

parallel of the Sea of Galilee, in Samaria, this highland breaks down to the level of an elevated plain, and sends off in a northwesterly direction a high continuous ridge, which juts out some distance into the sea in the lofty and beautiful promontory of Mount Carmel, 1,500 feet in height.

This is the eightieth communication that I have written to the "Deseret News" since I left my home on a special mission in May, 1885, and no doubt the last of a long series which will appear from my pen under the caption "Jenson's Travels." The letters have been written under many difficulties, quite a number of them on ship board, when my fellow passengers would be wrestling with seasickness or idling away their time in the smoking parlors, playing cards or other games. (I seldom suffered with sea sickness on my voyages.) The last sixteen communications, which have not been dated, were mostly written on board the steamer Orotava, on my voyage from Port Said, Egypt, to Naples, Italy, but not submitted to the editor of the "News" till after my return home, June 4, 1897.

By way of conclusion I may here add that after taking my departure from Palestine, I visited the following named countries: Italy, France, England, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Schleswig-Holstein, Hamburg, Hanover, Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Switzerland, Elsass-Lothringen, Baden, Wurttemberg, Hessen, Holland, Wales, Ireland and Scotland. During my mission I circumnavigated the globe, traveled about 60,000 miles, preached the Gospel on land and on sea, whenever I had the opportunity, and gathered a great deal of historical information, which I trust will prove beneficial and interesting when it is prepared hereafter and incorporated in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of the Nineteenth century.

ANDREW JENSON.

Salt Lake City, Jan. 31, 1898.

HOMES OF NOTED AMERICANS.

If to trace the footsteps of genius, and to linger and muse in the haunts of those men and women whose works we love so well; if to loiter around the places of history and inhale the influence of those surroundings which have suggested the imagery of poems and the settings of tales, then no pilgrimage can compare with those taken to the old homes of our American authors.

As one sits and dreams on the travels of the Charles river, or at the dear old Wayside, the home of Louisa M. Alcott, he seems to be brought into closer sympathy with those men and women who have given us a golden age of American literature. Perhaps Concord in the old Bay state is the greatest Mecca we have in America, for it is a place where hundreds of pilgrims go every year to pay homage at the shrines of our famous men of Letters. Here lived Thoreau, Emerson, and Hawthorne; and that dear friend of all the girls and boys, Louisa M. Alcott.

The traveler sits today on the banks of the Concord river, sees the stream, skirted with pines and willows, hears the lark, and the chirp of the squirrel, but with only a fractional part of the feeling and understanding of those great dreamers who roamed over the same spots.

One enters the town of Concord, having come along a beautiful country road which leads from Lexington. The old Wright Tavern is the center of the town, and here an old-fashioned New England dinner is served to the passing wayfarer. This house was built in 1747, and here Major Pitcairn refreshed himself on the morning of April 18, 1775. Concord itself is not a large place, but it is a beautiful and

placid somnolent village, with streets skirted with large trees, and homes surrounded with gardens and lawns.

The journey is continued, and the destination is the old Manse, which is northward from the town a half mile. Along a pretty road with pines and oaks on both sides in every spare space, the traveler goes quietly along. Nothing breaks the monotony, but the now and then chirp of a squirrel, as he scampers off to his hole, or the melancholy cry of some distant dove. One is so filled with delight that he can hardly hold himself when he spies through the trees the famous Old Manse. This was the home of the grand sire of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and afterward was tenanted by Dr. Ripley Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the celebrated Sarah Bradford, who was looked upon as one of the best educated women in New England. She used to train young men for Harvard, and it is said that one day a caller found her hearing at once the lesson of a student in Latin and another in differential calculus, while she was rocking the cradle and shelling peas for dinner.

And now, who would not think of our Hawthorne and his description of this home. The opening in the stone wall is soon reached, and passing between two tall gate posts, one follows on down a long avenue of trees, with the wheel track almost covered with grass. The surrounding of the Old Manse is a veritable Eden, "an Eldorado for dreamers," and as one looks up at the dormer window, and then into the broad fields beyond where were the orchard, the garden and the walls of Hawthorne, he feels as if the muse of poetry were hovering near, and urging him to love and venerate in thought and word the noble names of history.

