

## HOMES OF GENIUS.

IN AND ABOUT CONCORD, THE HOME OF RALPH  
WALDO EMERSON.

BOSTON, December 18.—The homes of genius are always attractive. The favorite resorts of noble and poetic natures have a charm for the most plodding mind. "There is," says Alcott, "a virtuous curiosity felt by readers of remarkable books to learn something more of their author's literary tastes, habits, and dispositions than these ordinarily furnish."

The vale of Vaucluse is a green spot in the associations of every lover of poetry; Abbotsford draws wanderers in pilgrimages from all lands; and the banks of Ayr bloom with brighter flowers for the lover of Bobbie Burns.

Our own land has many a field and stream endeared to the lovers of letters by the presence of the poet and the sage.

Nowhere in America has literature grown more naturally than in Concord. I shall not frighten the reader with statistics; his memory is sufficient. The names of Emerson and Alcott, Hawthorne, and Thoreau and Channing call up a wealth of association, which makes Concord the Mecca of American literature. Its historical associations also make it interesting to every American. As this paper is preliminary to descriptions of the homes of the several Concord authors, and the natural features are the same in all, the description of the landscape has been extended so as to take in the whole vicinity.

Doubtless the reader's first desire in visiting Concord would be to see the battle-ground, and, accordingly, historical associations shall be gratified first. The most natural way of approaching the village is by the Boston turnpike, down which the British regulars marched in 1775. So we take an open carry-all, and bowl gently out over the Charles River bridge, into the thoroughfare of North avenue. We pass the retreats of many great and gentle spirits; we shall visit them by-and-by. Now, we must keep our eyes well open, to see the landmarks of the struggle. First we see the vacant site of the Black Horse Tavern, where the Committee of safety met in the anxious days and night before the battle. The tavern is gone, but a stone marks its locality. It is perhaps on the borders of Arlington—Menotomy in the days of the minute-men. The encroaching buildings have spared this site, and the visitor can easily mark the out-lines of the foundations in the grass. We roll slowly away, for there are twelve miles before us, and we cannot spend the day at the first milestone in the journey; though there is enough interest in each spot to fill a day's reflection. We have hardly fairly started away before we come to the village church, where the old men of Menotomy

## CAPTURED EIGHTEEN RED-COATS,

who were employed as skirmishers. We cross a bridge in the road and soon come to the house of Janson Russell, where the first blood of the day was shed. The old house still stands by the road-side, and looks good for another century. Here twelve minute-men had assembled, on the April morning, and, in their innocence and ignorance of the art of war, had erected a barricade of lumber and shingles running parallel with the road and about three feet high, behind which they intended to open fire on the regulars when they should pass. The foremost British scout discovered the design and reported it to Major Pitcairn, who at once sent a detachment over the hill to the rear of the house. The rustic militia then found that their breastwork was on the wrong side, and retreated into the house. The file of soldiers then drew up before the kitchen door, fired a volley into the side of the house, and demanded a surrender. The farmers surrendered at once and grounded arms, as the British entered the door. Then the soldiers proceeded to pick the men off one by one, at short range, until they all lay dead on the floor. The inside walls still show the marks of bullets and the old staircase is full of half-inch bullet-holes. One of our party discovered a hole in the side of the newell post (a plain stick four inches square by three feet high), where a bullet had entered, and no corresponding mark where it had come out on the other side. He at once proposed with American disregard of private rights, to whistle down the post, and see if the bullet were still there! Mr. Teale, the great-grand-son of Jason Russell, and his mother, whose maiden name was Russell, still live in the house. The house itself is a simple story-and-a-half white farm house, with its side to the road, and its gables looking out on an ancient orchard and meadow. An ell has been added on the left and in the center the chimney rises in an immense stack, large enough for the fires of a banquet-hall, and recalling the great fire-places of the early day. Mr. Teale showed us the little parlor furnished with a modern cabinet organ, adorned with modest wall paper and the accompaniments of a rural home. Some likenesses of the family ancestors are hanging upon the walls, and over the hall door hangs a picture of the house itself in magenta worsted on perforated cardboard with the illuminated motto, "God Bless our Home," worked by some little daughter of the house of Russell, who is just beginning to listen with flushing cheek to the story of the past.

