A village, itself, reminds one of that common virtue
and root of all the Concord divinities. As one walks
along the street, passing the white house of Emerson—
a former prophetic beauty—he comes presently be-
low a consciousness that its past is living, that the
id Muses and the histories of Walden are not far
be home of the “Marches”—all pervaded with the
ness of the family and telling, in a simple way, the
knowing of not having.” Within the house, on every
ness of what imagination can do for the better amuse-
ting children who have to do for themselves—much
these days of automatic, ready-made, easy inter-
stead of stimulating the creative faculty.
A little old spinet-piano Sophia Thoreau gave to the
which Beth played the old Scotch airs, and played
nonplace beauty about “Orchard House”—a kind of
underlying its quaint picturesqueness—a kind of
the New England homestead, whose overtones tell
have been something aesthetic blended in the Puritan
sacrificing part of the ideal—a value that seems to
ing, stronger sense of being nearer some perfect
cathedral or an Etruscan villa. All around you,
sky, there still floats the influence of that hum-
scendental and sentimental enough for the enthusiast
actively, reflecting an innate hope—a common
ings and common men—a tune the Concord bards
while they pour away at the immensities with a
limity, and with, may we say, a vehemence and
that part of greatness is not so difficult to emulate.
empt to follow the philosophic raptures of Bronson
will assume that his apotheosis will show how
ion in this world would be in the next. And so
comile the music sketch of the Alcotts with much
of that home under the elms—the Scotch songs
s that were sung at the end of each day—though
empt to catch something of the“A common sen-
have tried to suggest above)—a strength of hope
ray to despair—a conviction in the power of the
when all is said and done, may be as typical as
and its transcendentalists.