The picturesque old mansion stands between foliage and greensward. The house is a wooden structure, and looks very antique, under its large overhanging gambol roof. Time has toned its color, and it blends beautifully with the trees, the shrubbery and the sky. Within the shades of the oaks are the old paths, so carefully carpeted with grass and daisies, where Hawthorne, Emerson and Thoreau used to walk in their hours of reverie.

I visited this place last July, and as I stood in front of the building, I was almost daft with delight. A son of the eminent divine, Edward C. Hale, who has charge of the house, refused me admittance, but his wife, being more compassionate, asked me in, and I was ushered into the parlor at the left of the hall where the sages of Concord used to meet, and discuss over their teacups the topics of the times. All the rooms are wainscoted, which is colored in extremely dark paint, and this combined with the low ceilings makes one think of the old home of our Quaker poet.

The study is at the top of the stairs to the right, and has a north window which looks out upon the old battle field; and far, far beyond the Concord flows lazily in the light of the afternoon sun. This room was the study of Emerson's grandfather, and from its windows his wife watched the battle of April 18, 1775. Here Emerson wrote his essay on nature, and afterwards the dreamy Hawthorne came to the little study and culled many of his shorter tales. Two windows look westward into the garden and on one of the panes Hawthorne has scratched the following:

"Nathaniel Hawthorne. This is my study—1843."

Below, another hand, that of his wife, has written:

"Inscribed by my husband at sunset, April, 1843. In the gold light. S. A. H. Man's accidents are God's purposes. SOPHIA A. HAWTHORNE."

The little shelf which slants from the wall by the side of the old chimney, and on which the romancer used to write, is still in its place, and, seeming to realize that he will come no more, it stands as a kind of sentinel, to keep watch over the sacred little room.

Above the second floor is the garret, where Hawthorne found so many books that had long lain in the dust and cobwebs. Here he spent many secluded hours. It was this seclusion that caused him to say with Goethe: "A talent is perfected in solitude; a character in the stream of the world."

I wanted to linger longer in this peaceful haunt, but the afternoon was passing quietly away. The quiet environment, the peaceful solitude, the thoughts of those who had lived in this sunshiny place filled me with a feeling of emotion, and in my soul I seemed to more fully realize the goodness of God to man. And yet how sadly it is to think that poverty drove Hawthorne from this home, that he had to give up his garden, where he used to watch the peas and the beans grow from day to day, the trees and the river, the squirrels and the birds to accept a remunerative position under the government.

Behind the Old Manse flows the Concord, The River of Peace, sung of by Thoreau, and Emerson, and above all by Hawthorne. A narrow grassy path leads from the back door to the bank, and here under the willows, Hawthorne kept his boat, and often on a sunshiny afternoon, he would paddle up and down the stream, and lose himself in the music of nature. It is said that one night he and his friend Elroy Channing aided in rescuing a young girl suicide from the stream, and it made such an impression on the mind of Hawthorne that he employed it as the thrilling determination of the story of Zenobia in the Blithedale Romance.

Loitering northward along the paths where the river kisses the tangled grass and where the boughs of the willows bend as if impatient to dip their branches into the clear, cold stream, I jumped the wall a few rods northwest of the house and stood on the battlefield of Concord. On April 18, 1775, Maj. Smith, who had command of the British forces in this part, had sent a few companies of men up to the old North Bridge, which still stands, not far from the historic Manse. The soldiers came wandering down to the river, and coming to the bridge they crossed. The minute men, some distance beyond in a field, on seeing the redcoats, immediately started toward them, trailing their guns. The British withdrew to the other side, and prepared for battle. The Americans hurried along, and having received a volley of the shot from the enemy, their commander, Buttrick by name, shouted, "Fire, boys; for God's sake, fire." It was all over with a minute, and the battle at Concord had passed into history. The famous words of Emerson now adorn the monument, which has been erected in honor of the Americans who fell here. "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,

Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here the embattled farmers stood,

And fired the shot heard round the world."

That shot has been the cause of a regeneration of thought. It was the death knell to tyranny and oppression in this New World; it announced the bringing forth upon this continent, a nation that should lead all others in the affairs of government.

A granite monument marks the spot where the British stood, and near, by the side of the wall, are the two humble graves of the redcoats who fell here. Their sleep has been peaceful, for they were two boys perhaps that