But we are loitering. Once more in the carriage, we rattle merrily along the road to Lexington. We are travelling the same road

OVER WHICH PAUL REVERE GALLOPED

on his midnight errand; and unbidden the lines recur:

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath 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.

We ride up to Lexington green with the involuntary reverence of one entering a holy place. The green is fenced off into a delta of lawn by the stone-post fence of modern New England. A plain granite obelisk rises in the center. We approach it silently, with uncovered heads. The inscription, bearing date 1799, begins:

"Sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind!"

The shaft bears the names of Ensign Robert Munroe, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Caleb Harrington, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Muzzy, and John Brown, of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who fell at the first fire. Elms and lindens throw their shade over it. A quaint and interesting church has long stood in the place of the meeting house burned by the soldiery. On the north the road skirts a hill, and following it nearly or distantly all the way to Concord. The declivity is covered with stunted pines and other low trees. Stone walls, moss grown with time, and showing here and there a port-hole and chink through which some rifle or Queen Anne's arm may have once protruded, separate the fields from the road. The houses are in the plain style of the last century, and are scattered at wide intervals along the turnpike. Across the green, and under the edge of the hill, the brown wooden cottage, which was the Massachusetts State Building of Centennial days, perks its many-gabled roof among the foliage. Its coat of arms glitters for a moment through the trees as we roll away. We wind through the valley and gradually ascend to the higher level of the road, overlooking the Concord Valley. At a turn in the road the blue tent of Monadnoc breaks the sky-line. It is pitched upon the horizon like the lodge of some long sleeping earth-spirit, and looks down upon the tortuous valley and highway with the same quiet grandeur as when, on April morning, it saw the narrow road filled with jolly, travel-stained soldiers. Its presence is a benediction, and calls up the apostrophe of Emerson:

Ages are thy days  
Thou grand expresser of the present tense  
And type of permanence!  
Firm ensign of the fatal Being  
Amid these coward shapes of joy and grief,  
That will not bide the seeing.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou seest, O watchman tall,  
Our towns and races grow and fall,  
And insageth the stable good  
For which we all our lifetime grope,  
In shifting form the formless mind,  
And though the substance we elude,  
We in thee the shadow find.

The road now descends to the valley, and we jog lightly down the slopes, in quiet contemplation, born from the tranquility of the scene. The sere foliage of the maples, and the bare, brown branches of the gnarled apple trees, contrast somberly with the living green of the hemlocks and the red mound of apples, heaped here and there among the orchards. The stone walls are thick and low, and half covered with mosses and grass. They are easily scaled, and the fruit beyond them is easily reached. We found that the Middlesex gullflowers and russets tasted best when taken fresh from the heap and eaten in the open air after a ride over the hills of the Musketaquid in the bracing air of November.

But now we are in the village. Shire town as it is, the street is deserted, and the houses, scattered along the banks of the Concord River, and nestling under the hill at the side of the turnpike, are as silent as though they belonged to some hibernating class, who had turned in at the first frost. Two or three church steeples prick the air as though they would give point to the civilization of the town.

The river is the central feature of Concord scenery. It wanders through the meadows which skirt its shores, with the sleepy, sinuous grace of some storied meander, and embraces the woods in the south with a belt of silver. It is spanned by three or four bridges at the village; one slight and slender, with a delicate arch of stone deeply sprung, like the window of a cathedral; another solid and heavy, for the railway whose station is on the outskirts of the village; another plain and rough, for the travel of the farmers, and last of all,

## THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE

at the battle-ground. The river lapses slowly under them, as though bound by successive fetters, but below it flashes back against the sun as though it laughed to escape the somnolent spell of Concord, and sparkles lazily on the Merrimac. Called Muske-ta-quid in the Indian tongue, with some unknown significance, which is, perhaps, equalled by its modern name, invoked by its sleepy, peaceful character, the stream imparts a dreamy air to the whole landscape. Just above the village it seems to lose even the creeping current with which it slipped between the hills, and it spreads out into a placid pond called Fairhaven Bay, from its cognate character to that of the Concord itself. A little south of town the Assabeth, a tributary from the west, pours in a stream of waters distilled from the wooded slopes of Sudbury, and creases the bluff with another fold. Walden Pond—or Walden Water,

as Alcott has called it—gleams through the woods at the south-west.

