

CONCORD

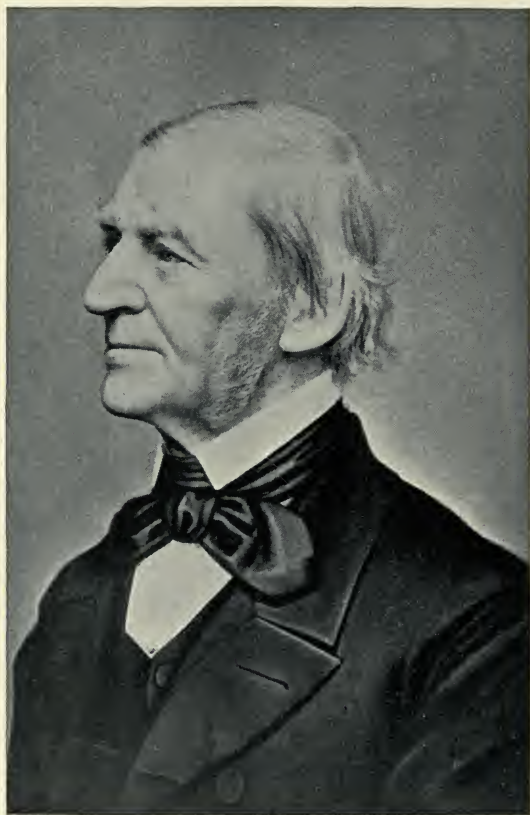
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Ralph Waldo Emerson.

CONCORD

HISTORIC, LITERARY AND PICTURESQUE

SIXTEENTH EDITION—REVISED

BY
GEORGE B. BARTLETT

11

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS, AND A FULL INDEX



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GENERAL

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by
GEORGE B. BARTLETT.

INTRODUCTION.

THANKS are due to George Parsons Lathrop and Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop for accounts of Mr. Hawthorne's home; to Miss Munroe for her Memoir of the Founder of the Library; to Mrs. W. S. Robinson for her Memoir of "Warrington;" to Mr. A. Munroe for the history of the Library, and the Water Supply; to Mr. S. R. Bartlett for the sketch of Daniel Chester French.

Full credit also should be given to Rev. G. Reynolds, and to F. B. Sanborn, Esq., for quotations from their writings, as well as to Shattuck's History, the Diary of Rev. Wm. Emerson, and the Pamphlets of Rev. Dr. Ripley and others. All the verse in the volume, with the exception of Mr. Sanborn's Ode in the first chapter, was written by the author of this book.

The success which this book has met with abroad and at home has encouraged its author to write it up to the present time, and to give plain directions by which the tourist can easily find his way to the various objects of interest which have been already described at length.

CONCORD, MASS.

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THE CONCORD GUIDE BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAILROAD TRIP TO CONCORD.

Trains for Concord, Mass., leave the Union Station on Causeway street many times during each day, and two or three times on Sunday, by way of the Fitchburg, and Boston and Maine Railroads. We will go out by the former route, and return by the latter, noting rapidly some of the points of interest as we pass them. At Charlestown we pass under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, which is plainly visible at the right. The Massachusetts State Prison and McLean Asylum for the insane are also partially in view, and Lechmere Point at East Cambridge calls to mind the midnight ride of Paul Revere, and

the landing of the British troops on their ill-fated journey to our place of destination. Within a short distance on the left is the famous powder-house which aroused so much interest in the minds of antiquarians. The extensive brick-yards, the step-mothers of old Boston, soon give place to the fruitful gardens of Belmont which supply it with fresh vegetables and berries; and from Cambridge Station, Harvard College, the Washington elm, and Mt. Auburn can be easily reached by a short ride in the electric cars. At the right was the site of Porter's Tavern, the scene of so many convivial suppers of the students of old Harvard. After leaving the fine country seats of Belmont, we soon come to Waverley Station, from which a short walk toward the right brings us to the Middlesex Fells and Waverley Oaks, which are supposed to have been standing when Columbus visited America. In a few moments the train reaches Waltham, passing close to one of the earliest cotton-mills on the left of the track, beyond which the extensive works of the Waltham watch-factory can be seen across Charles River with its great flotilla of canoes and pleasure boats. Leaving Waltham, Prospect Hill is seen upon the right; and two miles farther on at the left is Norumbega Tower, built by Professor Horsford in commemoration of a visit of the Norsemen. This interesting tower and ancient ditch are within easy walking distance of Robert's Station; for further particulars of this famous spot, see the very remarkable pamphlets of the late Professor Horsford, whose munificent gifts to Wellesley College, and frequent contributions to the literature of the past, will make his name honored alike by scholar and savant.

The romantic Stony Brook Station is the next on the railroad, which is near some of the oldest estates in Massachusetts, and a mile farther on is Kendall Green, both bordering on the ancient town of Weston. A short distance up the track are the Hastings Organ Works, which give employment to many workmen, who manufacture a large quantity of musical instruments every year. After passing Lincoln Station, the old Codman estate stands near the track on the left. This ancient mansion has been the home of many distinguished families, and the scene of much old-time hospitality; its high hall and beautiful staircase have few equals in America, and it stands in one of the great agricultural centres of Massachusetts. Two miles from Lincoln Station on the right is Walden Pond, fully described in this book, a fine view of which can be had from the railroad track, and where several trains stop during the summer season. The town of Concord is a mile distant.

Returning from Concord to Boston by the Boston and Maine R. R., the station is on Lowell street near the Square, from the platform of which station a view of the Minute Man and Old Manse can be seen in spring, fall, and winter when the leaves are off the trees. If it is desirable to extend the journey a couple of miles farther into the country, from the cars several little glimpses of the beautiful Assabet River can be had before they stop at the end of the route opposite the Massachusetts Reformatory, which under the charge of Superintendent Scott and his deputy, Mr. Hart, is indeed in every respect a model institution. Over one thousand men and boys are subjected to all the influences for good which the modern system can furnish.

Trades of all sorts are taught by competent instructors, literary clubs are formed, a newspaper is conducted and printed with great ability. Religious services are held to suit the creeds of all, and on Sunday afternoons the very best talent that can be secured from far and near entertain the first grade men to the best of their ability. The inmates are taught self-respect, and many leave there well prepared to abandon the error of their ways and make good citizens. This institution occupies a part of the ground of Gen. Banks's camp of ten thousand militia, which did so much by its drill and preparation to save Washington in 1861.

On leaving Concord the train crosses Monument street, which leads to the battle-field, and then skirts the Great Fields, which Thoreau used to search for an abundant harvest of arrow-heads; and on the left may be seen the broad meadows of the river, which attracted the red and white settlers to the place. Copan and other points which Thoreau loved to visit and write about can be seen as the train dashes past on the way to Bedford, and a fine view of Ball's Hill and the river, which are fully described in another place. The minute-men, after their victory at the bridge, followed a portion of this route on their way to the fight at Merriam's Corner. Many tourists in barges and on foot take the great road to Lexington if they wish to follow the track of the flying British. The citizens of Lexington have marked the most important places with descriptive tablets, showing where the enemy tried in vain to make a stand, and the well at which each one of the combatants fell in single combat. If they continue on the railroad route, a branch of the

Shady Hill Nursery is close to the track upon the left, and the village of Bedford is perched upon a hill a mile farther on.

At Bedford Station connection is made with Billerica and Lowell by a train which stops at Bedford Springs, about a mile distant. Here is an excellent hotel, filled each summer with a refined and quiet company, many of whom pass every summer in this quiet and lovely spot; the proprietor of Bedford Springs has also near by extensive laboratories for the preparation of Viburnum, an efficacious panacea for many ills. A few miles beyond Bedford, lies the beautiful and historic town of Lexington. Many of the chief points of interest are very near the railroad station. Turning to the right, the famous Lexington Common is but a few rods distant, at the upper end of which a handsome tablet bearing an open book shows the site of the famous church, and gives the names of its more famous ministers; close to this is the elm-tree planted by Gen. Grant in 1875, when this famous veteran came to pay his tribute of respect to the heroes of 1775. At the right, another tablet marks the place where Capt. Parker and his gallant company of eighty men defied the trained forces of King George with all England behind them. On the opposite side of the Green is the monument to the heroes of "that ever glorious day," and a few rods farther up the road towards Concord is the burial-ground where patriot soldiers sleep in peace by the side of many of their gallant townsmen. On the road towards Bedford, still stands the house of Rev. Mr. Clark, the patriot preacher who entertained Hancock, Adams, and the beautiful Dorothy Q. on the night before the battle. Walking up toward Boston, the

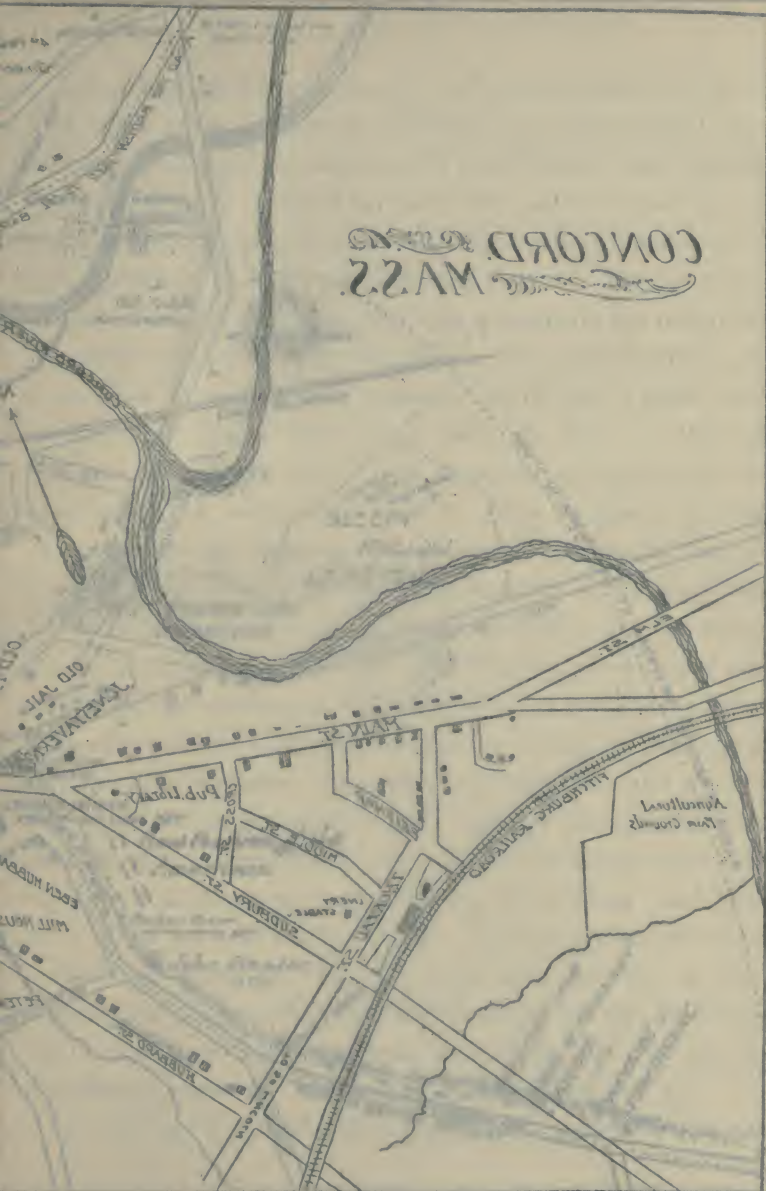
Buckman Tavern is passed upon the left, and the Memorial Building given by Mrs. Carey, with its fine hall, library, and collection of relics. On the same side of the street are the Massachusetts House, which did duty at the Philadelphia Centennial, the Russell House, and the granite cannon showing the place where Lord Percy held the minute-men in check for a short time. On the opposite side of the Square and street are many exceedingly interesting houses, carefully marked with inscriptions which do great credit to the enterprise of the Antiquarian Society.

At Munroe Station, a mile from the centre, stands the famous Munroe Tavern, which with the extensive estates near is still occupied by descendants of the same name.

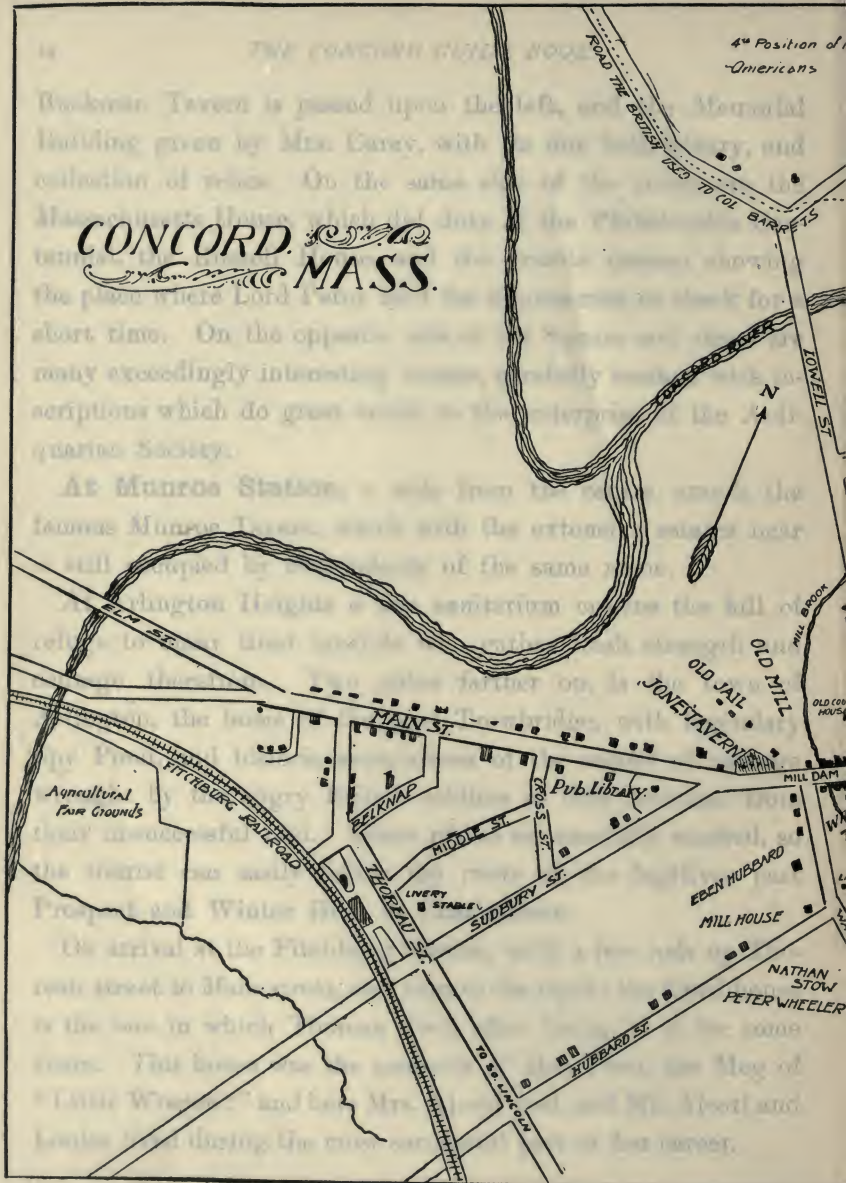
At Arlington Heights a fine sanitarium crowns the hill of refuge to many tired invalids who gather fresh strength and courage therefrom. Two miles farther on, is the town of Arlington, the home of the poet Trowbridge, with legendary Spy Pond, and historic associations of the scenes of carnage wrought by the angry British soldiers as they returned from their unsuccessful raid. These places are carefully marked, so the tourist can easily follow the route of the fugitives past Prospect and Winter Hills to Charlestown.

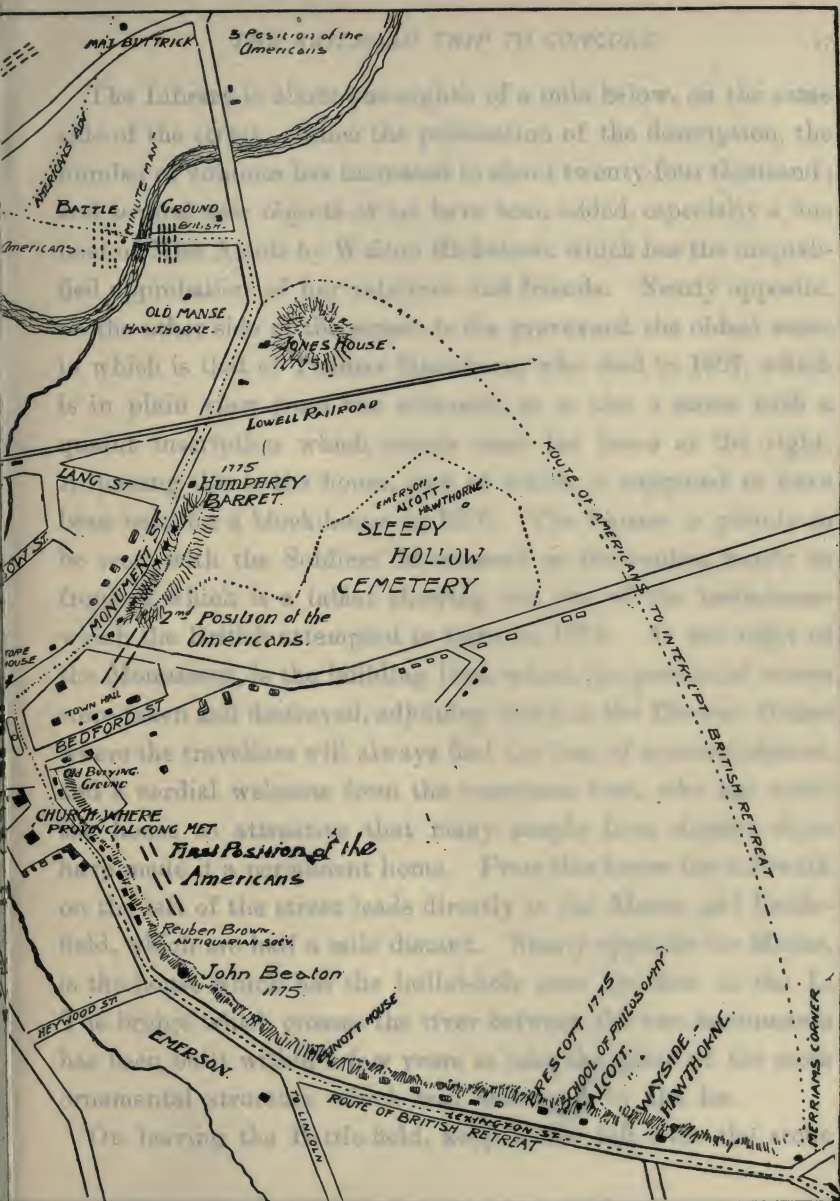
On arrival at the Fitchburg Station, walk a few rods up Thoreau street to Main street, and turn to the right; the third house is the one in which Thoreau died, after living in it for some years. This house was the property of Mrs. Pratt, the Meg of "Little Women;" and here Mrs. Alcott died, and Mr. Alcott and Louisa lived during the most successful part of her career.

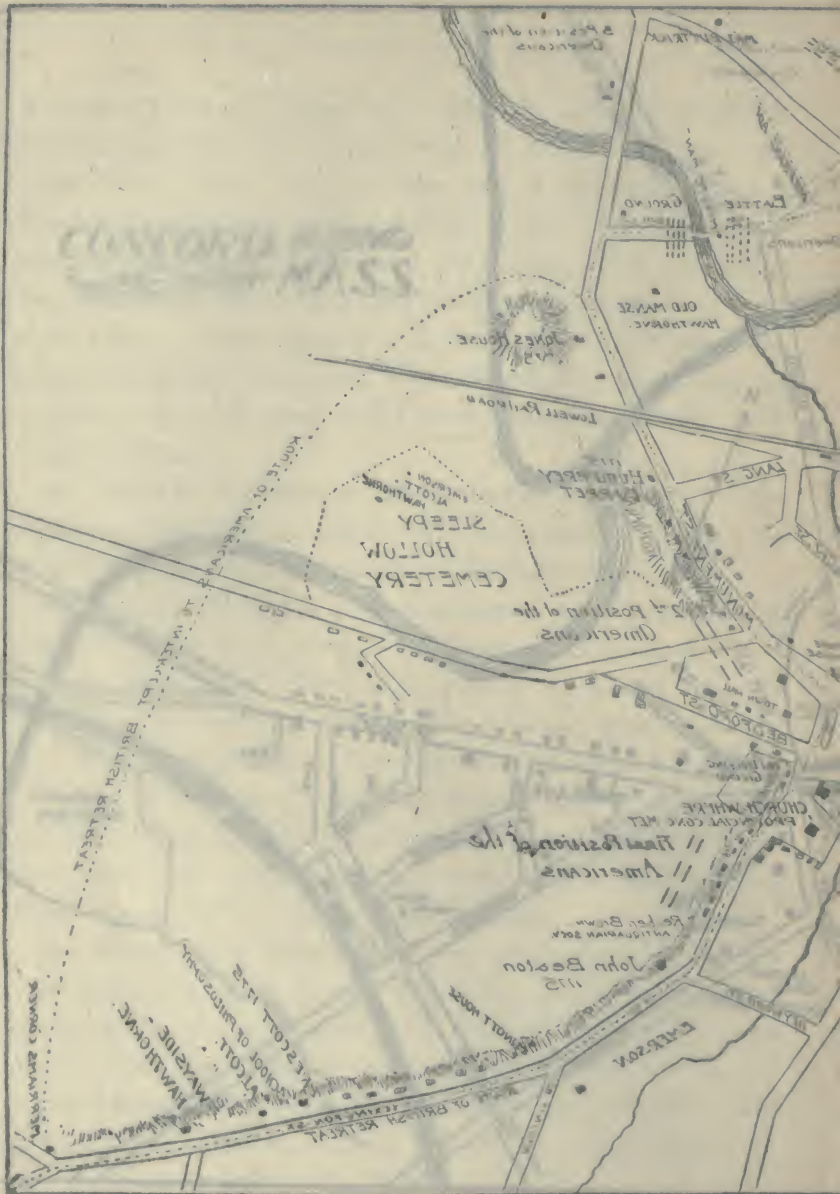
CONCORD MASS.



CONCORD. MASS.







The Library is about one-eighth of a mile below, on the same side of the street. Since the publication of the description, the number of volumes has increased to about twenty-four thousand; and several new objects of art have been added, especially a fine bust of Miss Alcott by Walton Ricketson, which has the unqualified approbation of her relatives and friends. Nearly opposite, on the other side of the street, is the graveyard, the oldest stone in which is that of Thomas Hartshorn, who died in 1697, which is in plain view from the entrance, as is also a stone with a quaint inscription which stands near the fence at the right. Adjoining this is the house, part of which is supposed to have been used for a block-house in 1675. The Square is plainly to be seen, with the Soldiers' Monument in the centre, nearly in front of which is a tablet showing the site of the town-house which the British attempted to burn in 1775. At the right of the Monument, is the building from which the provincial stores were taken and destroyed, adjoining which is the Thoreau House where the travellers will always find the best of accommodation, and a cordial welcome from the courteous host, who has made the house so attractive that many people from distant cities have made it a permanent home. From this house the sidewalk on the left of the street leads directly to the Manse and Battle-field, which are half a mile distant. Nearly opposite the Manse, is the house which has the bullet-hole near the door in the L. The bridge which crosses the river between the two monuments has been built within a few years to take the place of the more ornamental structure which was destroyed by the ice.

On leaving the Battle-field, keep to the left over the stone

bridge which commands a view of the farm of Minot Pratt, which is situated on the left bank of the river at its first bend. Taking Liberty street, the first turn of the road to the left, the first house on the right is the one where Major Buttrick lived, who led the minute-men to the bridge; and still keeping to the left, the crest of the hill where the minute-men formed is marked by an inscription on the wall by the roadside.

Turning to the left, at the foot of the hill is the wooden bridge, from which the junction of the Sudbury and Assabet, marked by a tablet on Egg Rock, is seen a short distance up the river. Keeping on up Lowell street, at the second house on the left is the bronze tablet which marks the site of the house of Rev. Peter Bulkley, where the purchase of the town from the Indians was so amicably made, which is but a few rods from the Square and Soldiers' Monument. On the upper side of the Square stands the building once used as a Court House, next to which is the present town-house with the historic elm in front. The street at the left of the town-house leads to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, passing along the side of which you enter at the new gateway presented by William M. Prichard, Esq., in 1891, and walk a short distance to the summer-house, in front of which across the hollow is the hill, the crest of which is marked by Ridge Path, on which the graves of Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Alcotts, and Emersons are situated. Returning to the Square, turn to the left past the Catholic Church, next to which is the Burying Hill, where a plain path leads to the summit and the oldest gravestone in town, that of Joseph Merriam, behind which, at the foot of the hill, is the stone of John Jack, whose grave is usually

covered with lilies. Returning to the path, keep along the top of the hill to the little powder-house, near which are the graves of Major Buttrick and his family, and the tombs of the Rev. Messrs. Bliss and Emerson. At the foot of the hill, on the side toward the village behind the stone house, is the stone of Col. Barrett; and most of the other remarkable graves are situated between this and the entrance gate, or nearly on the same line. Some of the memorial verses which appear upon these gravestones are very interesting, both to the antiquarian and the poet, as they are quoted from the authors of the time, when not original with the members of the family. One of the best of these poems is from the pen of Wesley, a brother of the preacher, who published a volume about the year 1600. The same verses were found in 1882 on a placard hanging to the marble monument of the Princess Sophia, daughter of James I., who was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1667.

Directly opposite the graveyard are the Wright Tavern and the Unitarian Church, in front of which stands a new tablet to commemorate the meeting of the Continental Congress. The sidewalk on the opposite side of the street leads directly to the School of Philosophy building, about half a mile in an easterly direction, the last meeting in which was the memorial to Mr. Alcott, one of its founders and chief supporters. On pursuing this journey several old houses are passed, one of which, occupied by Captain Brown in the Revolution, is plainly marked as the Antiquarian Society's headquarters; and the next is the former home of John Beaton, one of the oldest in town.

The home of Emerson is the first house on the opposite side

of the road. The Orchard House, which the Alcotts occupied for so many years, is in the same enclosure as the School of Philosophy; and the Wayside, where Hawthorne lived after his return from Europe, is the next house on the left. The hill behind Wayside seems to have been a favorite literary resort; for besides Hawthorne's Walk, represented in the picture, many of the winding wood paths were trod by the Alcott children in their romantic rambles. They climbed the steep sides of the hill, personating little Pilgrims laden with heavy packs, which they gladly cast off as they entered the Celestial City, represented to their romantic imaginations by a small pond, which reflected the beautiful scenery at the other side of the Hill Difficulty. In the deep shadow the Giant Despair lay in wait for his trembling victims, when the Little Women were in their early youth.

Some of the famous theatricals mentioned in the "Journal" and other books were acted in the barn which stands near the eastern end of the Wayside.

The original Concord grapevine still flourishes in the next garden, under the care of its great originator, E. W. Bull., Esq. From this parent vine the fruit has been so widely spread that it may well be called the grape "shot round the world."

Three-quarters of a mile below is Merriam's Corner, which is properly marked with a tablet; for it was the scene of the sharpest fighting which took place in the town limits, when Gov. Brooks with his company joined the Concord men who had crossed over the great fields to attack the British upon their return to Boston; for the road which has just been traversed

was the very same up which Major Pitcairn led his Hessians from Lexington Common to the old North Bridge. Near this corner stands the old Merriam house, which bears about the same external appearance as it did upon the nineteenth of April, 1775, when its quiet was broken by the sounds of war; and the same remark may be made as to many of the houses along the road between here and the village, which have been already fully described in the article on houses of historical interest.

