

PART OF THE STAIRCASE, SHOWING FIGURES OF AMERICA AND AFRICA.

From a photograph by Cullen, Washington.

As soon as we can grasp details, we find ourselves admiring Mr. Adams' "Minervas of Peace and War," which spring out from white and gold brackets in the vestibule. The Greek altars between them bear electric clusters, which when lit make the vestibule, with its shining walls and glittering floors of many colored marbles, a sight to be remembered. The commemorative arch in the entrance hall is decorated with figures by Olin Warner. On a tablet above it, forming part of the balcony, runs an inscription commemorative of the building of the library. It is interesting to know that nearly all the work was done by Americans, and so carefully was the force selected, so conscientiously were the funds expended, that a surplus of about \$140,000 remained.

Most of the work in the Staircase Hall is by Philip Martiny. Miniature represent-

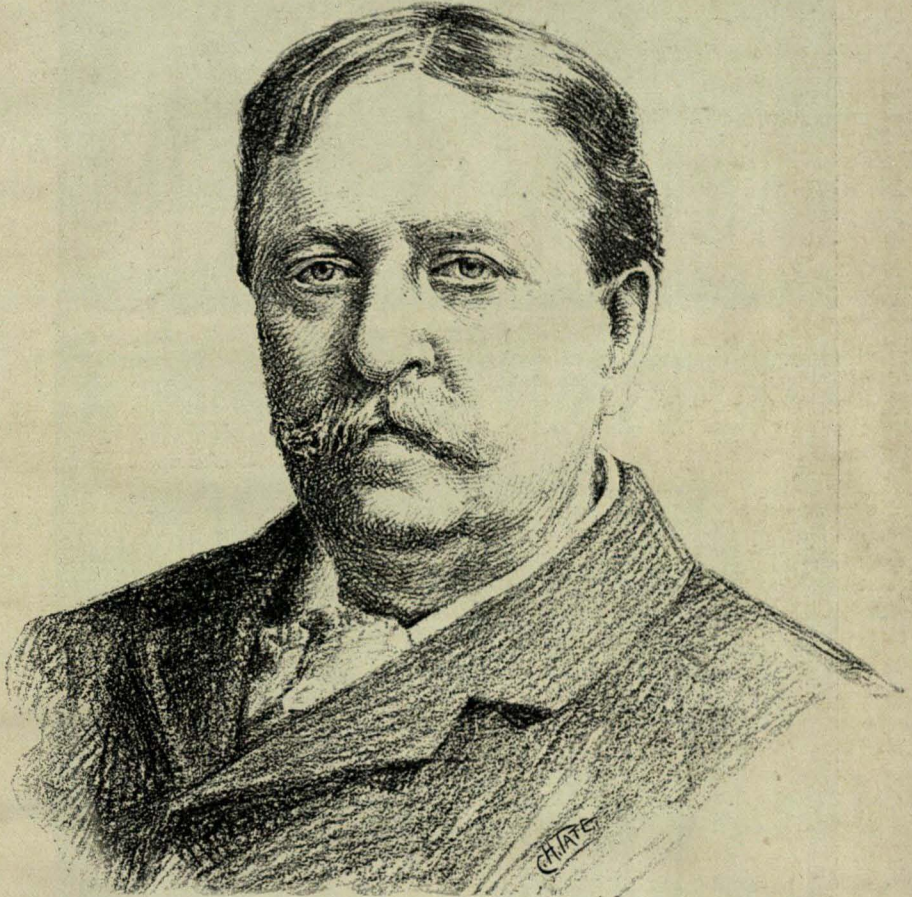
atives of America, Europe, Asia, and Africa are chiseled on the pedestals half way up the stairs, and a continuous string of busy cherubs winds up to the top of the landing, where three children, symbolic of the "Fine Arts," pose at either side. Upon the newel post of each staircase stands a bronze woman, holding aloft a torch, set with electric clusters. The tablets in this apartment are in memory of the world's most celebrated authors.

The corridors—north, south, and east—are paneled in Italian marble; the floors are of blue, white, and brown marbles; the ceilings of marble mosaic, into which are introduced the great names of literature, and trophies emblematic of the arts and sciences. The names immortalized on the tablets of the library are a study in themselves.

In the tympanums of the corridors are

three fine series of mural paintings by three American artists—Messrs. Alexander, Walker, and Charles Sprague Pearce. We pass by these to the librarian's room—a dainty sanctum, toned in greens and blues and fitted in oak. The ceiling disk represents "Letters," a wo-

Young was first suggested by him. The veteran librarian felt that advancing years unfitted him to cope with the increasing labor and responsibilities of his position, and his nomination as Mr. Young's assistant was practically the grant of a well earned pension.



JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

Drawn by C. H. Tate from a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

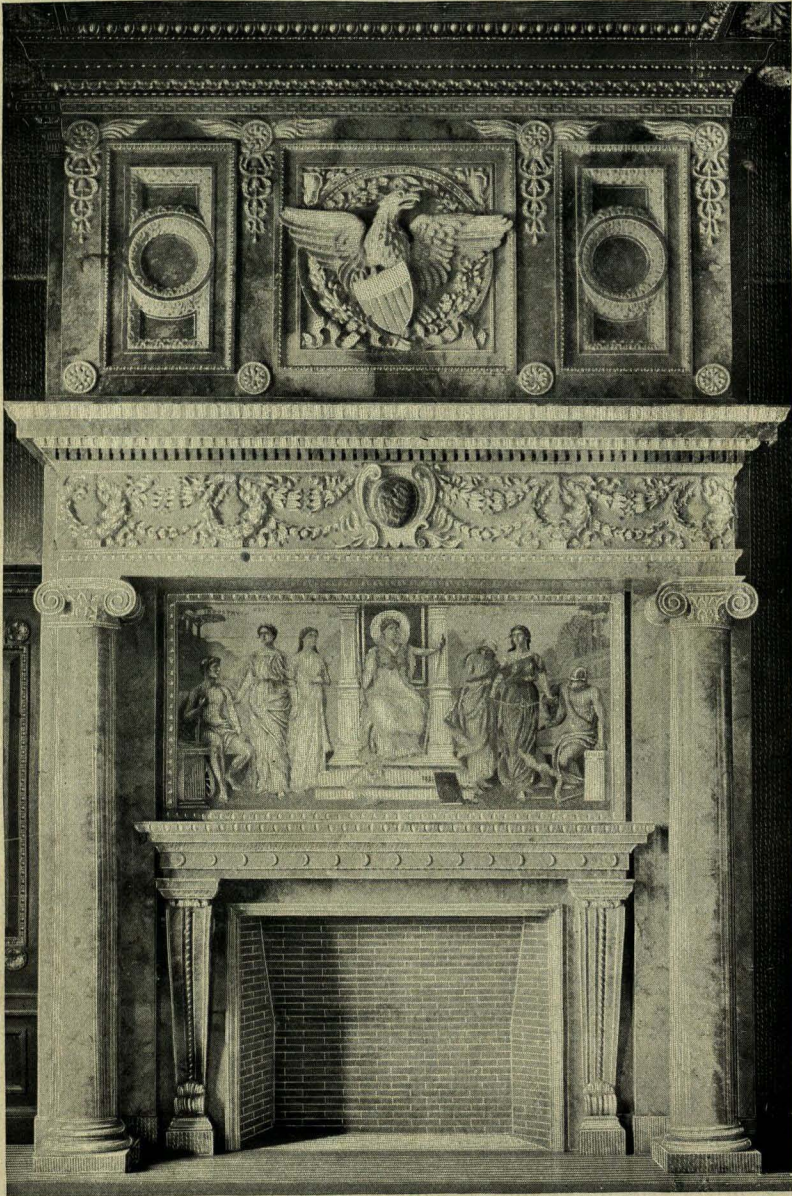
man, scroll in hand, accompanied by a childish torch bearer. On the streamer is the phrase, "*Litera scripta manet.*"

