A TIMELY LESSON IN AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

The Celebration of Patriots' Day In Massachusetts. Historic Concord and Lexington.

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This year is the 25th since Patriots' day, April 19, was made a legal holiday in Massachusetts by the signature of Governor Greenhalge in 1894. That same year there was an exact reproduction of Paul Revere's ride and other appropriate exercises especially commemorative of the disappearance at Lexington and Concord by the people all along the route from Charlestown through Somerville, Medford and Arlington to "the rude bridge that arched the flood" where American farmers and shopmen defied Britain's power in the insignia of a redcoated uniform. Descendants of the Revolutionary patriots took prominent part, Robert W. Gee of Medford being the modern Paul Revere, and he passed over the exact route of his famous predecessor, all the details of fact being accurately followed and depicted.

The quaint old town of Concord, near Boston, is not only famous historically, but also abounds with reminiscences of a time not long since when Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau and the Alcotts together walked her streets, sought her woods and glided about her river, friends in heart and mind. The woods are rather deep, mosquitoes, and with reason. Their Concord river, with its hemlock hung banks, is a scene joy in summer and an exhilarating delight in winter. Yes, boating and skating are the principal pursuits.

These are facilitated because many of the houses have gardens sloping to the river—a river so gentle that, as the chronicler hath it, "the only bridge ever carried away within the limits of the town was driven up stream by the wind."

This dear, classic Concord is 20 miles from Boston and within seven miles of that good old Lexington. We who have properly conned our United States history take much pride in Concord and Lexington and hold that the names are synonymous with patriotic glory.

MAP OF PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Not one of us Americans ought to think without a thrill of the modern contests that there ushered in the Revolution. And so I revert with satisfaction to a few historic events.

Concord's Indian name was "Musketaquid." One authority says this means "grass ground," another, "grass green river." And here to Musketaquid came the first inland settlement of the Massachusetts colony in 1635 after having taken the precaution to purchase the land from the Indians. Land could be had cheap in those days! Then the place was called Concord because all was harmony.

Here wandered the gentle apostle, Eliot, to labor with the Indians until they could kill the red lines the white men and had made quite a good code of laws. Here, on Lake Walden, came each personage as Hon. Peter Bulkley and Simon Willard to assist these "praying Indians" in making a sort of Bible, one of whose submissions was "that no Indian shall take an Englishman's canoe."

Pity it is that all this amity could not have continued. But history remorselessly states that there came a time, not 39 years afterward, when Concord became a military post, for also being the pursuit and punishment of those estimable Indians, that they deserted from about the neighboring villages might be assured.

As the years went on Concord made history for herself. She spared grandmotherly to the Indian wars, notably King Philip's, sent a company of men to Boston to help overthrow Andros and contributed many men to the French and Indian war.

Moreover, as early as 1767 she was evincing hostility to the British government, and in 1774 she held that convention in which it was resolved to separate from England and assemble a provincial congress. Almost immediately military companies were being formed in the towns and arms and ammunition purchased.

The first provincial congress convened in Concord in October, 1774; the second early in 1775. Over this second congress General Gage was keeping watch, it adjourned April 15, and then he issued the order for 800 men, "the flower of the British troops," stationed in Boston, to march on Concord and seize its provincial stores during the night of April 18, 1775.

Joseph Warren, president of the second provincial congress, was then chairman of the committee on public safety. In some way he was apprised of this order and then so anticipated General Gage that "the flower of the British troops" quickly met its labor in the biting climate of classic Concord.

At 10 o'clock that night General Gage issued the order that all Americans should be prevented from leaving Boston after that time. But he was just a little bit too late. Only five minutes before had Warren dispatched Paul Revere and William Dawes to Lexington and Concord to warn of this invasion by "the flower of the British troops."

Dawes went to Lexington by way of Roxbury. Paul Revere was rowed across the Charles river and took horse for the same destination. Both were to arouse every house on the road from Lexington and rush on to Concord. In the main the programme was carried out.

Paul Revere was a character, and our dear Longfellow has sung him into immortality. He was of Huguenot descent, which may account for the fire in his veins. His trade he was goldsmith, lieutenant of artillery in the colonial army and copperplate engraver, one of the four then in America. He engraved the plates for the press and printed the bills of the paper money issued by the provincial congress of Massachusetts. Then that body sent him to Philadelphia to learn powder making, and quickly he was back setting up a mill. Moreover, he was actively engaged in a certain business carried on in Boston under the auspices of the great tea party that met to commemorate the passing of the stamp act. The business was that of tea destroyer. Strange as it may seem, the lower the tea sank the higher arose the spirits of those engaged in the business. Each felt himself a patriot with every pound that vanished beneath the water; each triumphed in the knowledge that here was a business in which the losing meant success.