On returning to the village, the first road turning to the left above Mr. Emerson's house leads, behind his famous garden, past the Poor Farm, to Walden Pond. Ascending the steep hill, the first road to the right leads directly to the Picnic ground, and the second, which turns to the right at the telegraph-pole, takes one to the tall pines back of Thoreau's grove. These trees are in plain sight from the main road; and under them is a well-worn path which turns to the left, directly to the site of Thoreau's hut, now marked by a pile of stones.

The Pond, which he loved and immortalized, is in front of this cairn, to which every visitor adds a stone, before walking down to the edge of the Pond to enjoy the unbroken solitude, if fortunate enough to escape a picnic. If a student of Thoreau, on his return to the main road he can keep to the right for twenty rods along it, to see the orchard which Thoreau planted with pine-cones in straight lines; and the ancient cellars of which he writes may still be distinguished.

Thoreau street extends from Walden to the Fitchburg Station, the point from which this imaginary journey sets forth. Hubbard street crosses Thoreau street; and very near the junction

of these streets, upon the former, are the schoolhouses mentioned in this book, and also the Ripley School, named for Dr. Ezra Ripley. Behind this building is the new playground and training-field for the free use of the boys and the militia. About four acres in extent, the greater part of this enclosure is protected by the deed of the givers from the encroachment of any statues, gravel paths, or anything which could in any way convert it into a park, or interfere with the original use. Mr. Emerson was interested in the idea of a public playground, and from time to time devoted small sums to this purpose, which formed the nucleus of the necessary endowment.

Among the improvements made since the first edition of this book was printed is Nashawtuck avenue, which begins at Main street opposite the end of Thoreau street, crosses the Nashawtuck Bridge, and ends at the top of the hill from which they take their name.

So many events have happened upon this hill, according to its historian, that the "History of a Concord Farm" which relates them is of absorbing interest. At present the new reservoir of the Concord water-works and Willard Common crown its summit, from which a fine view is to be had of the two rivers, the village and its surrounding hills, and of the fine estate which is half-way up the southern slope.

The proprietor of Nashawtuck does not propose to make of it the site of a town boom or land speculation; on the contrary, he hopes to preserve and use most of it as a farm, perhaps selling the Hurd residence, and removing from its vicinity to a more central position the barn and outbuildings.

At the same time he does not feel warranted in excluding the whole of it, especially the hill portion, from such use for resident purposes as its location and natural beauty may create a demand for; and to best adapt it for such purposes, he wishes to direct or inspire its laying out and improvement by the proper location, construction, and planting of ways; also by liberal allowances of space, and a general regard for landscape effects without losing its rural aspects.

Another most important improvement to the town is a school for boys,—the Concord Home School, founded and conducted by Mr. James S. Garland, a Harvard man, who has brought to his work in Concord the spirit of progress and enterprise.

The school is situated on the old Wood estate—seventy-five acres of beautiful upland on the west side of the Sudbury River, extending westward between Elm street and the Fitchburg Railroad.

The main building, erected in 1891, is a model of its kind, containing every requisite for the comfort and enjoyment of the students. Near by stands the gymnasium, filled with the best of apparatus, and the great playground, many acres in extent. There are tennis-courts also, and on the river bank a spacious boathouse, the most popular, perhaps, of all the ample means provided for athletic sports.

The school is in charge of accomplished masters, who are not only good teachers, but are the constant companions of the boys, joining with them in all their sports, and inspiring them with that manly spirit which should enter largely into the development of character.

The chief work of the school is to prepare boys for college ; but the course of study is made flexible, so that a youth may be fitted for a business or scientific career. The special needs of the pupil are carefully considered in every case.

There are at present accommodations for twenty-five boarding pupils, but the pressure for places is so great that additional rooms will soon have to be provided.

There is also a marked change in the boating interests of the Concord River. Since the "Carnival of Boats" was printed, it has been copied in so many places with more or less success, that it has been abandoned here, and the heavy boats which once decorated every landing-place have given place to canoes. Being so frail they require special houses for their accommodation, several of which ornament the river at various points. The finest of them is situated on the right bank of the Concord River, just below the Red Bridge. Prichard Woods, near the river, has been furnished with winding walks and rustic seats, in order to form an attractive and cool retreat, without any loss of its native wildness and simplicity.

The Concord Canoe Club has a large membership, and usually gives two great field-days, besides numerous smaller occasions ; the former draw many participants and spectators, who, after a long trip to Fairhaven Bay or some other favorite locality, devote a long summer day to races and amusements of a similar character.

Among the attractions of the river side, is the studio of Walton Ricketson, who has made many successful portrait busts of Thoreau, the Alcotts, and many of the Concord no-

tables. Many of his ideal works also ornament his studio, and many curious objects of art combine with bright draperies and cushions to render it picturesque, especially when the great fire is lighted to cast weird shadows on the ancient furniture; he has many valuable manuscripts of native and foreign authors, and Thoreau's flute, and the spyglass with which he penetrated so many of Nature's secrets.

Away down the river is Ball's Hill, one of Thoreau's favorite haunts. It is a matter of great congratulation that this hill has been purchased by Mr. William Brewster of Cambridge, who has taken measures to preserve its native wildness, in order to furnish a safe asylum for the birds and animals. No one will be allowed to use firearms, or to injure or destroy any of its animal or vegetable productions, if attention is paid to the polite requests of the owner.

The many foreign and native artists who spend their vacations along these quiet streams have made fine sketches of many beautiful places, some of which are the work of Mr. Edward Simmons, who has so successfully carried the fame of his native village to so many countries.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY HISTORY, CHURCHES AND BURYING GROUNDS.

The Town of Concord, probably so named from the peaceful manner of its purchase, was settled by a company of about a dozen families, most of whom came directly from England for that purpose, having been encouraged in this plan by a traveller who visited the spot in the year 1633. These pilgrims endured great hardships in their passage from tide water to this spot, being compelled to wade through deep swamps and penetrate with great difficulty through tangled thickets. They suffered greatly from the loss of their cattle which died in great numbers from change of diet and climate. The Indian name of the settlement was Musket-a-quid or the Grass-Grown River, and the broad meadows lying for many miles along the river were greatly esteemed by their aboriginal owners as hunting grounds and corn fields; but a peaceful purchase was made about the year 1637, the transaction having occurred, according to a legend, under a great tree called Jethro's Oak, which stood near the present site of the Middlesex Hotel. The savage proprietors seemed to have been well disposed and friendly to the new comers who labored earnestly for their conversion and improve-



The Public Storehouse and Thoreau House.



Thoreau's Birthplace.
(Now removed.)



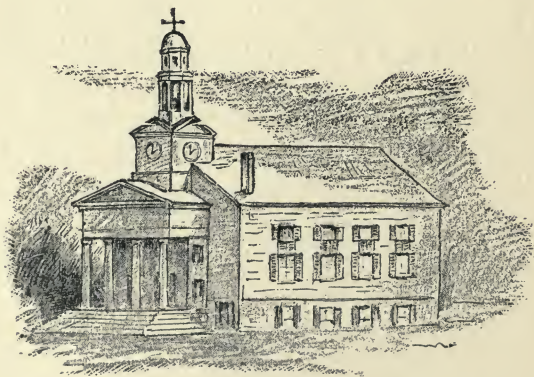
ment. The apostle Eliot often preached to them, and through his influence, about the year 1656, a large company of praying Indians existed, who cultivated the land and had an excellent code of laws, a copy of which is still extant. During the next twenty years the good feeling originally existing between the English and Indians seems to have gradually given place to the most bitter animosity, and Concord soon became a military post and a centre of warlike operations, from which parties were constantly sent out to the relief of neighboring villages, and for the punishment of the enemy.

During Philip's War several block houses were maintained, one of which tradition locates on the present site of the house of Dr. Barrett, one near Merriam's Corner, and one near the residence of Mr. Lewis Flint.

Several Indians convicted of the crime of murder and arson were executed in the town, and also one white man for the murder of an Indian. The general prejudice against the savages extended also to the praying Indians, a small party of whom were living here under the protection of Mr. John Hoar, who had erected a building for them to use as a residence and workshop; and one Sunday a company of soldiers from Boston entered the town and demanded them, and they were saved with great difficulty by the courage and determination of their guardian. It is stated that before proceeding to attack these inoffensive Indians, the soldiers decorously attended public worship, and waited until after service before stating the object of their mission.

The Old Church stood near the site of the present Unita

rian house of worship, which was built on the old frame, so that it contains the same timbers as the one in which the first Provincial Congress was held, on the fourteenth of October, 1774, of which John Hancock was chosen president. In this assembly were made those stirring speeches by himself, Adams, and other patriots, which did so much to hasten the events of the Revolution. The church was organized at Cambridge, in 1636, and in 1637 the Rev. Peter Bulkeley and John Jones were chosen as the teacher and the pastor. In this organization, like most of those under two heads, some difficulty seems to have arisen, and a part of the congregation seceded for a time, and some of the people followed Mr. Jones on his subsequent removal from



FIRST CHURCH.

the town. Mr. Bulkeley came from noble ancestry, was renowned as a finished scholar and gentleman, and expended his means

and strength for his town and church with a liberality only equalled by his piety. He died universally lamented, March 9th, 1659, at which time his son the Rev. Edward, was installed in his place. The Rev. Joseph Esterbrook, Rev. Mr. Whiting, and Rev. Mr. Bliss, successively, succeeded him. After them came the eloquent divine and fearless patriot, Rev. William Emerson, who preached for ten years, when he gave his life to the service of his country. The Rev. Ezra Ripley succeeded to the church and home of Mr. Emerson, whose widow he married. Of both of the two last-named divines, an account will be found in another place. The Rev. H. B. Goodwin and the Rev. B. Frost were both colleagues of Dr. Ripley, the latter being pastor of the church after him, in which position he was succeeded for over twenty years by Rev. G. Reynolds, who identified himself with the history of this town, writing many valuable historical papers and books.

The Trinitarian Congregational Church was organized in 1826, incorporated 1890. The church building was finished in 1827, and was used for worship before it was quite completed.

Its first minister was the Rev. Daniel Southmayd, and its present pastor is the Rev. George A. Tewksbury, formerly of Plymouth, Mass., who has prepared a manual which contains a full account of the old church, which began with sixteen people, and has advanced to a membership of about two hundred, which is rapidly increasing. In front of the church building, which stands at the corner of Hubbard and Walden streets, is a memorial fountain to the Rev. Henry M. Grout, a much-beloved pastor who died in 1886.

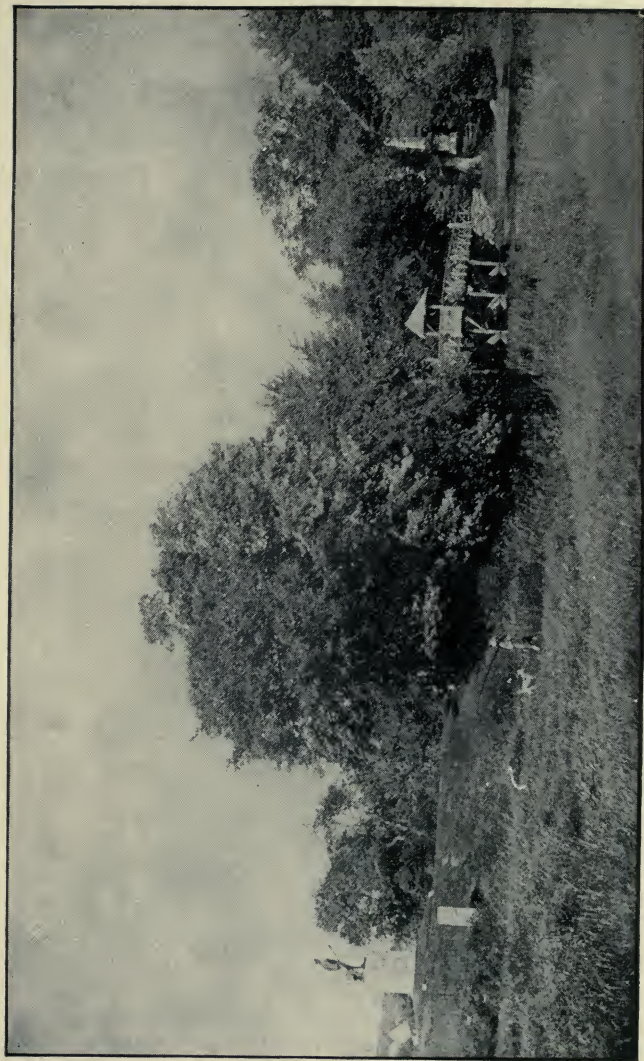
St. Bernard's Roman Catholic Church was established in 1866, under the pastorate of the Rev. P. J. Canny. The present pastor is the Rev. Edward J. Moriarty, the number of worshippers is twelve hundred. The church is ornamented with handsome stained glass memorial windows, and with many fine statues. It occupies a fine site on the public square, facing Main street.

Trinity Church, Protestant Episcopal, built and consecrated 1885; organized as a parish 1887. Situated on Elm street, is built of stone, and has a fine triple window of stained glass in memory of its first warden, Orlando H. Underhill, Esq.

A fine Union Church has lately been erected at Concord Junction. It is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Walter Campbell.

The Scandinavian Methodist Church on Thoreau street was dedicated in 1893. The pastor is Rev. J. P. Andersen.

The Old Hill Burying Ground stands directly behind the Catholic Church. The date of its opening is unknown, and the location of no older one can be ascertained. The oldest stone in this ground is probably the monument to Joseph Merriam, who died the twentieth of April, 1677; and the most celebrated epitaph is that of John Jack, an old slave who died in town in 1773. This has been widely copied at home and abroad, as a curious specimen of antithesis, and it is usually attributed to the pen of Daniel Bliss. The stone, which has been renewed, stands at the northerly corner of the yard, and a well-worn track leads to it from the main path. The inscription is here copied in full:



The North Bridge.
(As it was in 1875.)



God wills us free, man wills us slaves,
I will as God wills ; God's will be done.

Here lies the body of

JOHN JACK

A native of Africa, who died
March 1773 aged about sixty years.

Though born in a land of slavery,

He was born free.

Though he lived in a land of liberty,

He lived a slave ;

Till by his honest though stolen labor

He acquired the source of slavery,

Which gave him his freedom :

Though not long before

Death the grand tyrant,

Gave him his final emancipation,

And put him on a footing with kings.

Though a slave to vice,

He practised those virtues,

Without which kings are but slaves.

On the first white stone which was placed in this cemetery is this inscription, curious as showing the date when white marble superseded the common slate :

This stone is designed

by its durability

to perpetuate the memory,

and by its colour

to signify the moral character,

of

MISS ABIGAIL DUDLEY

Who died Jan 4, 1812,
aged 73.

In the same yard is this beautiful epitaph :

“VIVENS
DILECTISSIMA.”

ORPHA BRYANT.

Born December 24 1797,

Died October 1, 1798.

She was the joy of her father,
and the delight of her mother,

MORTUA LACHRYMABILLIMA.

In this yard is the grave of Major John Buttrick, who led the fight at the old North Bridge. He lies at the head of a large family, which includes his son who accompanied him as fifer, both these facts being properly noted on their gravestones, which may be seen near the crest of the hill by the side of the small magazine, in which the powder is kept for the village stores. Very near are the graves of the lamented pastors of the town, including that of the Rev. William Emerson as shown in the picture. It was probably near this spot that Col. Smith and Maj. Pitcairn, who commanded the British on the day of the Fight, stood to review the movements of their troops engaged in various parts of the town, and to watch the Americans as they assembled from various quarters. On the same hill a hundred rods farther south, was the Liberty Pole erected by the patriots, which was cut down by the British on the morning of the battle. By the side of the tomb of Rev. William

Emerson is that of John Beaton, an eccentric and frugal Scotchman who accumulated a large fortune and made a liberal bequest to the church which still goes by the name of the Beaton fund and is annually devoted to pious uses.

The Burial Ground on Main Street was, according to tradition, the gift of two maiden ladies. In 1775 the road probably went around the back side of it, and across the upper end, for which reason most of the stones face the west, toward



TOMB OF REV. WILLIAM EMERSON.

what was then the principal street. The oldest stone is that of Thomas Hartshorn, who died Nov. 17, 1697; and no other one appears there until 1713.

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery was purchased by the town, of the heirs of Reuben Brown, in 1855, and was laid out according to plans furnished by Morris Copeland, Esq.

The architect has followed, wisely, the natural form of the ground, and left undisturbed the amphitheatre which has existed for years in the center, and which had borne the name of Sleepy Hollow long before it was thought of as a place of burial. On the nineteenth of April, 1856, a tree-bee was organized, and over an hundred trees were set out in a single day by the citizens, each one of whom thus brought his own memorial. The ladies held two festivals in the same year to raise money for

seats and decorations. The oration at the dedication was delivered by Emerson, and an ode by F. B. Sanborn was sung, which is copied here from "Parnassus."

Shine kindly forth, September sun,
 From heavens calm and clear,
 That no untimely cloud may run
 Before thy golden sphere,
 To vex our simple rites to-day
 With one prophetic tear.

With steady voices let us raise
 The fitting psalm and prayer ;
 Remembered grief of other days
 Breathes softening in the air :
 Who knows not Death — who mourns no loss —
 He has with us no share.

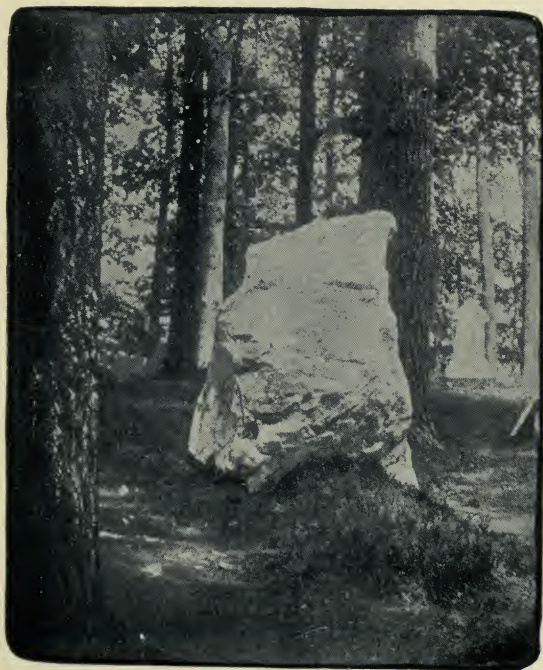
To holy sorrow, solemn joy,
 We consecrate the place
 Where soon shall sleep the maid and boy,
 The father and his race,
 The mother with her tender babe,
 The venerable face.

These waving woods, these valleys low,
 Between these tufted knolls,
 Year after year shall dearer grow
 To many loving souls ;
 And flowers be sweeter here than blow
 Elsewhere between the poles.

For deathless Love and blessed Grief
 Shall guard these wooded aisles,
 When either Autumn casts the leaf,
 Or blushing Summer smiles,
 Or Winter whitens o'er the land,
 Or Spring the buds uncoils.



Hawthorne's Grave.



Emerson's Grave.



Many of the most marked graves are on The Ridge. Ascending the hill by Ridge Path, at the west, Nathaniel Hawthorne's grave is seen, surrounded by a low hedge of arbor vitæ, as if the gifted author sought in death the modest retirement which he loved in life. His eloquent epitaph consists only of his name on a plain white stone.

The grave of Thoreau is just behind, with a granite stone; and by his side lies his brother John, whose genius might have outshone that of the poet, philosopher, and naturalist, had not he died in its first flush.

A little farther on, past the graves of Nathan Brooks and John M. Cheney, citizens whose worth and virtue have caused their names to be honored forever by their townsmen, may be seen the Whiting monument, a copy of the Brewster monument at Plymouth, and that of Col. George L. Prescott, the patriot martyr who fell in response to his country's earliest call for help.

On the opposite side of Ridge Path is the grave of R. W. Emerson, to which thousands of visitors come every year. A great pine stands near the head of the grave, which is now marked by a monument of beautiful pink quartz, in its native state, as it came from the quarry. Near by are the graves of his mother, and the son whose monument is the poem of "Threnody."

A plain brown slab commemorates in a Latin verse Mrs. Samuel Ripley, whose classical attainments have been chronicled in the Centennial book by the loving hand of another of the most gifted women that our country ever knew.

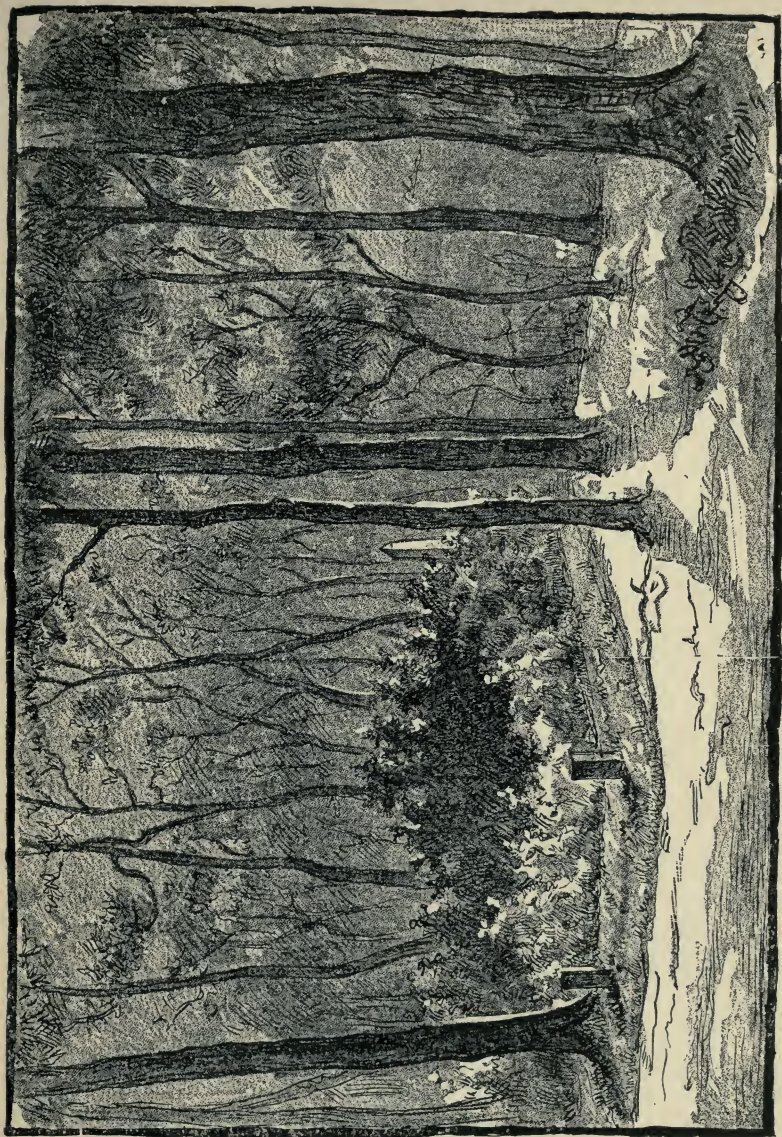
In the center of the same lot is the monument to her son,

Lieut. Ezra Ripley, a portion of whose epitaph is here copied :

Of the best Pilgrim stock,
 descended from officers in the Revolutionary army
 and from a long line of the ministers of Concord,
 he was worthy of his lineage.
 An able and successful lawyer,
 he gave himself with persistent zeal
 to the cause of the friendless and the oppressed.
 Of slender physical strength
 and of a nature refined and delicate.
 He was led by patriotism and the love of freedom
 to leave home and friends for the toilsome labors of war,
 and shrank from no fatigue and danger,
 until worn out in her service,
 He gave his life for his country.

Just opposite is the plain shaft, erected by himself twenty years before his death, of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, who practised medicine in this town with devotion and success for a period of fifty-five years. He was the son of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of Charlestown, who was a surgeon's mate, in 1775, at Concord Fight, so that the practice of father and son extended over a century. He was an earnest and fearless advocate of the cause of temperance when it was most unpopular, and was always on the side of the oppressed. He died in January, 1878, in active practice at the age of eighty-one.

On the side of the hill, on Glen Path, is the monument designed by Hammatt Billings, and erected to the memory of the Hon. Samuel Hoar, who by his descendants, as well as by the probity and simple grandeur of his life, has done more to



RIDGE PATH.—SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.



elevate the standard of living than any other man in the town or county. His epitaph, which is here copied, will speak far better than any words of this book. At the upper portion, on a tablet resembling a window, is this quotation from Pilgrim's Progress:

“ The pilgrim they laid in a chamber
Whose window opened toward the sunrising;
The name of the chamber was Peace.
There he lay till break of day, and then
He arose and sang.”

Lower on the same face of the monument:

SAMUEL HOAR
of Concord.

Born in Lincoln, May, 1778,

Died in Concord, Nov. 2, 1856.

He was long one of the most eminent lawyers
and best beloved citizens of Mass.,
a safe counsellor, a kind neighbor,
a Christian gentleman.

He had a dignity that commanded the respect,
and a sweetness and modesty that won the affection
of all men.

He practised an economy that never wasted,
and a liberality that never spared.

Of proved capacity for the highest offices,

He never avoided obscure duties.

He never sought stations of fame or emolument,
and never shrank

from positions of danger or obloquy.

His days were made happy by public esteem and
private affection. To the latest moment
of his long life he preserved his
clear intellect unimpaired,
and, fully conscious of its approach, met
death with the perfect assurance of immortal life.

We copy also the inscription on the gravestone of his daughter:—

MISS ELIZABETH HOAR,
DIED APRIL 7, 1878, AGED 63.

Her sympathy with what is high and fair brought her into intimacy
with many eminent men and women of her time. Nothing
excellent or beautiful escaped her quick apprehension: and in her unfailing memory precious
things lay in exact order, as in a royal treasury, hospitably ready
to instruct and delight young and old. Her calm courage and
simple religious faith triumphed over sickness and pain:
and when Death transplanted her to her place in
the Garden of the Lord, he found little perishable to prune away.

Most of the epitaphs in this lot were written by the Hon. E. R. Hoar, who now lies among his family, having died on the 31st day of January, 1895, to the intense grief of his townsmen, and of the world in general. His funeral was attended by an immense gathering, in which many of the greatest minds were represented. The graves of the Alcott family are directly behind the Hawthorne lot, and near that of the Thoreau family. Each grave is marked in the same manner,—by a low marble stone, bearing only the initials in this order: L. M. A., A. M. N.,

E. B., A. M. A., A. B. A., the last two being the father and mother, as Mrs. Pratt lies near by the side of her loving husband. A bronze tablet has been placed on Mr. Emerson's boulder, bearing two lines from his own poem:—

The passive master lent his hand
To the great soul, that o'er him planned.

Slate stones have been placed to mark the graves of his wife, mother, and son, and aunt Mary, a quotation from "Threnody" marking the grave of little Waldo:—

The hyacinthine boy, for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom;
The gracious boy, who did adorn
The world whereunto he was born.

The first burial in Sleepy Hollow was that of Mrs. Maria Holbrook, in the fall of 1855. The first burial in the New Hill Burying Ground was that of Mrs. Anna Robbins in 1823, which fact is noted on the stone. In the year 1869 the town purchased the land of the Agricultural Society, and thus united the New Hill Ground with Sleepy Hollow.

In the summer of 1873, Mr. George Tolman, impressed with the fact that many of the older stones had disappeared, and that others were fast becoming illegible, undertook the task of copying all the inscriptions, so that they might be preserved. Being himself a printer and a practical proof-reader he has permitted nothing to escape his observation, but has followed the inscriptions literally, even to the abbreviations, punctuation, errors in spelling, and all such minor points. These copies have been arranged in a manuscript

volume, and thoroughly indexed. To the student of genealogy, these inscriptions have a peculiar value, as they often afford evidence as to facts and dates omitted in the Town Registers of births and deaths. To add to their value in this respect, Mr. Tolman has added genealogical notes, carefully tracing the line of descent and family connection, in many cases, especially those of members of our own old families, going back to the earliest ancestor of the name. The interments in the "New Burying Ground," and in "Sleepy Hollow" have also been indexed by the same gentleman with such completeness that there is probably no grave in any of our burial places, with the exception of the *unmarked* ones in the two old yards, to which his manuscript is not a sufficient guide. He is at all times ready to show his work to any one who may desire to consult it for information.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE GROUND.

