



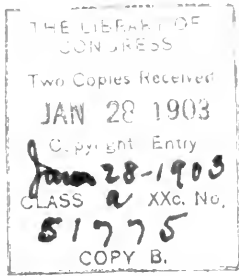






*SOME*  
*REMINISCENCES*  
*of*  
*OLD CONCORD*





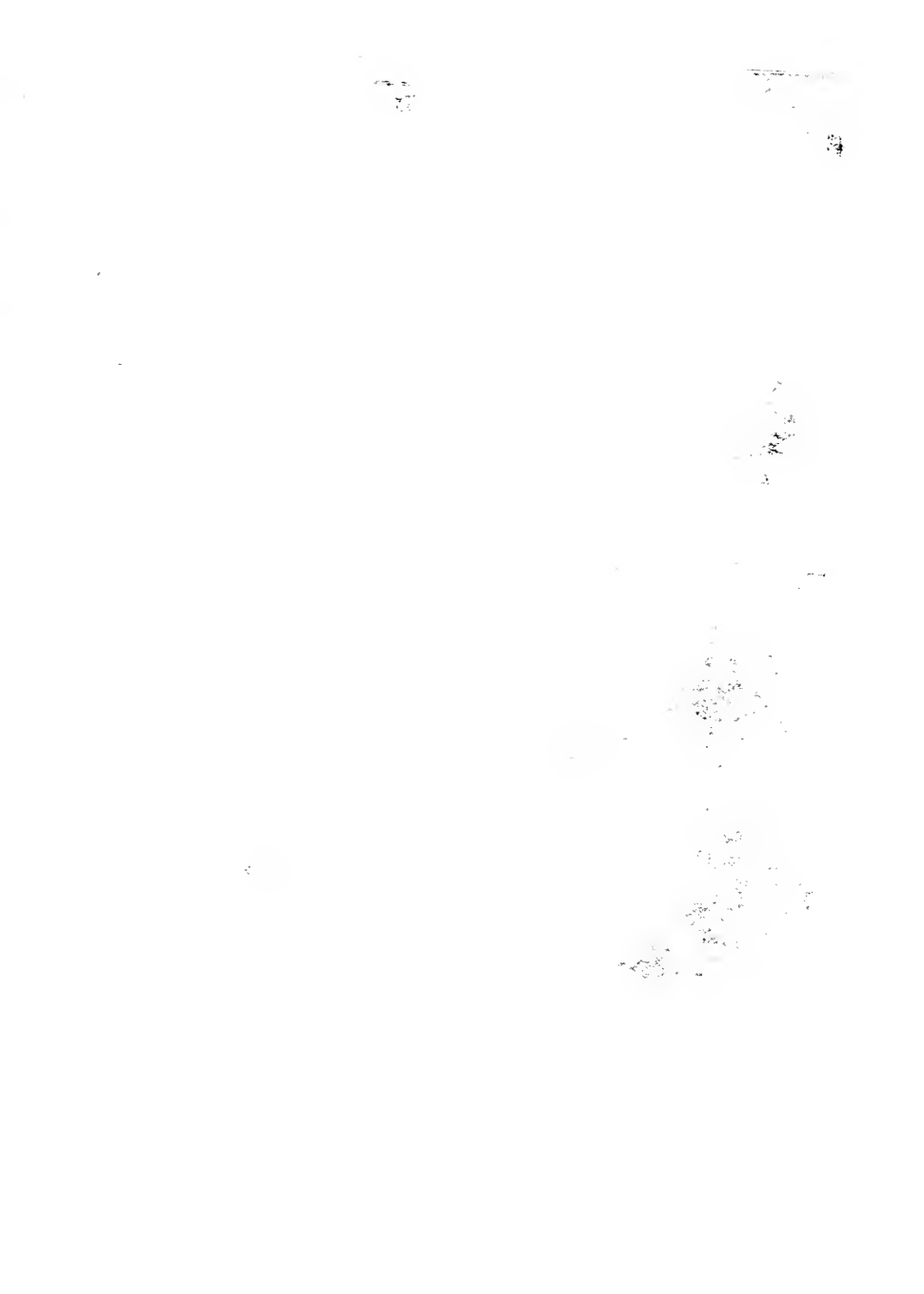
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These childhood recollections were written for the "University Extension Club" of Newport, Vermont; and given at the home of Judge and Mrs. F. E. Alfred, Jan. 9th., 1897.