Immediately after this career in tea destruction Paul Revere was sent to carry the news to New York and Philadelphia. Again, he was sent to these cities to invoke sympathy and succor when Britain declared the port of Boston should be closed. And now he seems most to be called in to figure at Lexington and Concord. When the Revolution commenced, he became lieutenant colonel in the defense of Massachusetts. After the war he was engaged in casting church bells and cannon and built the copper rolling works at Canton, Maine, now conducted by the Revere Copper company. So much for Paul Revere and his versatile attainments, he whose highest attainment was that of "American patriot." More should be sung in his honor.

Well, we all know how the British triumphed over the 130 minutemen of Lexington that so hastily assembled on the Common. We all know how the victors retreated on Concord, which had hurriedly made ready. We all know of that glorious battle on the bridge in which "the flower of the British troops" so unexpectedly and speedily met its doom.

Concord has commemorated its victory by two monuments. One, of plain granite, stands on the spot where the British fought and gives a brief account of the engagement thus:

Here
On the 19th of April, 1775
Was made the first forcible resistance to
British aggression.
On this opposite bank stood the American
militia,
Here stood the invading army,
And at this spot the first of the enemy fell
In the War of the Revolution,
Which gave Independence to these United
States.
In gratitude to God, and in the love of
Freedom,
This Monument was erected
A. D. 1836.

The other monument stands on the side where the Americans fought. It is a bronze statue of the minuteman. The figure is that of a handsome young man of heroic size. He wears a three cornered hat, his shirt sleeves are rolled up, a powderhorn is slung over his left shoulder, his right hand grasps an old flintlock musket, while the left still holds the handle of the old fashioned plow, over which hangs his coat. Here is the young farmer peacefully plowing, yet in readiness for the first alarm.

Mr. D. C. French, a sculptor of Concord, designed this statue. On its granite base are inscribed these lines of Emerson:

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.

In the words of that chronicler of Concord, Mr. W. H. Bartlett, "It is not every town that can furnish the occasion, the sculptor and the poet."

Near by is the grave of the unknown British soldiers. It is marked by two stones and inclosed with posts and chains, while over the narrow area tower two pines. As James Russell Lowell expressed it:

These men were brave enough and true
To die fired soldier's building round;
What brought them here they never knew,
They fought as suits the English breed.

They came three thousand miles and died
To keep the peace among the peoples,
Unheard, beyond the ocean tide,
Their English mother made her moan.

Some of the old houses of Concord look almost as they did when "the flower of the British troops" came down the road. That, historically, is the most interesting in the United States. For one, the Wright tavern still dispenses hospitality. Near by are the old yellow block, dating back to 1750; the row of buildings that served as storehouses for the provincials; the house of Mr. Barrett, part of which was a block house in King Philip's war; the old jail in which the British prisoners were confined; the Alcott house, dating back to 1740, and the Wheeler house, built in 1708 and still in possession of the same family.

A few rods above the south bridge is the house that was the abode of Captain Joseph Hosmer. It was Mrs. Hosmer who concealed those military stores so effectually that a detachment of British soldiers could not find them. Cannon balls were heaped up in one of the rooms and kegs of powder hidden behind some flagstones under the eaves, yet the shrewd lady contrived to send the troops away empty handed, though they had been so persistent as to discover several hens on the premises. This house was erected in 1707, and is still in possession of the family.

The house next in importance and classic interest is the Old Manse. This was built by Rev. William Emerson, minister of the Unitarian church, in 1765, and here he brought his bride, the daughter of Rev. Daniel Bliss. Doubtless the lady took no little pride in the knowledge that here was the first two storied residence ever built in the town that others never having attained higher than the "lean to." And to think only a bird divided this house from the battleground and that the sacred ground at the back extends to the blessed river!

Apropos of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, he is said to be the author of an epitaph in the Old Hill burying ground of Concord that is considered a curious specimen of antithesis and is the most unique of them all. It runs thus:

Here lies the body of
A native of Africa, who died
March 22, aged about sixty years.
Though born in a land of slavery,
He was born free.
Though he lived in a land of liberty,
He died a slave.
Till he has been long enough eaten later
He enjoyed the sweets of slavery.
While he gave him his freedom,
Though not long before
Death, the great tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation
And put him on the footing of all kings.
Though a slave on earth,
He probably rises sublime
Without a blush and hold his head
Among the princes of the skies.