The Battle Ground was presented to the town by the Rev. Dr. Ripley, who remarked in Town Meeting a half century ago that the time would come when the spot would be a place of great interest to many. How well the prediction has been fulfilled, the daily stream of visitors bears abundant witness. It is on Monument St., nearly half a mile from the center of the town, and near the Old Manse, having been a part of the farm belonging to it since the course of the road was changed which formerly crossed the old North Bridge.

The legends of the Fight being somewhat contradictory in

minor parts, it has been thought best to follow in this brief sketch the account of Lemuel Shattuck, and that of the Rev. Dr. Ripley, adding in full the extract from the diary of the Rev. Mr. William Emerson, which was discovered and first published in 1835, by his grandson, Mr. R. W. Emerson. The following is a concise statement abridged from Shattuck's History of Concord, published in 1835. It should be borne in mind that it is not within the scope of this book to allude to events which did not take place *in* the town.

The morning had advanced to about seven o'clock, and the British army were soon seen approaching the town on the Lexington road. The glittering arms of eight hundred soldiers, "the flower of the British army" were full in view. At first it was thought best that our men should face the enemy, as few as they were, and abide the consequences. Of this opinion, among others, was the Rev. William Emerson, the clergyman of the town, who had turned out amongst the first in the morning to animate and encourage his people by his counsel and patriotic example. "Let us stand our ground," said he; "if we die, let us die here!" Eleazar Brooks of Lincoln was then on the hill. "Let us go and meet them," said one to him. "No," he answered, "it will not do for *us* to begin the war." They did not then know what had happened at Lexington. Their number was very small in comparison with the enemy, and it was concluded best to retire a short distance, and wait for reinforcements. They consequently marched to the northern declivity of the burying ground hill, near the present site of the court house. They did not, however, leave their station till the British light infantry had arrived within a few rods' distance. About this time Colonel James Barrett, who was commander of the militia, and who had been almost incessantly engaged that morning in securing the stores, rode up. Individuals were frequently arriving, bringing different reports. It was difficult to obtain correct information. Under these circumstances, he ordered the men there paraded, being about one hundred and fifty, to march over the North

Bridge, and there wait for reinforcements. In the meantime the British troops entered the town. The six companies of light infantry were ordered to enter on the hill, and disperse the minute men whom they had seen paraded there. The grenadiers came up the main road, and halted on the common. The first object of the British was to gain possession of the North and South bridges, to prevent any militia from entering over them. Accordingly, while Col. Smith remained in the center of the town, he detached six companies of light infantry, under command of Capt. Lawrence Parsons of his own regiment, to take possession of the North Bridge, and proceed thence to places where stores were deposited. On their arrival there, three companies under command of Capt. Laurie of the 43d regiment, were left to protect the bridge; one of those, commanded by Lieut. Edward Thornton Gould, paraded at the bridge; the other, of the 4th and 10th regiments, fell back in the rear towards the hill. Capt. Parsons, with three companies, proceeded to Col. Barrett's to destroy the stores there deposited. At the same time Capt. Munday Pole, of the 10th regiment, was ordered to take possession of the South Bridge, and destroy such public property as he could find in that direction. The grenadiers and marines, under Smith and Pitcairn, remained in the center of the town, where all means in their power were used to accomplish the destruction of military stores. In the center of the town the grenadiers broke open about sixty barrels of flour, nearly one half of which was afterwards saved, knocked off the trunnions of three iron twenty-four pound cannon, and burnt sixteen new carriage-wheels, and a few barrels of wooden trenchers and spoons. The liberty-pole on the hill was cut down, and suffered the same fate. About five hundred pounds of balls were thrown into the mill-pond and into wells. While the British were thus engaged, our citizens and part of our military men, having secured what articles of public property they could, were assembling under arms. Beside the minute-men and militia of Concord, the military companies from the adjoining towns began to assemble; and the number had increased to about two hundred and fifty or three hundred. John Robinson of Westford, a lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of

minute-men under Col. William Prescott, and other men of distinction had already assembled. The hostile acts and formidable array of the enemy, and the burning of the articles they had collected in the village, led them to anticipate a general destruction. Joseph Hosmer, acting as adjutant, formed the soldiers as they arrived singly or in squads, the minute companies on the right, and the militia on the left, facing the town. He then, observing an unusual smoke arising from the center of the town, went to the officers and citizens in consultation on the high ground near by, and inquired earnestly, "Will you let them burn the town down?" They then "resolved to march into the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt;" and at the same time they resolved not to fire unless first fired upon. "They acted upon principle, and in the fear of God." Col. Barrett immediately gave orders to march by wheeling from the right. Major Buttrick requested Lieut. Col. Robinson to accompany him, and led them in double file to the scene of action. When they came to the road leading from Capt. Brown's to the bridge, a part of the Acton minute company under Capt. Davis passed by in front, marched towards the bridge a short distance, and halted. Being in files of two abreast, the Concord minute company under Capt. Brown, being before at the head, marched up the north side till they came equally in front. The precise position, however, of each company, cannot now be fully ascertained.

The British, observing their motions, immediately formed on the east side of the river, and soon began to take up the planks of the bridge. Against this Maj. Buttrick remonstrated, and ordered a quicker step of his soldiers. The British desisted. At that moment two or three guns were fired in quick succession into the river, which the provincials considered as alarm guns, and not aimed at them. They had arrived within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge when a single gun was fired by a British soldier, the ball from which, passing under Col. Robinson's arm, slightly wounded the side of Luther Blanchard, a fifer in the Acton company, and Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men. This gun was instantly followed by a volley, by which Capt. Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, both belonging to Acton, were killed.



THE BATTLE-GROUND.



On seeing this, Maj. Buttrick instantly leaped from the ground, and partly turning to his men, exclaimed: "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake, fire;" discharging his own gun almost in the same instant. His order was instantly obeyed; and a general discharge from the whole line of the provincial ranks took place. Firing on both sides continued a few minutes. Three British soldiers were killed, and Lieuts. Sunderland, Kelley, and Gould, a sergeant and four privates were wounded. The British immediately retreated about half way to the meeting house, and were met by two companies of grenadiers, who had been drawn thither by "the noise of battle." Two of the soldiers killed at the bridge were left on the ground, where they were afterwards buried by Zachariah Brown, and Thomas Davis, jun. From this time through the day, little or no military order was preserved among the provincials; every man chose his own time and mode of attack. It was between ten and eleven o'clock when the firing at the bridge took place, and a short time after Capt. Parsons and his party returned unmolested from Col. Barrett's.

By this time the provincials had considerably increased, and were constantly arriving from the neighboring towns. The British had but partially accomplished the objects of their expedition; but they now began to feel that they were in danger, and resolved on an immediate retreat. They retreated in the same order as they entered town, the infantry on the hill and the grenadiers in the road, but with flanking parties more numerous and farther from the main body. On arriving at Merriam's Corner they were attacked by the provincials, who had proceeded across the Great Fields in conjunction with a company from Reading, under command of Gov. Brooks. Several of the British were killed, and several wounded. None of the provincials were injured. From this time the road was literally lined with provincials, whose accurate aim generally produced the desired effect. Guns were fired from every house, barn, wall, or covert. After they had waylaid the enemy and fired upon them from one position, they fell back from the road, ran forward, and came up again to perform a similar manœuvre.

The following is an extract from the diary of Rev. William Emerson :

"1775, 19 April. This morning, between one and two o'clock, we were alarmed by the ringing of the bell, and upon examination found that the troops, to the number of eight hundred, had stolen their march from Boston, in boats and barges, from the bottom of the Common over to a point in Cambridge, near to Inman's Farm, and were at Lexington meeting-house half an hour before sunrise, where they had fired upon a body of our men and, as we afterward heard, had killed several. This intelligence was brought us first by Dr. Samuel Prescott, who narrowly escaped the guard that were sent before on horses, purposely to prevent all posts and messengers from giving us timely information. He, by the help of a very fleet horse, crossing several walls and fences, arrived at Concord at the time above mentioned, when several posts were immediately despatched, that, returning, confirmed the account of the regulars' arrival at Lexington, and that they were on their way to Concord. Upon this, a number of our minute men belonging to this town, and Acton and Lincoln, with several others that were in readiness, marched out to meet them, while the alarm company were preparing to receive them in the town. Capt. Minot, who commanded them, thought it proper to take possession of the hill above the meeting-house as the most advantageous situation. No sooner had our men gained it, than we were met by the companies that were sent out to meet the troops, who informed us that they were just upon us, and that we must retreat, as their number was more than treble ours. We then retreated from the hill near the Liberty Pole, and took a new post back of the town, upon an eminence, where we formed into two battalions, and waited the arrival of the enemy. Scarcely had we formed, before we saw the British troops, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, glittering in arms, advancing towards us with the greatest celerity. Some were for making a stand, notwithstanding the superiority of their number; but others, more prudent, thought best to retreat, till our strength should be equal to the enemy's, by recruits from neighboring towns that were con-

tinually coming in to our assistance. Accordingly we retreated over the bridge. The troops came into the town, set fire to several carriages for the artillery, destroyed sixty barrels of flour, rifled several houses, took possession of the town-house, destroyed five hundred pounds of balls, set a guard of a hundred men at the North Bridge, and sent up a party to the house of Col. Barrett, where they were in expectation of finding a quantity of warlike stores. But these were happily secured, just before their arrival, by transportation into the woods and other by-places. In the mean time, the guard set by the enemy to secure the posts at the North Bridge were alarmed by the approach of our people, who had retreated, as mentioned before, and were now advancing, with special orders not to fire upon the troops unless fired upon. These orders were so punctually observed, that we received the fire of the enemy in three several and separate discharges of their pieces before it was returned by our commanding officer. The firing then soon became general for several minutes, in which skirmish two were killed on each side, and several of the enemy wounded. It may here be observed, by the way, that we were the more cautious to prevent beginning a rupture with the king's troops, as we were then uncertain what had happened at Lexington, and knew [not] that they had begun the quarrel there by firing upon our people, and killing eight men upon the spot. The three companies of troops soon quitted their post at the bridge, and retreated in the greatest disorder and confusion to the main body, who were soon upon the march to meet them. For half an hour, the enemy, by their marches and counter-marches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind; sometimes advancing sometimes returning to their former posts, till at length they quitted the town, and retreated by the way they came. In the mean time a party of our men (one hundred and fifty) took the back way, through the Great Fields, into the east quarter, and had placed themselves to advantage, lying in ambush behind walls, fences, and buildings, ready to fire upon the enemy on their retreat."



mark, that he would stir the rebels' blood before night. This building, with the exception of the L has probably suffered less change than any other of the old houses. The church which stood near it was built in 1712, and the present building contains some of the same timbers as the old one. The old yellow block



THE WRIGHT TAVERN.

at the other side of the square was used for stores and residences, and probably dates back to 1750. Nearly opposite Wright's tavern is the Tolman house, which was inhabited by Dr. Ezekiel Brown, who was a surgeon in the Revolutionary war; and at the other side of the square, at the beginning of Monument St., the row of buildings were in part occupied as store-houses, in

which some of the Provincial supplies were kept, to obtain which was one of the causes of the invasion of the town by the British troops.

Proceeding down the Boston road the house of Jonas Lee is about opposite the end of the yellow block. Its owner was a staunch patriot, although the son of a noted tory who was brought to discipline by his townsmen for that cause. The next house on the same side was the home of Dr. Joseph Hunt; and the next building but one was the shop of Reuben Brown, where knapsacks, saddlery and other equipments were made. Its owner was prominent on the day of the Fight having been dispatched on a reconnoitering tour toward Lexington in the morning. The house next to it was also standing, as well as the one occupied by George Heywood, Esq., which is supposed to be at least two hundred years old. It was just below this house that the guard was posted, at the same time that one was placed at the old North and another at the old South bridge. A little below is the Beal house, and half a mile below it the Alcott house, both of which date back to about 1740. The house of Ephraim Bull, Esq., was probably nearly as old, and it is well known all over the United States through the Concord Grape which was originated here by its present owner. Half a mile below is Merriam's corner. The old house stands as it stood when the Reading and other troops under the command of Gov. Brooks, came up and joined the men who had come across the great fields from the North Bridge, and killed and wounded several of the retreating British.





On the Bedford road are two or three houses of great age.

On the Turnpike and Lincoln roads the Tuttle and Fox houses date back to 1740 or 65.

Returning to the square and crossing the old mill-dam, the Vose house is remarkable as being the only three-story house ever built in town. In a picture taken about 1775 it is very prominent, and was doubtless one of the chief houses of the village. Above it on the right, on Main street stands the house of Dr. Barrett, one room of which was a portion of the old block house dating back perhaps to King Philip's War; near this house, at a corner of the burial ground, stood the old jail in which some of the British prisoners were confined. The road turned at this point and went toward the Wheeler house, which was built in the present form in 1700, and has always remained in the possession of the same family. A few rods above the South Bridge was the home of Capt. Joseph Hosmer who was requested by Maj. Buttrick to act as adjutant, and rendered very efficient service in marshalling and collecting the Americans as they arrived from various points; it has remained in the family of his descendants ever since its erection in 1761, and was a place of concealment for stores which were saved by the courage and ingenuity of Mrs. Hosmer; a detachment of British soldiers was sent to capture their cannon balls which were heaped in one of the rooms, and the kegs of powder which had been hidden behind some feathers under the eaves, but the shrewd lady contrived to send the troops away without discov-

ering them, although they destroyed several of her beds in the search.

Nearly behind this house is another old one built about 1763, which was the home of Ephriam Wood, Esq., who was a zealous patriot and an officer of the town, and was engaged in secreting some stores in another place, and escaped the search which was made for him through the house. A short distance up the road which passes in front of Adjutant, afterwards known as Maj. Hosmer's house, is another old house which belonged to a member of the same family, and half a mile east of it is the house of Abel Hosmer, the builder of which was on his way to Charlestown for a load of brick when he met the British coming from Lexington.

Opposite the Depot of the extension of the Middlesex branch of the Central R. R. stands the house of the celebrated Dr. Cummings. In early life he was a soldier in the wars with the Indians. Being wounded, he was captured, treated with severity at first, and afterwards with kindness. He received a commission from the Crown as Justice of the Peace, and at the beginning of the Revolution he became chairman of the committee of correspondence, inspection and safety. After the war he acquired property and left bequests to the church, town, Harvard College, etc.

Going up Monument street toward the Battle Ground, the first of the old houses is that owned by Mr. Keyes, which was built by Elisha Jones, the stepfather of Captain Nathan Barrett, who had command of a company at the Concord

fight. This house stands on the left side of the road. It is one of the oldest in town, and was owned by Elisha Jones at the time of the fight, and bore marks of age at that time. It remains much in the same form, and the present owner John S. Keyes, Esq., has carefully preserved many relics of the time, among which are copies of the old pictures of the battle, and a view of the town as it then existed. In the L part a bullet hole is plainly visible, which was made by a British bullet, near which is a portion of the old North Bridge nailed against a beam; underneath this stands the stone across which Capt. Isaac Davis fell. This stone formed a portion of a row which were used as stepping stones when the water was high on the causeway, and it was identified by certain stains which appear on it. The wife of a grandson of Col. Barrett lived in this house and used to relate her vivid recollections of the day, as she watched the red coats march by the house as she stood at a window on a pile of salt fish which formed part of the stores concealed there. Her husband's father built a house on Ponkawtasset where Mr. Daniel Hunt also lived.

On Ponkawtasset Hill, near these houses the minute men and militia went to watch the movements of the British, and after receiving reinforcements marched down to the high ground by Maj. Buttrick's house which still stands, and is now occupied by Mr. J. Derby. This house was built by Jonathan Buttrick in 1712, and the front part remains the same as in 1775, and it was in the possession of the Buttrick family until 1832. It is recorded on the grave stone of Jonathan Buttrick that thirteen well-instructed children followed him to the grave, one

of whom was Maj. John Buttrick the hero of the Fight. His brothers Samuel, Joseph and Daniel all left their farms and served under the Maj. at the bridge. Their houses are now standing on the Carlisle road above Ponkawtasset on the farms which were given them by their father. The Ball Hill farmhouse was also built long before 1775, and a son of the family, Benjamin Ball, was killed at Bunker Hill. The old Whittaker house was also where it is now, just behind Ponkawtasset. The Hunt house was the oldest on this hill, and it was the one at which the Americans were supplied with food as they assembled on the hill waiting for reinforcements. The house of Capt. Nathan Barrett who commanded the fourth company at the fight, and who joined in the pursuit of the British, and was wounded in the afternoon of that day, was near Mr. Hunt's on Ponkawtasset; and the house of his father, Col. James Barrett, also stands near Annursnuck hill on the same spot as it occupied in 1775. He was in command of the American forces engaged, and discharged the onerous duties also of the arrangement and protection of the public stores. Being one of the most prominent men of the town, a party of British soldiers searched his house as well as that of his brother which stood near. They were provided with refreshments by the wife of Col. Barrett who refused payment, saying: "We are commanded to feed our enemies." She afterwards kept with reluctance the money which they threw into her lap, saying, "this is the price of blood." This heroic woman succeeded in concealing a quantity of ammunition, but fifty dollars was taken by the soldiers who also arrested her son whom she persuaded them

to liberate with the remark "this is my son and not the master of the house."

The vicinity of Col. Barrett's house is a very important point in the history of the town, for his prominence as Col. of the Militia rendered him and his property objects of peculiar importance and suspicion to the British who were well informed through their spies of the state of things at Concord. For this reason a detachment of troops was sent to this house early in the forenoon in the hope of capturing Col. Barrett himself, as well as some of the munitions of war which were known to be concealed there; some of them were saved by being buried in a newly-planted field and by being ingeniously hidden in other ways. The British had made a pile of the gun carriages and of the articles which they succeeded in finding, and were about to burn them when their attention was turned from the work of destruction by the sound of firing at the old North Bridge.

On hearing the repeated volleys of musketry the company which numbered about one hundred men took up their line of march toward the center of the town which had been held by the main body of the troops, under Smith and Pitcairn, as they were in great danger of being cut off in their retreat. They had to march a distance of nearly two miles and were well aware, from small bodies of minute men who passed within sight, that the citizens of the neighboring towns were rapidly hastening to the relief of Concord.

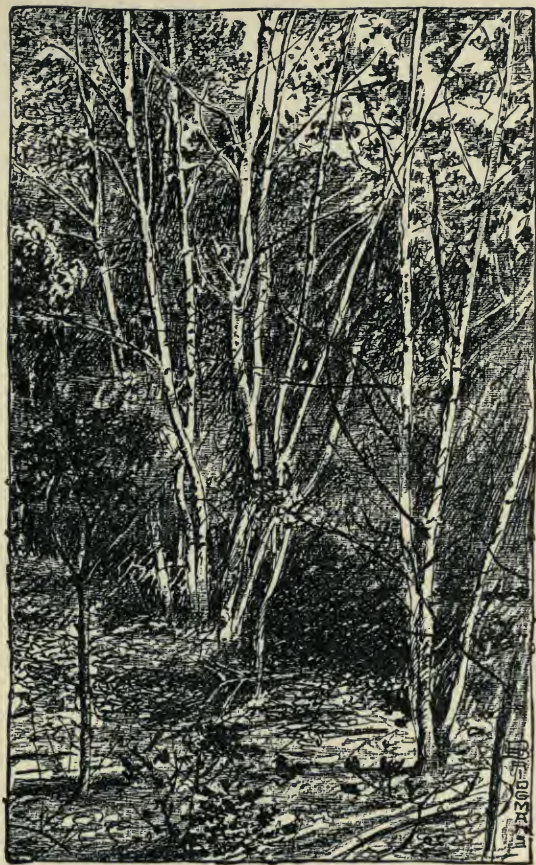
On their return they were obliged to pass over the old North Bridge where the Fight occurred, but were enabled to do this in

safety, as the victorious Americans did not attempt to follow the British with whom they had been engaged, on their way back to the center of the town, but they crossed over the great fields as before stated in order to intercept the British forces at Merriam's Corner.

The college road which is near the Barrett house is a lasting memorial of the time when Harvard College was removed to Concord in the winter of 1775, by order of the Provincial Congress, as the college buildings at Cambridge were needed for the use of the soldiers of the American Army. The Rev. Dr. Ripley and Dr. Hurd, and several other men afterward well known in the annals of their state, were among those who made a visit to Concord at this period. A letter of thanks from the President of the college is still extant, in which he expresses his gratitude and apologies in graceful terms. The Professors were quartered in several houses in the village, the President himself residing at Dr. Minot's near the Middlesex hotel.

Many of the students boarded at the old mansion house, built by Simon Willard, one of the founders of the town, at the foot of Lee's hill. If this article were not necessarily confined to the Historical houses at present standing, a picture of the Willard house would be of great interest; but the building unfortunately was destroyed by fire about twenty years ago.

This house stood on the farm of a noted tory named Lee, who made himself so unpopular that he was confined to the limits of his farm, and legend states that the minute men when



College Road.



returning from their drill often made a target of his buildings. The house was owned formerly by the Woodis family with whom the Barrett family were connected, and Joseph Barrett, Esq., a grandson of Col. James Barrett, owned and occupied it for many years. He was a prominent citizen of Concord, and was appointed to many places of trust and honor, having been at the time of his death Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

Opposite the Library stands the old inn, at which stages running between Boston and the up-country towns used to change horses. The swing sign marked "Shepard's Tavern," is now in the possession of Mr. R. N. Rice, who purchased the building, and has modernized it into a pleasant residence. Bigelow's tavern, another ancient inn, stood just below, and its extensive grounds comprise a part of his fine estate. In front of his stable stood the old jail in which British prisoners were confined in 1775. Mr. Rice commenced business in the old green store which occupied the site of the Catholic church. He went to Michigan in 1846, in the service of the Michigan Central Railroad, of which he was afterwards general manager for thirteen years. In 1870, Mr. Rice built his present house, and was prominent in various extensive town improvements, including Hubbard and Thoreau streets. Other gentlemen were associated with Mr. Rice, among whom were Mr. Samuel Staples, who has for years been an authority on the subject of real estate, and has lived in town for half a century.

William Hunt, in connection with several other families, settled on the borders of the beautiful stream which has now become historic. They had braved the dangers of the stormy

Atlantic to seek a new home in America, and they fearlessly faced the hardships of a new life in the rugged wilderness where they sought to establish a home secure in the blessings of civil and religious liberty. How well they builded is a part of the world's history.

The descendants of William Hunt assembled to commemorate the share that their ancestor had in the settlement of the town of Concord, by a reunion of the different branches of the Hunt family, and their alliances, at Concord, Wednesday, August 12, 1885.

On the 12th of September, 1885, the town of Concord celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary with appropriate exercises. A committee was appointed to designate by tablets the chief places of note in connection with the early history of the town. This was done, and these tablets are fully described in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE TABLETS, AND HOW TO REACH THEM.

THE Willard Tablet, commemorating one of the founders of the town, is built into the wall which bounds the southwestern end of the famous farm so often mentioned in these pages. To reach it from the Fitchburg Depot, keep to the left sidewalk of Nashawtuck avenue until Main street is crossed. The last house on the right, before reaching the one on the corner of Main street, is the one in which Mrs. Pratt, the Meg of "Little Women," died in August, 1893. The walk on the right side of Main street leads to the tablet which is on the hill after crossing the Stone Bridge. The tablet reads:

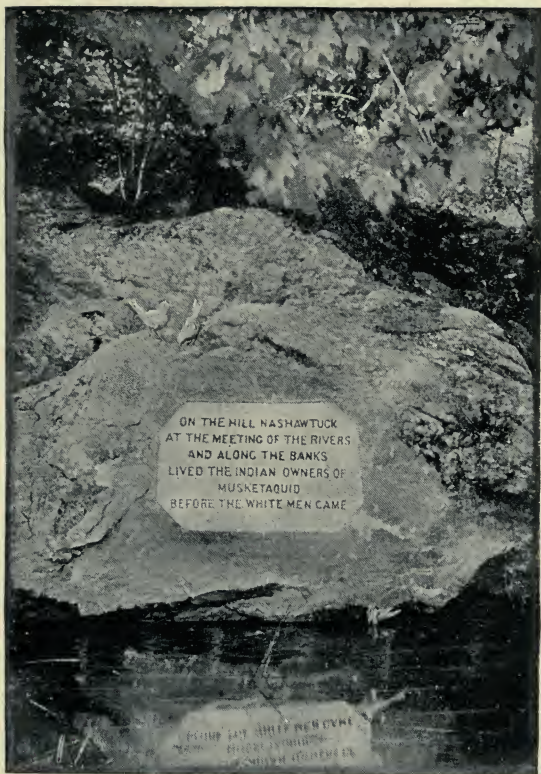
ON THIS FARM DWELT
SIMON WILLARD
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF CONCORD
WHO DID GOOD SERVICE FOR
TOWN AND COLONY
FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS.

Simon Willard was a soldier and engineer, and one of the first settlers, 1635. He was instrumental in the purchase and laying out of the six mile square tract which formed the plantation. One of the corner boundaries still remains, now in the town of Carlisle, which consists of large rocks piled up by Mr. Willard and his associates. In Philip's War he went to the defence of Brookfield, as did the pious Major Wheeler, one of whose descendants has lately purchased the estate.

"Up to old Brookfield just in time the pious Wheeler went
With old queen's arm and muskatoon Philip to circumvent.
Men who could fight as well as pray, the crafty savage saw,
Could equal him in strategy and conquer him in war."

Simon Willard was the head of the noted family of that name which has furnished Harvard College with two Presidents, one of whom was a minister, as many of his descendants have also been. Tory Lee was for many years confined to the limits of this farm on the penalty of being shot by the minute-men if he left it.

ON THE HILL NASHAWTUCK
AT THE MEETING OF THE RIVERS
AND ALONG THE BANKS
LIVED THE INDIAN OWNERS OF
MUSKETAQUID
BEFORE THE WHITE MEN CAME



The Tablet at Egg Rock.



This tablet is at Egg Rock, which is a central bound of this same Nashawtuck Farm which owes its name to the Indian title, which means the meeting of the waters. From its situation on the promontory it can be reached best by a canoe-trip of half a mile from the Stone Bridge near by. The Squaw Sachem alluded to on the next tablet is supposed to have lived near the point marked by the above inscription, which is cut upon a rock on the shore of the river. The Squaw Sachem was a person of influence, whom legend says ruled the tribe wisely and well, and the town has certainly been under female dominion ever since. In her career was solved the question which has for so many years agitated the minds of the advocates of Woman's Rights.

“The woman's right to labor to her was not denied,
The good man smoked the pipe of peace, a helpmeet was his bride;
She built the lodge, and cooked the food, and brought the wood and water,
And patiently did all the work as every woman ‘oughter.’”

The Squaw Sachem is said to have afterwards given up her independence by marrying the medicine-man, as many widows have done before her, and her son was one of the praying Indians converted by Eliot and Gookin. Some idea of the power of this remarkable squaw may be gathered from the tablet which stands on Lowell street, in front of the second house from the Square on the right hand side, which marks the former home of the Rev. Peter Bulkley, who was the minister who led his church from Newtown to settle in Concord.

HERE IN THE HOUSE OF THE
REVEREND PETER BULKELEY
FIRST MINISTER AND ONE OF THE
FOUNDERS OF THIS TOWN
A BARGAIN WAS MADE WITH THE
SQUAW SACHEM THE SAGAMORE TAHATTAWAN
AND OTHER INDIANS
WHO THEN SOLD THE RIGHT IN
THE SIX MILES SQUARE CALLED CONCORD
TO THE ENGLISH PLANTERS
AND GAVE THEM PEACEFUL POSSESSION
OF THE LAND
A.D. 1636.