It was a source of surprise to the many to whom Ainsworth R. Spofford had endeared himself in his thirty three years' service as librarian of congress, that as soon as the new building was completed he should be superseded. It is known, however, that the arrangement was entirely satisfactory to Mr. Spofford, and that the appointment of John Russell

Though the present librarian is best known for his part in public life, having served as minister to China and held other important posts, he has had a long and thorough journalistic and literary training. During his travels as a diplomat, as a newspaper correspondent, and as the companion of Grant's tour of the world, Mr. Young has become acquainted with the methods employed in the great foreign libraries, and he does not find his new duties unfamiliar ones.

One of the library's reading rooms is set apart for members of the House of Representatives. The decorations of this

green silk above a dark oaken dado. The ceiling is massive with beams and bright with paintings and gold ornamentations.



"LAW"—A MANTEL IN THE HOUSE READING ROOM.

From a photograph by Cullen, Washington.

apartment are exceedingly rich. Its floors are of oak, dark almost to blackness; there are elaborate oak carvings over the doors, and the walls are hung in

The magnificent Sienna marble mantels are adorned with richly colored mosaics, representing "Law" and "History," which were designed by Frederick Diel-

man, and executed in Venice. The seven ceiling panels, by Carl Guthertz, symbolize the "Spectrum of Light." Each color is represented by a figure emblematical of some grand work, human or divine. Imagine, if you can, the rays of the rainbow caught and typified by a septet of beautiful beings, bathed in strange and vivid lights, and you have a dim idea of the artist's conception.

The Senate Reading Room is less elaborately decorated, but it has a solid beauty more lasting in pleasure to the weary eye. Above its oak dado, inlaid with marble arabesques, rise walls of figured red silk. The southwest corner is filled by a Sienna mantel, with sculptured design of the American shield, upheld by flying cherubs and the eagle with his arrows.

The north corridor is given to what is perhaps the most striking series of paintings in the library—"The Muses," by Edward Simmons. The keynotes of color in these are exceedingly strong.

The plan of the building, a cross within a rectangle, allows of four interior courts for light, air, and floral decoration. At the intersection of the arms of the cross is the great rotunda, the west arm forming its entrance, while the remaining arms are shut off by immense book stacks, leaving the rotunda clear for a reading room. A great mahogany distributing desk occupies the center of the floor, surrounded by three circles of desks for readers. The book carrying apparatus on either side connects the reading room with the stacks, and makes it possible to fill orders with remarkable promptitude. Pneumatic messenger tubes connect the library with the Capitol, and a Congressman can receive a book at his desk within ten minutes after his call is made.

Eight marble piers project into the rotunda, staking out the precincts of the reading room. Between them rise two story marble screens, which in turn connect with the outer walls by partitions, forming eight alcoves. The piers are capped by figures of ivory plaster, symbolical of "Religion," "Commerce," "History," "Art," "Philosophy," "Poetry," "Law," and "Science." Below these, on the pedestals of the screen, are bronze statues of men famed as leaders in these

eight fields, the eight pairs being Moses and St. Paul, Columbus and Fulton, Herodotus and Gibbon, Michelangelo and Beethoven, Plato and Bacon, Homer and Shakspeare, Solon and James Kent, Newton and Joseph Henry.

Deserving of special mention is the statue of Columbus, by Paul Bartlett. It was modeled in Mr. Bartlett's Paris studio, and then shipped to this country to be cast—the first, it is said, ever sent to an American foundry from abroad.

The grand dome is ornamented with Mr. Blashfield's fine paintings, "The Evolution of Civilization." Against the mosaic wall are seated twelve figures. They typify the countries or epochs that have made the history of civilization, in the following order: Egypt, "Written Records"; Judea, "Religion"; Greece, "Philosophy"; Rome, "Administration"; Islam, "Physics"; the Middle Ages, "Modern Languages"; Italy, "The Fine Arts"; Germany, "Printing"; Spain, "Discovery"; England, "Literature"; France, "Emancipation"; and America, "Science."

The ceiling is occupied by a female figure representing "Human Understanding." Two cherubs attend her, one holding a book, the other intently watching the symbolic figures below. Above flares the lantern, into which one may ascend and pass out to the small gallery, commanding a wide view of the "Rome of America," as Thomas Moore christened Washington in sarcastic prophecy.

The galleries and pavilions of the second floor are intended for works of art, rare books and manuscripts, maps, etchings, photographs, in fact, for exhibitions. All are so admirably decorated that it is hard to name the favorite; but out of the many we pick for special mention the Pavilion of the Discoverers, the Pavilion of the Elements, the Pavilion of the Seals, and the Pavilion of the Arts and Sciences. The last of these has a remarkable ceiling, painted by William L. Dodge, and representing "The Struggle for the Ideal."