For generations this Old Manse was the home of ministers or the descendants of ministers, all belonging to the Emerson family. Then Nathaniel Hawthorne occupied it after his marriage to Sophia Peabody in 1842. Here he lived his reserved life, at home only in the woods and on the Assabet, of which he writes, "A more lovely stream than this for a mile above its junction with the Concord has never flowed on earth." He also writes of his "still, free life on the Assabet, indulging fantastic speculations beside our fire of fallen boughs with Ellery Channing or talking with Thoreau about pine trees and Indian relics in his boat moored at Wyeth's."

No need is there to inquire where were written those "Mosses From an Old Manse." But I will say they had their birth in the same room in which Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote "Nature" and many of his best poems. From the north window of this room the wife of Rev. William Emerson watched the fight of April 19, and on its one hundredth anniversary her granddaughter stood at the same place and pointed out to the guests the men, 39,000 strong, marching in procession to commemorate the Concord fight.

Dr. Ezra Ripley succeeded Dr. Emerson in the pastorate and married his widow. The chronicler states that he was scholarly, courtly, hospitable, manly and noble spirited, as well as a diligent theologian, nationalist, a keen reader of human nature, a tender father and a wise shepherd to his people. None better appreciated his many noble qualities than the grandson of his wife, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has written fine things of him.

The study of the Old Manse was a small, square room, with high wainscot and oaken beams and a huge fireplace where four feet sticks were said to burn. In this room thousands of sermons have been written, and here, according to Hawthorne, did the ghost appear at winter nights, always lifting the latch and entering in the form of a gust of cold wind. The scope these manifestations afforded to a ghost lover of Hawthorne's kind is not to be imagined.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's home was on the historical country road on which the British came in 1775. Here, in the large, square house shaded by chestnut and pines and adorned by a garden rioting in flowers, this "most modest and gifted writer and deepest thinker of the age" entertained almost every person of note that ever visited this country. For one, Frederika Bremer made a long stay, proving herself a delightful and lady with a most voluble tongue. Here Margaret Fuller and the others interested in the success of The Dial met for rehearsals. Thoreau was a daily visitor, ever finding encouragement from the master mind. The Alcotts were near neighbors. And here Mr. Alcott held his earliest "conversations." Even old John Brown actually found moments of rest in this retreat and the courage to air his convictions. Here also the villagers loved to come.

THE BATTLE GROUND AT CONCORD.

CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

Here the school children were annually entertained with various games and dances.

Transcendentalist, seer of Concord, we bow reverently before thy many sided genius! Highly imaginative, yet wildly wise, equally at home in the realms of the ideal and the domain of the real, then hast left imprints on the town of thy ancestors that will but become plainer, more indefeasible, with the march of the centuries!

In 1852 Nathaniel Hawthorne returned to Concord from Lenox and bought Mr. Alcott's place, The Hillside, situated on the Lexington road about a mile out of town. It consisted of 20 acres of farm and wood land and a small wooden house, whose low ceiling and heavy beams attested its antiquity. To the house Hawthorne made several additions and then gave the place a name of his own, The Wayside.

Although the place was by the wayside, Mr. Hawthorne's sage Mr. Alcott may have intended a symbolism in giving it its name, as in a letter to a friend he writes:

"Was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity."

It has been aptly said that the place is like Hawthorne, as it is unobtrusive, retiring "and provided with mysterious, sheltered retreats;" further, that though the rambling house has a plain, domestic air, with its climbing woodbine and rose, still the dark pines on the lawn and the evergreen trees on the hill introduce "a shadowy presence like that of serious thoughts or a musing mind."

Hawthorne looked out from his windows upon fertile meadows and low, wooded hills. The river of the ridge at the back of the house was called by him, Hawthorne his Mount of Vision. Here he used to pace among the tangled growth dreaming written and unwritten books, and here the irregular path worn by his constant pacing still remains in spite of the encroachments of nature.

Ah, this Mount of Vision! What tales it could tell, if it would, not only of this finest romancer of America, but also of those lots, the Alcott children, to whom it was their playground. Yes, its were the steep steps they climbed, persuading little iniquities laden with heavy packs that were cast off only when they had reached the celestial city, located on the border of a small pond on the other side of this "hill difficulty."

As for that old barn near the eastern end of the place, with its hoary 200 years, what could it not tell of those famous theatricals that we have all read about!

In this house Hawthorne wrote his "Tanglewood Tales" for children before departing for Europe. After his return he produced his volume of English sketches entitled "Our Old Home" and was engaged upon his romance "Septimus Felton" when his health obliged him to take that trip from which he was not to return (1860).