On account of the peaceful manner of its purchase, the name of the plantation was changed from Musketaquid to Concord, a name which its inhabitants have shown their right to by the most active participation in every battle since, from King Philip's to the great Rebellion, including the uprising against Sir Edmund Andros and Shays's Rebellion.

Returning to the Square, upon the right side of which, near the head of Lowell street, is the tablet which marks the site of the first Town and Court House, which building was set on fire by the British troops, who plundered it in their search for stores; but a woman who lived near persuaded them to put out the fire by saying there was a large quantity of gunpowder in the building. Her ancient bill for this service was presented at the last centennial anniversary of the town.

NEAR THIS SPOT STOOD
THE FIRST TOWN HOUSE
USED FOR TOWN MEETINGS
AND THE COUNTY COURTS
1721-1794.

On the other side of the Square the following tablet is on the wall in front of the burial ground:

ON THIS HILL
THE SETTLERS OF CONCORD
BUILT THEIR MEETING-HOUSE
NEAR WHICH THEY WERE BURIED,
ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE RIDGE
WERE THEIR DWELLINGS DURING
THE FIRST WINTER,
BELOW IT THEY LAID OUT
THEIR FIRST ROAD AND
ON THE SUMMIT STOOD THE
LIBERTY-POLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

This old graveyard, which is more fully described in another place, is the oldest in town, and is full of quaint inscriptions, the most of which are on the side towards the village; and legend says that the three earliest ministers of Concord were buried in one tomb, the exact locality of which is not certain. Antiquarians and others interested in searching for their ancestors are referred to the book described above, which may be seen at the Library.



Gateway to the Old Manse.

A little way west of the burial ground, in front of the Unitarian Church, is a tablet descriptive of the stirring scenes which have occurred near the spot.

FIRST PROVINCIAL CONGRESS
OF DELEGATES FROM THE TOWNS OF
MASSACHUSETTS
WAS CALLED BY CONVENTIONS OF
THE PEOPLE TO MEET AT CONCORD ON THE
ELEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER 1774.
THE DELEGATES ASSEMBLED HERE
IN THE MEETING HOUSE ON THAT DAY,
AND ORGANIZED
WITH JOHN HANCOCK AS PRESIDENT
AND BENJAMIN LINCOLN AS SECRETARY.
CALLED TOGETHER TO MAINTAIN
THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE,
THIS CONGRESS
ASSUMED THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PROVINCE
AND BY ITS MEASURES PREPARED THE WAY
FOR THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

In sight of this tablet are two interesting buildings, the yellow block on the right, and the Wright Tavern on the left. From the door on the upper corner of the yellow block, Lieut.-Col. Robinson came forth on the 19th of April, before going to the fight as a volunteer aid to Major Buttrick. The Wright Tavern, of which a picture and description are given, is owned by the church, and two legends of it are alluded to in these verses:

“ The legend tells that in this house, the silver of the church
Was hidden in a keg of soap away from British search.
Certain it is her ancient creed so guarded sacred things,
That to her solemn verities no soft soap ever clings.

One Brown once kept the tavern Wright, and a brave man was he,
For in the Boston tea-party he helped to pour the tea.
This fact is chiseled on his stone and grave stones never lie,
But always speak the living truth just as do you and I."

Crossing the street, and turning to the left, the sidewalk leads to the tablet at Merriam's Corner, along the road to Lexington, passing many remarkable houses in the following order: the rough-cast house once occupied by a surgeon of the Revolutionary war, the two houses of the patriot brothers Lee, who also did good service in the same war, and the houses owned by Captain Brown. The first of these, in which the leather accoutrements were made for the soldiers of the Revolution, is now owned by Mrs. Julia Clark, a resident of the town for seventy years, and closely identified with its charitable work; she also once occupied the next house, which was the home of Capt. Brown, and is now the headquarters of the Antiquarian Society. In this house she has entertained many remarkable guests, including Ralph Waldo Emerson, his eccentric aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, and the family of John Brown, who spent much time there between his visit to Kansas and Harper's Ferry. The Concord Antiquarian Society, described in another chapter, now occupies this house. The next below is one of the oldest in town, having been the home of John Beaton, who founded the charity which has for two hundred years helped the silent poor of the town. A few rods below, the house of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which he occupied from 1835 until his death in 1882, is on the opposite side of the road. Ascending the hill past Mr. Moore's



Merriam's Corner.



The Tablet on Keyes' Hill.



green-houses, the School of Philosophy is reached, in the same lot with the Orchard House, where the Alcott girls lived in their prime. In the great trees near the front door the owls and squirrels congregate as in the days of the "Little Women;" and from Jo's room, which faced the south, their merry gambols could be overlooked. Amy's room was behind her sister's, and both rooms are decorated by her pen and brush. Wayside, the home of the Hawthornes from 1852 until Mr. Hawthorne's death, is the next in line.

A few rods below, the parent vine still bears Concord grapes, although its originator, Mr. Bull, has retired to the village. After walking a half-mile farther, the same sidewalk brings one to Merriam's Corner and to this tablet.

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

The Medford and Reading companies, under the command of Gov. Brooks, were joined by the Concord minute-men who had marched across the great fields after their victory, and a sharp skirmish took place.

ON THIS FIELD
THE MINUTEMEN AND MILITIA
FORMED BEFORE MARCHING
DOWN TO THE
FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE

The above tablet marks the place where the little band of minute-men awaited re-enforcements from the neighboring towns, before marching down to the bridge. The approach to this by water has already been described. The road which goes around the two-mile Square passes it about midway; and it can be reached from the Square by Lowell or Monument streets, by a very pleasant walk past the old Jones house, the Manse, the Battle-field, the home of Major Buttrick, and the tablet which marks the former home of Rev. Peter Bulkley.

CHAPTER VI.

HOUSES OF LITERARY INTEREST.

The Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson is a plain, square, wooden house, standing in a grove of pine trees, which conceal the front and side from the gaze of passers. Tall chestnut trees ornament the old-fashioned yard, through which a road leads to the plain, yellow barn in the rear. A garden fills half an acre at the back, and has for years been famous for its roses and also has a rare collection of hollyhocks, the flowers that Wordsworth loved, and most of the old-time annuals and shrubs. From the road a gate, which is always open, leads over marble flag-stones to the broad, low step before the hospitable door.

A long hall divides the centre of the house, with two large square rooms on each side ; a plain, solid table stands at the right of this entry, over which is an old picture of Ganymede.

The first door on the right leads to the study, a plain, square room, lined on *one* side with simple wooden shelves filled with choice books ; a large mahogany table stands in the middle, covered with books, and by the morocco writing-pad lies the pen which has had so great an influence for twenty-five years on the thoughts of two continents. A large fire-place, with a low grate occupies the lower end, over which hangs a fine copy of Michael Angelo's Fates, the faces of the strong-minded women frowning upon all who would disturb with idle tongues this haunt of solemn thought. On the mantle-shelf are busts and statuettes of men prominent in the great reforms of the age, and a quaint, rough idol brought from the Nile. A few choice engravings hang upon the walls, and the pine trees shade the windows.

Two doors, one on each side of the great fire-place, lead into the large parlor which fills the southern quarter of the house. This room is hung with curtains of crimson and carpeted with a warm color, and when a bright fire is blazing on the broad hearth reflected in the large mirror opposite, the effect is cheerful in the extreme. A beautiful portrait of one of the daughters of the house is hung in this pleasant and homelike room, whose home circle seems to reach around the world ; for almost every person of note who has visited this country, has enjoyed its genial hospitality, and listened with attention to the words of wisdom from the kindly master of the house — the most

modest and most gifted writer, and deepest thinker of the age. Years ago the chatty, little Frederika Bremer paid a long visit here, a brisk old lady, as restless as her tongue and pen. Here Margaret Fuller and the other bright figures of *The Dial* met for conversation. Thoreau was a daily visitor, and his "Wood-Notes" might have been unuttered but for the kind encouragement he found here. The Alcotts, father and daughter, were near neighbors, and it was



HOME OF EMERSON.

in this room that Mr. Alcott's earliest "Conversations" were held, now so well known. Here, too, old John Brown was of-

ten to be met, a plain, poorly-dressed old farmer, seeming out of place, and absorbed in his own plans until some allusion, or chance remark, would fire his soul and light up his rugged features.

But a dozen volumes would not give space enough to mention in full the many guests from foreign lands, who have been entertained at this house, which is also a favorite place for the villagers to visit. The school-children of Concord are entertained here every year with merry games and dances, and they look forward with great interest to the eventful occasion.

The house was partially destroyed by fire in the spring of 1873, and was rebuilt as nearly as possible like the former. During the building a portion of the family found shelter in the Old Manse, the home of Mr. Emerson's grandfather, while Mr. Emerson himself visited Europe. Upon his return an impromptu reception took place; the citizens gathered at the depot in crowds, the school children were drawn up in two smiling rows, through which he passed, greeted by enthusiastic cheers and songs of welcome. All followed his carriage to the house and sung "Home, Sweet Home," to the music of the band. A few days afterward he invited all his fellow-citizens to call and see him in his new home, and nearly all the inhabitants availed themselves of the opportunity.

The house stands on an old country road, up which the British marched on the memorable 19th of April, 1775. It is not necessary to speak of the writings of Mr. Emerson, as they are too well-known to need mention here. Mr. Emerson died on the 27th of April, 1882, and was buried on the following

Sunday. At the public funeral in the old church, Judge Hoar delivered an address and read one of Watts's hymns; Dr. Furness read selections from the Scriptures; Rev. James Freeman Clarke gave an address, and after a prayer by Rev. Howard M. Brown, followed a sonnet by Mr. Alcott.

The Old Manse which has been at various times the home of Emerson, stands at the left of the Battle Ground and is approached by an avenue of noble trees, which were originally black ash, a tree very rare in this part of New England. Many of these ash trees have died from age, and their places have been supplied by elms and maples. Two high posts of granite mark the entrance to the avenue, which extends for about two hundred feet to the door of the house. Opposite, across the narrow country road, a hill overlooks the village, and gives a fine view of the winding river, and distant mountains. A solitary poplar crowns the summit of the hill, and affords a landmark to the river-voyager, as it can be seen for miles up and down the stream. A romantic legend is connected with this tree, about a party of young girls who were at school in the Old Manse, each of whom caused a tree to be set out, and called by her name. Year by year, the girls and trees grew up together in grace and beauty. At length, one by one, the old ladies died, and the trees died too, until one very old lady and this old weather-beaten poplar, alone remained. The lady for whom the surviving poplar was named, has gone to her rest, and the tree seems likely to follow before long.

The large field at the left of the Old Manse, which divides it from the Battle Ground, was, centuries ago, the site of an

Indian village, and often rough arrows and spear-heads have been turned up by the plough. The savages probably chose this gentle slope by the river for the sake of the fish with which it then abounded, for the earlier settlers report a plentiful supply of shad and salmon, where now poor little breams and



THE OLD MANSE.

horn-pouts alone tempt the idle fisherman. Behind the house there extends to the river an ancient orchard of apple trees, which is in itself a monument of energy and faith, for it was set by Dr. Ripley, who came to the house in 1778, as stated below. The house, built for Rev. William Emerson

in the year 1765, and occupied by him the next year after his marriage to a daughter of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, with the exception of a few years when it was occupied by Hawthorne, has always been the home of ministers and the descendants of the builder. Nearly all the old New England ministers have been entertained under its roof, and many questions affecting the beliefs of the age have been here discussed and settled. The room in which this article is written, was the study of the Rev. Ezra Ripley, who as stated elsewhere married the widow of the builder of the home, and here thousands of sermons have doubtless been written. It is a small, square room with high wainscot and oaken beams overhead, with a huge fire-place where four-foot sticks used to burn on great, high, brass andirons.

It was in this room, too, that the ghost used to appear, according to Hawthorne, but it probably only existed in his brilliant imagination. Often, on a winter night, the latch of the old door has lifted without human help, and a gust of cold wind has swept into the room.

Opposite the study, is a larger room, which is modernized by rare photographs and recent adornments, and is used as a parlor by its present owners, the grandchildren of the original proprietors. From this apartment a door opens into the ancient dining-room, in which the old-time ministers held their solemn feasts, and it is said that they were well able to appreciate the good cheer which covered the long table that nearly filled the narrow hall. In one corner of this room stands a tall clock, looking across at its life-long companion, the ancient desk of

Dr. Ripley ; and a set of curious, old, high-backed chairs recall the days of our upright ancestors.

Opposite this room is a big kitchen with its enormous fireplace, which twenty-five years ago was used wholly by the present occupants for all purposes of cooking. The hooks which held the long, iron crane on which the pots and kettles hung still remain, although a modern cooking stove occupies the chief part of the broad hearth.

The Old Manse was the principal house of the town for many years, and probably the only one which had two stories, as almost all of the houses of its period were built with a lean-to. It was also the only one which was built with two chimneys, thus giving a large garret, which is rich in the curious lumber of two generations, and stored with literature enjoyed only by the spider and the moth. In one corner, on the southern side, is a curious little room which has been always known as the "Saints' Chamber," its walls bearing inscriptions in the handwriting of the holy men who have rested there.

The room over the dining-room is perhaps the most interesting, for it was here that Emerson wrote "Nature" and also many of his best poems. Hawthorne describes this room, which he also used as his study, in his "Mosses from an Old Manse," which was also written here. It has three windows with small cracked panes of glass bearing inscriptions traced with a diamond, probably by some of the Hawthorne family. From the northern window the wife of the Rev. William Emerson watched the progress of the 19th of April fight ; and one hundred years later, on the same day, her granddaughter,

who now occupies the room, pointed out to her guests the honored men who marched in long procession over the old North Bridge to dedicate the new monument and celebrate the anniversary of the memorable day. The Old Manse, as before mentioned, was for years the home of Dr. Ezra Ripley, of whom a short sketch fol-

Dr. Rip

leys, of whom a short

ley was born May 1st, 1751, at Woodstock, Conn. He was the fifth of nineteen children. His father was born in Hingham, Mass., on the farm first purchased by Wm. Ripley from England, at the first settlement of the town. Thirty years ago the seventh and eighth generations still lived on this farm. By his own exertions, and the patronage



from an
OLD MANSE.

of Dr. Forbes, of Gloucester, he fitted himself for college, and entered Harvard University in July, 1772. Owing to his high moral and religious character, he was called by his classmates "Holy Ripley." He became the pastor of the church in Concord, Nov. 7, 1778. The times were disordered and the currency depreciated. His salary of five hundred and fifty pounds, when paid, was found to be worth only forty pounds.

For many years he did a man's work in the field, more than three days out of the week on an average, to support his family. Scarcely any minister ever took so deep an interest in the temporal prosperity of his people as Dr. Ripley. The honor of the town was almost as dear to him as that of his own family. Education, temperance, and morals were the subjects of his watchful care. He formed, more than seventy years ago, perhaps the first Temperance Society that ever was formed. He went round among his people and got them to agree to banish intoxicating drinks from funerals. But the following extracts from a notice of him by Mr. R. W. Emerson, will be more appreciated:

“He was a natural gentleman—no dandy, courtly, hospitable, manly and public spirited, his nature social, his house open to all men. His brow was open and serene to his visitors—for he loved men and he had no studies, no occupations which company could interrupt. His friends were his study, and to see them, loosened his talents and his tongue.

“He was open-handed, just, and generous. Ingratitude and meanness in his beneficiaries did not wear out his compassion. He bore the insult, and the next day his basket for the beggar, and his horse and chaise for the cripple were at their door. A man of anecdote, his talk in the parlor was chiefly narrative. We remember the remark of a gentleman who listened with much delight to his conversation, ‘that a man who could tell a story so well, was company for kings.’ An eminent skill he had in saying difficult and remarkable things. Was a man a sot or a spendthrift, or suspected of some hidden crime, or had

he quarreled with his wife, or collared his father, or was there any cloud or suspicious circumstances in his behavior, the good pastor knew his way straight to that point. In all such passages he justified himself to the conscience, and commonly to the love, of the person concerned. He was the more competent to these searching discourses from his knowledge of family history. He knew every body's grandfather, and seemed to talk with each person rather as the representative of his house and name than as an individual. This, and still more his sympathy, made him incomparable in his parochial visits, in his exhortations and prayers with sick and suffering persons."

The Home of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mr. Hawthorne returned to Concord from Lennox in 1852, and bought of Mr. Alcott the small house which with later additions became his home. It then had about twenty acres of farm and wood land attached. It stands close upon the wayfaring of the Lexington road, about a mile southward from the centre of the village, and Hawthorne gave to the place a name of his own choice, "The Wayside."



MR. HAWTHORNE'S INKSTAND.

Only a few yards from the windows of the front, but separated from the grounds by a

hedge, is the highway, along which the British troops advanced, April 19, 1775, and again retreated after their repulse by the Minute Men. A few feet behind the house a ridge of land slopes upward to a height of sixty or seventy feet, running beside the road from the village to a point beyond the house; and from the crown of this ridge, puffs of smoke and flame on the memorable battle-day showed where the patriotic farmers were posted to pick off the grenadiers below and turn their retreat into rout. About one half of the house as it now is existed at that time, and the low ceilings with heavy beams coming through, together with the gambrel roof of the older part, attest its antiquity.

Although the name of "The Wayside" applies to the physical situation, Hawthorne probably also connected with it a fanciful symbolism. In the prefatory letter to a friend accompanying "The Snow Image," he 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 sprung 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." I think it pleased him to conceive of himself, even after he became famous, as sitting by the wayside and observing the show of human life while it flowed by him. What was only a fancy at the time he wrote thus, in regard to the springing up of a maze of trees, has become fact in the dense, tall growth of firs, pitch-pines, larches, elms, oaks and white-birch, which now envelopes the hill. Many of these



WAYSIDE, THE HOME OF HAWTHORNE.



were set out by his direction, and give the scene the impress of his taste. Close by the porch, too, is a flourishing hawthorn tree, which serves as a silent record of his name.

The whole place seems to be imbued with his character — open to all the world, yet unobtrusive and retiring, and provided with mysterious, sheltered retreats. The rambling house has a plain domestic air; and one end is covered with rose-vines and woodbine; but the dark pines in front of the lawn, and the prevalence of evergreen trees on the hill, introduce a shadowy presence like that of serious thoughts or a musing mind. Hearing the wind stir in their branches, one recalls Longfellow's dirge for Hawthorne, in which the pine tree's murmur is spoken of as

"The voice so like his own."

A thicket of locust trees in one place spreads a drift of snowy blossoms among the darker boughs in June; and the leafy hill-side distills sweet perfumes and a dewy coolness at the close of hot summer days.

From the house and ridge you look over fertile meadows to other low wooded hills. "To me," wrote Hawthorne, "there is 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 . . . such would be my sober choice."

Here he wrote his "Tanglewood Tales" for children, before going to Europe. On returning he produced here his English

sketches, which formed the volume called "Our Old Home;" and he was engaged upon his last, unfinished romance when, going for a short journey with the hope to recover strength, he died away from home. This incomplete work, "Septimius Felton," has since been published. Its scene is laid at The Wayside itself; and as the period chosen was that of the Revolution, such a setting was eminently fit. But there was another reason for it. The subject of "Septimus" was a man's search for the means of earthly immortality, and by a curious coincidence one of the former occupants of The Wayside had been interested in this same subject. "I know nothing of the history of the house," said Hawthorne in a letter to a friend, "except Thoreau's telling me that it was inhabited a generation or two ago by a man who believed he should never die. I believe, however, he is dead; at least I hope so; else he may probably appear and dispute my title to his residence." He never did appear in the flesh, but Hawthorne seems to have secured him immortality here below (though of a different kind), by putting him into a book.

If this deathless person haunts the place at all, it must be in the form of a gray owl fond of appearing near the house at twilight, or else of the whip-poor-wills and squirrels which also frequent the neighborhood.

When he came back from England and Italy Hawthorne made some changes and additions, among other things putting up a small square structure above the main building. This he called "the tower," in half playful reminiscence of the tower he had so much enjoyed in the villa of Monte Outo, near



HAWTHORNE'S PATH IN THE WOODS.



Florence. The top room of this tower he used as his study. Its character was very simple. A few pictures hung upon the walls, and on the mantel were two or three ornaments. His writing table was of the plainest style, having at one side a desk with a sloping lid, and at the other some drawers. On it stood the inkstand—still preserved—which he used in writing “The Marble Faun” and his later works. It is an Italian bronze, with a cover representing the well-known Boy Strangling a Swan. In his last years Hawthorne sought relief from writing in a cramped position by using a standing desk which he had had made near one of the windows. From any of these windows one may look out upon the tree-tops, and some of the branches on one side almost brush the panes. Placed above the rest of the house and approached by a steep flight of covered stairs from the second story the room is thoroughly secluded and at the same time commands the pleasantest influences of its rural surrounding.

But besides this Hawthorne had another study, out-of-doors, his favorite resort—the crest of the ridge already mentioned, behind the house and looking down on its roof, the lawn, the road and the meadows. The tangle of trees and underbrush extends back over the high ground unbroken for about half a mile, and on the edge of this Hawthorne used to pace up and down, among the sweet-fern and wild blackberries, meditating on whatever he purposed to write.

From the lawn below the hill I have looked up and

seen Mr. Hawthorne's dark, quiet figure passing slowly across the dim light of mingled sky and branches, his tread measured, and his head bent—and he seemed to be at one with those surroundings, of eloquent and sombre pines, and the uncloying scent of the sweet-fern. Mr. Hawthorne's long out-door meditations in composing were explained by a remark he once made, that if he found he had been composing from a mood, he felt almost guilty of having perpetrated a lie.

The time for this was afternoon, and the mornings were usually given to writing. There on his Mount of Vision, as Mrs. Hawthorne called it, he dreamed perhaps as many unwritten books as those he published. His constant pacing along the brow of the hill wore an irregular path there, which is still visible.

Since Hawthorne's death in 1864 nothing has been done to preserve the path his footsteps made; yet nature, as if by a secret sympathy with his genius, has thus far refused to obliterate it, and it remains distinct amid the bordering wild-growth.

During the last year of his life he occupied very often the small lower room upon the left of the house, where his books were collected. Here, in a voice rich and smooth, and changing in sympathetic cadence with the flow of wit and pathos, he read aloud the novels of Sir Walter Scott to his family.

The property passed into the hands of his son-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, in 1879, who sold it in May,



THE STUDY IN THE TOWER.



1883, to Daniel Lothrop, Esq., the well-known publisher whose energy, judgment and literary taste have made his large and flourishing publishing house a power in the world of letters.

Since his death in 1892, Mrs. Lothrop has used The Wayside as a summer residence, the family spending their winters in Boston.

She has left the grounds unaltered from the original designs of Alcott and Hawthorne, only putting the estate in thorough order. The interior shows every relic of Hawthorne carefully preserved, while his old home is made beautiful with all the surroundings of a cultured taste.

Mrs. Lothrop has made her *nom de plume* of Margaret Sidney a household word in thousands of homes and hearts, by her sparkling contributions to the juvenile and other magazines, as well as by her delightful children's books of which "The Five Little Peppers; and How They Grew," and "What The Seven Did" are very popular.

July 27, 1884, their daughter Margaret was born, probably the first child born for a century under this ancient roof.

'Neath the philosophic arches
Of the solemn pines and larches,

Where of old the moody genius dreamed and wrote,
Winsome baby talk beguiles
All the dim and shaded aisles,
To echo with a higher, truer note.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, a sister of Mrs. Hawthorne, has devoted herself through a long and busy life to philanthropic and educational labors. It was chiefly through her instrumentality that the kindergarten was introduced into this country. She has written much upon this and kindred subjects, being one of the few close interpreters of Froebel's system of child-development.

The Poet Channing, who has lived in town for forty years, was a friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau; of the last he has written a biography, as well as many other books in prose and verse, the best of which, "Near Home," is a poetical guide book of Concord.

Thoreau was born in Concord on the 12th of July, 1817, and graduated at Harvard College in 1837. Having a distaste for all professions he worked at the manufacture of lead pencils until he had made one which was pronounced perfect by the chemists and dealers, and fully equal to the best of foreign manufacture, and then said he would make no more.

In writing of **THOREAU'S HOME** let us try to go back to the ancient Walden where Emerson walked through miles of his own woods, and where the hermit poet and philosopher Thoreau lived alone for over two years. Then Walden was a deep, well-like pond without visible inlet or outlet, half a mile in length and one and a half in circumference, wholly surrounded by hills which rise from forty to one hundred feet in height, densely covered with pine and oak trees.

The water of Walden is cool in all weather and so transparent that objects can be distinctly seen at a depth of twenty-five

feet. The pond rises and falls, but it is impossible to tell what laws govern it, as it is often higher in a drought than in a rainy season. On the northern side is a high sand-bar which was bare in 1825, but is now covered by about three feet of water, behind which a pleasant cove extends for about twenty rods to a gentle eminence on which stood Thoreau's house, built in 1845, of timbers which grew on the spot, covered with boards which he brought from the shanty of an Irishman who had helped to build the railroad. With the exception of a little help in raising the frame, the house was the work of its owner and cost about thirty dollars. It was a completely weather-proof room, ten feet wide by fifteen long with a garret, closet, door and window, with two trap doors in the floor, and a brick chimney at one end.

Moving into this little house in 1845, Thoreau lived for eight months, from July to the following May, at an expense of eight dollars and seventy-six cents or about one dollar nine cents per month. He cultivated a crop of beans to supply the small sum needed for his daily wants, thus being able to devote the greater part of his time to writing and study. He was a sincere philosopher and wished to protest by his simple life and habits against the folly of devoting much time to the demands of society. He used to make long journeys on foot, thinking it was cheaper and quicker than to devote the time to earning money for his railroad tickets, as he could easily walk thirty miles a day for weeks at a time. In this way he travelled over much of New England. He has left interesting accounts of these excursions, especially of his journeys through the Maine

woods and lakes, and to Mt. Katahdin and the other great mountains which they contain. Often he wandered alone through these grand old primeval forests; at other times he took an Indian guide or joined some roving band of savages who welcomed him as a lover of nature, and taught him their simple woodcraft, sometimes gliding for days in a birch canoe like an autumn leaf on the gentle lakes, or down the foaming rapids, and sometimes climbing rough mountain sides or scaling dangerous precipices. He knew just what could best sustain life, and travelled with as little baggage as possible. He could content himself without food or water longer than even the Indians, and was able to bear great extremes of heat and cold, and made a variety of experiments upon his powers of endurance. He is said to have slept one night in a barrel buried in a snow-drift to ascertain the warmth of that kind of comforter.

His walks about Cape Cod are full of interest, and are published in a book, as are also his voyages on the Concord and Merrimac rivers, which he carefully explored in an open boat. He also wrote a book on Walden itself which contains a chapter on wood sounds, which everybody who loves to be out of doors ought to know by heart. Although rather shy of strangers, Thoreau was always glad to welcome children to his house, to walk with them through the woods, and teach them to love nature as he did. He was noted late in life as a lecturer, and was obliged to spend some of his evenings in city life, but he was always glad to go back to the woods and was never lonely when alone in their solitude. Living thus out of doors

he became a close observer, could tell the notes of all insects, birds and animals, and the meaning which they wished to express. He knew where all the scarce and curious flowers grew, and discovered plants in Concord woods which no one had ever seen there. He first found the climbing fern, and is said to have discovered the red snow of the Arctic regions. He was an earnest admirer of old John Brown, and made an eloquent address in his praise directly after his arrest at Harper's Ferry; although his townsmen doubted the advisability of it at the time as the current of public sentiment had not then begun to turn strongly in favor of the old hero.