The best description gives only a shadowy idea of the actual grandeur of our National Library. This most beautiful structure in America must be seen to be appreciated.

Columbia Given Huge Library, Cincinnati Alumni Are Told

A new library building with an ultimate capacity of 4,000,000 books is to be built immediately at Columbia University, New York, with several million dollars provided by Edward S. Harkness, wealthy New Yorker.

Announcement of this undertaking was made last night before Cincinnati alumni of Columbia at a meeting of the Columbia Club at the University Club, coincident with an address by Carl W. Ackerman, dean elect of Columbia's School of Journalism, who will assume his new duties tomorrow.

The Columbia alumni were particularly impressed by the plans for the new library, since it will be one of the finest equipped buildings of its type in the country. It will be located opposite the present library and is to be ready for occupancy early in 1933. It will be 260 feet wide, 170 feet deep and 85 feet high. The main reading room will accommodate 360 persons, with a series of smaller reading rooms on the upper floors for use by special groups of the students.

Announcement of plans for the library were made by Province Pogue, President of the club, preceding the address of the new dean. Mr. Ackerman, in turn, said the gift was made possible by the high ideals maintained at Columbus by President Nicholas Murray Butler, the "outstanding university President in this country and abroad today."

While the actual extent of the endowment was not announced, Mr. Ackerman said it was double what had been anticipated, thus making it possible for Columbia to build a library that would excel any other.

Mr. Ackerman's address was on the subject "The Profession of Journalism" and he explained some of the ideals of journalism in general. Declaring that the former prejudice against journalistically trained students had disappeared in late years he pointed out that 48 Columbia graduates now are on the New York Times, 40 of them being School of Journalism graduates. Many other graduates also have made good in fields allied with actual newspaper work, he said.

The steadiness of the American people in the present period of disillusionment was attributed by Mr. Ackerman to the fact that the newspapers of the country are keeping the nation on an even keel.

"National interest in journalism is

one of the wholesome aspects of the present period of economic readjustment," he declared. "Even though property and property values everywhere are being destroyed or revalued, prodigious efforts are being made to preserve future values and human resources.

"In this crisis, to a greater degree than ever before, journalism is 'the diary of mankind,' to use Sir Henry Irving's definition. Here every conceivable form of public and private information seeks reader recognition and every aspiration of the human race finds expression. Here in the daily, weekly, monthly and quarterly publications is recorded the changing psychology of the nation.

"Journalism today is performing a public service which can be measured only in its relationship to the general forward movement of the country as a whole. This service is in measure obscured by the fact that the printed page is such a normal part of life's routine.

"Journalism serves the most critical clientele of any business or profession and its success and progress depend upon its receptivity to new ideas and its adaptability to changing conditions. The tendency in modern life is to bring everything out into the open.

"Journalism is not static, and as far as publicity and propaganda are concerned, the public has little to fear so long as the final exercise of authority and judgment rests with the press.

"In the field of journalism today there is greater individual latitude and greater opportunities for constructive effort than existed either in Joseph Pulitzer's time or during the heyday of the machine age.

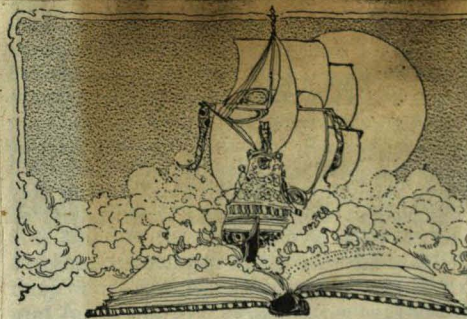
"Enthusiasm and confidence are priceless assets from the press. Do not worry about its future."

Mr. Pogue was reelected President of the club, permanently. John C. Walters was elected Vice President; Rabbi V. E. Veichert, Secretary, and Miss Aria P. Schawe, Assistant Secretary.

D. W. Bowman was added to the Executive Committee and with Leo Forst and Miss Isabel Neff will draft a constitution for the club.

During the day a number of newspaper representatives met Mr. Ackerman at the Hotel Gibson. A news editor of the Commercial Tribune in 1912, a war correspondent for the New York Times and the author of a half dozen books, he has had an extensive experience to prepare him for his new duties at Columbia University.

MAY 19, 1931



Cruising BY ELINOR LENNEN

*Voyage as often, as far as you will,
Pages of books for your ship's spreading
sails.*

*You shall find treasure, whatever the port;
Here is adventure whose quest never fails.*

The Romance of Hand-Illuminated Books

BY WILLIAM H. LEACH

OUR public library has a little piece of parchment of the fourteenth century, securely tucked away under glass. There are black letters in Latin, and large capital letters in red and gold. There are interesting little designs worked in red, black, and gold, over the entire page. Many persons are attracted by its reputed value, but that is not its only reason for compelling interest. There is in that little piece of hand-illuminated manuscript the romance of an age gone by. Books made by hand date back to the early part of the sixth century, and many specimens of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries survive to-day.

For a thousand years before the introduction of printing presses, monks and holy men were laboring patiently at making sacred books by hand. Indeed, the making of books was the principal task in many monasteries.

THE room in which the work was done was called a *scriptorium*. Here many desks were placed. In some instances the monastery was so arranged that the scribes could have individual cells. Then they worked alone, and that section of the institution might be known as the scriptorium. The scriptorium was a consecrated room. Usually a prayer of consecration was used to dedicate it for its work.

A prayer for this purpose which comes down from an early time is: Vouchsafe, O Lord, to bless this workroom of thy servants, that all which they write therein may be comprehended by their intelligence, and realized by their work.

This surely would not be an unsuitable prayer for any room where people gather for the work of the Master.

The task of the copyist was also a sacred one. Of this duty one writer of the period said: "He may fill his mind with the Scriptures while copying the sayings of the Lord; with his fingers he gives life to men and arms against the wiles of the Devil; as the antiquary copies the word of Christ, so many wounds does he inflict upon Satan."

Usually the monk took his task in this same spirit. There were some, however, upon whom the task laid heavy burdens and they groaned under them. In an old manuscript in the Monastery of St. Aignan, the copyist added these words of his own: "Look out for your fingers. Do not put them on my writing. You do not know what it is to write. It cramps your back, it obscures your eyes, it breaks your side and stomach." Another wrote: "It is finished. Let it be finished, and let the writer go for a drink." And another: "Completed on the vigil of the nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, on an empty stomach."

