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Louisa May Alcott in Her Own Time: An Introduction Through Her Printed Works

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Louisa May Alcott in Her Own Time:
An Introduction Through Her
Printed Works

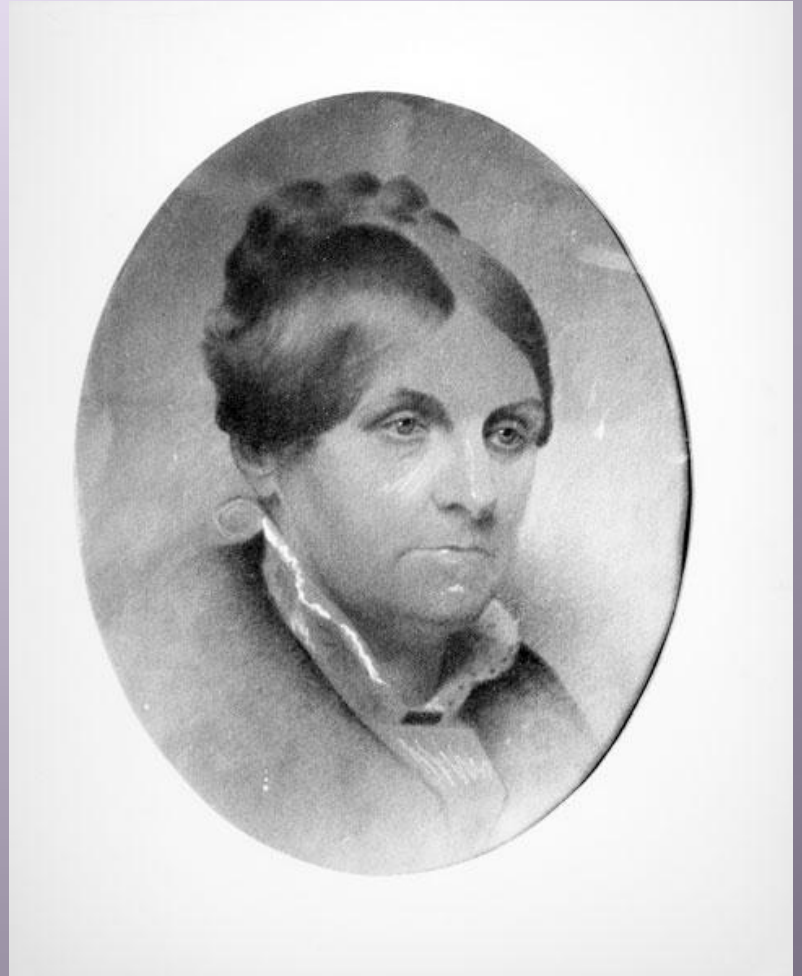
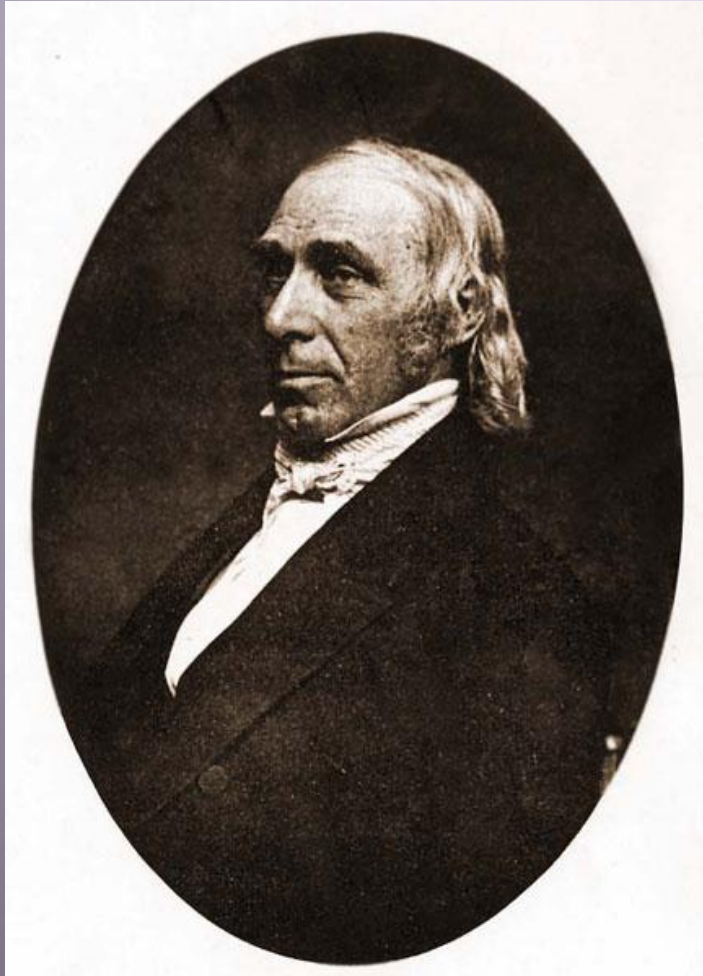
Maggie Kopp, Curator of European Books
L. Tom Perry Special Collections
Brigham Young University

