

cord. Age sits lightly upon his brow. He is nearly four score, and a year ago last September witnessed a further volume of *Table Talk* from his pen. He is the father of the brilliant Alcott girls, May, the artist, whose paintings have won the admiration of that severe art critic John Ruskin, and Louisa, whose charming "Little Women" and "Little Men" are lovingly treasured in many households.

And this one, with "beard scarce silvered," is James T. Fields, poet and publisher, of whom Whittier has said :

"He knew each living pundit well,
Could weigh the gifts of him or her,
And well the market value tell
Of Poet and Philosopher."

Truly, we are in famous company to-night, for these are the illustrious contemporaries of that strange, quizzical looking gentleman, whom you may observe busying himself with looking after the comfort of his guests, in his old-fashioned home, in Concord, which nestles behind a perfect bower of beautiful elms. This is Emerson aged 75, philosopher, poet, essayist. Look well at him, for he will engage a good deal of your attention to-night. Notice the impersonal grey eyes, the mouth which seems to reveal his every thought, even before he speaks, the smile which, now and then, plays so lambently over his face. His home is situated on the old Concord and Boston turnpike road, a mile away from the railroad station. You pass it on the way to Mr. Alcott's house, once the residence of Robert Hagburn, the early lover and at last the husband of Rose Garfield, of whom you have read in Hawthorne's posthumous romance. A little behind Alcott's is the famous Hawthorne House, the home of "Septimius Felton," a two-story house, gabled before, but with only two rooms on a floor, crowded upon by the hill behind, a house strongly built with great thick walls; such a house, indeed, as you would expect to find as the dwell-