They were repeated at a reception given by Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Livingston at the Unitarian Church of Gouverneur, N. Y., Dec. 9th., 1902.

P. R. EDES.

January 26th., 1903.









For the last ten years I have been striving to live in the present; to fill the *now* quite full, which alone is ours; so it gave me quite a little start when your President asked me to look back *so far* to my early life in Old Concord, where as a girl I romped and played, and, when a young woman enjoyed the acquaintance and the familiar every-day sight of the many noted people there, and tell you about them, not as a matter of history, but as things looked to me, living my uneventful life; so I called a halt and put myself back among the dear friends and early days.

As when learning to slide one runs back to get a good start, I must take you back a little to get an idea of how the Concord life began. My father, a merchant in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in poor

health, was advised to try farming. In March of the year 1830 he with my mother and five children settled on a farm in Littleton, Massachusetts, on the sunny side of the grand old Nashoba mountain; there in June, in the early part of the remarkable decade beginning with the year, 1830 I opened my eyes upon this good world.

Of this life in Littleton I have only a faint recollection of an old red house and of the great mountain, for, when I was five years of age father bought in Concord a farm of Revolutionary note, on the Lexington road, a mile and a half from the village.

The house was built many years before the Revolution, on a rise quite a little back from the street; with its large, square rooms on either side of the front door, with heavy, broad beams through the center of the rooms.

The roof was the slanting one on the back of the house descending to within a few feet of the ground and, like all such roofs, had a ladder fastened to the ridge-pole by means of hooks and reaching to the ground, which ladder had a very strange

fascination for me, as I was always aiming to get above the earth by climbing trees and hills; and I recall how several times I gave my mother quite a start, as from the back door she called me, by sliding down the roof and suddenly landing at her feet, book in hand. The house in Littleton, when father bought it was fully equipped for country work. There was the churn, cheese-press, candle-mould and bars, spinning wheels and reels, coffee-mill, and all the cooking utensils for brick oven and fire-place.

My mother learned the way to use them all from a country neighbor, so in the old-timey Corcord house they always looked as though they grew there. There was an old fashioned, four foot fire-place and, for a couple of weeks mother (to keep alive the old customs in the memory of the children) had the cooking stove removed; and we reveled in potatoes baked in ashes, short-cakes cooked in a bake-pan before the fire, turkeys and chickens roasted on a spit; and evening parties to pare apples for sauce, and to dry, were enjoyed by the young people of the village as a rare treat; as well as

the dance in the great kitchen to the lively, jerky strains of old John Wesson's fiddle (the only instrument that furnished music for balls and parties at that time) keeping time with one eye closed as he sang out, — "up and down the middle," "all hands round," together with the eccentric gyrations of fiddle and bow. All this makes a picture, mingled with the real mirth on every face, that I can never forget. The supper and, last but not least, the ride home as the day was breaking. And I imagine we worked no harder than we do now in playing whist; but there was more to show for our work in the morning, as I can remember a whole barrel of cider apple-sauce, the result of one evening's work.

Opposite the house across the street was an immense elm tree; the trunk was hollow being sixteen feet in circumference and large enough to hold several men. I suppose it is a fact that from that tree several of the British were shot on the retreat from the Concord fight.

I recall as I speak of the old elm a time that I disgraced it and it was and is still very dear to me

as it constituted the sacred precinct of the play-house of my childhood.

