

**CONCORD AUTHORS
AT HOME: CONCORD
THE TOWN**

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Concord Authors at Home: Concord the Town by Albert Lane

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ALBERT LANE

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CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
1902

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Edwin F. Edgell
"I know the world, for I
have traveled many years
in Concord." — *Thoreau*.

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By ALBERT LANE

Concord the Town



WHEN writing of Concord, the pilgrim for a day or he whom fortune has so favored as to give him residence in the good, old town, is inclined ever toward the sentimental. Indeed, it would be quite out of the ordinary to find a printed line descriptive of Concord, that would lead its reader to believe it to be other than on a par with,—well, with heaven. It has seemed a heaven to those who have written of it, for they have known it as the home of their ideals.

One comes here or lives here, his every sense alive to the impressions

received from the writings of those who have so strongly appealed to him. He feels himself on hallowed, sacred ground. He is a worshipper at the shrine of his literary gods. He is in the Concord of Emerson. He is in the Concord that Thoreau so well painted. Here Hawthorne the great romancer, found the atmosphere, the environments that made possible his great gifts to the world of letters and of man. Here Louisa Alcott lived, a child with her *Little Men* and *Little Women*. Here Margaret Fuller found life large and good and wholesome. Here, indeed, was the Athens from whose fount was sipped and drunk of the waters of wisdom that made for immortality.

Is it wonder then that laudation is

the portion of this Concord; the Concord that was known but to be loved by that mighty body of men who have given us of that which is best? Could the walls of the "Old Manse" speak, they would tell us of Hawthorne; his struggles, hopes, successes and defeats. They would delight and interest us with tales of those who have lived and met beneath its roof—of Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Ripley, Curtis, Bartlett. And could we hark back to the days of Emerson and be with those who made his home the Capitol of Wisdom our ears would feel the words of Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, Higginson, Stanley, Bret Harte, and Henry James. We could hear from the lips of Louis Kossuth, Walt Whitman,