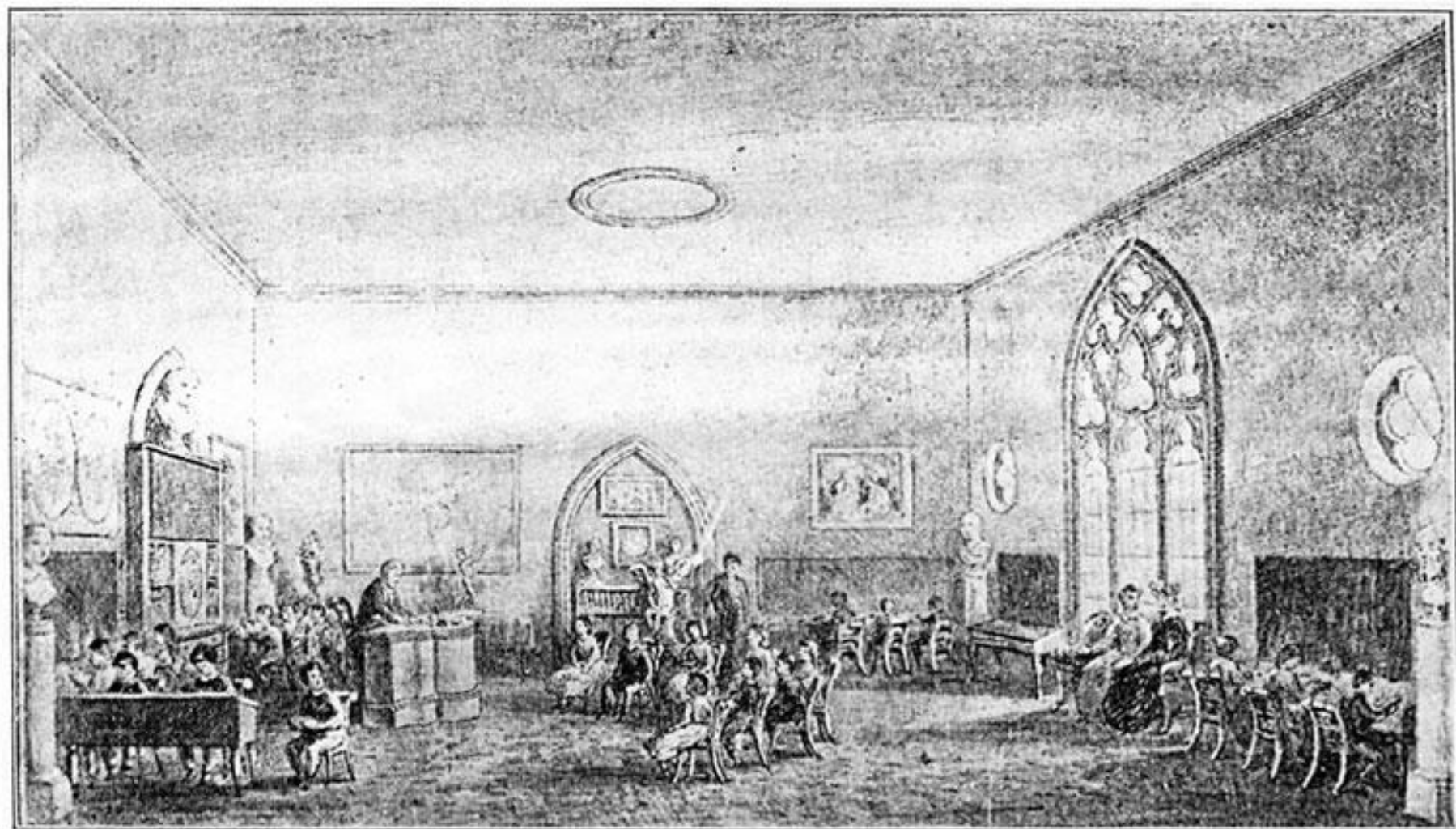


Detail of a portrait by Herbert Cole (ca. 1920)
in L. Tom Perry Special Collections



Daguerreotype of Alcott at age 25





THE TEMPLE SCHOOL

RECORD OF A SCHOOL :

EXEMPLIFYING

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES

OF

SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

He that receiveth a little child in my name, receiveth me.—*Jesus Christ.*

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

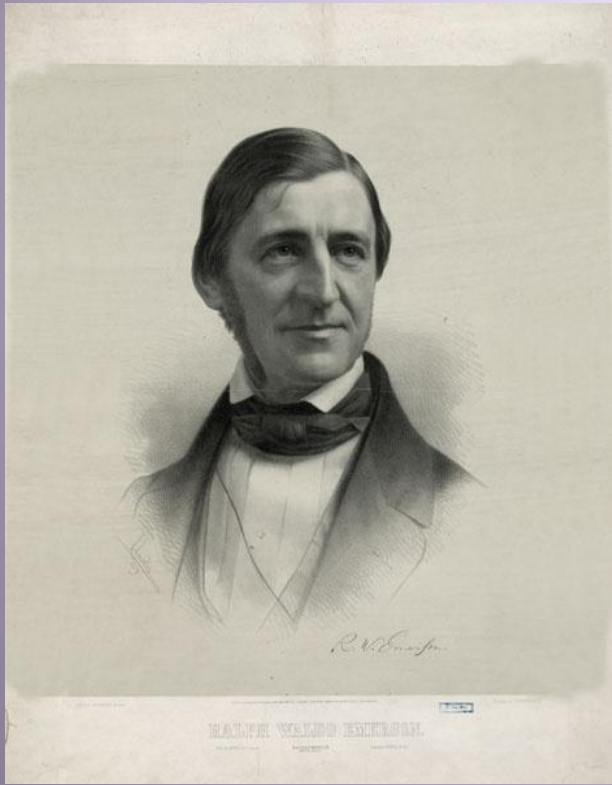
NEW YORK :

LEAVITT, LORD AND CO. 130, BROADWAY.

PHILADELPHIA :

HENRY PERKINS.

1835.



Cottage - Concord
1840 - 1843 -



NATURE.