During the Whig Campaign of 1840, when the great "Ball" which was rolled from town to town was started from Boston to Concord with bands of music, a Log Cabin on wheels drawn by oxen, a barrel of hard cider on tap also on wheels, banners of:— "HARRISON AND TYLER," TIPPICANOE AND TYLER TOO," with a profusion of flags and vehicles of all sorts made a procession a mile long as it passed our tree which my brothers had placarded as a tree from which a yankee "minute-man" had shot British soldiers. All kept "open house" on the way so all was bustle and confusion. I was in the way teasing for a flag. I kept my own counsel and thought that tree should have a flag. My brother said,— "What do girls want of flags?" but my good mother, knowing my persistency, got out a pattern and colors in pieces and set me to work making one saying,— "there, dear, you'll make a prettier one than you can buy." so for days I was out of the way. The flag was made, stripes and stars and

blue ground. I got a rough stick and nailed it on, *union down*. A little late in finishing, father and brothers had gone to receive the guests. I got a box to stand on and fastened my home made flag just over the placard congratulating myself that every body would see it. Presently the procession came into sight and they did see it, and—uproarious cheers and hisses and shouts of laughter filled my child heart with joy, for I was sure my flag was the cause of it all, *as it was* greatly to the mortification of my father and brothers, and when I saw it torn from the stick and thrown down and stamped upon with,—“you little goose, didn’t you know better than to ‘put the Union down?’ ” and I, not knowing then what I had done, said,—“well I put it up as high as I could reach!” and I thought “Love’s labor” was “lost.”

The house had an ell in which was the back door and over this entry was my room window.

I had heard the thrilling story of Revolutionary time of Paul Revere’s ride as he actually clattered over the paving stones around that door and, under

that very window shouted, — “Wake up; the British are upon us!” then he galloped on and at the next house gave the same cry. I had heard the story from an old lady who lived in the house at that time — perhaps slept in my very room — and I used to live over that night and would imagine that if I should get up and look out of that window I should see that horse and rider. But I never did.

“A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a  
    spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and  
    the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his  
    flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.”

About a quarter of a mile from father's lived Ephraim W. Bull, a great thinker, and the originator of the “Concord grape.” I feel almost a kin to it as he was a friend of my father and year after year he would bring samples from a dozen or more

vines, all labelled as to the proportion of fertilization and mixture of cuttings ect. and many a trial grape was tucked into my mouth as I stood by my father's knee, with eyes and mouth undoubtedly wide open listening to the talk.

The success came but not to Mr. Bull. He had been obliged to borrow money. John Moore had made the loan and before Mr. Bull had satisfied himself as to its perfection Mr. Moore had started large vineyards of a grape he called, - "Moore's Early" from some of the experiments. But I think today the "Concord Grape" leads all the natives. The Concord was developed from the wild grape, found growing on the banks of the Concord river, and Isabella cuttings.

On the road to town, over which after ten years of age I used to go to school, about half a mile from my home stands the Alcott house, afterward bought by Hawthorne and called, "Wayside," and occupied later by the School of Philosophy. I was often joined in my walks by Louisa and Anna Alcott. I recall distinctly a birthday



party of Louisa, to which I was invited when about ten years old. The Alcotts were a very frugal people, who in no wise pampered the body. There were eight of us girls, and we played out of doors until half past five; then Louisa was told to take her little friends in to supper. We were conducted into the family sitting room and seated in a semi-circle. I was wondering where the tea table was and how it could be brought in when Mrs. Alcott, herself, came in, tall, quietly moving and lovely; and spread a colored napkin in each one of our laps, saying something kindly to us at the time. Then she brought in a plate of sliced bread with very little if any butter on it; we each had a piece, thin and square and very dainty; and next a plate of sliced apple was passed to us. We had one slice, and when we had eaten it *all* we folded our napkins and Mrs. Alcott bade us good-bye, saying,—“You can play a half hour more, and I hope you have had a nice time; then Louisa must come in to her lessons. I, a harty girl, was glad to go home; for, to tell the truth, I was hungry.

My mother was very particular about "our manners;" we were never allowed to mention at home what we had to eat when we were away. When I reached home supper was through and I ventured to ask what *they* had had for supper, and if I could have some. Mother said quietly,—"Were you not invited to stay to tea?" I said,— "Yes, mother, but we did not have (much, I was going to say,) when the grieved tone of my mother stopped me with:—"Priscilla, not a word more!" "But, mother," I said, "I'm hungry." "Priscie, go right up stairs to bed; I will have to keep you at home if you can not learn to be more polite."

A little further on the same road, and nearer town, was the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson with a grove of pines on one side, and a driveway on the other which led down to a lovely brook, over which Mr. Alcott had built for him a quaint, rustic summer house. Much of his writing was done here alone by the gurgling brook.

