

tion—all of a most ultra stripe—were read and commented on. Mr. Alcott took scarcely any part in the discussion, but he was very much interested in what occurred and listened with marked attention to the opinions which were advanced. His sympathies remained unawakened, however, and the Radicals gained no new convert to their cause. He returned home shortly afterwards, and founded, with what success we already know, the little colony of Fruitlands.

In stature, Mr. Alcott is tall and stately. Though beyond his eightieth year, he is as straight as an arrow, and walks with a quick and firm step. Not a single faculty is dimmed, and his capacity for work, manual or mental, is as great as it was half a century and more ago. Regular in his habits and careful in the cultivation of dietetic principles, he seems destined yet to enjoy many years of usefulness. His head and face are an index to his character. His features are regularly drawn and full of expression, and a phrenologist would tell you that his Language is very large, his Brain is full, his Capacity is large, and his Mental Power scores seven on the chart. "A revered and beloved man," says Louise Chandler Moulton, "whose face is a benediction, whose silver hair is a crown of glory, and whose mild and persuasive voice never spoke one harsh or ungenerous word in all the many years he has spoken to his fellows." And Lowell, in that companion of *The Dunciad*,—"A Fable for Critics,"—says :—

"Yonder, calm as a cloud, Alcott stalks in a dream,  
And fancies himself in thy groves, Academe.  
With the Pantheon nigh and the olive trees o'er him,  
And never a fact to perplex him or bore him.

For his highest conceit of a happiest state is  
Where they'd live upon acorns and hear him talk gratis.

When he talks he is great, but goes out like a taper,  
If you shut him up closely with pen, ink and paper;  
Yet his fingers itch for 'em from morning till night,  
And he thinks he does wrong if he don't always write;  
In this, as in all things, a saint among men,  
He goes sure to death when he goes to his pen."