This incomplete work has since been published. Its scene is laid at The Wayside, and the period is that of the Revolution. The subject is a man's search for immortality. It seems a former occupant of The Wayside was interested in the same subject. It was reserved for Hawthorne to secure him earthly immortality, though of a different kind from that he had desired. Instead of living in the flesh always he was put in a book by an "immortal."

The Wayside passed into the hands of Hawthorne's son-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, in 1870. In 1883 he sold it to Daniel Lathrop, the Boston publisher, who uses it as his summer residence. He has not altered the grounds, but has kept them in perfect order. Every relic of Hawthorne is carefully preserved, even to the inkstand that he used in writing the "Marble Faun."

Henry D. Thoreau, hermit, poet, lecturer, philosopher and worshiper of nature, was born in Concord in 1817 and graduated from Harvard in 1837. Having no inclination toward a profession, he learned to manufacture lead pencils. When he had made one that was an improvement on those then in use, he decided never to make another, giving as reason: "Why should I? I would not do again what I have done once." And immediately he betook him to the study of nature. In order to follow this new pursuit the more effectually he built his home in ancient Walden and lived there alone for over two years. In this Walden Emerson could walk through miles of his own woods. Here was a deep, well-like pool, a mile and a half in circumference, encircled by high hills densely covered with pines and oaks. On an eminence to the north Thoreau built himself a house whose cost was about $28. It was a weatherproof room 10 by 15 feet, with garret, closet, door and window, two traddoors in the floor and a brick chimney at the end.

This was in 1845, and here he remained continuously from July until the following May, living at an expense of about $1 a month. He relied principally upon his bean crop for the sum necessary to supply his wants and devoted every spare moment to study and writing. His philosophy aimed to prove the folly of living luxuriously and for society. Rather than take the time to raise money for making his journeys he traveled on foot and eventually took in most of New England. His familiar haunts were the woods and lakes of Maine, its Mount Katahdin and other mountains. Often his guides on the rivers, the running rapids and the dangerous precipices were the Indians, who welomed him as a lover of nature and gladly taught him their simple woodcraft.

Recent was the bagpack he traveled with, long intervals could he do without food or water, thoroughly inured was he to heat and cold, and the story is told of him that his curiosity even led him to sleep in a barrel in a snowdrift in order "to ascertain the warmth of that kind of comfortor."

He published interesting accounts of his walks about Cape Cod and his voyages on the Concord and Merrimac rivers. He also wrote a book on Walden. This contains a chapter on wood counts which lovers of nature ought to know by heart.

Thoreau was shy of strangers. His favorite guests were the children, and he loved to teach them the secrets of nature. His friends were dear but, top of all, he loved his solitudes and sleep turned his back on cities after his lecturing tours, overjoyed that he was free to be with nature.

What could he not tell of the notes of insects and birds! What could he not interpret of the tones of the four footed animals? What did he not know of the scarce and curious flowers flowering in most unfrequented places! How many points did he discover in Concord woods that no one had ever observed before? One in particular was the climbing fern. Then there was the rattlesnake plantain, which he found in one of his walks, so elating him that he had Emerson be even expected to use the Victoria regia in these prolific solitudes.

Dear, simple, grand Thoreau, who was not even afraid to make a speech for old John Brown after his arrest at Harper's Ferry, in spite of the advice of his universal, as public sympathy was then entirely against his old friend! Well has Emerson compared him to the Roman emperor, that rare ruler whose simplification is noble purity, and he further wrote that Thoreau seemed living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to Virgil and Pliny. The quote from this seer of Concord. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has had.

When the Alcotts came they first lived in The Wayside, they called it The Hillside. From 1845 to 1848 they resided there and then removed to Boston. In 1857 they returned and settled in the Orchard House, which was next The Wayside. Onward we find him superintending the public schools of Concord, successfully cultivating the few acres of his home, instructing philosophers and holding his famous "conversations" upon divinity, human nature, destiny and a range of personal questions.

Also he was one of the originators of the Transcendental club. Among the leading spirits were George Ripley, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller and William H. Channing.

During this period of transcendental agitation Mr. Alcott passed through certain stages of reform, even to animal food, joined the antislavery society, was active as an abolitionist and became interested in the establishment of a community at Fruitlands, Mass. The community, Brook Farm, although under the guidance of such persons as George Ripley, Margaret Fuller and Nathaniel Hawthorne, failed, and that, which was probably the best thing that could have happened. Its failure taught Mr. Alcott a severe lesson, says the chronicler, as it should, that he "by desire to change the condition of men upon earth then is modify and ennoble their inward life."