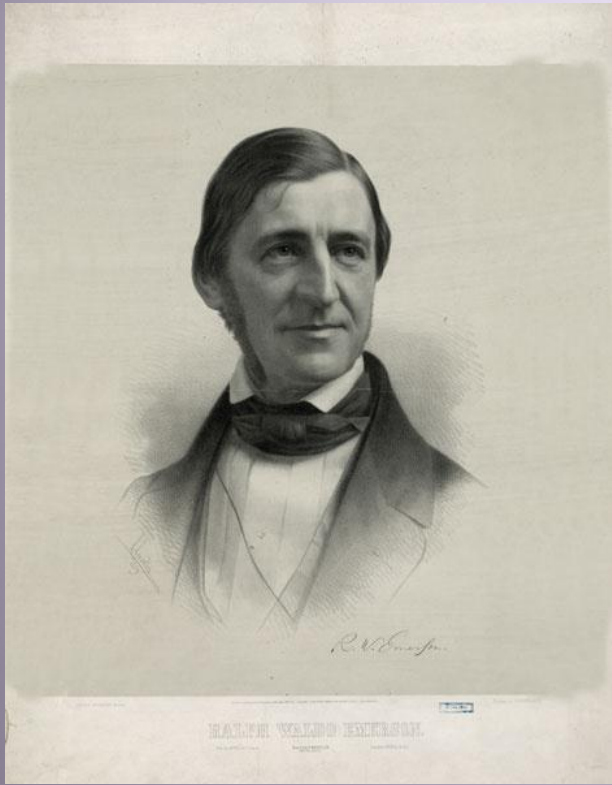
“Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing
of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not
know.”

PLOTINUS.

Emerson

BOSTON:
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

M DCCC XXXVI.



A WEEK

ON THE

CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS.

BY

HENRY D. THOREAU.

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

NEW YORK: GEORGE P. PUTNAM. PHILADELPHIA: LINDSAY
AND BLACKISTON. LONDON: JOHN CHAPMAN.

1849.

WALDEN;

OR,

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

By HENRY D. THOREAU,

AUTHOR OF "A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS."



I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as chanticleer in the morning, standing on his roost, if only to wake my neighbors up. — Page 92.

BOSTON:

TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LIV.



S. M. Fuller

From the original painting by Chappel in the possession of the publishers

Johnson, Warren & Co. Publishers, New York

Printed according to an act of Congress, in the year 1852, by the American Society of Engravers

FORRS

FULLER



F. M. Fuller

From the original painting by Chappin in the possession of the publishers

Johnson, Allen & Co. Publishers, New York

FORRS

FULLER

From a copy of the original in the possession of the publishers



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Engraved by G. B. S. from a drawing by G. B. S.

Printed by G. B. S. at the office of the engraver.



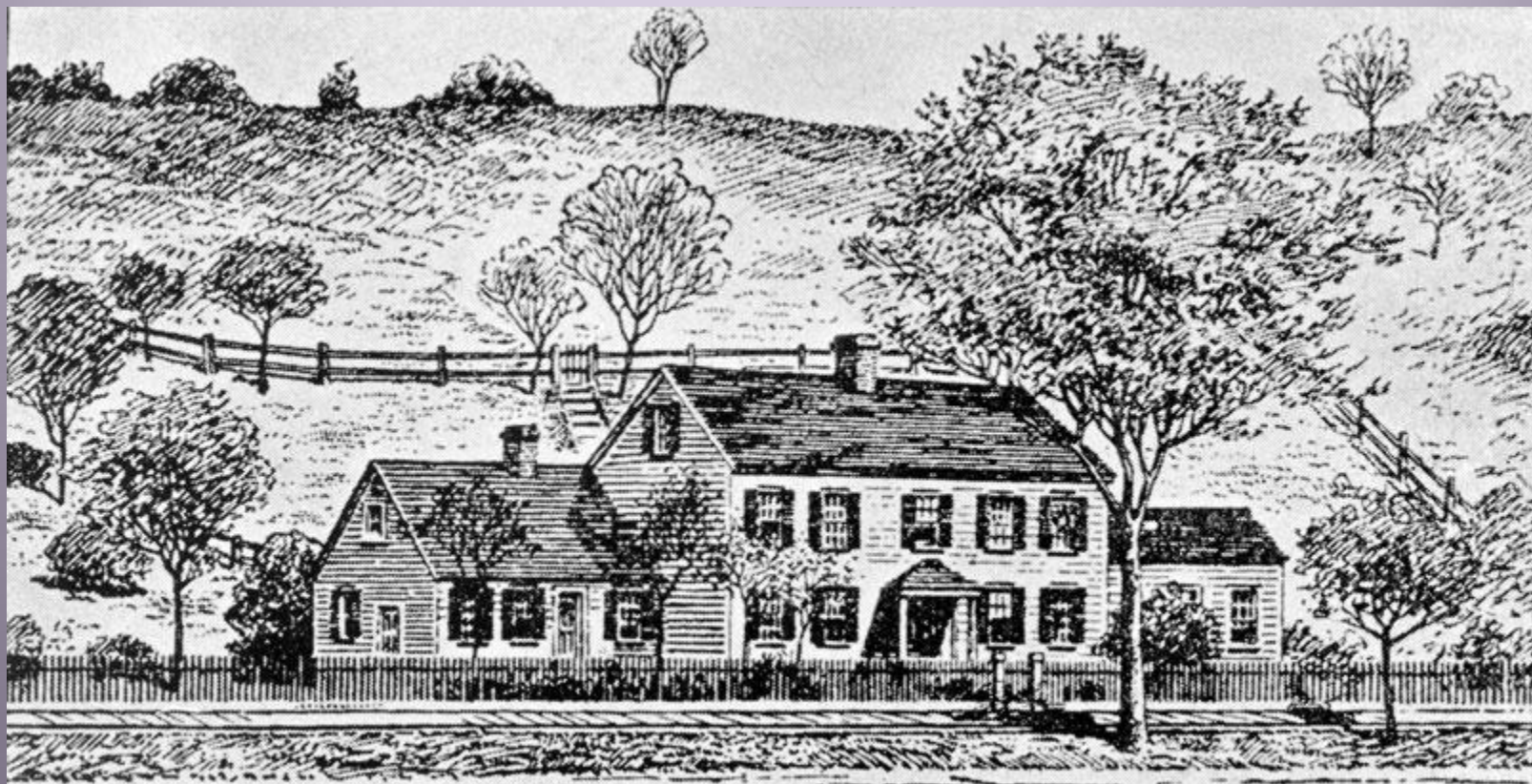
TRANSCENDENTAL WILD OATS.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNWRITTEN ROMANCE.