Thoreau was born in an old house ON THE VIRGINIA ROAD which still stands, and he died on the 6th of May 1862, in the house now owned by Mrs. Pratt, who lives there at present with her father Mr. Alcott, and her sister Miss Louisa M. Alcott.

It is the intention of his friends to mark permanently the site of Thoreau's home at Walden Pond with a monumental boulder which will be put in position with appropriate exercises and addresses by his friends.

The house of the Hon. Samuel Hoar stands near the library on Main street. It is one of the most noted in Concord, if literary and political interests are considered. Of the life and character of its first proprietor, no description can exceed the grand and simple statement of his epitaph, recorded in the account of Sleepy Hollow. The same eulogy may be accorded his daughter who accompanied him on his famous journey to Charleston, when he was forcibly removed from the State by a

mob for attempting to test the legality of the imprisonment of free colored sailors. He was himself a member of and sent two sons to Congress, where one of them still continues his fearless and devoted labors in that capacity. The house opposite also sent the Hon. William Whiting to the same body, so that four United States Congressmen were furnished from a half acre of Concord ground.

The Hon. E. R. Hoar was born in this house, his mother being the daughter of Roger Sherman. He graduated at Harvard College in 1835, was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas from 1849 to 1855; Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court from 1859 to 1869; Atty. Gen. of the U. S. from 1869 to 1870; Member of Joint High Commission which made the Treaty of Washington with Great Britain, in 1871; Fellow of Harvard College from 1858 to 1868; President of Board of Overseers of Harvard College 1879 and 80; Presidential Elector 1872; Member of the 44th Congress 1873 to 1875.

Among his printed works may be mentioned, Report of Concord committee to build Soldiers' Monument, 1867; Address at laying corner-stone of Memorial Hall at Harvard College, Oct. 6, 1870; Opinions in Massachusetts Reports from 13 Gray to 101 Mass.; Opinions as Attorney General of United States. He was identified for years with the history of the town, whose people depended on him as they did on his father. Judge Hoar died in February, 1895. On the occasion of his funeral the Old Church was crowded with distinguished people. He was buried in the family lot in Sleepy Hollow.

The Orchard House, noted as having been for many years

the home of the Alcott family, stands on the old Boston road about half a mile below the house of Emerson, and next to *The Wayside*, the house once owned and occupied by Hawthorne.

Amos Bronson Alcott was born at Walcott, Ct., Nov. 29th, 1799. He went to school until he was thirteen years old, and at the age of twelve began to keep a diary, a practice which he has continued the greater part of the time since. Still earlier he had read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the book of all others which had the greatest influence on his mind. He learned to write by practising with chalk on his mother's kitchen floor and became in his boyhood a skillful penman, so that his first essay in teaching was as master of a writing school in Carolina.

At the age of fourteen, he worked for a while at clock making at Plymouth, Ct., and in the same year went on an excursion into northern Connecticut, and western Massachusetts, selling a few articles as he went, to meet the expenses of his journey.

On a similar journey in Virginia, a few years afterwards he was kindly received at the great houses of the planters, where he received generous hospitality and permission to explore their libraries, where he found many books he had never seen. Biography was his favorite reading; then poems and tales; and books of metaphysics and devotion.

His first school was in a district three miles from his home, where he taught for three months for ten dollars a month, and his board; afterwards he taught a famous school at Cheshire, Ct.

In January, 1828, he wrote a brief account of his method of teaching, which attracted much attention. He continued this system in a similar school in Bristol in the winter of 1827-8, and then removed to Boston to take charge of an infant school in Salem street, in June, 1828. In the following April, he opened a private school near St. Paul's church on Tremont street, in which he remained until November 5th, 1830, when he gave it up to open a school in Germantown, near Philadelphia, where with his associate, Mr. W. Russell, he remained a little more than two years. On the 22d of April, 1833, he opened a school in Philadelphia, which continued until July, 1834, soon after which, September 22, 1834, Mr. Alcott returned to Boston and there began his famous Temple school, concerning which so much has been written and published.

He first gave his pupils single desks, now so common, instead of the long benches and double or three-seated desks, still in use in some sections. He gave his youthful pupils slates and pencils, and blackboards. He established a school library, and taught them to enjoy the benefits of careful reading; he broke away from the old rule of severe and indiscriminate punishments, and substituted therefor appeals to the affections and the moral sentiment of children, so that he was able almost wholly to dispense with corporal punishment. He introduced, also, light gymnastic exercises, evening amusements at the school-room, the keeping of diaries by young children, and, in general, an affectionate and reverent mode of drawing out the child's mind towards knowledge, rather than the pouring in of instruction by mechanical or compulsory processes.

Among the eminent women who took an interest in his school may be named (besides Miss Martineau), Miss Margaret Fuller, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, her sister, the late Mrs. Hawthorne, and others. Both Miss Fuller and Miss Peabody were assistant teachers in the Temple school at Boston, and Miss Peabody compiled the accounts of it which were published under the title of "Record of a School," and "Conversations with Children on the Gospels."

Mr. Alcott was one of the originators and members of the somewhat famous Transcendental Club, which met under various names, from 1836 to 1850. It was first called "The Symposium," and met originally on the 19th of September, 1836, at the house of George Ripley, then a minister in Boston. In the October following, it met at Mr. Alcott's house (16 Front street), and there were present Mr. Emerson, George Ripley, Frederic H. Hedge, O. A. Brownson, James Freeman Clarke, and C. A. Bartol. The subject of conversation that day was "American Genius; causes which hinder its growth." Two years' later, in 1838, we find it meeting at Dr. Bartol's in Chestnut street, Boston, where of late years the "Radical Club" often gathered; there were then present Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott, Dr. Follen, Dr. C. Francis, Theodore Parker, Caleb Stetson, William Russell, James Freeman Clarke, and John S. Dwight, the famous musical critic. The topic discussed was "Pantheism." In September, 1839, there is record of a meeting at the house of Dr. Francis, in Watertown, where, besides those already mentioned, Margaret Fuller, William Henry Channing, Robert Bartlett, and Samuel J. May,

were present. In December, 1839, at George Ripley's, Dr. Channing, George Bancroft, the sculptor Clevenger, the artist-poet C. P. Cranch, and Samuel G. Ward, were among the company. These names will give some notion of the nature of the Club, and the attraction it had for thinking and aspiring persons. In October, 1840, we find Mr. Alcott in consultation with George Ripley and Margaret Fuller, at Mr. Emerson's house, in Concord, concerning the proposed community, which was afterwards established at Brook Farm. In 1848, the Transcendental Club became the "Town and Country Club," on a wider basis, and in a year or two came to an end, having done its work.

During this period of Transcendental agitation, from 1835 to 1850, Mr. Alcott gradually passed through the various degrees of his progress as a reformer. In 1835, he gave up the use of animal food, and the next year invited Dr. Sylvester Graham to lecture in his school. Still earlier he had joined the Anti-Slavery society, when founded by William Lloyd Garrison, and he was present at many of the celebrated gatherings of abolitionists—for instance at the Lovejoy meeting in Faneuil Hall, in 1837, when Wendell Phillips made his first appearance as an anti-slavery orator.

In company with Charles Lane, he examined estates in order to choose one for the proposed community, and finally Lane bought the "Wyman Farm," in Harvard, consisting of ninety acres, with an old farm-house upon it, where Mr. Alcott and his family, with Mr. Lane and a few others, took up their residence in their new home "Fruitlands," which experiment was



MR. ALCOTT'S HOME.



not a financial success. He finally abandoned the farm, in poverty and disappointment, about the middle of January, 1844. The lesson thus taught was a severe one, but Mr. Alcott looks back upon it as one of the turning points in his life. From that day forward, he has had less desire to change the condition of men upon earth than to modify and enlighten their inward life. He soon after returned to Concord, and in 1845 bought a small farm there with an old house upon it, which he rebuilt and christened "Hillside." A few years later when it passed into the hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne, he changed the name to "Wayside." It is the estate next east of the Orchard House in Concord. At "Hillside" Mr. Alcott gardened and gave conversations, and in the year 1847, while living there, he built in Mr. Emerson's garden, not far off, the unique summer house which ornamented the grounds until within ten years past, when it decayed and fell into ruin. In 1848 he removed from Concord to Boston, and did not return until 1857. Since then he has lived constantly in Concord.

In 1858 he became the Superintendent of the Public Schools of Concord, and wrote very admirable reports of them.

He for a few years published many essays, poems, and conversations in the Boston Commonwealth and The Radical, between 1863 and 1868, and in the last-named year brought out a modest volume of essays entitled "Tablets." This was followed, in 1872, by another volume styled "Concord Days," and still other volumes have since appeared. Mr. Alcott has been pressed to write his autobiography, for which his journals and other collections would give him ample material, and it is to be hoped

he will apply himself to this task. Should the work include his correspondence with contemporaries, it would be of ample bulk and of great value.

At all times he was enamored of rural pursuits, and he practiced gardening with zeal and success. His Orchard House estate, of a few acres only, was laid out and for years cultivated by himself. It was a favorite theory of Mr. Alcott's through all this period of agitation and outward activity, that he could propagate his ideas best by conversations. Accordingly, from 1839 to the present time, a quarter of a century, he has held conversations on his chosen subjects, and in many and widely separated parts of the country. In later times he has visited and spoken in the schools wherever he happened to be lecturing or conversing, particularly at the West, where he has been warmly welcomed in his annual tours. His home has been at all times a center of hospitality, and a resort for persons with ideas and aspirations. Not unfrequently his formal conversations have been held there; at other times in the parlors of his friends, at public halls or college rooms, or in the chambers of some club. Mr. Alcott has held opinions and engaged in enterprises, during his lifetime, which would not have commanded the entire approbation of his townsmen, had they been called to pass judgment upon them; but with the general result of his long and varied life, neither they nor he can have reason to be dissatisfied. He has not accumulated riches, nor attained political power, nor made labor superfluous and comfort cheaper by ingenious mechanical inventions. But he has maintained, at all times and amid many discouragements, the Christian doctrine

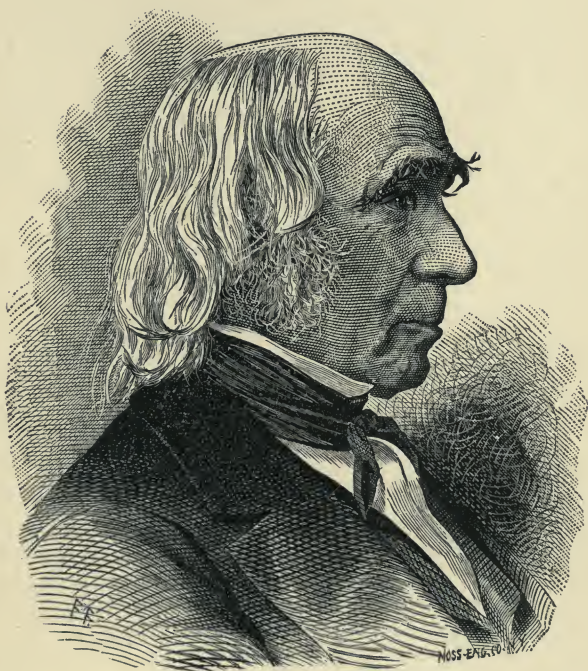
that the life is more than meat, and that the perishing things of this world are of small moment compared with things spiritual and eternal. He has devoted himself, in youth with ardor, in mature and advancing years with serene benevolence, to the task of improving the hearts and lives of men, by drawing their attention to the sweetness of philosophy and the charm of a religion at once contemplative and practical. There is no higher work than this, and none that leaves so plainly its impress on the character and aspect of him who spends a lifetime in it.

Mrs. Alcott was a daughter of Col. Joseph May, of Boston, and was born in that city, October 8, 1800. The Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, whose memoir has been quoted, was her elder brother, born 1793. It was at his parsonage house in Brooklyn that she first met Mr. Alcott, in 1827, when he was teaching school in Cheshire, and it was largely on her account and through the efforts of her family and friends that he went to Boston, in 1828, and took charge of the Salem street infant school. They were married May 23, 1830, and resided in Boston until their removal to Germantown in the following winter. Their oldest daughter Anna Bronson, now Mrs. Pratt, (the mother of Miss Alcott's "Little Men") was born at Germantown, March 16, 1831, and Miss Alcott herself (Louisa May) was born at Germantown, Nov. 29, 1832. A third daughter, Elizabeth Sewall, was born in Boston, June 24, 1835, and died in Concord, March 14, 1858. Miss May Alcott, the youngest of the four daughters, a well-known artist, was born in Concord, July 26, 1840, and died in Paris in December

1879, having earned great fame as an artist, especially in her copies of Turner's pictures, in which one of the greatest critics of England pronounced her unsurpassed. She lived for a time in London and Paris, where she won hosts of friends, and several art prizes in the exhibitions. She married Mons. Nieriker, and died after a short illness deeply lamented, leaving a daughter Louisa.

The eldest of the four sisters, Anna Bronson Alcott, named for her grandmother, was married May 23, 1860, the anniversary of her mother's wedding day, to Mr. John B. Pratt, of Concord, a son of Minot Pratt, one of the Brook Farm community in former years, and afterwards an esteemed citizen of Concord. Their children are the famous "Little Men"—Frederick Alcott Pratt, born March 28, 1863, and John Sewall Pratt, born June 24, 1866. Mrs. Pratt was left a widow by the sudden death of her husband Nov. 27, 1870, and has since resided much of the time, with her two sons, at her father's house in Concord.

Miss Louisa May Alcott, the popular writer of humorous and pathetic tales, owes her training, and thus her success in writing, to her father and mother more than to all the world beside. Her instruction for many years came almost wholly from them, and though her genius has taken a direction quite other than that of Mr. Alcott (guided strongly by her mother's social humor and practical benevolence), it still has many traits of resemblance; while the material on which it works is largely drawn from the idyllic actual life of the Alcott family. It can scarcely be remembered when Miss



A. BRONSON ALCOTT.



Alcott did not display the story-telling talent, either with her voice or with her pen. Her first book was published twenty-five years ago, and was written several years before that. For a long period afterwards she contributed copiously to newspapers and periodicals of no permanent renown, though some of the pieces then written have since appeared in her collection of tales. Her first great success as a writer was in 1863, when, after a brief experience as an army nurse, followed by a long and almost fatal illness, she contributed to the Boston Commonwealth those remarkable "Hospital Sketches." These were made up from her letters written home during her army life, and bore the stamp of reality so strongly upon them, that they caught at once the popular heart. They were re-printed in many newspapers, and in a small volume, and made her name known and beloved all over the North. From that time forward she has been a popular writer for the periodicals, but her great success as an author of books did not begin until she found a publisher of the right quality in Mr. Thomas Niles, of the Boston firm of Roberts Brothers, who have now published all her works for ten years. Within that time the "Little Women" and their successors have been published, and the sale of all her books has exceeded a quarter of a million copies. Her earliest novel, "Moods," published in 1864, by A. K. Loring, of Boston, did not at first command much attention, but many thousand copies have since been sold. Her second novel "Work," was published by Roberts, in the summer of 1873, and at once had a great sale, both in America and in Europe. Many of her books have been translated into French and Ger-

man, and there are now few living authors whose works are so universally read.

Dr. W. T. Harris, the well-known writer on philosophic and educational topics, purchased the Orchard House of Mr. Alcott in 1884. He was attracted to this town by his interest in the Concord School of Philosophy, of which he was one of the original founders. Dr. Harris still devotes himself to the interests of education, on which theme he delivers lectures at the conventions held in different parts of the country. He was superintendent of the St. Louis Public Schools for twelve years, and his annual reports were greatly esteemed as education documents and received honorable mention at the World Exposition at Paris and secured for him the honorary title of "Officer of the Academy" from the French Minister of Education. Dr. Harris founded, in 1867, and still edits, *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, the first periodical devoted to its special theme in the English language. Besides these works he has also published many articles in the *North American Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and the educational journals of the country. Dr. Harris was also associate editor of Johnson's Cyclopædia, writing for it forty of the more important articles on philosophic subjects. In 1878 he compiled and edited the Appleton's School Readers which have had an immense sale in all parts of the United States. In the grove back of the Orchard House Dr. Harris has erected a tower around the tallest pine on the crest of the hill with safe stairs ascending to the top

from which fourteen of the mountains of Massachusetts and New Hampshire can be seen.

The house of **F. B. Sanborn** is now situated at the upper part of Main street at the bend of the river near the stone bridge. Mr. Sanborn came to Concord in March, 1855, the year of his graduation at Harvard College. He lived in the house opposite Thoreau, (then the residence of Ellery Channing,) and took his dinners at the same house with Thoreau, and became a frequent companion of his daily walks and rows on the river.

He started the Concord School which lasted eight years, at which were several pupils now noted in literature. He became interested in John Brown, whom he first brought to Concord in 1857, and who made his celebrated Kansas speech in March of that year, in which his simple eloquence inspired the citizens to open their hearts and purses for the relief of Kansas. He passed a portion of his last birthday, May 9th, 1859, at Mr. Sanborn's house, leaving at noon for his noted campaign in Virginia, having spoken at the Town Hall on the previous evening. Funeral services of great impressiveness were held on the death of John Brown, Dec. 2d, 1859, for which the hymn was written by Mr. Sanborn, and addresses were made by Emerson, Thoreau, and others. During the progress of these exercises Rev. E. H. Sears wrote his celebrated and prophetic ode to the memory of the old hero.

On account of his complicity and supposed knowledge of the plans of John Brown, Mr. Sanborn was summoned to appear to testify before a committee of the U. S. Senate, of which

Mason of Virginia, was the chairman. On his refusal to comply with this demand, the United States Marshal with four men came to his house, and after calling him out on a false pretence, handcuffed him and would have carried him away, had not his sister by her vigorous attack upon the men and their horses prevented them until her outcries had summoned a crowd of his infuriated fellow-citizens to his aid. Judge Hoar issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, upon which he was discharged the next day by Judge Shaw of the Supreme Court. On his return home the same day, April 4th, he was received by his townsmen with a salute of cannon and other testimonials of rejoicing, and a public meeting was held at which Col. Higginson and others made congratulatory remarks. Mr. Sanborn became an editor of the *Commonwealth* in 1863, and left it in 1868 to become an editor of the *Springfield Republican*, with which paper he is still connected. In 1863 he was appointed by Gov. Andrew, Secretary of the Board of State Charities, in which Board he continued for twelve years, and with Dr. Howe, Dr. Wheelwright and others, reorganized the whole charitable system of the State, introducing many changes which have since been widely copied.

For many years he has been a contributor to *Scribner's Monthly*, for which he wrote the illustrated article on Emerson; and an occasional writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which his most noticeable papers were those on John Brown, upon whose biography he is now engaged. To this work he proposes to devote his best energies in order to make it worthy of its subject. His home has often given shelter to fugitive slaves, and once was the place of concealment of two of John Brown's soldiers, when a

large reward was offered for their apprehension. He was one of the founders and Secretary of the Social Science Association, and, with Mr. Alcott, originated the Concord School of Philosophy.

Of the many distinguished writers, who have from time to time made Concord their home, William S. Robinson ("Warrington") is one of the very few who were born in that rare old town. His ancestors were of English and Welsh descent, and on both the father's and mother's side, had lived there for two generations.

Lieut. Col. John Robinson, who "led the soldiers in double file," on the famous 19th of April, 1775, was a brother of Mr. Robinson's grandfather. His maternal grandfather, Lieut. Emerson Cogswell, (a descendant of one of the ancestors of Mr. R. W. Emerson) was one of the minute men of Concord, and a member of the Committee of Public Safety of that town during the revolution. This committee afterwards became the "Social Circle," and Mr. Cogswell was one of its founders.

Mr. Robinson was born Dec. 7, 1818, in what is now called the "old block," (near the Unitarian church) once his grandfather's homestead. He was educated in the public schools of the town, and at seventeen years of age began to learn the printer's trade. When twenty-one, he became editor and proprietor of the *Yeoman's Gazette*, afterwards called the *Concord Republican*. In 1842, the *Republican* was merged in the *Lowell Courier and Journal*, and Mr. Robinson moved to that city, and became one of its editors. Subsequently he was the editor of the *Boston Daily Whig*, and the *Boston Republi-*

can, leading free-soil newspapers of 1848-9. For nearly four years he edited and published a free-soil and anti-slavery newspaper which he had started in Lowell, called the *Lowell American*. He wrote letters and articles for the *Boston Commonwealth*, the *Atlas and Bee*; the *New York Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, and many of the other leading newspapers in the country.

He was one of the founders of, and leaders in, the free-soil, and republican party. For twenty years, during the fiercest of the anti-slavery struggle, and the war of the rebellion, he wrote for the *Springfield Republican*. It was through his letters to this newspaper, that he became known as the renowned war correspondent, and made famous his *nom de plume* of "Warrington." In all his writings, he advocated the freedom of the slave, personal and political purity, and the equal rights of woman. One of his most distinguished contemporaries in the field of journalism said of him: "He was the sharpest, steadiest, truest journalist, in all the mighty battle for freedom." He was Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of 1853, and eleven years Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

His published works are, Warrington's Manual of Parliamentary Law; The Salary Grab; and a volume of selections from his writings, (Warrington Pen Portraits, with a Memoir by Mrs. Robinson) published after his death.

He died March 11th, 1876, and lies buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

William W. Wheildon was born in Boston. He was educated in the public schools, and when he was a boy, during the sickness of one of the carriers, used to distribute around the west end of the town the *New England Palladium*. In 1822 he went to Haverhill, as an apprentice to the printing business, with Nathaniel Greene; returned to Boston with him, and assisted in the issue of the first number of the *American Statesman*. In 1827 Mr. Wheildon established the *Bunker Hill Aurora*, at Charlestown, and continued its proprietor and editor until September, 1870, more than forty years. A complete file of the *Aurora* for all these years is now in the public library at Charlestown, and contains the material for a full and complete history of the town during that period. In 1846 Mr. Wheildon moved to Concord, where he died in 1892, and where he wrote many valuable scientific works.

Mr. G. W. Curtis lived in Concord for two years, and she is proud to claim him also as a native. He was born in Providence, R. I., Feb. 24th, 1824, and came to Concord in 1844 and remained over two years, working a part of each day on a farm, and devoting the rest of his time to study. After a long journey in the Levant, he published, in 1851-52, his exquisite pictures of Oriental life, entitled "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "The Howadji in Syria;" and "Lotus Eating," "Prue and I," "Trumps," and other books have since been published, and with his editorial work in *Harper's Weekly*, and in the "Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine*, have well earned for him the distinction of being "one of the clearest

and tersest writers of the day.” As a lecturer, he was seldom equalled for brilliancy, grace, and polish, while his fame as a political and patriotic orator is unsurpassed. For this reason he was often selected to deliver the oration at the dedication of the principal Soldiers’ Monuments in many parts of the country.

He was chairman of the first civil service commission, and was one of the most interested and influential workers in that reform. He died Aug. 31, 1892.

On the other side of Main street is the birthplace of the Hon. William Whiting, who graduated at Harvard College in 1833, and began the practice of the law in 1838. His practice soon became so extensive and varied that the Court of Common Pleas was often humorously called Whiting’s Court. He soon turned his attention chiefly to patent cases, of which he studied the mechanical details so closely, as to be able to instruct his clients upon practical defects in their inventions as well as upon the law. In 1862-65 he was the solicitor of the War Department, in which office his services, which he gave gratuitously, were of immense importance to the country at its most critical need. He was president of the New England Historic Genealogical Society from 1853-58, and a member of many of the societies in the United States devoted to antiquarian and similar researches. He has left over thirty published works on legal and historic topics, and his work on the “War Powers of the President” has passed through forty-three editions in this country and abroad. He was elected to Congress in 1872, but died in June, 1873, before taking his seat.

Hon. George Frisbie Hoar, who was born in Concord, August 29th, 1826, graduated at Harvard, and settled in Worcester in 1849, where he has since resided. He had perhaps the largest practice in Massachusetts west of Boston, being extensively retained in the conduct of important cases.

He was a member of the Legislature in 1852, and chairman of committee of probate and chancery. In 1857 of the State Senate, and chairman of the committee of the judiciary.

He was elected representative from Worcester to XLI., XLII., XLII., and XLIV. Congresses, declined re-election to XLV., but was elected to the U. S. Senate to succeed Geo. S. Boutwell, and took seat March 5th, 1877.

He was author of the bill to extend national education in the South, which passed the House, but was not acted on in the Senate. Chairman of committee of House of Representatives in 1875, at request of Legislature of Louisiana, to investigate election returns of 1884, and wrote report of a part of the committee, consisting of W. A. Wheeler (vice-pres.), W. P. Frye of Maine, and himself. One of the managers of the Belknap impeachment in 1876, selected by his associates to argue the question of jurisdiction, the only serious legal difficulty involved in the trial. Member of the committee which formed the Electoral Commission Bill of 1876; and one of the few Republicans in the House who advocated the measure, and was chosen a member of the commission. One of the founders of the Worcester Free Institute.

The Rev. Grindall Reynolds was settled as pastor of the Unitarian society on the 8th of July, 1858. His house stands

on Main street, and is partially shaded by a magnificent elm. His garden abounds in flowers and fruit, and the Sudbury River flows at its foot. On the banks of the river grows a beautiful clump of willows, under which several boats are moored. As before stated, Mr. Reynolds is a close student of history, and has made many valuable contributions to magazines and books on that and kindred subjects. For full information on the history of Concord, and the important part taken by her citizens in the Shays Rebellion, of which it is not in the province of this little book to treat (as it is a guide-book, not a history), readers are referred to Mr. Reynolds's able paper on Concord in Drake's book, and to his pamphlets on Shays's Rebellion and Concord Fight, which are considered the most able and exhaustive papers on these subjects ever published. He has at various times published, in the *Atlantic* and other magazines, articles of historical interest, a partial list of which is given.

A discourse on leaving the old meeting-house at Jamaica Plain.

A discourse on the death of Gen. Zachary Taylor, July 21st, 1850.

A lecture before the American Institute of Instruction; Moral Office of the Teacher; Parish Organization; John Calvin; Rationale of Prayer; Mexico; Fortnight with the Sanitary Commission; English Naval Power and English Colonies; French Struggle for Naval and Colonial Power; Saints Who have had Bodies; Late Insurrection in Jamaica; Borneo and Rajah Brooke; Abyssinia and King Theodore; Concord Fight; Siege of Boston; From Ticonderoga to Saratoga; Our

Bedouins, and What shall We do with Them? The New Religion.

William Munroe was born in Concord, Mass., June 24th, 1806.

His father, William Munroe, was a descendant of the Munroes of Lexington, of Revolutionary fame, and was himself worthy of note as the first, and for many years the only, manufacturer of lead pencils in the United States.

His mother was of the Greenough family of Boston, and daughter of Capt. John Stone, architect and builder of the first bridge connecting Charlestown with Boston.

William was the eldest of nine children. He was, in his youth, conscientious, earnest, generous, and reliable; and these, added to strict integrity, unfailing industry, and marked unselfishness, were his ruling characteristics through all his business career, and to the close of life. As was recorded by one of his friends: "During his long life he was noted for his many acts of disinterested kindness; his career as a business man was most honorable; he was straightforward in all his dealings; while those who enjoyed his friendship found in him purity of purpose which gave a charm to his quiet life."

He had a delicate constitution; and although prepared to enter college when quite young, a student's life was not considered advisable for him, and at the age of fifteen he entered a store in Boston, where he soon gained the confidence of his employers, and very early was intrusted with the care of purchasing goods in New York and in Europe, and subsequently became a partner in the firm. He was

afterwards engaged in business with parties in England and this country, and finally became a member of the firm of Little, Alden, & Co., Boston. He was one of the prime movers in establishing the "Pacific Mills" at Lawrence, Mass., to the interests of which he gave the last few years of his business life.

In 1861 his health failed, and he was obliged to retire from active business. After an extended tour through Europe, he returned to Boston where he resided until 1876.