As I went back and forth to school, many times I saw him walking among the pines with bowed

head looking to the ground, I then thought; now I know he was looking within for the “Kingdom of Heaven” Christ said is within.

Among my earliest recollections of Emerson’s writing was a poem written by him in England just as he was about returning to Concord from a lecture tour. It was in a letter to a friend and came out in our local paper.

“Good-bye, proud world, I’m going home,  
.....  
O, when I am sate in my sylvan home,  
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
Where the evening star so holy shines,  
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
The sophist’s school and the learned clan;  
For what are they all in their high conceit,  
When man in the bush with God may meet.”

So, when I saw him reverently pacing back and forth, I had a feeling of awe — as if indeed he was then talking with God among the pines.

The Unitarian church is the only one I remember in town before 1840. All the influential people were in it. Dear old Dr. Ezra Ripley was the

pastor and lived in the "Old Manse" which was built by Emerson's grandfather. Dr. Ripley was a large man in every sense, with a broad face that was always beaming love. Everybody loved him and every dog wagged his tail, for, he greeted each one by its name. In those days every little girl made a courtesy when she met an older person, and the boys pulled off their hats. Dr. Ripley had a way with his soft fat hand of chucking under the chin the children, to make them look up into his face. One of my brothers did not enjoy this caress but dared not show his dislike. One evening, however, he gave vent to his feelings in the following way,— the frogs were very noisy, and he asked if we knew what they were saying. We did not, whereupon he replied,— "That's easy enough to tell. Can't you hear? 'Old Dr. Ripley's coming, chug, chug, chug.'" I really believed it then and thought they were welcoming him; and to this day when I hear the frogs, I think of dear old Dr. Ripley.

I remember well the church with its square pews, the circular winding stairs up to the high

pulpit with its wonderful, cover-like sounding board and the white-haired, saintly looking man as he raised his hands in benediction. As a small girl I was always looking for this benediction; for the people from out of the village stayed for the second service and at noon we had our lunch in those room-like pews. Many a peek did I try to get during the long sermon, into that lunch basket; and many a neighborhood gatheing do I remember, where all the week's happenings were well talked over. As we grew older the young men and maidens would leave the older ones to their family cares and would gather in some other pew. We were wise enough not to talk above a whisper, however; and to laugh aloud was of course not to be thought of.

The old church with its square pews seems to make a frame in my memory for the portraits of the many notable men and women who used to worship there; and by no means least among them is that of the "trojan of the U. S. Senate," Hon. Geo. F. Hoar. I never see mention of him now that I do not think of him as a tall, handsome young man up

from Harvard College to spend the Sunday at home as in his graceful, loving, courteous way, with his Mother leaning on his arm, he opened wide the pew door with a bow of deep respect waiting for her to pass. The Emerson, Thoreau, Prescott, Hoar, Keyes, Rice, and Brown, pews all frame pictured, old-time families and, when the dear old church was remodelled it was a personal loss to me — but when, two years ago, it was burned to the ground it seemed that I had lost them all.

Dr. Ripley was getting old and many times Mr. Emerson was called upon to fill the pulpit. Ralph Waldo Emerson had been chosen pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston in 1830. Four years he filled that pulpit; but he had the most profound conviction that the Lord's Supper was not established by Jesus for perpetual observance by his followers, and that the formal consecration of the sacramental bread and wine as his body was sacrilegious; and he could not do it, and resigned. For a year his salary was continued in the hope he would reconsider; but he never did.

In 1835 he married and went to Concord to live, where although he would preach for Dr. Ripley, he would not administer the sacraments; but his influence was at work; his quiet bearing, his serious, kindly eyes looking love on all alike, the Christ-Spirit in his earnest tones, threw a spell over his hearers, which I well remember. But by this time there were a goodly number of Emersonists — come outers and transcendentalists, they were termed. They attended the services as of old, but would quietly withdraw before the communion service and meet at Mr. Emerson's home or Dr. Ripley's or Judge Hoar's or with Mrs. Brooks for the spiritual communion of "Silent introspection."