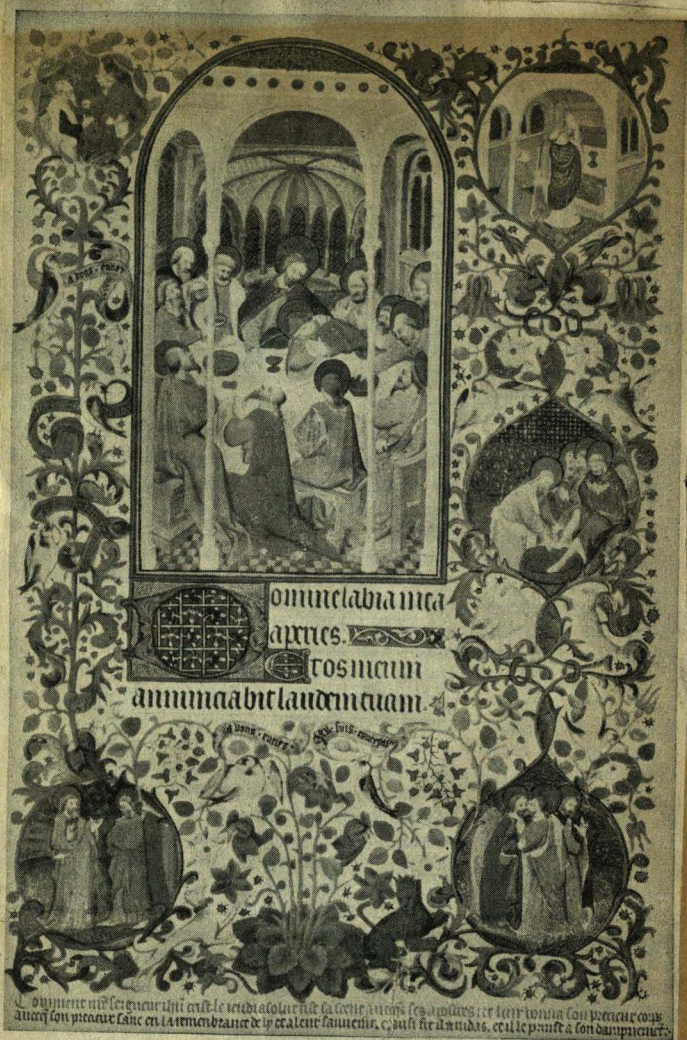
But copying was a serious task. Men in dim rooms worked over manuscripts day after day. Some grew blind in the task. Others died before their work was completed. It is a matter of frequent comment among students of manuscripts that often the first writer died and a second took up his work. The first hand grew shaky and feeble. Then a strong, bold hand followed. The evidence seems conclusive. Some of the monks were prodigious workers. It was said of one Jacob of Breslau that he had made so many books that "six horses could with difficulty bear the burden of them."

Three persons were concerned in the process of book-making. First came the scribe, who must make the letters. Then followed the painter, who gave it the decorations. Then came the binder with his deerskin.

Probably the greatest interest centered around the work of the painter. There was mystery involved in his formulas. Most illuminated manuscripts carried gold, and the method of applying the gold leaf was a trade secret. Different methods were used in different monasteries and the secret of the glue used was kept inviolate.

The large amount of gold used in these old books is a good indication of the wealth of the religious institutions of that day. This gold was usually applied in leaf form, glued to the page. The painter must be careful not to tear the gold leaf. Then when the gold was glued it must be carefully cured to keep it from buckling. Damp rooms were not favorable. And in some instances the parchment was taken to the kitchen for gluing. Many modern workers have tried to find a formula for making gold leaf adhere to parchment. They have

followed carefully some of the formulas given in the Middle Ages, but without success. This leads many to believe that the workers on parchments never revealed the true formulas.



The Last Supper, from a fifteenth-century French manuscript

While gold leaf was usually used, there were some workers, including one Theophilus, who used finely ground gold.

"Pencils of fishes' hair," were recommended by makers for applying this mixture. This probably referred to the hair of some water animal such as seals.

One thing of interest to folks of to-day is that the word "miniature," had its origin in this process of illumination. At first the decorations were confined to capital letters but to give greater interest small pictures were added. The red pigment used in making these pictures was known as *minium*. The artist who made the pictures came to be known as a *miniator*.

While the early manuscripts confined themselves to black, red, and gold, within a few centuries various colors were used. I have seen one which has seven distinct colors in the border alone. Blue skies spotted with gold stars are quite common in many scenes. The artists became quite clever, and personal portraits appear in many of

the pages. The Holy family, the apostles and many of the latter saints, and even contemporaries of the copyists have a place in the illuminations. These have made the books historically valuable. The illustration shows how effective these are pictorially.

Symbolism appears in the many designs. The people of the period might not know St. Peter by his facial appearance but they would identify him by the key he carried in his hand. This system of symbolism is expressed to-day in ecclesiastical designs and also in ecclesiastical colors.

Sheepskin was used for the parchment pages. But the books were bound in deer-skin. The monks were here enabled to combine pleasure with work and were given special concessions to hunt deer, to secure good skins. The skins were stretched over board and ornamented with heavy gold and metal fitting. Hand illumination then gave the finishing touch.

LIBRARY

To Appoint Delegates

To Attend Jubilee Meeting of National Body.

Chalmers Hadley Heads Group of Librarians For Discussion of New Type of Building.

The Cincinnati Public Library and other American libraries are working to make a success of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the American Library Association this year. This association was founded during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1856, and the anniversary will be held in that city this year.

The Cincinnati Public Library will participate in several of the exhibits which will be shown. Miss Pauline J. Fihe, of the adult education department, has been requested to send photographs of the group study class with which her department co-operated at the Y. W. C. A. The library also is showing photographs of its work over Hamilton County.

Mr. Hadley, the librarian, is at the head of a group of librarians who will discuss library building problems at the present time as compared to 50 years ago, and will make a forecast as to library buildings of the future. He also has been asked to serve as Chairman of a committee to revise the Code of Ethics for Library Workers.

Large Attendance Forecast.

Invitations to the anniversary of the American Library Association have been sent virtually every country in the world, and many foreign delegates have signified their desire to have a part in this occasion.