He devoted much of his time during the last years of his life to making plans for the benefit of his native town, and especially for the erection and endowment of a Free Public Library, which he lived to see completed as it now stands; and plans for the future addition of an Art Museum, etc., gave him occupation and delight during the many weeks and months of severe bodily suffering which he was called to bear, and which terminated his life. He died at the home of his sisters, in Concord, April, 27th, 1887, at the age of seventy-one.

The Concord Grape, now so well known all over the country, may properly be mentioned in this connection. This grape was produced by the scientific process of hybridizing, by Mr. Ephraim Bull of Concord. It is believed to be a cross between the Isabella and the native wild grape, from which it was obtained. The grapes prior to this in Massachusetts were the Isabella, Catawba, Diana, and one or two others, all of which were more or less uncertain in ripening their fruit, as they are at the present time. The Concord was introduced to the public

in 1855, and immediately became very popular, not only in New England, for which it was specially fitted by its early ripening, but all over the country. Nursery-men everywhere multiplied the plants as fast as they were able, and in a few years there were thousands of vines all over the country, as there are now millions of them, in the numerous vineyards of the South and West.

In 1852, Mr. James S. Lippincott of New Jersey, in the Agricultural Report of that year, remarks that many hardy northern grapes "find in lower latitudes and warmer zones a more congenial climate, and attain there a degree of perfection never reached farther north. Thus the Concord is so highly esteemed in some parts of the West, in lower latitudes, as almost to surpass the Delaware." In some respects it does surpass the Delaware, which rarely ripens in the New England States.

In 1868, in Iowa, 50,000 gallons of wine were made in Des Moines county alone, and it was said, "the Concord is the favorite grape, though many others are grown."

In Missouri, in 1868, it was said, "thousands of pounds of grapes are now produced where one pound was grown twenty years ago." "The Concord maintains its reputation in all parts of the State." "The Concord with ample room, frequently produced one hundred pounds to the vine." Mr. Husmann "thinks it will produce the wine for the masses; a life and health inspiring, gentle stimulant, destined to become the every-day drink of the sturdy laborer, and supplant the fiery whiskey that has been too long the national beverage."

In Wisconsin, in 1868, the Concord was the favorite variety;

and in Michigan, it was said, the Concord and Delaware were the most extensively planted. In Ohio, the same year, 143,767 gallons of wine were produced, largely from the Concord grape.

It ripens early everywhere, and is admitted to be a good table grape, and some years ago, all through the West and North-west, was regularly sold to passengers at all the railroad stations east of the Rocky Mountains. In the great region beyond the Mississippi, as well as throughout New York, the Lake Region, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, there are thousands of acres of vineyards and millions of vines. The nursery-men in the Western States sell hundreds of thousands of vines, one, two, and three years old, and in some years were not able to supply the demand. It is entirely safe to say that no single fruit of any kind ever produced has been received with such favor, given such universal satisfaction, or been so widely spread, in our own, and to a considerable extent in foreign countries.

CHAPTER VII.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

In its Free Public Library Concord feels a just pride. To the visitor it is one of the first and most attractive points of interest.

The Library building, though quite picturesque in appearance, is of no positive order of architecture, but rather a combination of the old and the modern styles. From every point of view, it strikes the eye most pleasantly, and is a decided ornament to the town. The front view is particularly attractive, suggesting a group of buildings rising successively one above the other. It is situated in a central and beautiful portion of the village, on the slightly elevated part of an acre of land, triangular in shape, at the junction of Main and

Sudbury streets. A full description of the building would require more space than can well be spared. The engraving presents a good idea of its outward appearance from one point of view.

The plans of the building, its construction, and the interior fixtures were completed under the direction, and at the expense of Mr. Wm Munroe, as a gift to his native town. The building and land adjoining were conveyed by him in trust to the Concord Free Public Library, subject to certain conditions and restrictions, as follows: "To forever keep and maintain there-upon a building for a public library, for the use of the inhabitants of Concord; that no building shall ever be erected upon the granted premises, except for the use of the public library, as aforesaid; and the ground not so used, to remain open for light and air, and as an ornamental enclosure for the benefit of the inhabitants of Concord, but without a right in said inhabitants to go upon, or use the same, except for reasonable access to said library, under such regulations as may be made by said Corporation," etc.

The building was dedicated for the use of the library on the 1st of October, 1873, with ceremonies appropriate to the occasion.

A circulating library has existed in Concord probably for a longer period of time than in any other town in the United States.

Most of the early settlers in Concord, were men of liberal education and refinement, though, as with the Puritans generally, the religious sentiment predominated far above the intel-

lectual. "The religious bias of our founders," says Mr. Emerson, "had its usual effect to secure an education to read the Bible and hymn-book, and thence the step was easy for active minds to an acquaintance with history and with poetry."

In 1672, the town, by a committee, instructed the select men to see "that care be taken of the Books of Martyrs and other books that belong to the town, that they be kept from abusive usage, and not be lent to persons more than one month at a time." How long previous to this record, that little nucleus of a library existed here, can only be conjectured, but as Bulkeley, Flint, and others, brought with them from England quite respectable sums of money, and personal property of various kinds, no doubt those "Books of Martyrs," and other books were among the effects brought into Concord by those religious enthusiasts in 1635, and freely circulated, to keep alive the sentiment which prompted them to seek this new home in the wilderness, and to sustain all its trials.

During the next hundred years or more there were, no doubt, other books added to this collection from time to time, but to what extent is not known.

In 1786, a literary company was formed in the village, with a collection "consisting of well-chosen books in the various branches of literature" which were purchased by subscription. In 1795, the Charitable Library Society was organized, and of the books of this Society, there is a copy of the catalogue now in the Concord Alcove, printed in 1805, which has two hundred and fifty volumes recorded. The members of this library united with others in the organization of another, which was

incorporated in 1821. This was called the Concord Social Library. In 1835, it had 1168 volumes on its shelves. No records exist to enable us to give all the statistics we would like in reference to the Social Library. It was owned by shareholders, and supported by contributions; the shareholders paying a certain sum yearly, and others a larger sum, for the privilege of taking out books, the money so contributed going towards buying new books and paying expenses. In 1851, the Social Library was merged into the Town Library. Two other collections, the Parish Library and the Agricultural Library, were afterwards added to the Town Library which continued in existence till the autumn of 1873. Its books were then transferred to the present Concord Free Public Library.

The first annual report of the Town Library Committee ending March 1st, 1853, represents the number of volumes received from the Social Library to be 1,318, to which were added during the previous year 199 volumes, 111 by purchase, and 88 by donation. The number of books taken out during that year was 4,288, the largest number in one day being 80, and the smallest five. A special appeal was made in this report, to the friends of the library, for additional contributions, which however, was not responded to very liberally, for during the next year, only 18 books were presented, 131 others were purchased, making the whole number 1,663. When the Social Library conveyed its property to the town, it bound the latter by contract to raise annually the largest sum allowed by law. The amount so raised in 1853 was \$141.75. The number of books taken out the following year is not reported, but the use of the library,

the committee say, was "constant and increasing." In 1856 the committee reported with some exultation, that "295 volumes a month have been taken out, on an average throughout the year." The report of 1858 says "the interest of the people in the library continues without abatement."

The amount appropriated by the town, varied but slightly from year to year up to 1860, when the law seems to have been changed authorizing towns to appropriate fifty cents each of the ratable tolls, instead of twenty-five cents as had previously been the law. The whole number of volumes in the library in 1860 was 2,762. With the larger appropriations from 1860, the library increased in a greater ratio from year to year up to the time immediately preceding its transfer to the present Free Public Library, Oct. 1st, 1873, when the number of the volumes was 6,887.

Previous to the opening of the new library building, an appeal was made to citizens of the town, to natives who resided elsewhere, and to all lovers of old Concord, for donations of books, etc., the great object being to bring the number of books up to what is termed a first-class library, viz: 10,000 volumes. Such was the interest and enthusiasm excited by this appeal, that money, books, pamphlets, coins, medals, busts and pictures come in from all directions. There were one hundred and nineteen donors. The totals of the gifts were as follows: Money \$3,570; books, 2,489; pamphlets, 1,360; three oil paintings; forty-eight heliotype impressions; seven busts of prominent men; twenty medals; five hundred and sixty-nine coins; and seven autograph manuscripts. One lady sent a thousand

dollars; Geo. Wm. Curtis sent a full set of his works. Jas. T. Fields presented six autographs, viz; original manuscripts of "Dorothy Q," by O. W. Holmes; "The Cathedral," by J. R. Lowell; "Culture" by R. W. Emerson; "Walking" by H. D. Thoreau; "The Brazen Serpent," by Nath'l Hawthorne, and an address by J. L. Motley. Of the books presented, there were many rare and valuable ones; one old Bible printed in 1598 and other ancient and curious works covered with the wrinkles of age, containing autographs of the Bulkeleys, the Emersons, and the Ripleys of old.

Under these favorable circumstances, the new library commenced its career of usefulness, and its success has more than realized the most sanguine expectations, "making," as Mr. Emerson said it would, "readers of those who were not readers, scholars of those who only read newspapers and novels till then," and greatly adding to the many attractions which make Concord a desirable place of residence.

In the report of the Social Library in 1836, the committee congratulated the public on its increased love of reading. It says: "Judging by the number of books taken out, your committee are happy to state that the library has been useful during the past year beyond all precedent." The number of books given out that year was 2,438, a less number than is now frequently given out in a single month.

On commencing its work Oct. 1st, 1873, the Concord Free Public Library had upon its shelves nearly 10,000 volumes, excluding duplicates. Since that date up to March 1st, 1880, over 5,000 volumes have been added to the library, about half of

which have been donations, and the others by purchase, making the present number of volumes in the library a little over 15,000. Besides books, there are over 5,000 pamphlets.

The annual circulation since the opening of the new library has averaged over 23,000. The largest number of volumes



THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

given out in any one year is 26,000 and in any one month is 2,868, and the largest number in any one day 278.

A portion of the library room is devoted to reference books, and conveniences for consulting them. About 5,000 volumes are used here annually in addition to the circulation of the lending library.

This seems a most extraordinary showing for a population of less than 3,000. Nearly ten books for every man, woman and

child ; and including the books used in the reference department, more than ten to each person. It is doubtful if any other library in any town or city in the world can make so favorable a showing.

The reading room, which is separate from the library room, is liberally furnished with magazines and other periodicals, by subscriptions and donations. By the last report March 1st, 1880, there were on the tables twenty-nine quarterly and monthly magazines, twenty-four weekly and two daily papers. The number of readers in this room varies from twenty to fifty per day, which should also be added to the previous statement of the reading capacity of Concord people.

From the commencement, the new library has been extremely fortunate in securing and retaining the services of a very efficient librarian, Miss Whitney. Much credit is due to her for the interior arrangements and for the successful management of the library. The catalogue of books compiled by Miss Whitney is a most admirable one. All the books are alphabetically arranged and classified under the names of authors, titles, and subjects, with many cross-references. The books are all classified, each subject, and each division of a subject being by itself.

One alcove in the library is devoted exclusively to the books, pamphlets, etc., relating particularly to Concord.

The reference department is a very important one. It includes many valuable books in all departments of learning. Its advantages are seen every day, not only in connection with general readers, but with scholars from the higher schools ; words, technical terms, names, dates, and places in history,

geography and science, and illustrations and references in fiction, are made clear by the works in this section.

Since the opening of the new library to the present date, a period of six years and five months, during which time over one hundred and fifty-two thousand volumes have been given out, not a volume has been lost or seriously injured, without being replaced by the borrower.

The library is now supported by appropriations from the town, and by income from a permanent fund donated and bequeathed to the library by different individuals.

The library is open every day except Sundays and holidays, from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 2 to 6 P. M., and on Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Visitors will be interested in the fine oil painting of Emerson, by David Scott of Edinburgh, painted in 1848; an oil painting of Columbus copied from the portrait by Titian; a copy of Stuart's Washington by Wm. Marshall; an engraving of Emerson by Schoff, made from Rouse's crayon; a crayon of Thoreau by Rouse; a bust of Emerson by Gould; bust of Plato; Miss Landor's bust of Hawthorne; Richetson's bust of Louisa Alcott; Dexter's bust of Agassiz; Gould's bust of Mr. Munroe; French's bust of Simon Brown; a bust of Horace Mann; a picture of the old jail, drawn by a British officer imprisoned there; the sword carried by Capt. Isaac Davis at the Concord Fight; spontoon carried at the Concord Fight; scissors with which the cartridges were cut; and the anvil on which guns were repaired previous to the Concord Fight.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MONUMENTS.

The Monuments. The spot on which the British fought has long been marked by a plain, granite monument, which bears upon a tablet the following inscription written by Dr. Edward Jarvis.

Here
on the 19th of April, 1775,
was made the first forcible resistance to
British Aggression.
On the opposite bank stood the American militia,
Here stood the invading army.
and on this spot the first of the enemy fell
in the War of the Revolution,
which gave Independence to these United States.

In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom,
This monument was erected,
A. D. 1836.

For the side where the Americans fought, Mr. D. C. French, a young sculptor of the town, has designed a bronze statue of



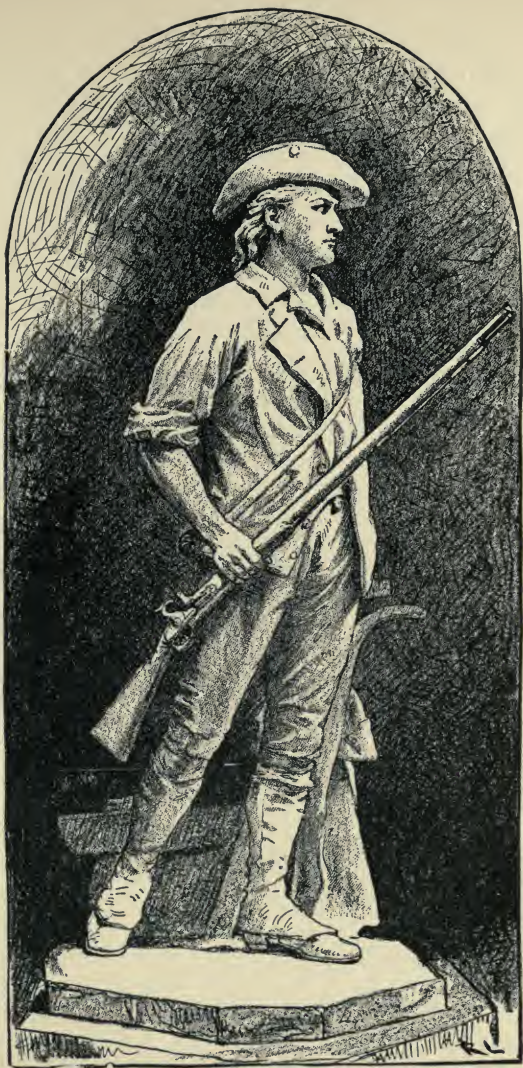
THE NORTH BRIDGE AND MONUMENT.

the Minute Man of the day, with wonderful truth and vigor of action ; and it is visited daily by people who come from far and near, and the bridge, which has been built by the citizens of the town to copy the old North Bridge, is constantly being crossed by every description of vehicle, conveying passengers to study the details of the monument, as the costume of the expectant soldier, the old-fashioned plough upon which he leans, and the old flint-lock musket, which he grasps, are careful copies of the

originals from which the young artist made the closest studies. Upon the granite base are cut the first lines of one of Emerson's hymns. It has been well said, "Few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor, and an occasion."

As they pass over the bridge on their return, even the most careless visitor pauses for a moment at the grave of the British soldiers, who, for a hundred years, have lain on the spot where they were hastily buried on the afternoon of the Fight, by two of the Concord men who made a grave for them just where they had fallen. No one knew their names, and they slept unwept, save by the murmuring pines, with the very same rough stones from the wall which have been their only monuments for one hundred years until at the last centennial celebration the town caused this inscription to be cut on the stone which forms a part of the wall, "Grave of British Soldiers." The avenue of pine trees was set out by the citizens in one morning, as each one brought and placed in the row a little sapling; and some of the towns-people are now able to tell which tree was planted by their ancestor. The two large trees which stood near the river were in existence at the time of the battle.

The monument on the Common in memory of the soldiers who fell in the late civil war was erected April 19th, 1867. It bears on a bronze tablet the names of all the departed heroes "who found in Concord a birthplace, home or grave." The motto "Faithful unto death" is cut on the south side, and the dates of the beginning and the end of the war are on the north side, Near it is an elm tree under which, according to tradition,



THE MINUTE MAN.



the Rev. William Emerson delivered his famous speech on the morning of the fight. A hundred years later, when the descendants of the same men who fought that day returned from the bloody battle-fields of the South, bearing in honor the same ancient names and assisted at the dedication of the monument to their comrades who were "faithful unto death," the present Mr. Emerson delivered an address, standing in the shade of the same noble old elm, making true the lines in the ode sung on that day :

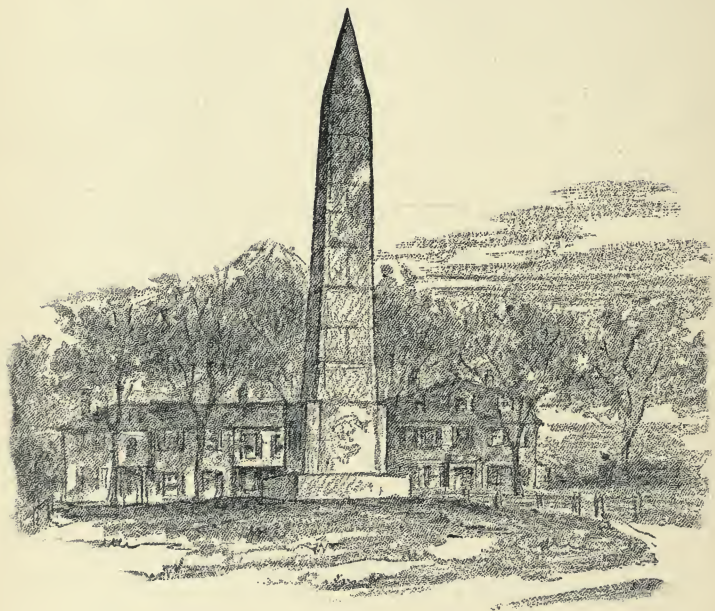
"Beneath the shadow of the elm where ninety years ago
Old Concord's rustic heroes met to face a foreign foe,
We come to consecrate this stone to heroes of to-day,
Who perished in a holy cause as gallantly as they.

The patriot preacher's bugle call that April morning knew,
Still lingers in the silver tones of him who speaks to you,
As on their former muster fields called by its notes again,
Those ancient heroes seem to greet brave Prescott and his men.

And as each soldier saint appears to answer to his name,
Not one has dimmed the lustre of its old unconquered fame;
They, too, have left their peaceful fields for scenes of bloody strife
And death has changed to hallowed ground the fields they tilled in life.

The bronze and stone we proudly rear must surely pass away,
But deathless lives of dying braves can never know decay;
For freed from stain of slavery, our re-united land,
The soldier's proudest monument will ever firmly stand."

An eloquent address was made upon this occasion by the Hon. E. R. Hoar, who also made a speech of welcome to the soldiers on their return, which is remembered with pride and pleasure by all who heard it.



THE MONUMENT ON THE COMMON.

The 19th of April will ever be a memorable day in Concord, not only as the anniversary of the first battle of the Revolution, but because of its singular bearing upon the history of our whole country ; for we learn from Palfrey that in June, 1602, Gosnold's ship, the Concord, left America on her return. Eighty-

six years after, on the 19th of April, Sir Edmund Andros was imprisoned; eighty-six years after, on the 19th of April, the battle of Concord was fought; eighty-six years after, on the 19th of April, the first attack was made in Baltimore upon the Northern forces on their way to Washington, and on the same day the first company left Concord for Washington, composed largely of descendants, bearing the names of the same men who fought in 1775.

The Town Hall is behind the old elm, where the orators before alluded to have spoken; and next on the right is the building formerly used as a Court House, behind which an old gate stood, within the memory of some natives of the town, which was the entrance to the field held in common by the forty original holders.

The Grand Army of the Republic holds monthly meetings in its hall on the Milldam. It is composed of veterans, many of whom are the direct descendants of the minute-men of 1775. This organization celebrates Decoration Day in an original manner, and which attracts thousands of visitors yearly. It is constantly employed in unostentatious works of charity.

CHAPTER IX.

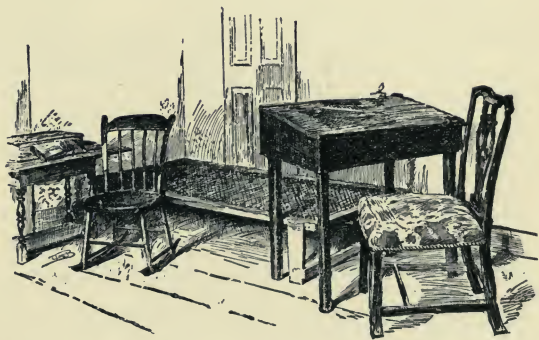
THE STUDIO AND THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

The studio of Mr. Daniel Chester French stands in the orchard of the farm of his father, Hon. H. F. French, not far from the station of the Fitchburg Railroad. It was built in the year 1879 in the modified Queen Anne style, after a plan of his own. It consists of two buildings united, the reception and the working room; the outside is finished to a height of ten feet in olive-green mastic, over which round shingles of Venetian red extend to the brown roof which rises to a height of nineteen feet from the entrance, which is twelve feet.

The reception room is ornamented with antique furniture, and decorated with tapestry and curtains and pieces of Kensington



Mr. French's Studio, where the Minute Man was modelled.



The Thoreau Corner, in the Antiquarian Rooms.



work. Endymion, Echo, and other statues, and bas-reliefs of owls and other figures, are in this room, and the space by the door is filled with a deep window-seat of a quaint and rich



MR. FRENCH'S STUDIO.

design, with a tasteful combination of colors; and the space above it is filled by a bas-relief and Japanese and other ornaments. The work room contains *The Minute Man* in the original plaster, his great group of *Law, Prosperity and Power*, busts of Emerson and Judge French, and many models and works in various stages of completion. Mr. French's earliest important

work, "The Minute Man," which as before mentioned, stands on the scene of the Fight at the old North Bridge, was completed in 1874, when he was twenty-four years old. Before its dedication he went to Florence, Italy, to pursue his studies, and while there, among other works of lesser note he modelled his "Endymion." After his return to this country he worked awhile in Washington, then in Boston, and in the spring of 1879 permanently established himself in his dearly loved town and built the studio.

His bust of Emerson, showing in the best light the ripe maturity of the scholar, teacher and poet, is well worth the year's work if nothing else had been done.

Mr. French's colossal designs of "Peace and Vigilance" and "Law, Prosperity and Power," have been much admired, while his portrait busts are very successful.

His swift advance in his twenty years' devotion to his art, from the time when his first clay was given him by the lamented May Alcott, to the day when his matured work, "Death and the Sculptor," a memorial of Milmore, commanded praise from the severest critics, is a warrant that his name and fame will be inseparably linked with that of historic old Concord.

On Lexington Road, a few rods east of the public Square, is the house of the Concord Antiquarian Society, one of the oldest buildings now standing in Concord, and which was occupied in 1775 by Reuben Brown, a saddler, who made cartridge boxes and military equipments for the patriots, in his shop (still standing) next west of his house. The shop was set on

fire by the British soldiers on April 19, 1775, but fortunately was not destroyed.

In the year 1886 the house was purchased by the Concord Antiquarian Society, and the antiquarian collection of Mr. Cummings E. Davis, which the Society bought at about the same time, was removed from its former place of storage in the Court House, and tastefully arranged in its new quarters. The collection had been half a century in the making, and is very largely of objects of local interest, each of the old families of Concord having contributed something in the way of furniture, china, kitchen utensils, weapons, books, or the like.

As far as possible the house has been furnished as if it were still occupied as a family residence, and the old kitchen especially, with its broad fireplace and high-backed settles, its wide "dresser," covered with shining pewter, its churn and spinning-wheel, and all the old-fashioned implements of housekeeping, recalls "the good old colony times when we lived under the King." There is china *galore* in every room of the house; spider-legged and claw-foot tables; stiff, hard, uncompromising old chairs of the Provincial period, and the later and more graceful productions of the Chippendale school; half a dozen tall clocks, one of them once belonging to Dr. Jonathan Prescott, who, his gravestone tells us, "married the amiable and only daughter of the Hon. Col. Peter Bulkeley," almost two hundred years ago; furniture from "the Old Manse," including the study chair of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, the great-grandfather of Emerson, and the chair of the Rev. Dr. Ripley, for more than sixty years minister of Concord; an old piano, one of the first

made in America; antique, high-posted bedsteads; ancient chests-of-drawers, bureaus and mirrors, and all the thousand and one articles of domestic utility or ornament of the days long past. Here is a little cream pitcher once belonging to Robert Burns, and a bit of tapestry from the bed-chamber of Mary, Queen of Scots, cheek by jowl with one of Paul Revere's lanterns, and a part of the ancient pewter communion service of Concord's church. Here are weapons that have been borne in every war in which New England has ever had a part, from the early Indian wars to the great Rebellion; and among them the musket of a British soldier killed in Concord Fight, and the sword of a grenadier then taken prisoner, absolutely the two first British weapons captured in the Revolutionary war. Here are the great tortoise-shell combs, the high-heeled shoes, the fans, and the patch-boxes of long-forgotten belles; the knee-buckles, the snuff-boxes, and the iron-rimmed spectacles of serious old Puritans long since "gone to their reward," and the arrow-heads, tools, and implements of the Indians whom they supplanted.

One room in the house contains the desk of Henry D. Thoreau, his bed, his chairs, and many other of his personal belongings. The house is kept closed during the winter months, but for the greater part of the year it is open in the afternoons, a small fee being charged to defray the expense of its care.

CHAPTER X.

VARIOUS ORGANIZATIONS.

The Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Co. was organized March 29, 1826. Its first President was the Hon. Abiel Heywood, distinguished as a physician as well as for honorable service in town and state, as in later life he turned his attention from professional to public duties, and was Associate Judge of the Court of Sessions, and as Justice of the Peace and Quorum heard most of the cases in and about the town which were within his jurisdiction; he was also town clerk for a period of thirty-eight years. He graduated in 1781, was married at the age of sixty-two, and died Oct. 29, 1839, aged 80 years. His monument of Scotch granite is one of the ornaments of Sleepy Hollow, and his memory is cherished by his townsmen. His son, George Heywood, holds the position of his father as

President of the Insurance Company, and was town clerk, the books having been kept by them for over sixty-five years. He has also been for seven years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and Senate, and was, also, a member of the Governor's Council. The Company's Secretary and Treasurer was the Hon. Nathan Brooks, whose upright character and wisdom made him the counsellor and guide of thousands, and his genial wit and kindness of heart will make him long remembered and loved. He was a successful lawyer, in which profession he was succeeded by his son, the Hon. George M. Brooks, who was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and Senate, and United States House of Representatives, and was Judge of Probate. The present Secretary is Richard Barrett, Esq., and the organization under the existing management is one of the most powerful and trustworthy in the State.

The Charitable Society has been successful in relieving distress and almost exterminating pauperism from the town, since 1814 to the present day, when it is more vigorous and efficient than ever, being managed wholly by ladies.

The Fire Society was organized May 5, 1794. Each member was obliged to keep in order a long ladder, and two or more fire buckets in a convenient place, and many of the latter are to be seen hanging in the entries of the old houses. The first fire engine was procured in 1794.

The B. C. & W. Club has its room in Friends' block on the Mill-dam. This Club was established in 1858, and was "formed to promote social intercourse, and provide means of



THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY



pleasant recreation among its members." Any gentleman is eligible for membership. The club is limited to forty members. The club-room is open, on week days only, from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.