Of course they were denounced by those who could, or *would* not see as they did; but to me they were the sweetest, dearest, saintliest of people and I grieved that they could deserve such horrid names. Had it been my lot to have come upon the scene of life's action even ten years earlier, how I would have gloried in bearing those names! Their written word and their teachings remain with me however.

And now I rejoice in knowing what there is in those names which have become so dear to me.

In my Sunday School life I was favored indeed. Judge Samuel Hoar, father of Rockwell and Geo.F and who was arrested in passing through Baltimore with his invalid daughter on suspect of having helped slaves — when a man of about sixty years with a beautiful face, he was the first teacher of a class of eight girls, several of whom became noted later. Then Judge Brooks taught us until his death, two years later, and John Keyes, a noted lawyer, later a judge, took the class and was still its teacher when I married and left the town. All of these men led earnest, christian lives. To Mrs. Brooks, who, at this time with many others left the church altogether I am indebted much. Concord was, at this time, the scene of another fight than that of '75 — a fight for principle. The weapons on one side, love: on the other, ignorance and unjust crimination. Both sides equally sure: both equally sincere.

Temperance was the first reform movement in which I joined in those early days. One of Con-



cord's earnest men became a drunkard, and loving hands on every side were stretched forth to save him and kindly care was extended to his family. At this time to save others and educate the children, the "Cold Water Army" was formed. Almost every child in town, rich as well as poor, joined it. Mr. Bowers, the man who had been saved, became an earnest helper and the "army" with its banners, its music and recitations, would go in hay-ricks or sleighs according to the season. I remember going both ways, to towns near by.

Mr. Bowers would lecture and the children fill the rest of the bill. My part was a very affecting piece called "The Drunkards Wife."

The first time I gave it when a little girl in short dresses, the boy who preceded me had a funny piece and the hall rang with applause; I expected as much, for to make people happy was the main thing I thought to do. I had been taught by Mrs. Bowers herself just how to portray the agony of waiting and listening for the unsteady steps, and where to pause for effect and the applause, I not

appreciating at all the difference in sentiment. At the first pause, not a stray clap; but I saw some crying. I finished the piece and was helped down hearing only sobs throughout the hall, and I felt ashamed and grieved because I had made them all cry instead of making them happy and stoutly refused to repeat it; I did however many times.

I mentioned my indebtedness to Mrs. Brooks. After the Judge's death she used to have the class come to her home after church on Sunday afternoon and I wish I could describe her so you might see her as I do. She was the daughter of rich Judge Myrick — a lady born — a beautiful picture, like a porcelain miniature. As I think of her with the high lace ruff at her neck and the laces falling over her hands and the yellow bow above the puff of her beautiful hair and the soft rustle of her black silk gown, I seem to feel as of old the quiet, uplifting influence. She received us in the library and there in the shaded light with the cases of books on all sides (the sight of these was then a marvel to me) and in her beautiful, loving, quiet tones she

would tell us of the Omnipresent-God and the God-love surrounding us all. Here first I began to realize the very presence of God and felt in her closing benediction as if, really, she placed us in Cod's arms, making us feel safe throughout the week. Nor can I ever forget the quiet talks with the Alcott girls as we walked home.

Mrs. Brooks was a leader and a great worker in the Abolition movement at this time, sacrificing her life in her love for her fellowmen. Upon this question her husband and she differed; but they agreed to differ. While she neglected not a home duty or failed in loving care of her invalid daughter afterwards Mrs. Rockwood Hoar, and of her son, George, who held the position of Judge of Probate for twenty five years in Middlesex County, she was ever ready as hostess to greet her friends. She was peculiarly conscientious and, report said, carried things too far. For instance, her conscience would not allow her to use cotton — a slave-labor product — and her husbsnd disliked linen; so, one pillow case was of cotton and one was of linen; one

breadth of each sheet of cotton and one of linen. Neither would she use the Judge's money, except what he gave her outright. for her philanthropic work. She was a skillful cake maker and had one half of her pantry devoted to her own materials and made cake with her own hands, which she sold for parties and home use. For my own wedding her dear hands made the brides-cake. She seemed so grateful for every cent thus earned was precious to her as so much towards lifting the heavy burdens from our colored brothers — God,s dear, black children.

