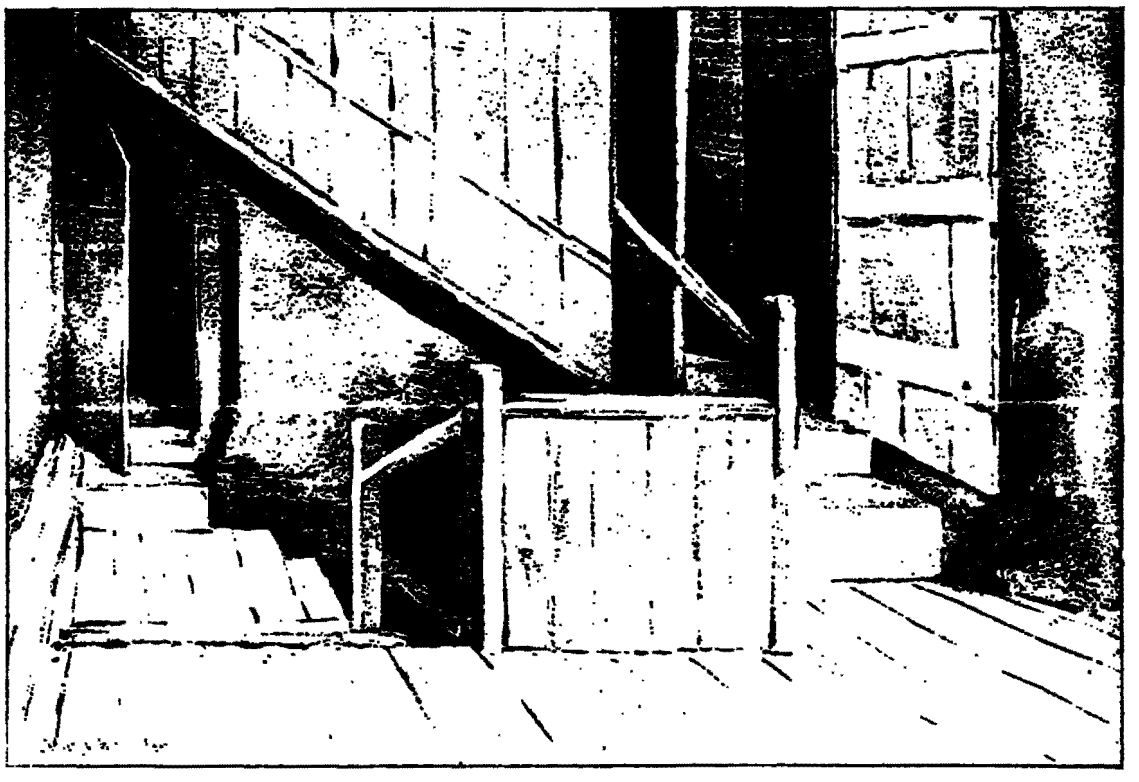
O, "Nine Acre Corner" people! our pilgrims wonder if you know how happy you ought to be, drawn back into such a sweet seclusion, where your ancient records even have evaded curiosity. "The

Happy Valley" pales before the glow of your retreat, with its soft outline of rich, undulating meadow, the comfortable, refined homestead, its barn bursting with the generosity of its crops, its Sabbath stillness, as if all Nature were hushed to a quiet thanksgiving too deep for words. The very insect, elsewhere booming his joy in noisy fashion as he riots in the field, hushes his turbulence to a gentle refrain, or a dignified, resonant hum, as one who ever carries within his bosom an abiding respect for his environment. And the bird twitters mildly, or sings its roundelay in clear, high strain that soars to the blue above, forgetting any discordant note that might drag him to earth. Shall the hours spent within thy borders, O, "Nine Acre Corner," ever be forgotten by our two pilgrims, who are true Concordians, at least in loving thee!

Drawn back under its generous shadows of elm and maple, the gently undulating range of hills beyond the sweep of farm and meadow, the "Martial Miles house" stands in serene content on the wane of this century, as if quite determined so to stand on the ebb of another. Once within, and our explorers thrill with delight. Here are the ideal old rooms with limitless numbers of cupboards,

MARTIAL MILES' HOUSE.

cubby-holes and dressers; with kitchen and shed and "annex" without stint. Here are the bewitching stairs, "so easy to fall down," as one old resident wisely remarks, "'cause you can fetch up on the landin's an' get a chance to catch hold of somethin'," a provision it may be that our fore-



"THE VERY ROOM WHERE HE STARTED HIS PERPETUAL MOTION!"

fathers kept in mind when looking out for the weary foremothers who would use those stairs in their unceasing round from "pillar to post." And here is the old garret, full of bewitching suggestions of a musty past, from which one pilgrim draws out an ancient leather-and-nail-bound trunk, crossing

the palm of the owner with good American silver for the pleasure of calling it her own; which so enhances her delight, that she picks her way down the dark, twisted stairs, in a dazed condition, to stand in front of the door of the little room under the garret, there to listen to the tale that sets forth the old man, the father of Martial, who therein wrought at his machine that was never to know rest.