"The observance," Mr. Hadley said yesterday, "is bringing to the minds of library workers the fact that there are still 51,000,000 people in the United States and Canada who do not have access to public libraries—a fact recently brought to light by an investigation of library extension

by the American Library Association. The fact indicates that the last 50 years of library progress still leaves much to be done in the way of library development, and future plans, accordingly, will be an even more important topic than past accomplishment at the American Library Association jubilee conference."

"Just how easily one may draw books from a free public library, whether one lives in a congested city or on an isolated ranch, will be demonstrated graphically in a series of exhibits which the American Library Association is arranging for the Sesquicentennial International Exposition at Philadelphia," says Miss Avey, field representative of the Cincinnati Public Library. The exhibit is a part of the association's fiftieth anniversary observance.

"Two electrically operated maps, 50 or 60 feet long, will be displayed at the library exhibit," she explained. "One will illustrate book distribution from a county library to branches and stations in villages, country schools, general stores and other rural centers. The other map will show the operation of a complete city library system. A model book truck will illustrate methods of getting books into the hands of people everywhere in the community."

Work To Be Illustrated.

"The close relation between public libraries and public schools will be shown. Several states which have passed laws compelling the installation of libraries in high schools may be used as illustration, e. g., Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin. Methods of book selection will also be exhibited, likewise book service in hospitals, reformatories, prisons and other institutions. There will be a hospital book truck with a hospital librarian in charge. An equipped and furnished children's library with 300 of the best books for children will be of interest to the mothers and fathers of the land.

"Technical and reference libraries maintained by business houses, insurance companies, engineering firms and banks will comprise an exhibit under the auspices of the Special Libraries Association, which is affiliated with the American Library Association.

"Several members of the staff of the Cincinnati Public Library hope to attend this library display and anniversary."

MAY 30, 1926

CONCORD BOOKS.

"Books are the monuments of lives."

TO students of books and to lovers of nature, Concord is especially attractive. To the first class it is hallowed ground, the theatre of grand literary achievement, the past and present residence of famous men. Its hills, woods, and river, even its trees and road-sides, are sacred, beloved of genius. No spot in the township, however uncultured, can be ignored. In this dry swamp, it may be, Emerson saw the Rhodora; on that bend of the river, perhaps, Thoreau watched the withered leaves floating down to the Merrimac, or, at this corner of the prosaic Main Street, noted the elms spreading their "yellow parasols" over the houses.

But the lovers of nature would assert the natural beauty of the town independently of its fame. It is true that there is a certain peculiar charm about Concord. Perhaps this consists in the fact that nature's rights are generally and gracefully conceded there.

The place has not the roughness of a new town, in which nature is allowed license, nor the artificiality and primness of a more pretentious one, in which nature is tortured and repressed. Nowhere are our old *bourgeois* friends, dandelions and hardhack, golden-rod and white-weed, more respected and respectable than here. In the most aristocratic portions of the village as well as in its by-ways they plant flourishing colonies along sidewalks and beside fences. The town is the El Dorado of common things—an El Dorado from which stone walls and blackberry vines, button-woods and broom-poplars, are not yet banished.

On the walls of his observatory Hawthorne painted a line from Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters*,

"There is no joy but Calm."

Those who disagree with Tennyson and with Hawthorne will probably turn in some im-



MAGAZINE... THE ARABIC 'MAKHZAN GAZANA' WAS A PLACE WHERE ARTICLES WERE STORED. WE ADAPTED THE EXPRESSION TO OUR WORD MAGAZINE, AND STORED SOME OF OUR LITERATURE THEREIN.



patience from the quiet exterior of Concord, which, until recently, has known few changes in the last century, and seek satisfaction in the thought of its mental activity. The atmosphere of the place is not bracing nor energetic. There is no business, no enterprise. The work is done mostly with brains, not hands. One must either constantly resist the prevailing dreaminess and inertia, or succumb to it, and, gradually becoming transcendental, begin to count riches not by dollars, but by ideas.

Concord is rich in books; indeed, within the last two years it has been made a millionaire among towns by the gift of a library building and by large and valuable additions to its former stock of literature. Neither its immediate nor its remote past disgraces its present. Mr. Hoar, in his remarks on the occasion of the dedication of the new library, spoke of certain "Instructions" given to the selectmen of the town in 1672. The third article of these "Instructions" is as follows:

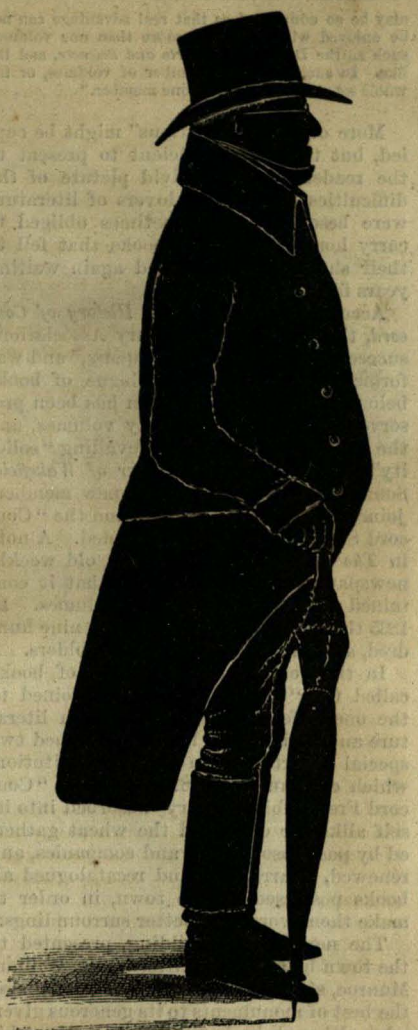
"That care be taken of the Books of Marters and other bookes that belong to the Towne, that they be kept from abusive usage, and not be lent to persons more than one month at one time."

If the "other bookes" at all resembled the "Books of Marters," surely we of the present day can only wonder at the "dim beginnings" of our public library, and meditate with proper awe upon the literature that our forefathers enjoyed two hundred years ago.

The constitution of the Concord Library—drawn up in 1784 by the Rev. Ezra Ripley, one of the "ancient aristocracy of New England clergymen"—is a most curious manuscript. In fact, it is a manuscript likeness of its good author, whose virtues and whose oddities are so well remembered by the towns-people. The quaint cramped handwriting, the lengthy and careful provisos, the particularity with which all conditions are reiterated, remind one irresistibly of the personal peculiarities shown in the accompanying silhouette. The silhouette betrays that the doctor was old-fashioned—so does the handwriting; the expression shows that the doctor was conscientious and cautious—so do the provisos; the prominence and set of the under-lip establish the fact that the doctor was very firm and rather rigorous—so do the conditions.

