

Concord," in which the traditions of the past and the beauty of the present are happily blended, both in the letter-press and in the beautiful illustrations. To her, as an enthusiastic American, the revolutionary memories are, of course, the foremost; for, as every reader knows, or ought to know, Concord, and Lexington, a few miles off, were the spots where were fired the first shots of the contest which lost to England a colony and gave to the world a new Anglo-Saxon nation. We drive along country lanes, past quiet grey farmhouses basking in the warm June sunshine, where, on that April day of 1775, the passage of the British troops threw peaceful households into wild commotion, and sturdy yeomen hurried off to secrete military stores, and wives and daughters met the soldiers with as brave a front as they could, and shots were fired from rusty old firelocks that had never done such grim work before. A tablet let into a stone wall commemorates one of these skirmishing encounters. Then we drive back past the "Wayside" and the old Alcott homestead close beside it, and, near the latter, a plain little wooden building, grey and weather-beaten, looking much like a deserted school-house, which, we are informed, is the "Concord School of Philosophy," the scene of some brilliant gatherings, while Emerson still lived. About half-a-mile nearer the little town stands a spacious, square white house, at some distance from the road, surrounded by ample grounds and bosky woodland, which was Emerson's home, and is still occupied by his daughter. At length, after passing through the quiet, shady outskirts and the busier portion of the old town, reminding us, in its old-world quaintness, of the "High Street" of an English country town, we come out on an open space, near the river, where stands a handsome monument in memory of the sons of Concord who fell in the war between the North and South. Leaving this behind, we approach a picturesque old stone bridge, at the hither end of which stands the celebrated "Minute Man," a spirited and beautiful statue, chiselled out of rough grey stone by a native sculptor named French, to whom it brought a well-deserved celebrity. It represents one of the brave young yeomen who, at that crisis, stood ready at any minute to respond to the call "To Arms"; a youth, finely formed, with a noble and resolute face, and an expression at once earnest, strong and sweet. One hand rests on the handle of his plough; the other grasps his old-fashioned musket; no soldier of fortune he, or mercenary hireling, but a staunch, conscientious young Puritan, who buckles on the sword at the call of duty to his country, and at that alone. We can scarcely wonder that warriors of such calibre won the day, even with the indomitable British empire against them. Standing here, amid surroundings so peaceful that the idea of the clash of arms and the struggle of deadly combat seem utterly incongruous, it is hard to realize the stern gravity of the crisis, when these homebred volunteers, on that April morning, so readily staked their all against such odds in a struggle, the issues of which no human thought could forecast, simply because they believed they fought in a righteous cause. Not the most British of Britons, if he has a heart for the broader interests of humanity, can fail to be stirred by the fine stanzas of Emerson—written for the inauguration of this very statue, of which it is praise enough to say that it is a subject worthy of his muse:—

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept,  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps,  
And Time the ruined bridge hath swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee!

Much as we may regret the unhappy breach, and the strife and bitter feeling which it awoke,—much as we may sympathize with the unquenchable loyalty of those whose unswerving devotion to the "Old Flag" was the foundation of British Canada—still, if fair-minded, we cannot help admitting that the spirit which conquered Old England then was the very spirit that her traditions had nourished in New England—the spirit of the grand old rallying cry: "England expects every man to do his duty;" and as a token of the readiness with which the heart of humanity rises above prejudice and party feeling in its appreciation of loyalty to duty, we see a touching inscription on a slab built into the stone parapet—to the memory of two nameless British soldiers who fell in the action, and rest there as peacefully as if in their own native soil. But, enough for the present, of

Old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.

Let us pass to more peaceful memories. As we drive back again through pleasant "byways" of Concord, we are shown an old grey gambrel roofed house, half hidden in foliage, well set back from the road. That, we are told, is the "Old Manse" where Hawthorne and his devoted wife spent the first years of an ideal wedded life—years so happy, though by no means free from the pressure of care and poverty. It is, of course, the house also which gave its title to the "Mosses from an Old Manse." Again approaching the business street of the town, we turn abruptly out of it and skirt the edge of a grassy, shady slope, which gradually takes on the aspect of a lovely cemetery, rising in soft green terraces abundantly shaded by tall pines, oaks and maples. This is "Sleepy Hollow,"