"Oh! if we had missed that," she cries, as out they pass through the ancient front door of the house, like all its cotemporaries seldom opened except for wedding or funeral, and casting a lingering glance at the old house. "To think we have stood in the very room where he started his perpetual motion!"

"And where it stopped. Can we ever be thankful enough!" breathes the other.

"Not many there be
Who enter therein
Only the friends of the
Irishman Quin,"

murmurs Pilgrim No. 1, drawing rein before the remnant of house left by that individual. "Think what we have to tell when at last we must turn our backs on Concord and go once more into the world."

IRISHMAN QUIN'S HOUSE.

No. 2 pierces the very grass blades with her rapt gaze. "And the other worthies," she says with a sigh, when there is no more to conquer, and drawing out her well-thumbed Thoreau, "can't we see them all?"

"No," says Pilgrim No. 2, "we can't; they're dead."

"Oh! — I mean the houses, or the places where the houses were. We shall be forever disgraced if we lose one."

Elisha Dugan —

> "Oh! man of wild habits
> Partridges and rabbits,
> Who hast no cares,
> Only to set snares,
> Who liv'st all alone,
> Close to the bone,
> And where life is sweetest
> Constantly eatest" —

"And so he lived here close to the bone."

Our phaeton pauses before "Jenny Dugan Brook," tumbling under a little bridge arched with stone and protected by the road.

"Just a stone's throw away," remarks her companion, consulting the memorandum in her hand, given by the "oldest inhabitant." "Never mind, we shall have to imagine the house. Elisha's father lived in it, so of course it's gone years ago."

"O, yes! well, why is this the Jenny Dugan Brook?"

"Why, it's named for his mother," replies the other pilgrim, trying not to appear too elated because she knows, "and so of course it is the Jenny Dugan Brook."

"A most generous thing!" warmly responds the first pilgrim, stepping briskly down to the brook-edge, followed by the other; the old horse, who fully approves of this method of viewing relics and byways, shambling off for a wayside nibble. "And just like Concord to be the first to bestow fame on a woman. What other town would have done it? It is well that woman's day has come. But Concord didn't wait for that, she" —

"'Took time by the forelock,' as we had better do if we wish to get farther on the 'Old Marlborough Road,'" interrupts Pilgrim No. 1 with more speed than grace.

"And here I believe the farmers at 'Nine Acre Corner' used to bring down their logs to the saw-mill?" remarks Pilgrim No. 2, interrogatively scanning one of the roads that unite at this point. "And the other is the back road to town, isn't it?"

JENNY DUGAN BROOK.

"Correct," says her companion. "According to the 'oldest inhabitant.'"

"And Jenny? Oh! can't you make up something about her? Do," cries No. 1 impulsively. "She must have had a history."

"We know," answers her companion reflectively, "that her husband rejoiced in the name of Tom, that he was the first one in the neighborhood who cradled grain, that" —

"But that's not Jenny. Tell me something about her," breaks in the other impatiently.

"Well, the brook rises a mile to the southward, and the name of this meadow through which it runs is Nut Meadow" —

"But that's not Jenny. I want something about her," reiterates Pilgrim No. 1 sharply. "Did not Ellen's Isle speak of the woman for whom it was named, and shall not black Jenny have fame?"

"I presume she used to whip Elisha and the other pickaninnies who played before the cabin door," replied her companion considering. "She was an excellent washerwoman, tradition says, and a silent worker."

"O, no! she was a woman — it can't be! From her gift of silence I presume her to be part Indian.

Now I'll confess; my dearest dream about this lovely brook is to make Jenny Dugan an Indian woman; then I'll easily trace her descent to the Indian Queen. What more reasonable?" Pilgrim No. 1 throws her hitherto well-preserved composure recklessly to the winds, and clasps her hands in a rhapsody. "Here is the hill where her people lived," waving her head toward the slope that ran away from their feet. "Arrow-heads and chips from their spear-points are to be had for the trouble of picking up."

"Let us stop and get some now, then," interrupts her companion.