The Middlesex Agricultural Society held its first show in Concord on the 11th of October, 1820, and formerly owned a tract of land in the centre of what is now the area of Sleepy Hollow. Upon the sale of this land to the town they purchased the extensive grounds, and built the hall on Main street.

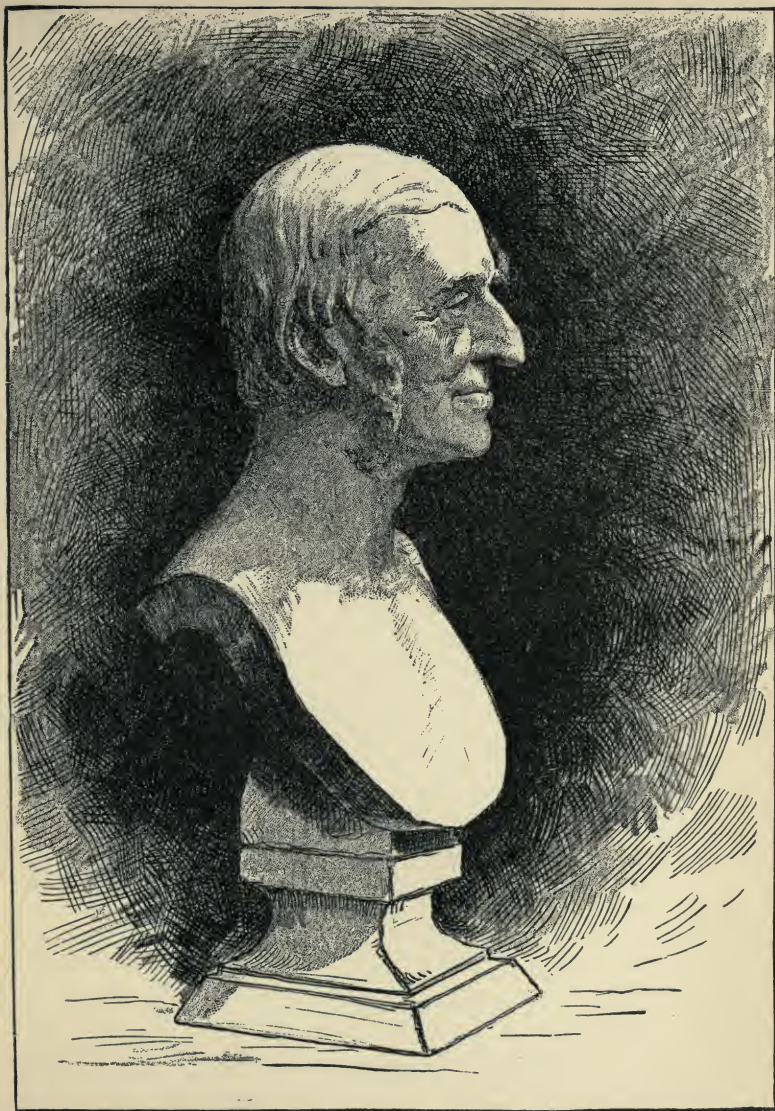
The School of Philosophy. It was opened in 1879 at the Orchard House of Mr. Alcott, where the sessions were held in Mr. Alcott's library and in the room adjoining, which had been the studio of May Alcott, before she went abroad in 1877, on that pilgrimage of art from which she was never to return. For several years the sessions were held in a new hall, still standing on the hillside west of the Orchard House, under the pine-trees that crown the slope. It is a plain little structure, called "The Chapel," arranged for the convenience of the school, but without luxury or ornament. Over its porch is trained Mr. Alcott's largest grape vine, and on either side of it shady paths lead by arbors to the hill-top.

The history of the Concord School of Philosophy, though brief, is interesting, and dates back farther than the year of its opening. So long ago as 1842, when Mr. Alcott (then living at the Hosmer Cottage, where his daughter May was born) visited England, he began to collect books for the library of a school of the First Philosophy, to be established in some

part of New England. For this purpose Mr. James Pierrepont Greaves, the English friend and disciple of Pestalozzi, who died in March, 1842, bequeathed a collection of curious volumes, which Mr. Alcott and an English friend, Charles Lane, brought over from London and deposited in Concord. For many years they have stood on the shelves in the Orchard House, and they are now destined to form a part of the library of the Concord School. In pursuance of his long-cherished plan, Mr. Alcott, in 1878, arranged with his neighbor, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, to make a beginning, and early in the year 1879 a Faculty of Philosophy was organized informally at Concord, with members residing, some in that town, some in the vicinity of Boston, and others at the West. In course of the spring, the Dean of this Faculty, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, and the Secretary, Mr. Sanborn, issued a circular calling the School together for a session of five weeks in July and August.

Mr. Alcott, as Dean of the Faculty, opened the School on the morning of July 15, 1879, with an address of welcome, and closed it on the evening of August 16, with a valedictory address.

The variety of subjects considered during the time that the School existed, show that its scope was not a narrow one; and the wide diversity of opinion among those who have spoken from its platform may serve as a guarantee that no limitation of sect or philosophical shibboleth has been enforced. The aim of the Faculty has been to bring together a few of those persons who, in America, have pursued, or



MR. FRENCH'S BUST OF EMERSON.



desire to pursue, the paths of speculative philosophy; to encourage these students and professors to communicate with each other what they have learned and meditated; and to illustrate by a constant reference to poetry and the higher literature.

This School was the last enterprise of a general character in which Mr. Emerson engaged, and derived a portion of its interest from his connection with it. This connection was not very close, however, since its opening was delayed until those later years of his life when he withdrew from an active part even in conversation; but he was fully cognizant of its aims, and in the most friendly relation to its founders, the chief of whom was Mr. Alcott. The last public meeting in Hillside Chapel was the Memorial to Mr. Alcott in May, 1888, on which occasion the building was crowded with his friends, who united in paying loving testimony to his talents.

The Concord Artillery was incorporated on Feb. 28, 1804. It has a fine new armory on Walden street. The inscription on their cannon is as follows:

“The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Maj. John Buttrick and Capt. Isaac Davis whose valor and example excited their fellow citizens to a successful resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge the 19th of April 1775 which was the beginning of the contest in arms that ended in American Independence.”

This company formed a portion of the regiment under the command of the gallant Col. Prescott which went from the town to the seat of the Rebellion on the 19th of April, 1861,

and many of its members enlisted for the war and followed him from Bull Run and the bloody field of Fredricksburg to the victory of Gettysburg, and through the many engagements between the Wilderness and Petersburg, where on the 18th of June he received a mortal wound and died the next day. These verses were copied in his funeral oration :

“ Deck out your hills old Concord in all your summer pride,
To welcome back your soldier who for Liberty has died.
Trail in the dust your weeping elms along the silent street,
And with pride and sorrow mingled, prepare your dead to meet.
For he loved the gentle river, with its calm and peaceful shore,
He loved the quiet village life, but he loved his country more ;
For he heard her earliest call for help, and answering to the cry,
Showed how a soldier ought to fight, and a Christian ought to die.”

The Institution of Masonry has always held a respectable footing in Concord, and, in its history, numbers among its members many of the most prominent citizens of the town. The Corinthian Lodge was organized in 1797, under a charter from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts of the 16th of June, signed by the M. W. Grand Master Paul Revere of Revolutionary memory, and by Isaiah Thomas of equal historic eminence, Grand Secretary. In the organization of the lodge, Rev. Dr. Morse of Charlestown delivered the address, and at the dedication of the first hall, Nov. 13, 1820, a Masonic address was pronounced by R. W. Benjamin Gleason, Grand Lecturer of Massachusetts. W. Isaac Hurd was first Master, and Rev. Dr. Ripley was one of the early initiates in 1798. Among the Masters of the lodge may be mentioned the names of Francis

Jarvis, Benjamin Ball, John Brown, John Keyes, William Whiting, Ephraim H. Bellows, Louis A. Surette, George P. How, and many others. Among its prominent members were Abel Barrett, Abraham Skinner, Thomas O. Selfridge, Grovesnor Tarbell of Lincoln, David Barnard, Gershom Fay, Nathan Heald, Rufus Hosmer, Samúel Ripley, Calvin C. Damon, Thomas Todd, Hartwell Bigelow, Samuel P. P. Fay (afterwards Grand Master), and many others, including citizens of Acton, Lincoln, Carlisle, Stow, Bedford, Chelmsford, Dracut, Weston, Sudbury, and other towns. For many years the meetings were held in the hall of the building used for a schoolhouse, and afterwards as an engine house, opposite the Court House. In 1871, a new hall was erected on the main street in the village, near the public Square, which was dedicated on the 26th of February, 1872, when a Masonic address was delivered by R. W. William Wilder Wheildon. The occasion was honored by the presence of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, M. W. John J. Heard, Grand Master. The lodge is now in a prosperous condition.

Walden Royal Arch Chapter, which was organized in 1874, holds its monthly convocations in the new Masonic hall.

The Concord Bank was incorporated March 3, 1832. Daniel Shattuck was the first President, and John M. Cheney Cashier. Mr. Shattuck continued in office until October, 1860, when he was succeeded by George Heywood. The bank re-organized under the National Banking Act, Feb. 23, 1865, as the Concord National Bank of Concord, retaining Mr. Heywood and Mr. Cheney. Mr. Cheney died, Feb. 13, 1869, and was succeeded

by Henry J. Walcott and B. L. Fabens. Mr. E. C. Damon is the present President of the Concord National Bank, and Mr. Samuel Hoar is President of the Middlesex Institution for Savings, the Treasurer of which is Mr. Henry J. Hosmer. For the accommodation of the National and Savings Bank, a fine brick building was finished in 1895.

Water Supply. Sandy Pond, from whence the water is obtained which supplies Concord so abundantly, lies in the neighboring town of Lincoln, two and a half miles from the centre of Concord village. It is a beautiful sheet of water, covering an area of one hundred and fifty acres at its mean height, and varies only about two feet from its highest to its lowest elevation. The pond is capable of furnishing half a million gallons daily—enough for ten thousand inhabitants, allowing fifty gallons each per day. The character of the water is remarkable for its extreme purity, containing as it does an unusually small quantity of mineral and organic matter in solution, there being only one and three-fourths grains of solid matter in a gallon of the water. Prof. Goessmann says, so far as he is able to determine, its analysis places the water of Sandy Pond, as regards purity, first among all waters used in this or any other country. The average impurities in the waters from upwards of forty different sources in the United States and Europe is 5.07 grains per U. S. gallon, the range being from 1.77 for Concord to 16.38 for London. The mean elevation of Sandy Pond above Main street is fully one hundred feet, and when using hose, a stream can be thrown from a hydrant to the top of any building in town. Of all the bless-

ings which Concord enjoys, this is certainly one of the purest and best.

The Concord Lyceum was formed January 7, 1829, and the Debating Society which had been in existence six years was united to it. Its organization consisted at first, of President, two Vice Presidents (all clergymen), two Secretaries, a Treasurer, and three Curators, but for many years it has been chiefly managed by two Curators.

Every lecturer of note in New England and New York States has been heard before this organization, the most celebrated orators having made frequent addresses here, including Beecher, Curtis, Gough, Whipple, Phillips, etc. On the occasion of its centennial anniversary, Judge Hoar delivered a most eloquent tribute to Emerson and others who had done much to sustain and carry it on. In February of the year 1879, Mr. Emerson delivered his one hundredth lecture before the Lyceum. The hall was crowded with his townspeople, and strangers who were attracted from Boston and other places, to listen to him; all were delighted to hear him speak with great power, the lecture being, by every one, considered as one of his best.

The Emerson School stands on the lot in the rear of the present high schoolhouse, ending on Hubbard street.

The extreme length of the building is 106 feet, the depth of the centre section 58 feet, and the depth of the two wings 44 feet. The centre section projects before the wings seven feet on the east and west facades. The structure is a three-story one, and the stone ashler underpinning is six feet high.

The brickwork of the first story is 10 feet high, and the wooden second story 12 feet in height. The central roof, which is at right angles to the wings is surmounted by a handsome spire, which contains a belfry and ventilators. The entrance consists of a 14-foot archway and recess with granite steps. This arch has, for trimming, terra cotta casts and moulded bricks. A roomy hall runs entirely through the centre of the building crosswise. On each side, in both the first and second stories, are convenient wardrobe rooms. The length of this hall is 57 feet, and the width 10 feet. There are eight schoolrooms, four on each floor. In size 20 feet and 6 inches by 40 feet and 6 inches, having a seating capacity of 56 pupils each.

It was first occupied in December, 1880, and cost, besides the appropriation of \$13,350, \$500 contributed by Reuben N. Rice and \$500 by Edwin S. Barrett for the purpose of having the first story of the structure built of brick instead of wood, as was originally intended. The first-named donor also paid for the weather vane. This account is condensed from that of G. E. Harrington, Esq.

The building committee of the Emerson school house were Samuel Hoar, John B. Tileston, and Henry J. Hosmer.

Among the peculiar institutions of Concord are the Clubs.

The Social Circle, the most venerable of these, was founded about 1782, and probably grew out of the famous Committee of Safety. It includes twenty-five of our most influential men, who sup together twenty-five times annually on successive Tuesday evenings. After the death of any member his memoir is read to the others and then preserved in manu-

script. There has been only one instance of failure to do this, and the member in question left town some time before his death.

The Dramatic Club, which is the oldest to which both ladies and gentlemen belong, was founded in 1875, has given several excellent comedies and an operetta in the Town Hall, and now occasionally reads plays at private houses to keep itself in training for future triumphs.

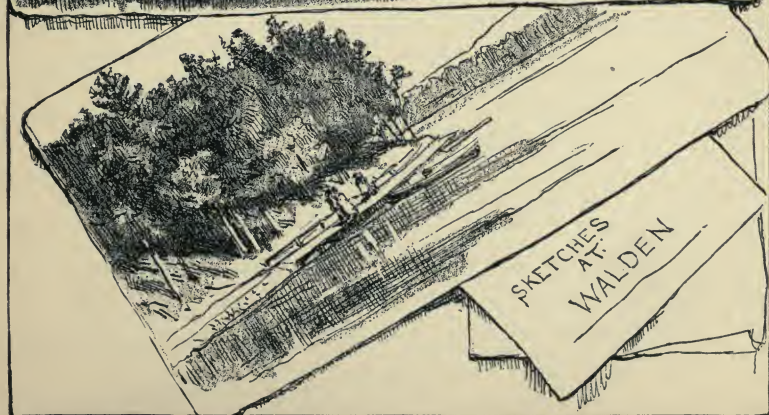
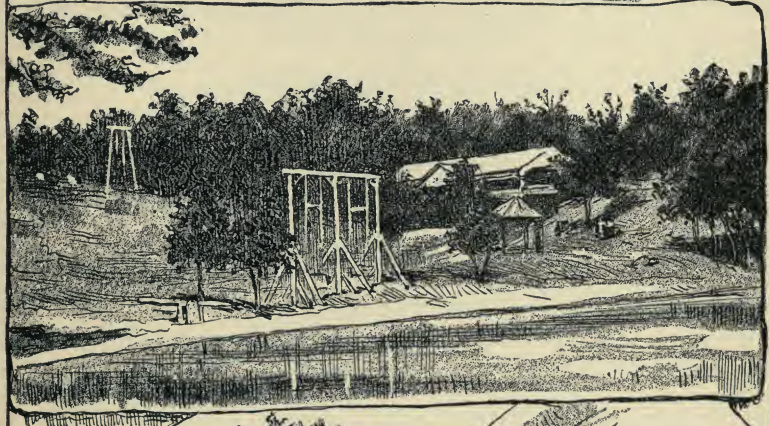
The Saturday Club. Among the most interesting of our literary and social meetings are those held by the Saturday Club, which was founded by Mme. Nieriker, then Miss May Alcott, on January 22, 1876, and has continued ever since to assemble on alternate Saturdays, usually in the evening, at the houses of the ladies and gentlemen composing it. There is a large membership, and many guests have been invited to the summer picnics, as well as to the so-called open clubs, before which such visitors as Dr. Hedge, Dr. Peabody, Professor C. C. Everett, Professor Davidson, Mr. C. D. B. Mills, and Rev. Wm. J. Potter have read their essays. Memorial meetings were held in January and February 1860, in honor of two of its members recently deceased, one of these being its founder.

Concord's Home for the Aged was organized December 30, 1886, and in March, 1887, purchased a large house on Walden street, which it was enabled to do by the gift of \$20,000 from Miss Martha Hunt, in tribute to the memory of her father. Under the efficient management of the principal ladies of the town, it has done an excellent work in providing a comfortable home for permanent residents of Concord.

CHAPTER XI.

LAKE WALDEN.

Lake Walden, or Walden Pond as it has always been called in the good old days before the whistle of the railroad engine gave place to the scream of the loon and honk of the wild goose, is a pellucid basin of the purest water nestling among low hills. Its rare and lovely beauty attracted alike the poet, philosopher, and naturalist. Mr. R. W. Emerson loved to ramble around it and was induced to purchase a large tract which bordered upon it. Here he made his rustic study, and wandering through its vistas mused upon the deep thoughts of philosophy, and wove his subtle fancies which in essay and poem have charmed students in two continents. In his poem entitled "My Garden," Mr. Emerson has immortalized Walden Pond, which is also reflected in many of his other works. Here





he used to bring his children on Sunday afternoons, and thus instilled into their young minds the love for nature which distinguished them in later life. The picturesque portion about Thoreau's Cove is still owned by his family, and his youngest daughter purchased Fairyland several years ago in order to save its noble trees from the woodman's axe. This romantic spot may be called a suburb of Walden, as it is only separated by the width of a country road from Walden woods. Fairyland has a pretty pond embowered in trees, and a delicious spring, cool and clear enough to have been patronized by the fairies. It has always been a favorite haunt for the children of the village, and many of the school children have often used it as a play and picnic ground. Some thirty years ago, the pupils of a well-known school used to hold fairy masques and costume parties there, and if a wayfarer had strayed in, he would have been surprised to find himself in the centre of a fairy ring or gypsy carnival. Now quiet citizens use it as a pleasant place for a summer stroll; and berrying parties in the summer, and nutting excursions in the autumn, often visit it, and return with abundant harvests. Climbing up its steep path by the spring, the visitor soon enters Walden woods, and threading his way through the straight lines of pine-trees which compose Thoreau's orchard, he can cross the patch which was cultivated with six miles of beans by the Walden hermit. Turning to the left, he revisits the shore of the pond at the romantic point owned by Mr. Hoar, at the bar which crosses the mouth of Thoreau's Cove, alluded to in a former chapter.

Skirting the pond, still going toward the south, a walk of a quarter of a mile brings him to the swimming-place used by the Concord farmers for two hundred years. At the top of the hill behind this beach was the hut occupied by Brister, not far from which are the cellars which mark the homes of the other settlers who were also mentioned in the last chapter of Thoreau's "Walden."

From this beach, the picnic grounds belonging to the Fitchburg Railroad can be distinctly seen, with their swings bathing-houses, and pavilions for dancing, as well as the larger ones intended for the use of the many public speakers who address large gatherings of people every summer on the topics of the day.

Thousands of people are attracted to Walden Pond by the athletic games and other contests of skill, and many city churches bring their children of all ages to enjoy a quiet day among its sylvan solitudes. Long before the railroad came to break its stillness, the woods around Walden were used as a rallying point for the very earliest anti-slavery agitators. The Fitchburg Railroad reached it in 1844, and many Irish laborers were employed in digging through the enormous sand-hills which guarded the pond, as its situation is far higher than the level of Concord village.

In the words of Thoreau, nature soon adopts the railroad; and in his famous chapter on Sounds, he shows how much poetry an unromantic railroad can inspire. Many of the old inhabitants regretted the invasion by picnickers of these

quiet nooks where the philosophers and poets walked unmolested, and a rustic bard has sung:

“ O Walden Pond! thy classic shore
Where Thoreau wrote and dreamed of yore;
Where once the wild goose wandered free,
The tame one's haunt has come to be:
A dance-house and attendant pumps
Has stirred up all those ancient stumps;
And loud reformers' noisy shout
The woodchucks from their holes bore out.
But this is selfish, when we think
How many thirsty mortals drink
From busy cities' crowded slum,
How many weary wanderers come
To bathe in Walden! and delight
In God's pure air and welcome light.
We bid you welcome to these scenes,
Thrice welcome to your feast of greens!”

In these lines reference is probably made to the poor children's free excursions which formerly made use of these grounds, coming in large numbers from Boston, under the patronage of many philanthropic ladies and gentlemen; but for some years they have occupied groves nearer to the city.

In his picture of Walden the artist has shown some of the buildings intended for the amusement of guests, and he has given an idea in the upper corner of the form of Thoreau's hut, suggested by a sketch of the late Miss May Alcott. Tourists from the schools and colleges often come

in barges by the country road to Thoreau's Cove, near to which the second road after ascending the hill brings them.

Leaving their carriages under the tall pines beside this little road, they can follow well-worn paths down to the waterside, past the cairn of stones which stands near the former site of Thoreau's hut, a description of which as it existed until 1847, and his manner of life therein, will be found in the article upon Thoreau.

Its close connection with Emerson, Thoreau, and the many noted men whom they drew to its picturesque shore, renders Walden Pond one of the most noted sheets of water in America.



Visitor's Memorial. The site of Thoreau's Hut at Lake Walden.



CHAPTER XII.

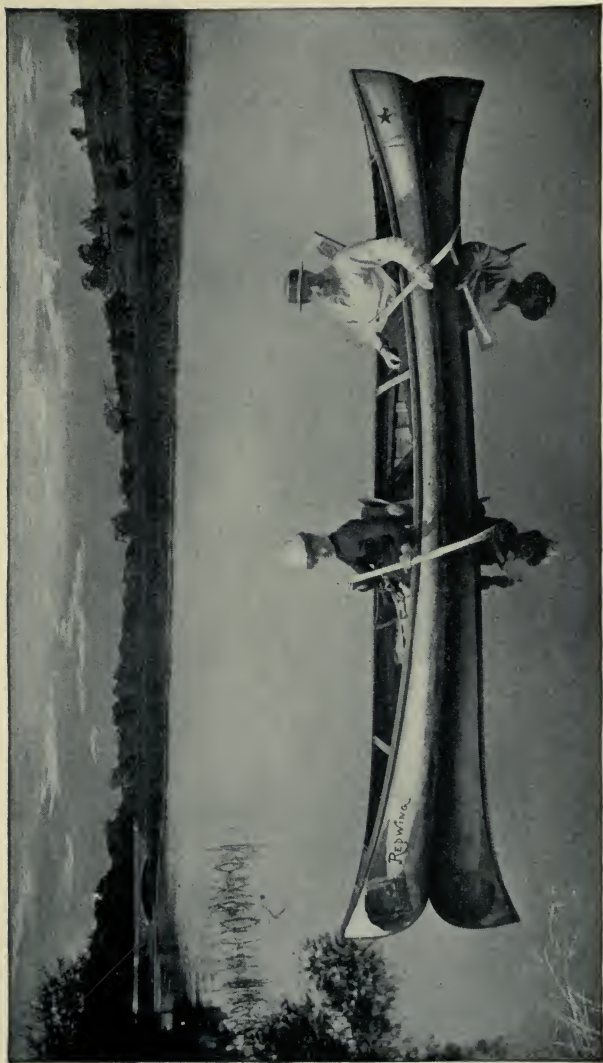
THE RIVER AND SURROUNDINGS.

Concord River begins at Egg Rock, where it is formed by the junction of the Sudbury and Assabet ; the former rising in Hopkinton and Westborough, and the latter in Grafton. It varies in depth from two to fifteen feet, and from one hundred to three hundred feet in width. In olden time its waters abounded in shad and salmon, which were so plentiful that it is stated in the records of the colony that "no apprentice can be compelled to eat salmon more than five days in the week ;" but now only miserable little perch, pout, and breams reward the constant anglers who frequent the banks. Skilful fishermen can secure pickerel of from half a pound to four pounds in weight, and the black bass, with which the bay was stocked, occasionally surprise them.

As the rivers become each year the highways of tourists who come from the Charles River on their way to the Merrimac at Lowell, a full account of the many objects of interest along the banks, as well as a description of the streams, will be of use to them, as well as to the visitors who come from many parts of the United States and Europe to enjoy a quiet day in contemplating its literary and historic interests. We will begin with the Sudbury River and Mine Hill, which is one of its Concord outposts, and come down stream until we pass out of the boundaries of Concord, which is all that the scope of this book allows. Mine Hill, so-called on account of the remains of a mine which was begun many years ago in search of copper ore, commands a beautiful view of the hills of Sudbury and Framingham as far as Nobscot, the scene of the great ambushade in which crafty King Philip destroyed so many of his enemies. A pleasant cottage stands under the lofty pines which crown the summit of Mine Hill, which Mr. George Wright lets every summer to city people who enjoy perfect retirement; the best of summer produce is furnished by the great farm of Mr. Wright, which extends for miles down river, and embraces all its left bank from Lee's Bridge to Conantum. Fruitful vineyards of the Concord and other grapes, and cultivated fields, fill the valley between the rocky eminences above mentioned.

Gliding down the narrow river for a mile, it suddenly broadens into Fairhaven Bay, which covers an area of over seventy acres.

The depth of this clear bay and its freedom from rocks renders it the best place for the races and regattas of the



Canoeing on the Concord. — The "Red Wing."



Concord Canoe Club, which are held once or twice a year, for the amusement of crowds of people who come to enjoy the spectacle, and the picnic which precedes it.

At the right on entering the bay is Mount Misery, so-called from a legend of some lost cattle who had strayed away when yoked together, and were prisoned by a tree. Skirting the right shore of Fairhaven Bay is Baker Farm, immortalized by Emerson's poem of that name, and by the pens of many minor poets. Its character has been changed by the fine mansion owned by Charles Francis Adams, Esq., which, with its boathouse and other accessories, makes a strong contrast to the ruined farmhouse which occupied the place in former years. Camp Comfort, the summer home of Watertown families, stands upon a small bluff, and Mr. Staples's pleasant cottage completes the right shore of the bay. Conantum cliffs, and the pleasant picnic ground in front, bound the opposite side of Fairhaven Bay. This was named by Thoreau, from an old cellar which was once a part of the Conant farmhouse. At the foot of the cliffs, or rocky ledges, are rude fireplaces for out-of-door cooking, and a pump has been placed near an old spring which is often dry. These grounds are in charge of the Concord Canoe Club, who have built a long wharf at the landing, and made various other improvements, with the consent of Mr. Wright, who gives the control of the land to the club.

Leaving the bay and drifting down the river, Martha's Point is on the left bank one-half mile below. This fine promontory was named for a lady of literary taste and culture, who spent

many happy days there; and for years it was the meeting-place of the picnickers of Concord, until it was leased by some gentlemen who have built a large house upon its crest; but they have done a good deed in boxing the excellent spring which is at the foot of a maple near the point, thus preserving and keeping clean the best drinking-water, upon which so many thirsty travellers depend. The next point above is also used by the pleasure seekers, who have had to abandon their former haunt, as a small spring furnishes drink when the season permits, and pretty rocks furnish rustic seats and tables under the shade of the oaks. A small stone wharf has been built here, and winding paths lead to fine views and rural nooks. Opposite is Fairhaven Hill, the haunt of Thoreau, which furnished him in summer berries for his simple meals, and inspiration for his vivid descriptions of all seasons of the year. He used to sit often on the cliffs, which form the south-eastern side of Fairhaven hill, and command a view of the bay and its surroundings, and also of the Lincoln Hills.

For more than a hundred years these cliffs have been a favorite resort for the nature-lover, and the climax of many a Sunday walk or autumnal holiday trip, as no better view can be had of the waving tree-tops and gentle river.