an ideal resting-place for the earthly remains of those gifted spirits who have shed on this retired spot the light of so much genius and individuality. We go first to Hawthorne's grave, a spot which he himself had selected as the most beautiful in the Hollow, on which, in half-playful fancy, he proposed to build "our castle." A plain slab simply inscribed "Hawthorne," marks the place, while beside it, under the waving pines and maples, are the graves of two infant grand-children. Not far away are the graves of the Alcott family—the dreamy old philosopher—his much enduring wife, the practical, keen-witted Louisa, and the sisters whose deaths brought such sorrow to her loving heart. We pass a rough brown boulder, festooned with Virginia creeper, on which we read the name of Dr. Elisha Mulford, one of the most profound and thoughtful religious teachers of our age, and related to our hostess. A little farther still and we stop at a still more unique monument, a rough block of white quartz, just touched, here and there with a faint rosy tinge. It is nameless, but it needs no name, for everyone soon knows that it is the tomb of Ralph Waldo Emerson! Standing here, on a lovely June morning, inhaling the balmy breath of the overarching pines, and listening to the soft whispering of the waving boughs, one recalls those lines of his in "Woodnotes":—

As sunbeams stream through liberal place  
And nothing jostle or displace,  
So waved the pinetree through my thought  
And fanned the dreams it never brought.

Few poets have caught and given more delicately than he the subtle influences of nature on a poet heart. Only a little way from Emerson's grave we meet and are introduced to his daughter, who, with a son in the medical profession, are his only representatives here. Hawthorne has none—in Concord. The quiet spot, the silence of those green graves, with these imperishable names to hallow them, irresistibly suggest thoughts such as Hawthorne in his youth sought to express in verse:—

Oh, earthly pomp is but a dream  
And like a meteor's short-lived gleam,  
And all the sons of glory soon  
Shall rest beneath this mouldering stone.

And yet the loveliness and freshness of the place, seen in the soft light of June, speak rather of *inextinguishable* life than of the inaction and insensibility we associate with death. Let me quote Hawthorne's own description of the spot before it had been consecrated to its present use:—

"I sat down to-day at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, in Sleepy Hollow—a shallow place scooped out among the woods which surround it on all sides, it being pretty nearly circular or oval, and two or three hundred yards in diameter. On one verge of this hollow, skirting it, is a terraced pathway, broad enough for a wheel track, overshadowed with oaks, stretching their long, knotted, rude, rough arms between earth and sky; the grey skeletons, as you look upward, are splendidly prominent amid the green foliage. Likewise there are chestnuts growing up in a more regular and pyramidal shape—white pines also and a shrubbery, composed of the shoots of all these trees, ever spreading and softening the bank on which the parent stems are growing, these latter being intermingled with coarse grass. . . . Now, when you are not thinking of it, the fragrance of the white pines is suddenly wafted to you by an almost imperceptible breeze which has begun to stir. Now the breeze is the gentlest sigh imaginable, yet with a spiritual potency inasmuch that it seems to penetrate, with its mild, ethereal coolness, through the outward skin, and breathe through the spirit itself, which shivers with gentle delight; and now, again, the shadows of the boughs lie as motionless as if they were printed on the pathway. Now, in the stillness, is heard the long, melancholy note of the bird complaining alone of some wrong or sorrow that man, or her own kind, or the unmitigable doom of human affairs has inflicted on her—the complaining but unceasing 'sufferer.'"

With Hawthorne himself to interpret for us the charm of the spot, we leave Sleepy Hollow, at once classic and sacred ground. As we return homeward we halt at the pretty little public library, the gift to the town of a public-spirited citizen. It contains a good and well-chosen collection of volumes, conspicuous among which, as might be expected, are the works of Hawthorne and Emerson whose revered countenances look down upon us from the walls in both busts and photographs. The Concord folk are justly proud of their *genii loci*. We also pass the large and handsome building of the "Emerson School" whose pupils lately greeted with bouquets the President of the United States when he and his party visited the "Wayside." We look with special interest at the old-fashioned Episcopal church at whose gate Emerson, Lowell and Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Bryant, stood with uncovered heads as Hawthorne's funeral passed out—a tribute such as seldom falls to the lot of princes.

But there is other classic ground about Concord which must not be left unvisited. We have still to visit Thoreau's "Walden," lying as secluded and still as if it were miles away in the heart of the "forest primeval." And we have a lovely dreamy morning on the Concord river—the *Musketaquid*, to use the old Indian name to which Emerson has lent the charm of his verse—

Thy summer voice, Musketaquid,  
Repeats the music of the rain,  
But sweeter rivers pulsing fit  
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain.