ON the first day of June, 184-, a large wagon, drawn by a small horse and containing a motley load, went lumbering over certain New England hills, with the pleasing accompaniments of wind, rain, and hail. A serene man with a serene child upon his knee was driving, or rather being driven, for the small horse had it all his own way. A brown boy with a William Penn style of countenance sat beside him, firmly embracing a bust of Socrates. Behind them was an energetic-looking woman, with a benevolent brow, satirical mouth, and eyes brimful of hope and courage. A baby reposed upon her lap, a mirror leaned against her knee, and a basket of provisions danced about at her feet, as she struggled with a large, unruly umbrella. Two blue-eyed little girls, with hands full of childish treasures, sat under one old shawl, chatting happily together.

In front of this lively party stalked a tall, sharp-featured man, in a long blue cloak; and a fourth small girl trudged along beside him through the mud as if she rather enjoyed it.

The wind whistled over the bleak hills; the rain fell in a despondent drizzle, and twilight began to fall. But the calm man gazed as tranquilly into the fog as if he



A. B. ALCOFF

HILLSIDE IN 1845

**First published book:
Flower Fables, 1855.**



Earth and air seemed filled with beauty.

**First published book:
Flower Fables, 1855.**

- Issued in time for Christmas 1854
- Dedicated to 15-year-old
Ellen Emerson
- Edition of 1600
- Priced at 62 - 75 cents
- Louisa received around \$32
- Financed by employer,
Miss Wealthy Stevens

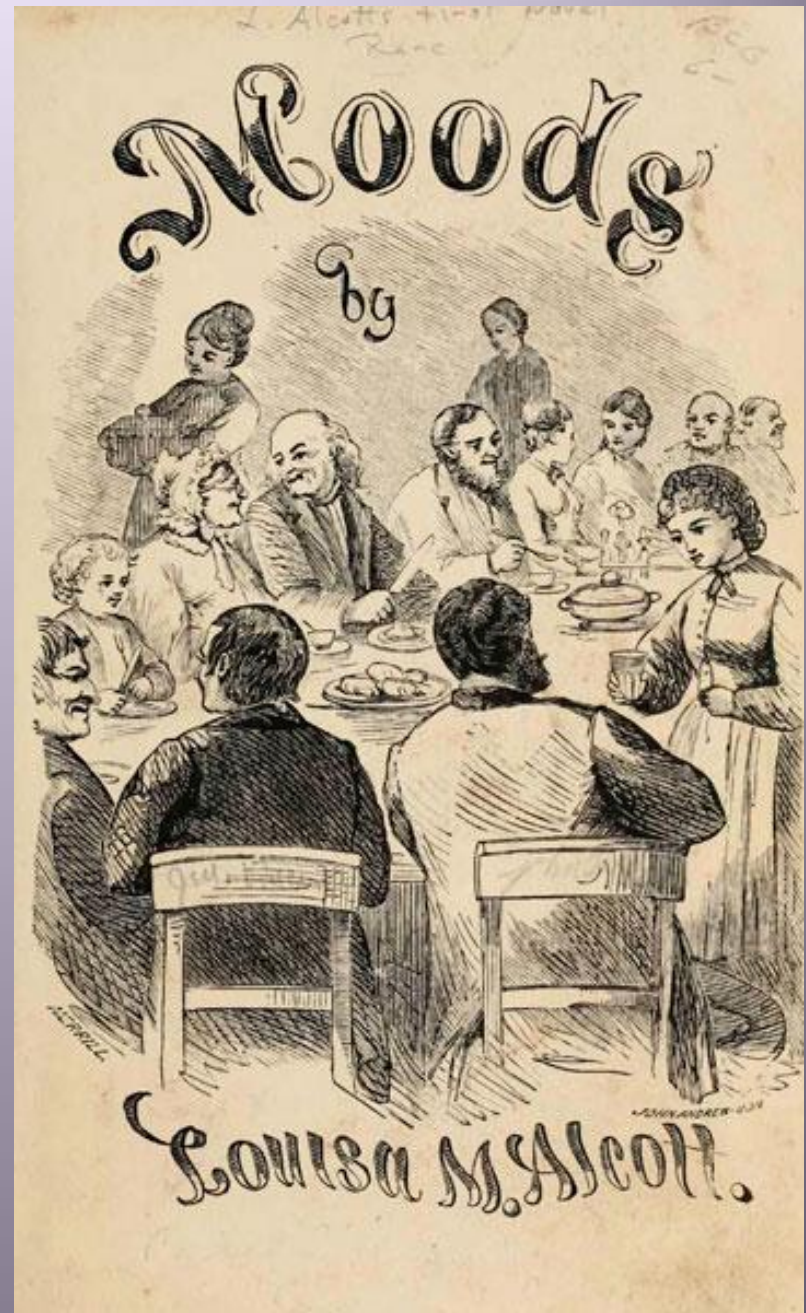


Earth and air seemed filled with beauty.