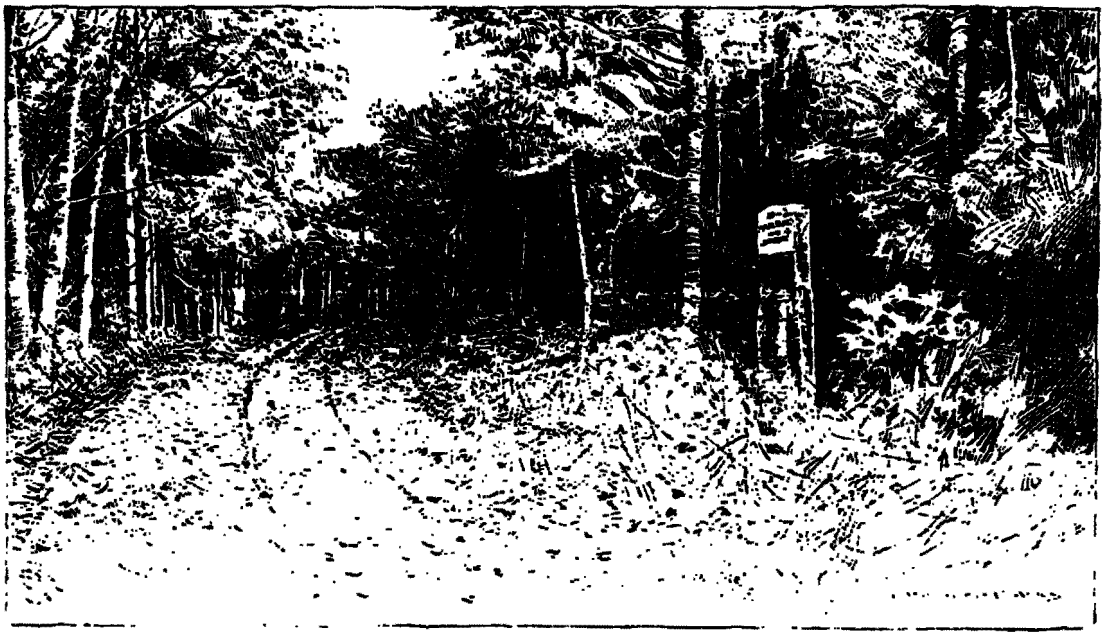
"No, no; time is precious; think of the 'Old Marlborough Road!' Yes, I'm quite sure that Jenny was an Indian; I can never be satisfied unless I make her so. Now I come to think of it, she was given the power to rule, by her mother, the Indian Queen's daughter, wasn't she? So in Jenny were vested all the rights of the sovereign of her tribe, only she preferred to marry this colored man, this slave — yes, let us make Tom a slave, it's so much more picturesque to mate him with Jenny; the last survivor of a dead system with" —

"HERE IS THE HILL WHERE HER PEOPLE LIVED."

"The remnant of a lost tribe," finished Pilgrim No. 2. "Well, now, I suppose if you have finished Jenny to your satisfaction, we will attack the 'Old Marlborough Road.'" One more glance at the dancing brook, tumbling over its hidden mound of stones to the wealth of delicate ferns below holding out tremulous arms to receive it, and banded across by many a log and fence-rail that have slipped from their controlling support. One more long look over the hill and Thoreau's plain, reclaimed from the sandy waste of which he sang, to a semi-fertile show of grass and shrubs, and our pilgrims are off for the "Old Marlborough Road."

If the Virginia Road, before mentioned in this simple record, makes its lazy pilgrim forget all his cares and troubles, the "Old Marlborough" Road is well calculated to cause him to take them up again. There is not a grain missing of the "gravel" that Thoreau knew, with even a goodly addition, to plough through. One looks, if he be of a philanthropic turn of mind, pityingly at the horse; surely he ought not, by all the laws that govern man's dealings with the lower brutes, to be compelled to draw a heavy phaeton and two able-bodied women over this thoroughfare which "nobody repairs,"

decide our pilgrims. So out they step, gently thrilling with a sweet satisfaction in their own benevolence; and hoping their steed has the proper amount of gratitude, they persuasively lead him by the flowing reins while, gingerly elevating their skirts, they begin to plough their way along. Truth compels us to state, however, because this record



"OLD MARLBOROUGH ROAD."

prevaricateth not by so much as a hair's breadth from the white line of verity, that after a quarter of a mile of traveling in this fashion has been enjoyed, the pilgrims pause, look to each other for a decision, which neither expressing, they step quickly into their phaeton and with an abrupt "Go on, Dobbin!" they acknowledge to him, and to all the world that

is there to hear, their willingness to be drawn over the remainder of the "Old Marlborough Road."

"It is not too late to turn back." Pilgrim No. 1 peers furtively into her companion's face, but the sight wilts her, and she drops into her corner of the phaeton.

"I'd die before I'd turn back!" mutters she-of-the-whip between her teeth.

And in weary silence the two occupants of the phaeton mechanically watch the horse settle his feet with a thud into the sand-bed and pick them out, his head observing that peculiar series of jerks known to those who manipulate the reins, when the propelling power between the shafts is obliged to "get on" against his will.

"We are positively cruel," murmurs one pilgrim leaning forward at a disadvantage and holding her breath, under the impression that she is thus reducing her weight, "to make this poor creature pull us over this diabolical sand" —

"We can't help it," sighs the other in response, though feeling like a murderer, "and it is Thoreau who was cruel; for after his poem, who could look a Concordian in the face and not see the "Old Marlborough Road." Go on, Dobbin."

She even essayed to reach the whip, but the stern eye of her confederate forbade.

"No, we will draw the line at the whip," said the latter in cold displeasure, projecting herself several additional inches toward the dashboard, at the risk of again meeting, in personal contact the "Old Marlborough Road."

And so, conversation dying down, the two lapse into miserable reflections, while the twittering of the birds in the wayside thickets tell off the slowly passing moments, until — our pilgrims draw a conscientious breath, nearly ready to leave this world, since they have seen, not Rome, but the "Old Marlborough Road."

But Pilgrim No. 1 must vent her inward unrest. "To think we have done all this, to go — nowhere, as Thoreau says."

"You forget. He also says 'you may go round the world by the Old Marlborough Road,'" says she-of-the-whip, waking up.