It is not far beyond the village church,  
After we pass the wood that skirts the road,  
A lake—the blue-eyed Walden—that doth smile  
Most tenderly upon its neighbor pines,  
And they, as if to recompense this love,  
In double beauty spread their branches forth.

The valley spreads out widely on either hand, giving a prairie-like landscape and horizon. The river meadows slope imperceptibly into the arable land, and the fields climb gradually to the crests of the hills. But the hills shut the whole valley in, as though nature had planned that no disturbing influence should enter here. It is a valley where Vishnu himself might dwell and disseminate the silent forces of the Vedas.

Upon climbing the hill to the north you see Wachusett and Monadnoc and a spur of the New Hampshire hills clustering upon the horizon's rim. The silent influence of the streams, the native sweetness and sap of the woods, and the benediction of the mountains seem to combine their subtle forces to make up the mystic total comprised in the name

## CONCORD.

A land of streams! some like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go;  
And some through waving lights and shadows broke.  
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land: far off, three mountain tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,  
Stood sunset-flashed; and, dewed with showery drops,  
Up clomb the shadowy pine above the woven corpse.

The monument to the soldiers of the late wars stands in the centre of the road as we enter the village, and receives by anticipation a share of the interest intended for another shaft. It is made of rough-hewn granite, whose outline betokens well the spirit of the Middlesex farmers.

We glance for a moment at Wright's Tavern, where Major Pitcairn stopped for a glass of brandy before he pushed on to the river. Then we drive up to the old North Bridge. After following the direction of the river northward for some distance, the road turns west and runs through the avenue of pines to the historic spot. Just to the left is the old Manse, whose mosses had been endeared to us by the mystic genius of Hawthorne. The wind murmurs a gentle requiem in the pines, and we approach the river in silence. On the bank stands the slender cut-granite shaft which was erected in 1836. Here the British line was formed. A large bridge spans the stream as of old, and again brings back the poet's lines—

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.

A glance at the other side shows the statue unveiled in 1875. We cross the bridge to study it more closely. A broad granite pedestal rises about ten feet above the embanked terrace, and supports the bronze figure of a farmer of colossal size. A slouched hat covers his head. His coat is gone, and his arms are bared to the elbow. His left hand rests upon the handle of his plow set in the furrow and headed west. His right hand grasps a musket brought half-way to the ready, while with left foot advanced and supporting the right drawn back, and the whole figure leaning forward, he scans the opposite shore. The action of the figure is strong, even carrying the attention away from the statue to the direction of its eager glance. Beneath are carved the lines we have just recited. We wandered back across the bridge and sat down for a moment in its rustic porticoes. Then, as we reached the eastern shore, we found close under the stone-wall at the side of the road a small inclosure, perhaps three feet by seven, with a chain fence about, a short, square block of stone at the western end, and upon the smooth face of the wall just above, in rude letters, the legend—

## "GRAVE OF BRITISH SOLDIERS."

Then the lines of the hymn returned.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

Upon the opposite shore a few large trees are scattered about the field, and close upon the bank are some bending young ones whose germs have been brought down by the river from the wooded dells of its mountain source. Before leaving we cut some canes from their curiously gnarled branches.

The sun sinks low in the west. We look wistfully at the Old Manse as we drive away, and then regret that we spent so much time over that good dinner at the Middlesex House. We have not yet seen Emerson. We have not visited the hut of Thoreau. Neither have we been to the houses of Alcott and Hawthorne; but the gathering shadows warn us of the night-fall, and we must leave them for another day.