Winding paths lead in circuitous ways to the river bank, laid out by the cows according to their wandering fancy, through tangled berry bushes and great clumps of juniper. Opposite Fairhaven Hill, a few rods farther down stream, may be seen the tall pines under which the gifted writer Frank Bowles passed the night in his canoe to watch the owls of which

he was so fond, and of which he wrote so charmingly in his "Land of the Lingering Snow;" and in tribute to the genius so

early called from the woods
he so loved to the glories
of the celestial,
it is hoped
that this fair
grove



will al-
ways be
sacred to
his name,
and be

called as now THE
FRANK BOWLES
PINES. The river next
passes under Heath's
Bridge, which is in plain
view, over which the road
runs to White Pond, another clear
lake which has of late been, like

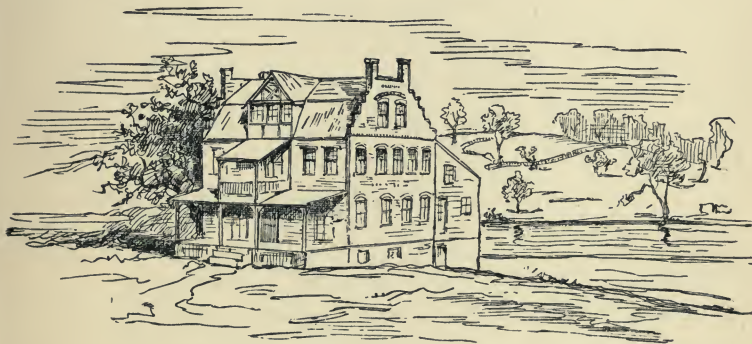


"THE HEMLOCKS" ON THE
ASSABET.

Walden, discovered by the railroad which skirts its bank, and one house has been built upon its lovely shore. But the side toward the Nine-acre Corner is still so retired as to form a pleasant bathing and picnic place for those who have been driven from Walden. Below Heath's Bridge is the swamp so full of botanical curiosities, and the great lily-fields which adorn the river for miles with their spotless purity. Miss Treat tells a pretty story of the lilies, that each comes to the surface three times to blossom, and when old age would mar their spotless purity, the long stem winds up like a spiral spring and drags them down to die unseen. The studio of D. C. French, built on the farm of his father, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is a mile from the river at the bend along which the farm extends for many rods on the right bank. Opposite this bend is a large kitchen-miden, originally a shell-heap thrown up by the Indians to mark the place of one of their solemn feasts; excavations have been made in this bank by delegates from various scientific societies, without finding many valuable relics. This kitchen-miden stood on the ancient Wood farm; the original house of the former proprietor stands near. The Fitchburg Railroad crosses the river at this point; and there is a fine spring forty rods above, on the bank of the former Middlesex Agricultural Society's grounds. The old South Bridge is a few rods below that of the railroad, and resembles in form the identical bridge guarded by the British on the morning of the fight. The left bank of the river, between the South and Stone Bridges, is full of interest, as two of the old houses which still stand were searched by the British soldiers. Adj.

Joseph Hosmer lived in the house just across the railroad track. He was adjutant; and to his skill and valor much of the success of Concord's fight is due. His wife, according to Shattuck's history, said to the lieutenant, who was trying to force open a locked door, "You will not disturb the sick!" and thus saved from confiscation a bed stuffed with cannon-balls.

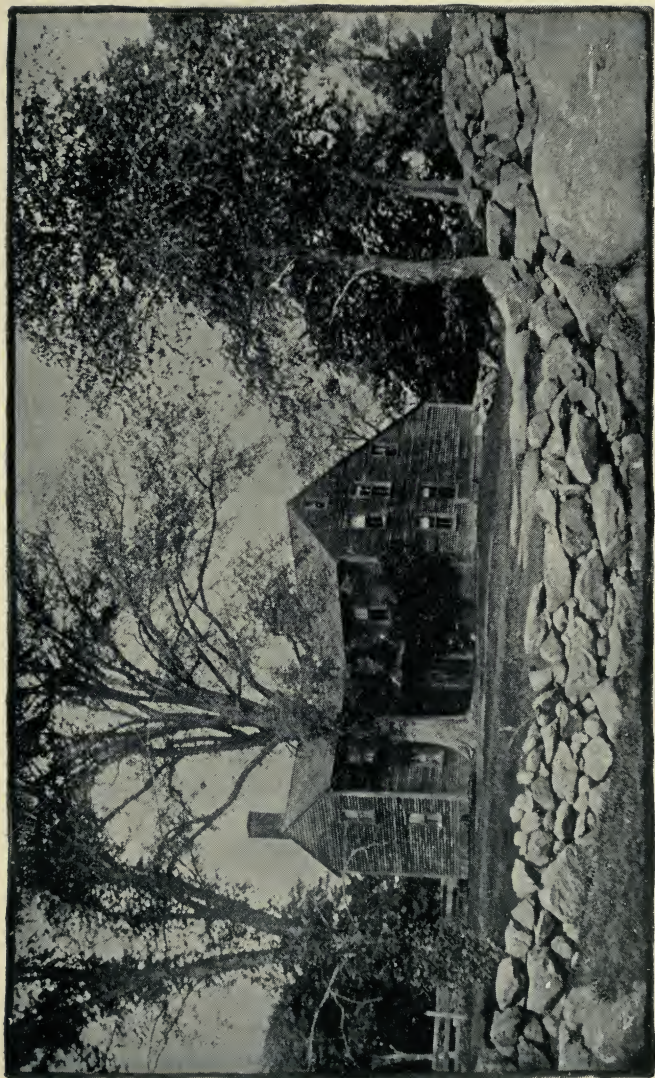
The house now occupied by Mr. James Garland of the Home School was also searched for the town clerk, Mr. Wood, who



MR. F. B. SANBORN'S HOUSE.

then lived there. On the left bank of the river are many houses built by Mr. William Hurd, who, with his brother, has done so much to improve the town; and near the Stone Bridge is Trinity Chapel, the new Episcopal Church, which is rapidly gaining in interest and membership. The home of Mr. F. B. Sanborn stands just below the bridge. On the left and opposite is the ancient farm of Simon Willard, Esq., one of the fathers of the town. This place is marked by a tablet, and its boundaries extend for a mile or more along the two rivers; it is

now owned by Mr. Wm. Wheeler, who has sold many fine building-lots upon it, and laid out Willard Park at the summit near the reservoir, and has built many costly walls and roads, allusion to which will be found in another place. The beautiful promontory called Egg Rock, because it was laid there, is the most picturesque place in town; the scene of daily picnics and camping-parties of all sizes and ages, who delight to pass the summer days upon its rocky seats, fanned by the cool breezes which often visit it on sultry days. Opposite Mr. Wheeler's house, on the right bank of the river, is the studio of Walton Ricketson, Esq., at which charming retreat all lovers of literature and art are made welcome to his genial hearth, on which a bright fire always glows in cool weather; his cordial manner never grows cool, but he is always ready to play a tune upon Thoreau's flute, or his own violin or piano; his medallions and busts of Thoreau and the Alcotts are true to life, on account of his close intimacy with them, and his intaglios of Twilight and Dawn meet with great favor and ready sales. He also has Thoreau's spyglass, and many pictures and papers of the poet-naturalist, pictures of Miss Alcott at all ages, and many letters and poems addressed to him by the author of "Little Women" and her family. Like Thoreau, Mr. Ricketson is a lover of the river, which is close behind his house, and an authority upon its botany and natural history. The river forms the rear approach to Main street, and is the boundary of its fine estates. Nashawtuck Bridge, which crosses it, was built by the late C. H. Hurd as a gift to the town. A little below is a half-acre of land which is said to have produced more legislative and legal



The Hosmer House, which stands on the old Winthrop Farm.



talent than any other tract of the same size in America. Here the sagacious Grant found a cabinet minister, while the martyred Lincoln went across the street for his. At the next bend, where the Boston and Maine Railroad crosses the river on its way to the Reformatory, stands the canoe-house of Mr. J. M. Keyes, which is full of graceful canoes, in which many citizens of Concord and the neighboring towns enjoy delightful excursions on the beautiful rivers. At the next bend was the calf pasture of the Rev. Peter Bulkley, according to an ancient deed, and at its farther end the river is crossed by the Red Bridge, so called because it has been painted brown for years.

Near the bridge, on Lowell street, was the ancient farm of Abram Winthrop, supposed to have been a descendant of the governor, who divided the land with Dudley, at a place seven miles down the river, marked by a pair of great bowlders which still bear the names of the "two brothers," from this fact. Under the road is a very old cave roofed over with great stone slabs, which was occupied by the pigs of some of the oldest inhabitants: and several Concord men have since been noted for their pens. The next estate on the left bank is River Cottage; once owned by Lieut.-Gov. Simon Brown, the well-known agricultural author and editor, on which, at the top of the hill, is a tablet which marks the training-field of the minute-men, where they were formed to march down to the battle-field on the 19th of April, 1775. Their route of march led across Battlelawn, the home of Edwin S. Barrett, on which stands a tablet in commemoration of his ancestor's part in the battle.

The house which Major John Buttrick left to take command

of the fight still stands near, at the corner of Liberty street; and a short distance in front is the home of his descendants, who keep up their ancient farm with as tender interest as they do the memory of their heroic ancestor. The point graced by the famous statue of the Minute Man was a part of this farm until 1875. On the right bank of the river below the Red Bridge is the fine Nashawtuck canoe-house, the property of Mr. Ed. Hill, which is a centre of refined hospitality. At the next bend is the antique canoe-house owned by Mr. George B. Bartlett, where many guests from many States pause on their voyages, or are ferried across from the Minute Man, to take a hasty cup of coffee before embarking from the little wharf, to explore the rivers in the Squaw Sachem canoe, or the dainty Red Wing, immortalized in song and story by the many artists who have enjoyed lazy hours among its comfortable cushions. Noted people from England and America have left their autographs or photographs on the canoe-house walls, which legend says came from the barn owned by the man at whom the shot was fired which made the bullet-hole which attracts so much notice. The same authority says that the minute-men were posted behind a stone wall. Where could this wall have gone to, if not into the massive foundations of the old canoe-house? As much history rests on a less firm foundation. At any rate, it is on historic ground, bought by the patriot-preacher Emerson, in 1765. Close by is the great rock from which Daniel Webster once delivered an address, and of which Hawthorne speaks in the "Mosses from an Old Manse," as the place from which he embarked in Thoreau's boat. In contrast to the rude old skiff

which Thoreau used are the beautiful canoes which Walton Ricketson designs, that Mr. George Warren manufactures of the best of material, and that are unequalled in strength and symmetry by any craft. Mr. Warren is a practical canoist, who yearly explores the rivers of Maine and Massachusetts, and even ventures upon the ocean, so fully is he impressed with the seaworthiness of his canoes.

THE ASSABET.

Before continuing the voyage down river, we will follow the custom of summer-day tourists by taking a trip up the Assabet River, the mouth of which is at Egg Rock, where it joins with the Sudbury around a grassy island to form the Musketaquid, or grass-grown river, now the classic Concord, over whose gentle memory no shrouding grass can ever grow, for resting beside its still waters many a genius has dreamed great dreams which will echo forever along the sounding shores of time.

Ascending the Assabet, on the left bank are the old hemlocks of which Hawthorne speaks in the "Mosses from an Old Manse," and of which every poet, philosopher, and storyteller of Concord has delighted to sing the praise. Before the Lowell Railroad destroyed many of these trees, one could row in eight minutes from the bridge near the village into the grand solitude of the forest; and since tender hands have planted willows to mourn over the fallen giants and hide the railroad bank, it is beautiful even in desolation. Half a mile farther, and the river seems again shut in like a lake, and the

vines tangled among the trees and graceful black willows seem as wild as when the Indians knew them. This romantic spot is the supposed scene of the following lines, copied from "Poems of Places."

FLOATING HEARTS.

One of Indian summer's most perfect days
Is dreamily dying in golden haze,
Fair Assabet blushes in rosy bliss,
Reflecting the sun's warm good-night kiss.
Through a fleet of leaf-barques, gold and brown,
From the radiant maples shaken down,
By the ancient hemlocks, grim and gray,
Our boat drifts slowly on its way ;
Down past Egg Rock and the meadows wide,
'Neath the old red bridge we slowly glide,
Till we see the Minute Man, strong and grand,
And the moss-grown Manse in the orchard land.

"The boat is as full as a boat should be,
Just nobody in it but you and me."
As brown as the leaves are her beautiful eyes,
And as graceful her hand on the water lies,
As she catches the leaves which languid float
On the lazy current along the boat.
Now she asks its name as she tears one apart —
"Fair lady, that is a 'floating heart.'"

Sad wrecks of years have drifted down
In the dreamless ocean to sink and drown,
Since the beautiful eyes saw that lovely night,
And haloed the river with visions bright ;
But the floating heart that was caught that day
Has never been able to get away.

In order to show that the river-worship is not confined to natives of the town, this graphic sketch by Mrs. Delano Goddard is copied here:

“Concord itself is like no other town; it seems utterly undisturbed by the turmoil and agitation of life, utterly free from worldly ambition or petty rivalries of any sort. The hospitality of its people is boundless, and so is their refined kindness; and the beautiful village seems the one spot where there is abiding ‘peace on earth and good will to men.’ Besides its historic associations, its monuments, its library, and, best of all, its people, Concord has its slow, lovely river, of which Thoreau wrote: ‘Concord River is remarkable for the gentleness of its current. I have read that the descent of an eight of an inch in a mile is sufficient to produce a flow. Our river has, probably, very near the smallest allowance. The story is current, at any rate, though I believe that strict history will not bear it out, that the only bridge ever carried away on the main branch, within the limits of the town, was driven up-stream by the wind. The sluggish artery of the Concord meadows steals thus unobserved through the town, without a murmur or a pulse-beat, its general course from southwest to northeast, and its length about fifty miles; a huge volume of water, ceaselessly rolling through the plains and valleys of the substantial earth, with the moccasined tread of an Indian warrior, making haste from the high places of the earth to its ancient reservoir.’

“The main street of the town is parallel with the river, and the comfortable row of old houses which face the street have

gardens at the back sloping down to the water. The numerous landings, each with its little fleet of boats, dories, canoes, wherries, or other small outriggers, make the river very picturesque, and add greatly to the charm of boating in it. The morning we were there we idled for hours on the stream, guided by one who knows every inch of its windings; we rowed across the sunny reaches, floated 'mid lucid shallows, just eluding water-lily leaves,' pushed under the trees, and drank of the spring of living water which gushes out there in some sylvan hiding-place, and let the boat rest in the very spot that Hawthorne describes in his 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' where 'there is a lofty bank, on the slope of which grow some hemlocks, declining across the stream with outstretched arms as if resolute to take the plunge.' Only a few are left now; some, as our friend said, bent every year closer and closer to the water, and the quiet stream lapped the earth at their roots, till one by one they silently dropped into the river and floated away. Others did not have that peaceful death, but were cut clean away to make room for the new railroad which has replaced them by a staring bank of yellow sand, making a long, aggressive scar on the beautiful shore. Healing hands of artist and poet have set willows thick in the sand, and soon the unsightly bank will be green and soft, though the hemlocks can never grow again. It might have been *our* day on the river that Hawthorne wrote about. For us, too, 'the winding course of the stream continually shut out the scene behind us and revealed as calm and lovely a one before. We glided from depth to depth, and breathed new

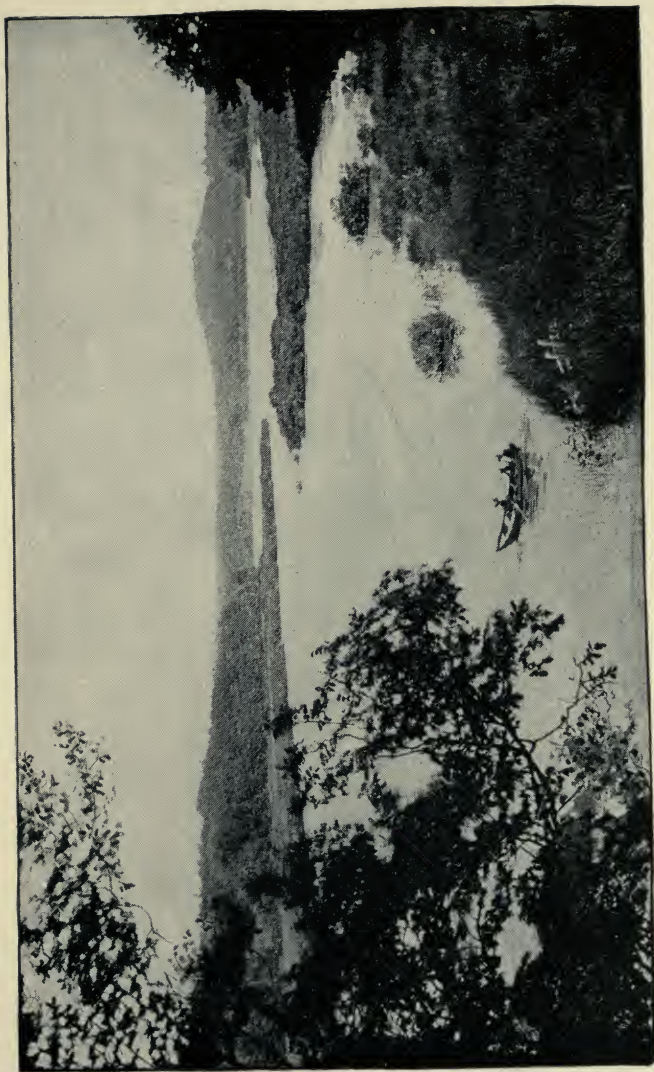
seclusion at every turn. The shy kingfisher flew from the withered branch close at hand to another at a distance, uttering a shrill cry of anger or alarm. Ducks that had been floating there since the preceding eve were startled at our approach, and skimmed along the grassy river, breaking its dark surface with a bright streak. The turtle, sunning itself upon a rock or at the root of a tree, slid suddenly into the water with a plunge.' But we saw one congregation of seven turtles on a fallen tree out in the river; and they went on sunning themselves and never minded us at all, but disappeared in a flash, or rather in seven flashes, when a boatload of boys paddled up to them with a whoop of delight.

"Like Hawthorne, we, too, found in July the prophecy of autumn. A few tall maples were the color of the purple beech, a rare color for maples to take on, and fallen crimson leaves flecked the water here and there, and the golden-rods were marshalled in stately ranks just ready to unfold their superb yellow plumes; and with all the peace and beauty came, too, the 'half-acknowledged melancholy,' the feeling 'that Time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next work of his never idle fingers must be to steal them one by one away.'

"Concord is rich in wild-flowers and meadow grasses; and when one sums up its charms of philosophy and literature, art and nature, in addition to some of the most delightful people in the world, the story seems a little fabulous; but it is all true."

Like most romantic rivers, the Assabet has its dangers, being full of rocks. Just before reaching the hemlocks a ledge lies

near the middle of the stream; at the next bend, opposite Watermelon Cove, four large rocks are near the right bank, and two others are under the Black Willow, and two at the left, another is behind Gibraltar, and the channel behind Bird's-nest Island has two others; from this point it is well to keep on the left side of the river until the two oaks are past, and then to keep the middle of the stream, avoiding a large rock just below the mouth of Spencer Brook. Passing under the second abutment of the bridge, a ledge occupies the middle of the river, after which it is quite navigable until the covered railroad bridge two miles distant, above and below which are many treacherous shoals within the distance of a few rods. From the hemlocks to Bird's-nest Island two graceful curves make fine views which are constantly sketched by artists. Two rods above the railroad culvert a well-worn path leads to a fine spring. Gibraltar is a large rock in the middle of the river opposite the estate of Edward W. Emerson, whose studio is on the bluff in front of his house. Bird's-nest Island, around which the Assabet divides, is a few rods above, and the two oaks, the former trysting-place of Concord until one of the trees was cut off in its prime by lightning. The mouth of Spencer Brook is just below the bridge on the left, which is often spoken of by Thoreau and others, for its abrupt turns make its ascent difficult in summer time. The tall grasses overhang both banks so that the canoe seems to be gliding over the meadow. The pond which supplies Spencer Brook runs two very old mills for grinding corn and sawing lumber. The Assabet above the brook has high banks upon the right, and



Fairhaven Bay.



meadows upon the left. At the upper end of the bank, near the one-arched bridge, several summer houses have been built. Ascending the river after passing the Reformatory, the village of Concord Junction stands upon the right bank above the Fitchburg railroad bridge; on the left, near the handsome Stone Bridge, is the extensive harness factory of Mr. Harvey Wheeler; and a short distance above, the Old Colony Railroad crosses the river. Between this bridge and the Damon factory at Westvale the scenery is very picturesque; great rocks and high banks overhung with noble trees make this part of the river as beautiful as it is retired. Large villages have grown up about the Reformatory, Concord Junction, and Damon's factory, and flourishing schools and churches occupy good buildings. The dam at Mr. Damon's factory puts an end to the Concord canoe voyages on the Assabet.

Going down the Concord River again from the old canoe-house, behind which the Old Manse stands in the orchard which Hawthorne wrote of, we pass the field which Thoreau said was full of the traces of Indian camps, and glide under the old North Bridge, now a causeway of American history.

The boathouse on the right was built by the Rev. George Simmons, and his son Edward was born in the house which stands near. Mr. Edward Simmons has taken high rank as a painter, having won prizes in the foreign academies as well as in America, especially the largest award for designing the decorations for the New York Court House. In the middle of the river, opposite the end of the next wall, is a very large rock on which many a canoe voyage has ended. With the exception

of a small rock just below the Stone Bridge, and another at Barrett's ford, both close to the left bank, no rocks impede the navigation for ten miles until the iron bridge is reached. The first hill on the right below Mr. Simmons's boathouse is Honey-suckle Island, a favorite resort of the children in their search for flowers; opposite is Buttrick's Cove, where in ancient times great quantities of shad were taken.

The Stone Bridge, built by Hiram Blaisdell, is just below, and the Y tree on the right bank is a landmark to the canoist, and also shows the place at which the boys go to swim. From this tree the most direct course down river is to run for the oak on the left bank, a quarter of a mile below. This tree has a literary and melancholy interest; for under it the hat and shawl of the young lady were found by Hawthorne and Curtis, when they were searching the river in Thoreau's boat, to discover the body of the unfortunate girl. This scene made such a deep impression on the mind of the morbid genius that he gave a most vivid description of the sad details in the "Blithedale Romance." Mr. G. W. Curtis lived for two years in the house in plain sight on the hill above the oak-tree. He came to Concord when about twenty years of age, and worked hard on the farm at all sorts of labor. He often drove loads of hay across the river at the ford just below, and guided the patient oxen with the same irresistible skill with which he used afterward to lead his eager thousands of enraptured audiences. He delivered the address when the Minute Man was unveiled in 1875; and another Brook-Farm boy, Gen. F. C. Barlow, led the grand array of witnesses to the ceremony,

including his old leader, Gen. Grant, and nearly every noted man in the States. When Brook Farm changed its first plan, many scholars came to seek Concord culture, and Gen. Barlow spent his boyhood in that eccentric village. Enlisting as a private he rapidly rose to be one of the youngest major-generals in the army. Miss Marianne Ripley built the house on the hill in plain sight of the old oak-tree, and Minot Pratt bought the large farm near.

Mr. Pratt was a scientific botanist and nature lover, and has filled the river and by-places of the town with rare plants and shrubs, most of which can be found near this spot. The yellow iris, the *trappa natans*, or edible water-chestnut, the *Marsilea quadrifolia*, the only water-fern, keep his gentle memory green from earliest springtime till autumn's radiant banner fades. Among the other native water-plants are the pondeteria, arrow-head, the small nuphar, the potomageton, the water-crowfoot, and the purple pink, yellow and drifting *utricularia*, and the *limnanthemum* or floating-heart described in verse above. The boathouse of the Rev. Charles Hutchins is at Barrett's ford just below, which forms a part of his extensive farm which comprises a large part of Punkatasset Hill. This fine estate is now kept up to the highest standard of cultivation, under the supervision of this noted clergyman and musical author. This farm was the former home of Capt. Nathan Barrett, who did such gallant service at Concord Fight, and in the Hunt house in the adjoining lot, the minute-men were furnished with breakfast before going down to the Bridge. Both the Hunt and

Barrett farms lie along the river on the left bank, as also do the three farms originally owned by the Buttricks. Each of the owners served at the Bridge Fight under the gallant major of the same family. On the lower farm stands Dakin's Hill, the favorite picnic resort of the Concord canoist. From this hill can be had an extensive view of the great meadows, which extend for miles along the right side of the river, and of the famous water-maples which bend above it. Next to Dakin's Hill, on the left bank, the hills and woods owned by Prof. William Brewster of Cambridge afford a safe asylum for the birds which he loves, and of whose habits he is the best authority in America. At Ball Hill, in the center of his domain, Mr. Brewster spends much of his time in a picturesque hut built into the bank near the river. In his preserves, every plant which will grow there finds a home. Ball Hill is laid out with paths, and vistas have been cut which command fine views of the river, from the famous horseshoe bend down to the boundaries of Bedford and Carlisle. After passing Ball Hill the small house can be seen at the left, from which Benjamin Ball is said to have departed for the battle of Bunker Hill, where he lost his life. The river curves about Holden Hill, also the property of Mr. Brewster, and then runs in a straight course beyond the limits of the town. Near the river bank the proprietor has placed signs requesting visitors not to build fires or use fire-arms, and the birds and animals gather there in large numbers, as to a place of safety.

To establish the fact, that Concord was the first to originate

the carnival of boats, which has become so universal that it has been abandoned here in favor of newer ideas, this early account is copied from a magazine of fifteen years since.

CARNIVAL OF THE BOATS.

“At the appointed time the bridges and banks were covered with anxious spectators, as the boats promptly assembled and took their appointed places in the line. On they came, down the open Sudbury, and from beneath the leafy arches of the Assabet, where the great hemlocks reach over to see their reflections in the black water.

“Mr. J. L. Gilmore had been selected as marshal; and meeting his aids in their light wherries, or birch canoes, he led off the glittering train promptly and without confusion. The new moon was fortunately obscured by a heavy cloud, and dense blackness hung over the river until the procession drew near, when sky and water were lighted up with ten thousand rainbows. Many of the large boats carried lanterns of red and green hung over the bow, close to the water. All had high frames from which Chinese lanterns of many hues dangled and danced with the motions of the oars.

“One graceful Whitehall boat was ornamented in truly Japanese style, as a long bamboo rod projected from stem to stern hung with lanterns of graduated sizes. One blue-and-white dory was adorned with twenty-seven brilliant lanterns, and was rowed by a young lady, while the owner sat in the bow and burned gold fire in a large pan. A great black-and-yellow dory bore a huge transparency representing the old

bridge and the Liberty Bell, while a neat boat from the Hudson had a great crystal shield with appropriate device. The cedar wherry, the pride of the river, was as graceful as ever in its adornment; and the boats from the North Bridge were perfectly gorgeous with lanterns of gelatine and paper, Roman candles, and brilliant fires of many hues. The place of honor in front was, however, allotted to a low white boat, having a handsome boy in costume at the bow, and a lovely blonde from the South at the helm, with tri-colored gelatine lanterns surrounding her fair head.

“Thus led, they glide solemnly under the dark bridge and turn around a sharp bend till they see in surprise the bridge between the two monuments appear in lines of colored light, as its graceful outlines have been closely decorated by lanterns of many kinds; and as the marshal’s boat passes under it, a volley of rockets spring up from Honeysuckle Island, and fireworks of varied kinds follow until the long array of boats has countermarched through the new Stone Bridge, and assembled in a glittering crowd below the Minute Man, which stands out from the darkness in its wondrous strength and grace, by the fitful glare of the changing light.

“The spectators who crowd the high banks on each side pronounce the spectacle unsurpassed by anything they have seen, as at a little distance the boats are only distinguished by the outlines of light, and the reflections above and below seem to blend together in rainbows.”

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