According to his rules, the library was never to be kept more than half a mile from the meeting-house, which was the centre of civilization in those days. The library year was divided into quarters, and books were drawn on the first Wednesday of every month, with quarterly preliminaries designed to prevent preference being given to one member above another. Here are some extracts:

"The name of each member, being wrote on separate tickets, shall be put into a box prepared therefor,



Ezra Ripley

and as many numbers as there are members in the Company, beginning with No. One and proceeding on to Two, Three, and so on in that order, being wrote on separate tickets, shall be put in another box, prepared as aforesaid. And the Librarian, with the assistance of the Secretary and Committee, shall, once in every three months, previous to the time affixed for taking out books, draw the tickets for establishing the order in which each member shall take out books for the ensuing quarter. And he whose name shall be drawn against No. One, shall have the exclusive right to choose what books he chooses to take out for the three following months....

"And when any member shall have begun to take out any set of volumes of the same book, he shall have the right to proceed through the whole set, in order, any rule herein contained notwithstanding. And no member shall take out more than one volume at one time, except in such cases where any set of volumes

may be so connected as that real advantage can not be enjoyed without seeing more than one volume; such as the *Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, and the like. In such case, any number of volumes, or the whole set, may be taken by one member."

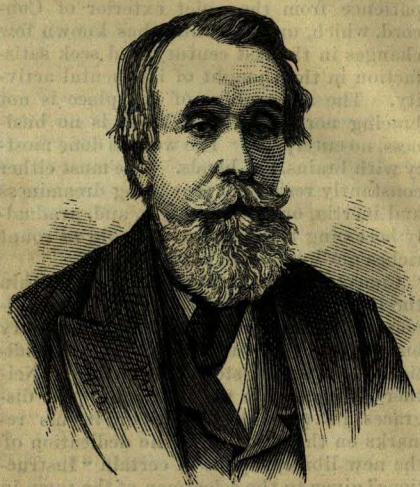
More of the "regulations" might be copied, but these are sufficient to present to the reader's mind a vivid picture of the difficulties with which lovers of literature were beset in 1784, sometimes obliged to carry home the sets of books that fell to their share in wagons, and again waiting years for a desired volume.

According to Shattuck's *History of Concord*, the "Charitable Library Association" succeeded the "Library Company," and was formed in 1795. The catalogue of books belonging to this association has been preserved. It contains seventy volumes, and the only exception to the prevailing "solidity" of the list is *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Some years later—in 1821—new members joined the elder proprietors, and the "Concord Social Library" was founded. A note in *The Yeoman and Gazette*, an old weekly newspaper of Concord, states that it contained in 1828 six hundred volumes. In 1835 the number had increased to nine hundred, and there were fifty share-holders.

In the year 1851 a collection of books called the "Town Library" was joined to the one before mentioned. Parish literature and agricultural literature formed two special departments in the new institution, which continued till 1873, when the "Concord Free Public Library" absorbed into itself alike the chaff and the wheat gathered by past associations and companies, and renewed, re-arranged, and recatalogued all books possessed by the town, in order to make them worthy of better surroundings.

The new library building, presented to the town by one of its citizens, Mr. William Munroe, stands in the centre of the village, the best of monuments to its generous giver, who, although he has added no work of his own to Concord's list of literary achievement, has rendered much of such achievement possible to others, and has laid the foundation for a broader general education. The building is remarkable for originality of design and elaboration of detail; it is, indeed, so odd that at first it did not receive much favor. It has often—perhaps on account of its many angles and colors—been profanely likened to a German toy; and Mrs. Moulton, in a letter to the *Tribune*, observes that "the literature of Concord is, no doubt, its religion; therefore, very appropriately, the library is built like a church."

However, let the criticisms be what they may, in these days of everlasting similarity of architecture, change, oddity of effect, are positive virtues in building. This library, being unique and fanciful enough to content the most fastidious, is a real rest to



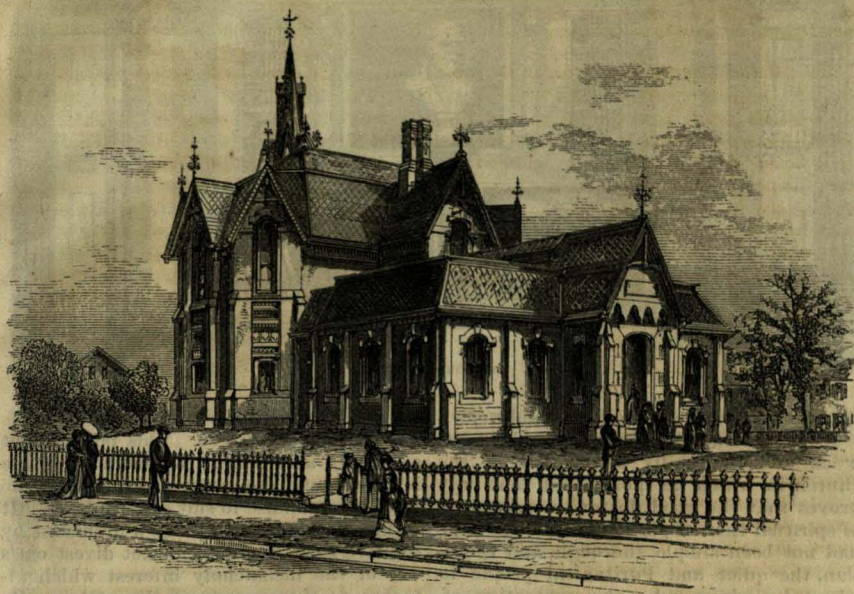
WILLIAM MUNROE.

eyes wearied with the sameness of French roofs and square outlines. It is like a line of poetry quoted in a page of prose.

The character of the town rendered Mr. Munroe's gift most appropriate. It would be hard to find a place wherein so large a class would be so much interested in a library and so well able to contribute to it; and the contributions are not only the printed works of individuals, but literary relics and curiosities of the highest value. Each of the collection of busts—which is not yet complete—is the gift of a townsman or townswoman. Those already mounted are of Plato, Agassiz, Emerson, Mann, Hawthorne, and Brown. To these will probably be added busts of Thoreau and Alcott. The bust of Mr. Brown, presented by the "Farmer's Club," is the work of Daniel French, a young Concord artist, who made the model for the statue of the "Minute-Man," which is cast in "historic brass" and set on the Revolutionary battle-ground.