## THE GLEANER.

—MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU, who has been staying in Sweden and Norway, is about to publish a book concerning those countries.

VERA SASSOULITCH, celebrated for having shot the St. Petersburg Chief of Police, is shortly to marry a Russian political refugee in London.

THE Marquis of Lorne has accepted the position of Commodore of the Nova Scotia yacht squadron, vacated by the Earl of Dufferin.

In his novel, "Vivian Grey," Disraeli says that Canning and John Wilson Croker were the only official men who could write grammar.

THE Very Rev. Dean Bond, Bishop-elect of

Montreal, has sent in a formal resignation of the rectorship of St. George's church in that city.

It is said the Queen would give the Bishopric of Durham to the Dean of Westminster, if he cared to accept it. But Dr. Stanley prefers the Abbey.

VICTOR HUGO is giving sittings to Bonnat, the successful Paris artist, for a portrait. The work promises to rival the portrait of Thiers, by the same artist.

MR. KINGLAKE does not intend to leave his history of the Crimean war unfinished, but will bring out the sixth and last volume in the course of the next half year.

THE British fleet in the Dardanelles will return to Ismid. This is in consequence of a difficulty in getting provisions and receiving letters from Artaki.

GUSTAVE DORE's new work, "Orlando Furioso," with five hundred and fifty illustrations is nearly ready. It has been in progress for more than eight years.

ADMIRERS of Ruskin will be glad to learn that a list of all his published writings, in prose and verse, arranged in chronological order, from 1834 to the present time, is put forth in a little volume.

LADY ANNA BLUNT, who is about to publish an account of a winter residence among the Bedouin Arabs, is a granddaughter of the poet, Byron, being a daughter of the Earl of Lovelace, by Byron's only child "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

THE Bishop of Huron writes that he is meeting with unexpected success in securing funds for the western university. The amount secured in England now amounts to \$40,000.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, the accomplished writer, is descended through her father from the famous American baronet, Sir William Pepperell. One of her mother's ancestors was Sir John Brydges.

POPE LEO XIII. sent through Bishop Healey, of Portland, a splendid medal to the chiefs of the tribe of Abenakis Indians, who made a pair of moccasins presented to the Pope during the Bishop's visit to Rome.

NOTHING should be touched when gloves are worn, except the human hand, unless a handkerchief is held in the fingers, as varnished furniture, door-handles, and even books not only discolour, but leave an unpleasant odour on the glove.

KING HUMBERT'S son, the little Prince of Naples, has suffered so much by vivid dreams since the attempt by Passanante, that a quieter life with his books and playmates, remote from state ceremonials, has been prescribed for him.

MR. SALA mentions two words, "Roma Amor," which read backwards the same. A correspondent, "Etona," reminds us that these words are a portion of a pentameter, the whole of which reads both ways the same. It is as follows: "Roma Tibi Subito motibus ibit amor."

QUEEN VICTORIA, it is reported by the London *Echo*, helps the authors whose works she admires by recommending them to magazine editors. The latest man of letters whom his sovereign has assisted in this way, says the *Echo*, is Mr. Charles Gibbon, author of "Auld Robin Gray."

THE Swiss Roman Catholics, having received permission from their superiors to vote at the elections of parish priests instead of leaving the Old Catholics the monopoly of this privilege, have just carried by 446 votes to 25 the nomination of a Roman Catholic priest at Saigelegier, in the Bernese Jura.

## LITERARY.

HENRY VINCENT, the distinguished lecturer, is dead.

THE King of Portugal not only translates Shakespeare into Portuguese, but is a conchologist.

MRS. HARRIET GROTE, the authoress and widow of Geo. Grote, the historian of Greece, is dead. She was well known as the authoress of the "Life of Ary Schaeffer."

BURNS' grand-daughter, Mrs. Eliza Everitt, (she was the daughter of the poet's eldest son and namesake), has just died at Bath. It was an uncommon treat to hear her sing some of Burns' songs, such as "Ler Rig." She leaves one daughter, who fully inherits her mother's attractions, including a marked resemblance to the poet.

JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.

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