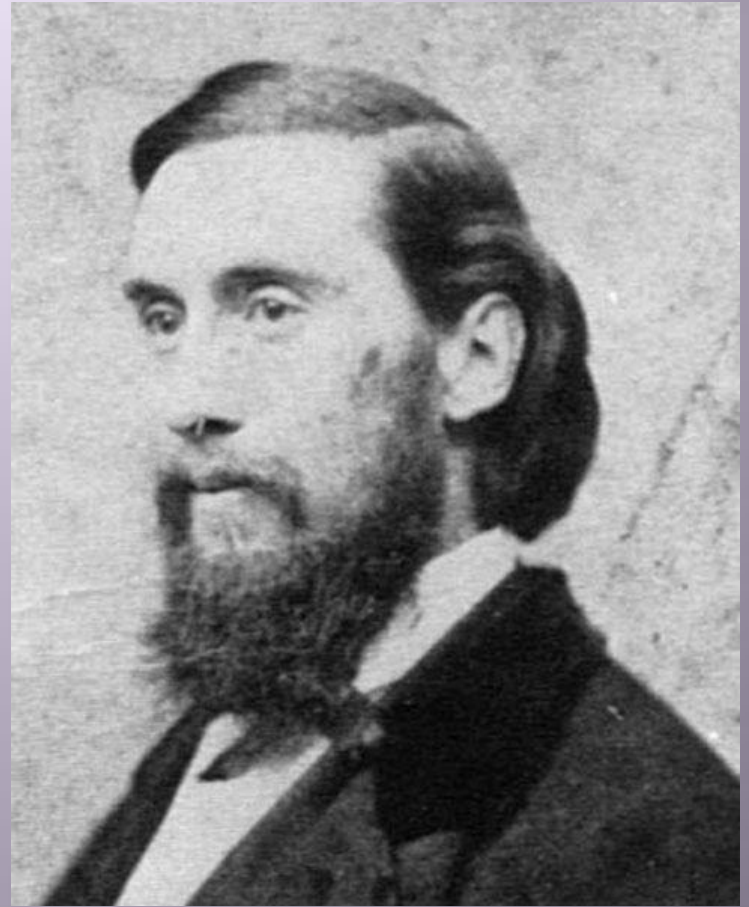
Moods, 1865

- Written during 1860-1861
- Plot involves love triangle; many characters based on members of the Transcendentalist circle
- Rewritten several times, but never to Alcott's satisfaction – publisher asked her to cut it



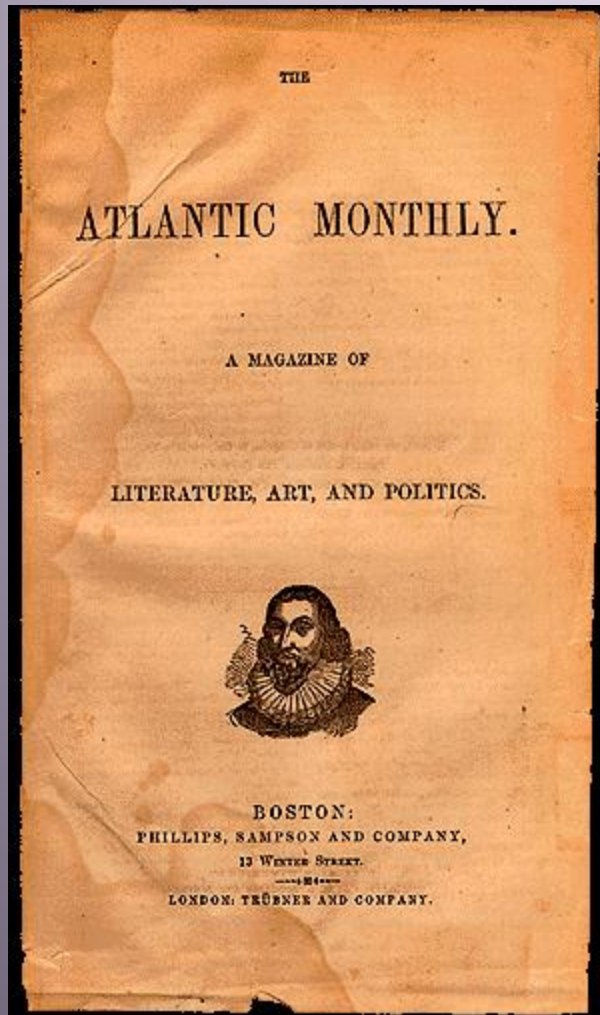


Anna Alcott at age 27



John Pratt, Anna's husband

Magazine Stories



Poetical Quotations.

(Compiled for The Flag of Our Union.)

BY GEORGE H. REYNOLDS.

Fixed not riches there, the lot of fools,
The slow man's experience, if he e'er more prosper...

My prize is very plain, and very few
The acres that I number:
But I am seldom angry, never vain...

When all stars are old in age,
And all upon crutches, crossbenches
Toss them that live by her credit—Dear...

But the lower sister strives to make stars,
Bonds his gold, and gipsies still at trace...

"I give and I desire" (Old Euclid said)
And school; "My lands and tithings to thee..."

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1866
In EDWARD TINKER'S TYPE, by the Clerk of the District Court of Massachusetts.

BEHIND A MASK:
A WOMAN'S POWER.

