

This is a true portrait. The description is perfect. You can recognize at a glance the peripatetic philosopher, the visionary, the character you might expect to find, perhaps, in a romance, but never hope to meet in real life. And he lives in Concord, the very atmosphere of which tinged the life of Emerson, and coloured the weird fancies of Hawthorne, and poetized the nature of the Hermit of Walden, the odd genius of the place. What a galaxy of names! How proud the little town is of her one great novelist, her famous essayist, her naturalist whom she ranks next to Audubon, and her Mystic Teacher! It is worth while visiting Concord (go in the summer if you can) just to hear the people talk about the great men and women who once lived there, and of those who reside there still. You will be hurried along that dusty but historic road of theirs which was known in the dark days of the war, a hundred years ago, as the pathway along which the red-coated soldiers of His Britannic Majesty marched with their implements of death and destruction glistening in the bright sunshine. You will be told stories of '76 which have never been in print, but have been handed down along with old flint-lock muskets and rusty swords, from father to son for generations. You will be shown houses which can exist nowhere but in Concord. You will have pointed out to you the Concord library—an edifice whose spire and gothic build prompt you to ask if it is not a church—and your guide will smilingly tell you how many volumes it contains, and how often the Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Thoreau, and Alcott books have to be renewed, for your Concord citizen proper is a born philosopher, a poet who has not yet begun to write verses, and a true lover of the weird and mysterious in fiction. He even envies Salem in her boasted monopoly of the only true and original New England witch. If you are following your guide pretty attentively you will pause a moment or two before the large and comfortable-looking house of Emerson. This is the