Hawthorne says of Concord at this time about 1840, while he was living in the "Old Manse," It would be impossible to go but a little way beyond our threshold before meeting with strange moral shapes of men, that mlght not have been encountered elsewhere within a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of the flesh were attracted thither by the wide spread influence of a great man living the other side of the village. Young missionaries, gray-headed theorists, people that had lighted on a

new idea or thought, they had all come to Emerson as the finder of a gem to a lapidary to ascertain its value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers beheld his intellectual light as a beacon upon a hilltop.

So never was a poor little country village infected with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny." This is Hawthorne's idea. Coming to Concord to live *one year*, he considered himself quite a little superior to Emerson, and seemed a little to resent the unaccountable influence of the Christ spirit living in and through the man. They were oddly dressed people, caring no more for fashion in clothes than for unnecessary food, it is true; but to see these people and to meet them as persons you know and have reason to love — to see them as they walked arm in arm with bowed heads and low earnest tones, one could not but respect them; and one could hardly speak of them as *infesting* any village. Hawthorn, wise as he may have been later, had not grasped the idea then, that we as

individuals are important agents of this world's destiny. Would that we all bore it ever in mind.

Speaking of himself, Hawthorne said,— “There may have been in my life a time when I too might have asked of this prophet the master word that would solve for me this riddle of the universe, but now being happy, I felt as if there was no question to put; I admired him as a poet, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher.” Yes, Hawthorne had just married the brilliant artist, beautiful, wealthy Sophia Peabody, and had come to the Old Manse; so with love, beauty, and no stint, his material desires satisfied, what need had *he* for spiritual philosophy that he knew nothing of; at least not then.

But I must hurry on, though I am always loath to leave “those horrid people,” as I used to hear them called by those who thought them wicked, because they did not go to the same church and sit on the same kind of a board. Never in all my life, however, did I hear from one of these “comeouters” whom I knew in Concord of a single dishonest or immoral or unkind act. Love was their life and to

manifest it their aim.

Now about Thoreau — “my David Henry,” as his mother used to call him. I never imagined anything great could be said of him. Mr. Thoreau and his wife were devoted Christians, and intellectual; but when I first knew about them they were poor. The four children all grown up, as I a school girl remember them, were finely educated, and in sympathy with reforms :— “comeouters,” strong abolitionists, and Christian workers. John was teacher in the academy, and was one of those saintly minded, clean young men that are seldom seen. He was a bright spot everywhere; the life of every gathering; and when he died suddenly by poison from the barber’s razor, the sun seemed to have gone out and the family’s support withdrawn.

“David Henry” after leaving college was eccentric and, did not like to, and so would not, work. The opposite of John in every particular, he was a thin, insignificant, poorly dressed, careless looking man, with thin, straight, shaggy hair and pale blue, watery looking eyes. After his brother’s death the

town demanded of him the payment of his own poll tax. He refused indignantly; "He was a free man and would not pay a tax in a state that endorsed slavery; and he spent one day in jail. Some friend paid it that year and set him free but lost "David Henry's" friendship by the act. The next spring he was not to be found; he had gone to the woods near Walden Pond and had established himself in an unused charcoal burner's hut. Here in the solitude he became acquainted with himself and began to write. Emerson was a lover of these woods and many hours they spent together. Once after a lecture by Thoreau someone remarked how much like Emerson he had spoken; his mother, overhearing, replied,—"yes, Mr. Emerson is a perfect counterpart of my 'David Henry'." She almost worshiped him.

"David Henry" did not care whether he was decently clothed or not. The ladies of the charitable society proposed to make him some cotton shirts but thought it best first to ask his mother if it would be agreeable to him. Dear Mrs. Thoreau at the



next meeting said, – “I told my David Henry that you would like to make him some unbleached cotton shirts; he said, ‘unbleached mother, unbleached! yes, that strikes my ears pleasantly; I think they may make me some’.” A practical farmer’s wife with no sentiment said, in an aside, “Strike his ears pleasantly, indeed; I guess they will strike his *back* pleasantly when he gets them on.”