BY A. M. BARNARD,
AUTHOR OF "V. V. OR, PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS," "A MARBLE WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.
JEAN MAIR.

As she comes?
"No, mamma, not yet."
"I wish it were well over,
the thought of it worries and excites me."

"No you want, you're too lazy, Gerald," called out
a younger and more energetic man, from the recess
where he stood leaning his legs...

"I beg your pardon, but this depressing manner,
boys. I dread the coming year more than you
possibly can, but Bella must not be neglected;...

"I will, dear, but isn't it getting late? I do hope
nothing has happened. Did you tell them to send
a carriage to the station for her, Gerald?"

"That is my dear, good-hearted Nell! We'll stand
by your little sister, will we not?" And running to his
brother, Bella stood on tiptoe to offer him a kiss...

"There she is!" cried Bella, and turned toward the
door, as if to go out. "My money, what, all?
Why, if I must" (then went), "I give it all."

"I am glad to see you, let me take your things,"
said Bella, rather shyly, then, almost blushing,
and watched the freckle girl with languid interest...

she was, with yellow hair, gray eyes and sharp-cut,
irregular, but very expressive features. Poverty
was manifest in her aspect, and her life
to have had for her more than usual...

"I have no time to love, and shall soon gain
strength here in the country, if you care to keep me."
And you are fitted to teach music, French and
drawing?"

With the same look of abhorrence Miss Mair complied,
and began a little Scotch melody, so sweet, so sad,
that the girl's eyes filled, and Mrs. Coventry looked
for one of her many pocket-handkerchiefs...

"Take a sip of this, and it will do you good, my
dear," said Mrs. Coventry, quite touched by the
plaintive words.

"I'm a man; come and have some tea," said
Bella, full of pity and remorse.
"Come first, very well done," whispered Gerald,
to himself.

Lucia laughed, and was well pleased when she
saw her own mother's face, and her own mother's
table where a little scene was just taking place...

to watch her. Coventry lingered a moment after she
had given him a steaming cup, to observe her more
nearly, while he asked a question or two of his brother...

"My brother asked if young Sydney was at home
when you got?" said Edward, for Gerald would not
take the trouble to repeat the question...

"I shall not go to-morrow, but will wait till the
three days are out."
"Is he left home some weeks ago?"
The young man went back to his cousin, saying, as
he threw himself down beside her:

Lowering his voice he said, with a significant nod
toward the governess:
"Because I have had a fancy that she is at the bottom
of Sydney's mystery. He's not been himself lately,
and now he is gone without a word. I rather like
Sydney to read his life, if they are not perfect mirrors
of her act."

"What an unlooked-for creature to have a disturbed
expression."
"Was she?" she liked to have him visit upon
her, he had it to do other women except his mother.

"I have been in France several years, mamma, but
my friend died and I came back to be with Lady
Sydney, till—" Mrs. Coventry an instant, then added,
slowly, "it felt ill. It was a contagious fever, so I
went of my own accord to the hospital, not wishing
to enlarge her."

ANOTHER SPLENDID ROMANCE.

We shall present our readers next week with the
opening chapters of one of the most intensely exciting
and interesting novels ever published. It is from the
pen of A. M. BARNARD, author of "V. V. or, PLOTS
AND COUNTERPLOTS," "A MARBLE WOMAN," etc.,
and is fully equal to those charming creations of novel-
istic skill. The story is entitled

BEHIND A MASK:

—OR,—

A WOMAN'S POWER,

and will be completed in four numbers. We bespeak
it for the careful perusal of every reader of the FLAG.

BY GEORGE H. REYNOLDS.



THE UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL AT GEORGETOWN, D. C., FORMERLY THE TUBS HOTEL—VOLUNTEER NURSES ATTENDING THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 119.

recognized as spiritual guides, it was because they were such to the men of their time, whatever they might be to ours. Demonax of old, when asked about the priests' money, said, that, if they were really the leaders of the people, they could not have too much payment, — or too little, if they were not. I believe that on these conditions the Puritan ministers well earned their hundred and sixty pounds a year, with a discount of forty pounds, if paid in wampum-beads, beaver-skins, and musket-balls. What they took in musket-balls they paid back in the heavier ammunition of moral truth. Here is a specimen of their grape-shot:—

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;—
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him;—
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
"For such as he there is no death;—
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man's aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And tuned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine,—
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

"My fathers and brethren," said John Higginson, "this is never to be forgotten, that our New England is originally a plantation of religion, and not a plantation of trade. Let merchants and such as are making cent. per cent. remember this. Let others who have come over since at sundry times remember this, that worldly gain was not the end and design of the people of New England, but religion. And if any man among us make religion as twelve and the world as thirteen, let such a man know he hath neither the spirit of a true New-England man, nor yet of a sincere Christian."

"To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong
O lonely friend! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen,—
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him,—he is with thee."

MR. MARTIN'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

THE circumstances of a first meeting so color long years of acquaintanceship, that, should these circumstances be comic in their nature, the intercourse which follows partakes much of the grotesque. Thus, perhaps, it is, that the misfortunes of Edward Martin, apart from the whimsical demeanor of the man himself, provoke in my memory a smile rather than a sigh.

Some years ago, journeying on foot through Northern Connecticut, it became necessary for me to stop overnight at the quiet inn of Deacon S—.

Sharon I had visited, fair as Berkshire, but less an old story; I had lingered about the twin lakes of Salisbury; I had carried away many sweet memories of Waramaug and its mountain; and I now found myself in the neighborhood of Gramley Bridge, eager for fresh water, clean towels, and the plenty of a country tea-table,—not averse to strawberry short-cake, or the snowy delights of cottage-cheese.