In the reading room of the library hangs a portrait of Columbus—a copy by Raffaele Mengs of an original painting by Titian. It is a piece of rich coloring, somewhat darkened by time, and is believed to have belonged to the collection of Madame Letitia Bonaparte. Near by hangs a large portrait of Mr. Emerson, painted in Edinburgh in 1848, and opposite is a copy of Stuart's portrait of Washington.

With the portrait of Washington Mr. Munroe gave a manuscript letter written by the "Father of his Country" to General Greene, and dated April 24, 1779. Mr. J. T. Fields has made the library richer by the addition to it of five autographs: the original manuscripts of *Dorothy Q.*, by Holmes; *Thoreau's Walking*; *Emerson's Culture*; *Lowell's Cathedral*; and one of Motley's addresses. Among other treasures of the institution are



THE CONCORD LIBRARY.

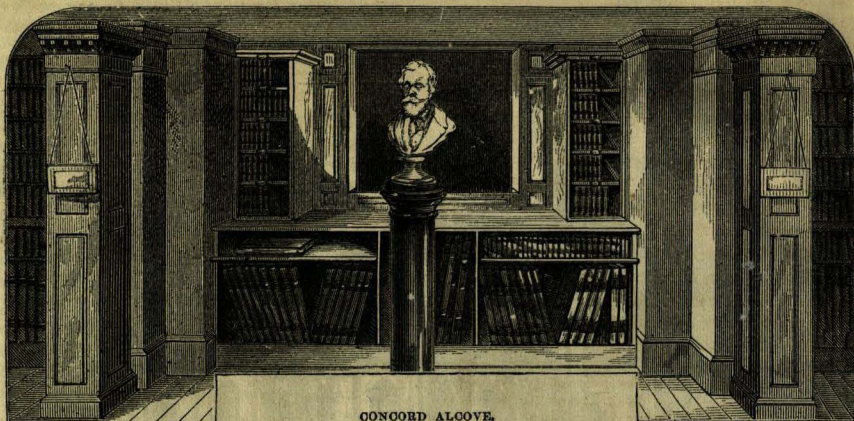
a flora of the township, arranged by Horace Mann, Jun.; a Bible printed in 1599; a collection of coins and medals, ancient and modern; a copy of Luke's Gospel in Chinese; a number of Indian arrow-heads and curiosities, mostly found on a farm in the north-west part of Concord; two portfolios of heliotype impressions; a volume containing engravings of Hogarth's works; and many valuable reference books not usually found on library shelves.

The Concord Alcove, however, is the most unique feature of the library. The bust of Mr. Munroe, cut in marble by Thomas R. Gould, is set in this alcove. And here are collected nearly all the printed works of Concord authors from the time of the settlement on the river Musketaquid to the present year. Here are also files of old yellow newspapers published in the township years ago, when it was more populous, and boasted some business enterprise. And on the shelves above are bound numbers of the *Dial*, edited by Mr. Emerson and Margaret Fuller.

The literature of Concord dates from 1646, in which year the Rev. Peter Bulkeley published his *Gospel Covenant*, one of the first books ever published in New England, and valuable as defining the position of seceders from the Church of England. It is a series of connected sermons, setting forth the merits of the Covenant of Grace and the Covenant of Works, the decision between which so disturbed the minds of the first settlers on the

Musketaquid that discussion bade fair to be endless. Indeed, it is stated in Shattuck's *History of Concord* that the towns-people on their way to attack the Pequot Indians were obliged to pause in the wilderness and decide whether they were under a covenant of grace or a covenant of works before proceeding.

For nearly two hundred years after the appearance of this book the only publications were pamphlet sermons of especial merit or interest. Of the ministerial authors the most prolific was Dr. Ezra Ripley. Twelve sermons of his were printed within a period of thirty-seven years. Only four discourses besides his own are recorded as having been preserved before the year 1841, from which year the "literary period" of Concord dates. He seems to have made a greater impression upon his time than any of his predecessors upon theirs. To-day the mention of Dr. Ripley's name will call an involuntary smile to many a wrinkled face. His sterling worth, his whole-hearted zeal, and his kindly, quaint humor won both the respect and love of his parishioners. He was so conscientious that he returned thanks publicly in prayer for his first pair of spectacles; so zealous that he would start out to attend Sunday service though the snow was higher than his horse's head; but it is a question whether the indifferent and fair-weather Christians of later times can afford to laugh at such conscientiousness and zeal. It is true that the children to whom he used



CONCORD ALCOVE.

to preach—who are now old men and women—remember ruefully the length of his sermons and the chilly atmosphere of the church in which he spoke; but that only proves that the good doctor thought more of spiritual than of physical comfort. If he had not been simple, thorough, and Christian, the quiet and Puritanical people to whom he ministered—the generation of hard-working, commonplace Abels and Marthas, Johns and Davids, Ruths and Patiences—would never so have loved and honored him.

Two Masonic discourses, a *History of the Concord Fight* and a *Treatise on Education*, complete the list of his published works. He is said to have written over three thousand sermons in his lifetime—a fact which weighed heavily on Mr. Hawthorne's spirits when, in 1843, he became an inmate of his parsonage.

Oddly enough, the staid and stiff line of literature indicated above was broken in upon about 1828 by a drama. At this time John A. Stone, a resident of Concord, wrote a play entitled *Metamora*, which is still in existence in manuscript form. For it Edwin Forrest paid five hundred dollars, a price considered enormous at that time. This play first made the great actor famous. After Forrest's death the manuscript was sold by his executors to a couple of star actors for one thousand dollars. Forrest also paid a thousand dollars for a second play by the same author, called *The Ancient Briton*. Mr. Stone wrote other dramas, and occasionally himself appeared on the stage in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. His fame is obscured by time. Few of the present denizens of Concord have any accurate knowledge of him or his dramas, but among the files of old Concord newspapers may be found a short poem of his, signed "Metamora," and preceded by a complimentary paragraph by the editor. It was written on the occasion of the opening of a thea-

tre at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and is dated January 24, 1830. This poem is not especially admirable. Although the verse is smooth and the expression felicitous, the style is too diffuse to suit modern taste. It is, however, unfair to judge a dramatist by fugitive lines, and one can not divest one's self of the melancholy interest which attaches to the memory of the author. He was still a young man when he became famous, and his family lived, report says, in an old house that used to stand near the corner of Main and Walden streets. He was only thirty-three when, "in a temporary fit of insanity," he drowned himself in the Schuylkill River. A brief paragraph in an encyclopedia is the only record that remains to us of this unfortunate man of genius—this *rara avis* among sermon-writing authors.