I heard no more of Thoreau until one summer at Bar Harbour some literary people were discussing “Tow-row” and his wonderful writings. One lady said to me, – “Do you know him?” I, thinking they were speaking of some French writer (at that time I was unacquainted with French) said to her that I thought I had never heard of him. I listened however, that I might learn more. Presently I heard Concord, and Walden, and Emerson, and then I asked if they were not speaking of David Henry Thoreau late of Concord, Massachusetts. “Yes, said the lady smiling quite broadly at my pronunciation of Henry D. Tor-row, the sage of Concord. I said, “What authority have you for

that pronunciation? The family name is Thoreau, and I knew David Henry before he grew into a sage.”

You ask about Brook Farm. Personally I know but little about it although Concord people were prominent in it. It is thought by many that Brook Farm was a child of Emerson's thought. I presume this is because of the Concord people concerned in it. But the notion is erroneous. Brook Farm community adopted the views of Fourier but Emersonianism you will find not only in the Concord School of Philosophy but as the coloring of the entire intellectual religion of America and England.

Geo. Ripley was organizer and guiding spirit of Brook Farm and Hawthorne, Alcott, Geo. W. Curtis, Chas. A. Dana, W. H. Channing, Thoreau and Margarit Fuller, beside some lesser lights known in and about Old Concord were members of the community.

In March 1841 (they having hired a farm in West Roxbury, all to share alike in the labors, eat at the same table and share expenses) their life

began. Hawthorne in *Blithedale Romance* says,—  
“I was among the first arrivals in a blinding snow storm — seated by the fireside of the old farmhouse with the snow melting out of my hair and beard. I felt so much more that we had transported ourselves a world wide distance from the system of society that had shackled us at breakfast. But we congratulated ourselves that the blessed state of Brotherhood and Sisterhood might be dated from this hour. Zenobia (Margaret Fuller) had arrived together with two ladies, lesser lights. They prepared the supper — and the drifting snow continued to fall — Stout old Silas Foster, the farmer, had been out, ploughing, till the snow became too deep and came taking off his cow hide boots to warm his feet seated himself beside us saying, — ‘I guess, folks, you ’ll be a wishing yourselves to home if the weather holds on’; But we would not allow ourselves to be depressed by a snow drift. We had left the rusty frame work of society.” Hawthorne must have lost the early happiness he described when he said he had no questions to ask.

He goes on to say, – “we had broken thro’ many hindrances that are powerful enough to keep most people on the weary tread mill of custom even while they feel the irksomeness as intolerable as we did. We had stepped down from the pulpit. We had flung aside the pen and shut up the ledger. It was our purpose to give up whatever we had heretofore attained for the sake of showing mankind the example of a life governed by other than the false and cruel principles which human society is based upon; and, as a basis of our institution, we proposed to offer up the eanest toil of our bodies as a prayer no less than the advancement of the race, and if all went to wrack let us rejoice that we once could think better of the world’s improvability than it deserved.” Six years saw its demise.

This poor world’s civilization was not yet good enough to be entrusted with the nurture of so beautiful and sensitive a child. Let us wait patiently another million years.



Today in Sleepy Hollow cemetery are resting almost all whom I knew in those days gone by. Visitors from all parts of the world like to find the graves of Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Hawthorne, Hosmer and Ripley.

Sleepy Hollow is one of the most perfect specimens of nature's handiwork. The perfect hollow surrounded on all sides by beautiful sloping banks surmounted with unusually perfect trees, and the slumbrous requiems they are always harmoniously singing gives the place its name. On the top of the "Mount of Vision" is the grave of Emerson. A large, roughly shaped boulder of the "Rose Agate" I think it is called, stands as his monument giving out deep rosy hues in the sunlight interspersed with diamond-like crystals most blinding in their beauty. These crystals were always admired by Emerson and Dr. Emerson, his son, wrote me that he tried to get one set in a monument but failed on account of its brittleness. They then decided to bring from South Acworth, N. H. the Boulder weighing several tons. There, like a monument to the brilliancy of

the man and symbolic of the rare gems of thought which he has given to the world, it stands, forever giving of its bright rays to every one who looks upon it.