It was rapidly growing dark, when, as I hurried on toward my cheerful welcome, a bend in the road brought me in sight of a figure that filled me with curiosity and amazement.

"Was it a man?
A devil infernal?
An angel supernal?"

Was it were-wolf spectral, or bear original? It lived and moved, and, as I cautiously neared the spot, I seemed to recognize a human being in the singular

form,—stooping, squatting, and groping before me.

The man, for such it proved, was performing most wondrous gymnastics upon the ground,—smelling here, smelling there, too agile to be tipsy, too silent to be mad. I had no desire to be alone in a lonely road at nightfall with a maniac, and I was not sorry when my nearer approach resolved these strange phenomena into a well-dressed pedestrian on all-fours in the middle of a dusty highway.

He rose as I approached, and I smiled to see that the spectacles astride his handsome nose were minus one lens. He seemed half blind and wholly bewildered. I looked at once for the lost glass, and there it lay shining at me from the very spot where he had been so industriously peering. He laughed grimly as I handed it to him, fitted his treasure into its wonted rim, took out his watch, and with a low chuckle said,—

"Twenty-five minutes is a long time to search for a bit of such small circumference. Thank you. Do you go to the Deacon's?"

"Yes."
"So do I."

We walked on together in silence, till we reached our journey's end,—I too tired, he too reserved, too preoccupied, or too shy, to speak again; but when, at last, we were seated with our cigars on the Deacon's door-step, he turned suddenly to me and asked,—

TWO.
I am the footstalk, and she is the flower;
I am the lattice, and she is the vine;
My heart's a thirsty waste, hers is the shower
Bringing refreshment and gladness to mine.

She is a sculptured dome, I the harsh granite;
She is the virgin gold, I the rough ore;
She is a perfect and beautiful planet,
I am the nebulous chaos of yore.

She is a living form, I am the marble
Which 'neath the chisel may image her charm;
My music breathes of art, hers is the warble
Born up to heaven in the morning's blue calm.

Her mind, a polished gem, needs no attention,
Mine is rough, shapeless, as new from the soil;
She, by a natural and easy transition,
Grows to the grace which I reach by toil.

Mine is a grace acquired, hers was born with her;
Mine is a studied charm, hers is her own;
She looks down on the world, I look up
"Altho' her."

I stand with thousands, but she stands alone.

I am the canvas, whereon may be painted
Shapes of beauty, wherewith, conceptions divine;
She is a rare picture, pure, beautiful, sainted,
Sketched by the Master to last for all time.

She is a spring, the rock which stands by it;
She is the calm, bright sky, I am the sea,
Mirroring, ever, its starry quiet—
This the difference in my love and me.

PRIZE STORY.
PAULINE'S PASSION
AND
PUNISHMENT.

CHAPTER I.

lurked in the features, delicately cast, yet vividly alive, betraying a temperance, ardent, dominant and subtle—for passion burned in the deep eyes, changing their violet to black—purple sat on the forehead, with its dark brows; all a woman's sweetest spells touched the lips, whose shape was a smile, and in the spiral carriage of the head appeared the freedom of an intellect ripened under soldier skies, the energy of a nature that could wring strength from adversity and dare to set where feebler souls would only dare desire.

Standing thus, conscious only of the wound that bled in that high heart of hers, and the longing that gradually took shape and deepened to a purpose, an alien presence, she felt the tremulous atmosphere of the still room, and woke her from her dangerous mood. A wonderfully winning gaze this apparition wore, for youth, hope and love endowed it with the charm that gives beauty to the plainest, while their reign endures. A boy in any other climate, in this his thirteenth year had given him the stature of a man, and Spain, the land of romance, seemed embodied in this figure, full of the lithic slenderness of the whirling palms overhead, the warm coloring of the deep-toned flowers sleeping in the room, the native grace of the tame antelope lifting its human eyes to his as he lingered on the threshold in an attitude eager yet timid, watching that other figure as it looked into the night and found no solace there.

