

THE HEART OF MONADNOCK

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The Heart of Monadnock by Elizabeth Weston Timlow

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ELIZABETH WESTON TIMLOW

**THE HEART OF
MONADNOCK**



AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD THE MOUNTAIN LOOMS ABOVE

THE HEART OF MONADNOCK

BY

ELIZABETH WESTON TIMLOW,
Author of "A Nest of Girls," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs by
HERBERT W. GLEASON

*"These gray crags
Not on gray crags are hung,
But beads as on a rosary
In prayer and music strung."
"Monadnock."*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

BOSTON
B. J. BRIMMER COMPANY
1922

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W. Winslow Ford

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*To
Scott A. Smith
and to the memory of
George H. Noble,
whose untiring and loving efforts
especially helped to open Monadnock
to its lovers
this little book is
affectionately dedicated by one who
feels deeply in their debt.*

THE HEART OF MONADNOCK

I

"MONADNOCK, lifting from his night of
pines,

"His rosy forehead to the evening star."

Monadnock! Stately mountain, solitary sentinel of haunting beauty and intimate and irresistible allurements! Mountain loved of poets and artists; mountain which knew and loved in return the footsteps of Emerson and Thoreau and Thayer.

A strangely individual mass it is in its calm isolation, dominating subtly the entire countryside. It does not rise to great heights as mountains go, but so bold is its long couchant outline, so stern is its splendid solitude, so imposing is its brooding strength that a grandeur lies upon it that many a mightier mountain lacks.

2 THE HEART OF MONADNOCK

Hugely massed to draw the clouds, shaped through the deliberate roll of bewildering centuries, by hammer soft as snow flakes fall, it draws at last the heart from the bosom of its lovers.

"Oh, wise man! hearest thou half it tells?"

High above tree-line it lifts its mighty ridges, now blue, now gray, now darkly purple, now rose-flushed and amethyst and malachite. From the bold peak five vast shoulders, clearly defined, fall away in different directions, and stretching between them are wide, greenclad hollows, sometimes sharp and precipitous, sometimes shallow and broad. These rough, wild shoulders descend, now in stately ledges, now in sheer precipices, till their jagged outlines are lost in the thick mat of spruce which overspreads the steep sides. These undaunted little trees, gnarled and dwarfed by the fierce winter winds and biting New England tempests, cling stoutly with passionate devotion to the mother-rock, send-