The quiet lot of the Alcott's is almost opposite and I am told that loving children hands all summer long keep fresh flowers on the grave of Louise. The Thoreau lot is just beside as well as that of Hawthorne and Ripley and my beloved pastor, G. W. Hosmer and my own Father and Mother.

So, tenderest memories cluster around Sleepy Hollow and Old Concord has charms untold for me.



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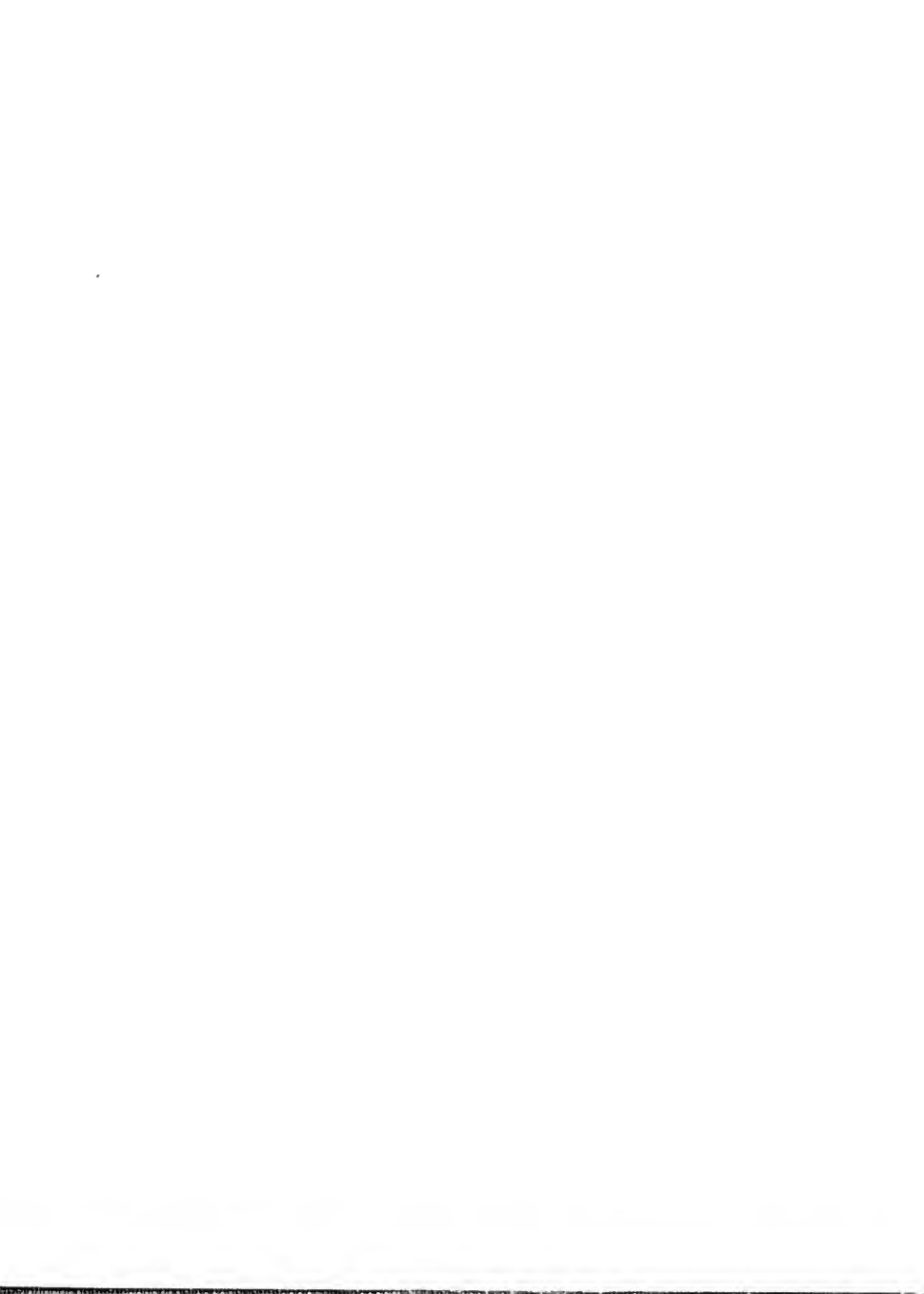
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