Mr. Alcott was ever hoping that a school of the first philosophy would be established somewhere in New England and as early as 1849 begins to collect books for the library of such a school. Moreover, an English gentleman, St. James Pierrepont Greaves, a Swiss of Pestalozzi, actually transmitted to a collection of rare manuscripts, which were subsequently deposited in Concord to await the blessed time when the school of philosophy should spring into being.

And spring into being it did after these volumes had stood for years on the shelves of the Orchard House. The school was opened informally at Concord in 1879, with its fabric of philosophy and members from many different localities, the Orchard House being the place of meeting. Mr. Alcott was the dean and Mr. F. B. Sanborn the secretary.

Concord has erected a fine monument to those of her soldiers who fell in the late civil war. It records on a bronze tablet the names of all the heroes. The motto is, "Faithful Unto Death."

Close by is the old elm under which Rev. William Emerson made his famous address to the minutemen on the morning of the Concord fight, and here nearly a hundred years afterward his grandson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, delivered the dedicatory address of the monument, his most distinguished utterance being the descendants of those minutemen who had but just returned from the battlefields of the south.

The graves of Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau and the Alcotts are in Sleepy Hollow cemetery. Yes, here, together in their last sleep, lie those who have made Concord "the star in the east." Those of us who are fired with reverence and love for goodness and genius combined. These are classic ashes. Tread your solvest, but let the heart swell in joyous thanksgiving that America has such a spot of grace.

Happy are ye, ye river worshipers, in that lovely river that, as your Thoreau says, moves through your historic fields "as the Indian canoe glides out of an Indian warrior." Happier are ye in your houses breathing of the times of old, in your historic associations, in your ancient trees, in your meadows, streams and groves that have so often rung with the tones of genius, in your hills, engraved as they are with the lasting impressions of the feet of an Indian warrior." Happier are ye in your dear Sleepy Hollow, with its graves of the immortals. As Mr. F. B. Sanborn wrote of this:

These evening woods, these twilight lanes,
Between them tufted knolls
Year after year shall denser grow
To many a rustic dole;
And flowers be sweeter here than blow
Elsewhere beneath the poles.

ELIZABETH BIRKMAIER.

PAUL REVERE.

STATUE OF PAUL REVERE.

GENERAL FITZJOHN.

A Story of General Lee.

Here is a story at his own expense that Consul General Lee is fond of telling: "We had surrendered at Appomattox and I was riding slowly across the desolate country toward my home. My heart was heavy; my thoughts were sad. Rounding a curve in the road, I saw an old man plowing close to the fence. As I approached him he eagerly inquired of the news at the front. 'It is bad, very bad,' I replied. 'General Lee has surrendered.' 'What is that you're sayin?' almost screamed the old fellow. 'General Lee has surrendered, and all is over.' For fully a minute he regarded me and then said, with great contempt: 'That's all you know about it. Great little upstart of a no 'count Fitz Lee must have surrendered, but Uncle Robert? No, sirree, never! Gee up, Bess.'"

A single stone 115 feet long, 10 feet square at one end and 4 feet square at the other has been successfully cut from the sandstone quarries at Houghton Point, Wis. It is supposed to be the largest monolith ever quarried.

SOME BIG SALARIES.

Henry H. Hyde, president of the Equitable Life Insurance company, gets $50,000 a year.

Manley M. Gillam was paid $12,000 a year for writing the advertisements for John Wanamaker. He is probably the best coast advertising writer in the world.

John E. Parsons gets $25,000 a year as attorney of the Sugar trust. For organizing the trust he was paid a fee of $250,000, the largest single fee ever paid as attorney.

Thomas L. James, ex-postmaster general, gets $20,000 a year as president of a national bank in New York city. So does H. C. Fahnestock. Within a year after he had established his bank in New York Mr. Fahnestock amazed the financial world by declaring two semi-annual dividends of 25 per cent each.

John A. McCall's salary as president of the New York Life Insurance company is $25,000 a year.

Chauncey M. Depew gets $25,000 a year as head of the Vanderbilt railway lines and $20,000 a year as head of their law departments.

J. J. Storrow, a Boston lawyer who has made a specialty of electricity and electrical appliances and patents, makes $100,000 a year out of his knowledge.

Joseph Choate, the New York lawyer, gets $25,000 a year as a retainer from the Whisky trust. His annual income is said to be not less than $250,000, mostly received from great business combinations.

Dr. John Hall, pastor of the richest congregation in New York city, has a salary of $20,000 a year, which is increased to $30,000 by his fees for christenings, weddings, etc.

J. M. Toncey, who is general manager of the Vanderbilt systems, gets $25,000 a year.

C. M. Schwab, president of the Carnegie Iron and Steel company, gets $25,000 a year.