In the year 1832, two years before Mr. Stone ended his life, Hawthorne published his first book. The title is *Fanshawe*, but the book is usually chronicled as an "Anonymous Romance." Hawthorne was living in Boston at the time of its publication. The volume soon passed out of print and out of memory, and in later years Hawthorne never cared to claim its authorship. *Twice-told Tales*, which was issued four years later, bore his name. It is a collection of magazine stories, and its success justified the publication of a second series in 1842. A year after, Hawthorne came to Concord. He was not famous at that time, and his dreamy, reserved habits prevented his forming many friendships, except with his literary kindred. He lived in the old gambrel-roofed parsonage, famous for Revolutionary memories, famous also because Emerson had been a recent resident there. This he christened the "Old Manse," and it is doubly renowned through his occupancy of it.

The place is charming—an El Dorado for a dreamer. How charming, any one can understand who reads the introduction to that collection of magazine stories, written while

Hawthorne lived in it, and called *Mosses from an Old Manse*. The genius of the place is in his pages, and one hardly needs the picture in order to become familiar with it.

Whatever the critics may say, Hawthorne never loved common things, as Thoreau did. His imagination was more lofty and delicate. He could idealize way-side weeds and garden vegetables, but he could not revel in out-door life and enjoy its unattractive details as did his friend. He never could have written the description of a "river voyage" which enlivens the first pages of Thoreau's *Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, and which is here transcribed:

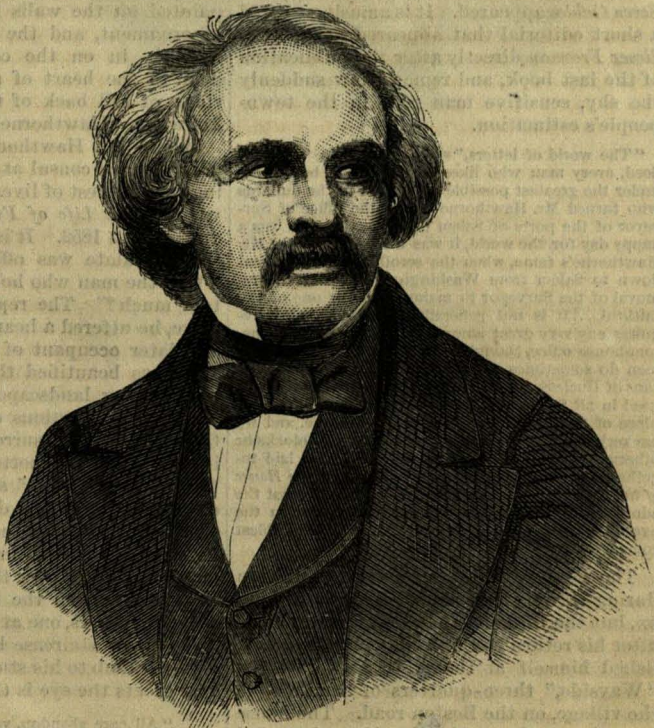
"It is worth while to make a voyage up this stream, if you go no farther than Sudbury, only to see how much country there is in the rear of us—great hills and a hundred brooks and farm-houses and barns and hay-stacks you never saw before; and men every where—Sudbury (that is, Southborough) men and Wayland and Nine-acre Corner men, and Bound Rock, where four towns bound on a rock in the river—Lincoln, Wayland, Sudbury, and Concord. Many waves are there agitated by the wind, keeping nature fresh: the spray blowing in your face; reeds and rushes waving; ducks by the hundred, all uneasy in the surf, in the raw wind, just ready to rise, and now going off with a clatter and a whistling, like riggers straight for Labrador, flying against the stiff gale with reefed wings, or else circling round first, with all their paddles moving briskly, just over the surf, to reconnoitre you before they leave these parts; gulls wheeling overhead; muskrats swimming for dear life, wet and cold, with no fire to warm them by that you know of, their labored homes rising here and there like hay-stacks; and countless mice and moles and winged tit-mice along the sunny, windy shore; cranberries tossed on the waves and heaving up on the beach, their little red skirts beating about among the alders. Such healthy natural tumult as proves that the last day is not yet at hand. And there stand all around the alders, the birches, the oaks, and maples, full of glee and sap, holding in their buds till the waters subside. You shall perhaps run aground on Cranberry Island (only some spires of last year's pipe-grass above the water to show where the danger is), and get as good a freezing as any where on the Northwest coast. I never voyaged so far in my life."

Hawthorne could never so have delighted in a spring flood on a raw day. His muse is more refined; and he gives dainty and delicate pieces of description that show as great appreciative-

ness. For instance, what can be prettier than this which he says about apple-trees:

"The trees possess a domestic character, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants. There is so much individuality of character, too, among apple-trees that it gives them an additional claim to be objects of human interest. One is hard and crabbed in its manifestations, and another gives us fruit as mild as charity. One is churlish and illiberal, evidently grudging the few apples it bears; another exhausts itself in free-hearted benevolence. The variety of grotesque shapes into which apple-trees contort themselves has its effect on those who get acquainted with them. They stretch out their crooked branches and take such hold on the imagination that we remember them as humorists and odd fellows. And what is more melancholy than the old apple-trees that linger about a spot where once stood a homestead, but where is now only a ruined chimney rising out of a grassy and weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every wayfarer—apples bitter-sweet with the moral of human vicissitude."

While in Concord, Hawthorne lived an out-of-doors life, his chief companions being Thoreau and Channing. It was perhaps owing to the Sleepy Hollow atmosphere that he did not do his best work while living there. Mr. Hawthorne's democratic principles gained him two public posts—one in 1838, five years before he married, and another in 1846. It was after he left the Salem Custom-house, in a period of great discouragement to himself, that the world was surprised by the publication of the *Scarlet Letter*.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.