As we read the lines we seem to see again the still brown stream—glancing silver in the sun—which winds like a

looped riband through the emerald of "Concord Plain," and past the scattered villas that fringe the little town. Each mansion, half hidden in luxuriant greenery, has its terraced water-front, its bit of smooth pebbly beach, with here and there a pleasure boat drifting gently like our own on its placid bosom, while quiet farmhouses dot the slope of the opposite bank. We seem to float again lazily on in the somewhat unsteady little flat-bottomed boat, which it is sometimes a little awkward to steer between the piers of innumerable bridges, while our hostess reads aloud in her silvery voice from her own description of the fair river and the restful influence of the *genius loci*. As she reads, the words seem exactly to fit the scene about us. Some little way above the village, an islet clad in tangled leafage, much like one of our "Thousand Islands" divides the narrow stream which makes an abrupt angle, and here an inscription on a granite boulder states that "on this hill lived the Indians who possessed Musketaquid before the white man came and lived at peace with them." And the name *Concord* is a standing testimony to the harmony which here characterized the intercourse of the colonists with the sons of the soil. Still further on we see before us a misty gray-green grove of hemlocks which our hostess is very desirous we should reach. For those are "The Hemlocks," she explains, where Hawthorne and Emerson and Thoreau used to meet, and beneath the shade of the long, overhanging boughs which almost meet across the stream, used to discuss, in this forest sanctuary the themes and problems which were never far from their thoughts. We toil to reach them, accordingly, but the distance seems to lengthen out before us, and time presses, for this is the day of departure, and we have still to drive to Walden Road. So reluctantly we give up the "Hemlocks" which will be our "Yarrow Unvisited" till, if ever again, we have another row on the Musketaquid.

We had made an attempt to reach Walden in an early morning walk, having a fancy to approach Thoreau's pond in the fashion approved by that persistent saunterer, as every reader of Walden will recollect. But though we knew whereabouts the pond lay in its woodland nest, it was a different matter to hit on precisely the right path to take us down to its margin, so we reluctantly gave it up, finding, afterwards, that a short cut from "The Wayside" might lessen the distance to about a mile and a-half. But the drive is a delightful one, through the smooth country lanes edged with fern, till we reach the fringe of woodland; a road that is little more than a trail leads us down to the margin of the lake, of which we had caught a fleeting glimpse already as we rushed past it in the train. When we reach the margin, near the spot where Thoreau's hut used to stand, we see nearly the whole of the tiny sheet of water—about three miles long—set between wild wooded banks, as its name *Walden* imports, and looking just like one of our own innumerable little forest lakes, each of which might be a "Walden" if it had its Thoreau. For, to quote Emerson again, "to Thoreau, there was no such thing as size; the Walden pond was a small ocean; the Atlantic a larger pond." In the little hut he built for himself here, he lived alone for two years, under the balm-breathing, whispering pines, a spot "fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments." We pick a great yellow lady's slipper and a partridge berry blossom or two and reluctantly leave this little haunted lake, where if anywhere in the New World fauns and dryads might dwell in the shadowy recesses. As we reluctantly turn away, we are shown the rows of pines the recluse planted at the edge of the wood—why, it is difficult to say, where pines abounded? But then he was, as he says himself, a self-appointed forester. But all things must come to an end, to which this paper and our Concord visit form no exception. With the fair vision of Walden pond still before us we bid most reluctant farewells to "The Wayside," to our host and hostess, and to the little "Lady Margaret," pearl of the household. We hear as in a dream the parting shriek of our train, like a wild cry of regret; we see Walden pond flash for a moment in the sunlight, and then, we have left classic Concord behind and are going back to the actual every-day world. We have vague thoughts in our mind of an ode to "Musketaquid," but are satisfied on the whole to fall back on Emerson, who has already in a few words indicated the natural charms of the place as well as the nobler charm that consecrates the whole:—

Then flows again  
The surge of summer beauty; dell and crag  
Hollow and lake, hillside and pine arcade  
Are touched with genius.

And so, we must come back always, after all, to "the light that never was on sea or land." FIDELIS.

PHILOSOPHY hath never better cards to show than when she checketh in presumption, and crosseth our vanity; when in poor earth she acknowledgeth her irresolution, her weakness and her ignorance.—*Montaigne*.

AMONG the Khirgise, Baskir and other nomad tribes of Eastern Russia and Siberia there are frequent instances of longevity which call to mind the days of the patriarchs. At the present moment there is living in the Government of Tobolsk, in the Dos-kazan settlement, an old Khirgise named Noormohamed Moosrepoff, who has attained the age of 153 years. His wife is equally old, and his eldest son is 120 years of age. The old man has lost most of his teeth, and has to be fed on milk. The pure air of the Steppes and the koumis diet is without doubt conducive to longevity.