• the transformation of writers into celebrities and objects of veneration

• the heyday of the urban showcase mansion -- and recourse of the country hideaway

• 19th century popular books about literary ‘haunts’ and shrines – and the impact of higher-tech illustration.

• The accelerating erosion of privacy -- and the performance of public-private life
JUNE 8 THROUGH SEPTEMBER 22
RENOIR: THE BODY, THE SENSES
THE CLARK
Homes of American Authors;

Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches,

by Various Writers.

Illustrated with Portraiture and Engravings from Original Drawings, and a Map-Work of the Monument of each Author.

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THE village of Concord, Massachusetts, lies an hour's ride
from Boston, upon the great Northern Railway. It is
one of those quiet New England towns, whose few white
houses, grouped upon the plain, make but a slight impres-
sion upon the mind of the busy traveller, hurrying to or
from the city. As the conductor shouts "Concord!" the
busy traveller has scarcely time to recall "Concord, Lexing-
ton and Bunker Hill," before the town has vanished and he
is darting through woods and fields as solitary as those he
that by electromagnetic vegetation may be so accelerated, that you
fallow shall be grown whilst your
foot is searching for mines. It is
a symbol of our modern life, the con-
densation of acceleration of objects.
But nothing is gained, nature cannot
be cheated. Man's life is but seventy
tears long, from they part or soon
they flow.

Emerson from "Nature of Nature."
"Blest was the day that said, 'Go, sin no more. God..."
PREFACE

For some years it has been the delightful privilege of the writer of the present volume to ramble and adjourn in the scenes amid which his best-beloved authors erst lived and wrote. He has made repeated pilgrimages to most of the shrines herein described, and has been, at one time or another, favored by intercourse and correspondence with many of the authors adverted to or with their surviving friends and neighbors. In the ensuing pages he has endeavored to portray these shrines in pen-pictures which, it is hoped, may be interesting to those who are unable to visit them and helpful and companionable for those who can and will. If certain prominent American authors receive little more than mention in these pages, it is mainly because so few objects and places associated with their lives and writings can now be indisputably identified; in some instances the writer has expended more time upon fruitless quests for shrines which proved to be non-existent or of doubtful genuineness than upon others which are themes for the chapters of this booklet.

T. F. W.
LITERARY PILGRIMAGES
IN
NEW ENGLAND

ON THE HOMES OF FAMOUS MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE AND AMONG THEIR RELATIVES AND THE SCHOOLS OF THEIR WRITINGS

BY

EDWIN M. BACON

AUTHOR OF "HOMES OF FAMOUS MAKERS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE" ETC.

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foliage was green instead of golden. "I well remember," Bryant wrote half a century after, "as I passed through Stockbridge, how much I was struck by the beauty of the smooth green meadows on the borders of the lovely river which winds near the Sedgwick mansion, the Hoosatanie, and whose gently flowing waters seemed tinged with the gold and crimson of the trees which overhung them. I admired no less the contrast between this soft scene, and the steep craggy hills that overlooked it, clothed with their many colored forests." The meadows, the winding river, the overhanging trees, the forested hills above, were all here, while added charms were the bowery streets and pleasant mansions, round about the town center.

Our drive ended at the Red Lion Inn, which was to be our home for this night. After refreshing ourselves with a late dinner we strolled out into the soft night air, and enjoyed an evening view of the embowered town.

The next morning we again made an early start, since for this day we had also arranged an extensive schedule.

Of the village landmarks, mainly of interest to us were "Edwards Hall," the Stockbridge home of Jonathan Edwards, and the Sedgwick mansion. Edwards Hall, we learned, was originally the home of John Sergeant, the predecessor of Edwards as missionary to the Indians, having been built for him in 1737, when Stockbridge was a sparsely settled frontier.
Dolliver Romance" and "Septimus Felton" were about The Wayside and Alcott's Orchard House. He was told that a tradition respecting The Wayside which Thoreau had related to Hawthorne when he first came to live here in 1852,—that it had been inhabited a generation or two before by a man who believed he should never die,—revived the idea of a deathless man which had long been in the romancer's mind; and it was this legendary person whom he embodied in Septimus Felton. It was at the foot of one of the large pines on the hilltop behind the house, which was Hawthorne's outdoor study when he was thinking out the tragedy, that Septimus Felton in the romance buried the young English officer.

We now mounted the hill to the "outdoor study." Hawthorne used to ascend it by various climbing paths under the larches and pines and scraggy apple-trees, and his tall form pacing up and down the long height could be seen through the trees from the house lawn. "His daughter Rose, who became the wife of the late George Parsons Lathrop (editor of the
equipped study,—all seemed to the uninitiated to invite to literary labor under the most delightful conditions. But Clemens found it distracting, and when he had work in hand he went up to the billiard room at the top of the house and took his seat at a table so placed that he "could see nothing but the wall and a few shelves of working books before him." At other times, when particularly absorbed by a piece of work, he abandoned the house altogether, and locked himself into a little room in an office building down town. He has been quoted as saying that when he has once begun an extended work it is necessary to keep steadily at it from day to day without changing his surroundings.

"Mark Twain" (born Samuel Langhorne Clemens, in Florida, Mo., 1835 —), I remarked, "came to Hartford to live in 1861, after the publication of his Innocents Abroad," and here were written some of his famous books. You know the origin of his nom de plume, — that it was reminiscent of his
ENGLISH LITERATURE
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