She turned as if her thought had taken voice and answered her, regarded him a moment, as if hesitating to receive the granted wish, then beckoned with the one word—
"Come!"
Instantly the fear vanished, the ardor deepened, and with an imperious "Lie down" to his docile attendant, the young man obeyed with equal docility, looking as wisely toward his mistress as the brute toward her master, while he waited proudly for her communique.
"Mansel, why are you here?"
"Forgive me! I saw Dolores bring a letter you remained, an hour passed, I could wait no longer, and I came."
"I am glad, I needed my one friend. Read that."
She offered a letter, and with her steady eyes upon him, her purpose strengthening as she looked—stood watching the changes of that expressive countenance. This was the letter:
"PAULINE—Six months ago I left you, promising to return and take you home my wife. I loved you, but I deceived you; for though my heart was wholly yours, my hand was not to give. This was that haunted me through all that blissful summer, this that marred my happiness when you would you loved me, and this drove me from you, hoping I could find the fit with which I had rarely bound myself. I could not, I am married, and have all ends. Hate me, forget me, soolve your pride with the memory that some have wrong, assure your peace with the knowledge that mine is destroyed for ever, and leave my punishment to remorse and time."
With a gesture of scornful contempt, Mansel flung the paper from him as he flashed a look at his companion, muttering through his teeth,
"Traitor! Shall I kill him!"
Pauline laughed low to herself, a dry, sound, but unappreciated with a slow darkening of the face, that gave her words an ominous significance.
"Why should you? Such revenge is brief and paltry, fit only for mock tragedies or poor souls who have neither the will to desire or the will to execute a better. There are fates more terrible than death, weapons more keen than poniards, more relentless than pistols. Women are weak, and work out a subtler vengeance than men can conceive. Leave Gilbert to remorse—and me."
She paused an instant, and by some strong effort banished the black frown from her brow, quenched the belated fire of her eyes, and left nothing visible but the pale determination that made her beautiful face more eloquent than her words.
"Mansel, in a week I leave the island."
"Alone, Pauline?"
"No; not alone."
A moment they looked into each other's eyes, each endeavoring to read the other. Mansel's some indubitable purpose, bent on conquering all obstacles. Pauline saw doubt, desire and hope; knew that that world which she ally she needed, and with a courage as native to her as her pride, resolved to utter:
"Seeing herself, she beckoned her companion to assume the place beside her, but, for the first eagerness of her manner troubled him, for his southern temperament was alive to influences whose presence would have been smothered by one less sensitive. He took the cushion at her feet, seating half tenderly, half reproachfully:
"Let me keep my silence till I know in what character I am to fill the new. The man you trusted has deceived you; the boy you pitied will prove loyal. Try him, Pauline."
"I will."
And with the bitter smile unchanged upon her lips, the two sate motionless in their seats, the deep eyes unwavering in their gaze, Pauline went on:
"You know my past, happy as a dream till childhood, then all was sorrow, my few fortune friends, and I was left, like an unfledged bird, I without even the shelter of a cage. For five years I have made my life what I could, honest, honest, but never happy, till I came here, for here I saw Gilbert. In the poor companion of your guardian's daughter he seemed to see the better. I had been and treated me as such. This flattered my pride and touched my heart. He was kind, I grateful; then he loved me, and God knows how utterly loved him! A few months of happiness the parent, then he went to make home ready for me, and I believed him; for where I wholly love I wholly trust. While my own peace was undisturbed, I learned to read the language of your eyes, Mansel, to find the boy grown into the man, the friend

that fastened on her hand, and knew that the first step was won. A regretful pang smote her, but the dark mood which had taken possession of her effled the generous yearnings of her better self and drove her on.
"Listen, Mansel. A strange spirit rules me tonight, but I will wait to recover from you, all shall be told; then, if you will come, be it so; if not, I shall go my way as solitary as I came. If you think that this love has broken my heart unduly, I have suffered more than many suffer in a lifetime. I am not our torment long over any hopeless sorrow, a single paroxysm, sharp and short, and it is over. Contempt has killed my love, I have burned it, and no more shall I live with the specter of a pale ghost, that will not rest till Gilbert shall pass through as hour as bitter as the last."
"It is that the new year, Pauline?"
The savage element that lurks in Southern blood leaped up in the boy's heart as he listened, glittered in his eyes, and involuntarily found expression in the nervous grip of the hands that folded a fairer one between them. Alas for Pauline that she had roused the sleeping devil, and was glad to see it!
"Yes, it is weak, wicked and unwomanly; yet I prefer to be relentlessly as any Indian on a war trail. See me as I am, not the gay girl you have known, but a revengeful woman with but one tender spot left in her heart, the place you fill. I have been wronged, and I long to right myself at once; time is too slow; I cannot wait, for that man must be taught that two can play at the game of hearts, taught soon and sharply. I can do this, can you as I have been wounded, can sting him with contempt, and prove that I too am free."
"Go on, Pauline; show me how I am to help you."
"Mansel, I want fortune, rank, splendor and power; you can give me all these, and a faithful friend beside. I desire to show Gilbert the creature he deserted no longer poor, unknown, unloved, but lifted higher than himself, cherished, honored, applauded, her life one of royal pleasure, herself a happy queen. Beauty, grace and talent you will give me; I possess; wealth gives them lustre, rank exalts them, power makes them irresistible. Place these worldly gifts in my hand and that hand is yours. See, I offer it."
She did so, but it was not taken. Mansel had left his seat, and now stood before her, eyed by the undertone of strong emotion in her calmly spoken words, bewildered by the proposal so abruptly made, longing to ask the natural question hovering on his lips, yet too generous to utter it. Pauline read his thought, and answered it with no touch of path or pride in the magical voice that seldom spoke in vain.
"I know your wish; it is as just as your silence is generous, and I reply to it in all sincerity. You would ask—'What I have given you that I possess, what do I receive in return?' This—a wife whose friendship is as warm as many a woman's love, a wife who will give you all the heart still left her; and cherish the hope that time may bring a har-



Mansel reads Gilbert's Letter.

warned into a lover. Your youth had kept me blind too long; your society had grown dear to me, and I loved you like a sister for your unwavering kindness to the solitary woman who earned her bread and found it bitter. I told you my secret to prevent the utterance of your own. You remember the promise you made me then, keep it still, and buy the knowledge of my lost happiness deep in your pitying heart, as I shall in my proud one. Now the storm is over, and I am ready for my work again, but it must be a new task in a new scene. I late this house, this room, the face I must meet, the duties I must perform, for the memory of that traitor haunts them all. I see a future full of interest, a stage whereon I could play a stirring part, I long for it intensely, yet cannot make it mine alone. Mansel, do you love me still?"

Reading suddenly, she brushed back the dark hair that attacked his forehead, and searched the face that in an instant answered her. Like a swift rising light, the eloquent blush rushed over swarthy cheek and brow, the shimmering softness of the eyes kindled with a flash, and the lips, sensitive as any woman's, trembled yet broke into a rapturous smile, as he cried, with fervent breath,
"I would die for you!"
A look of triumph swept across her face, for with this boy, as chivalrous as a knight, she knew that words were not mere breath. Still, with her stern purpose unpermeated, she changed the bitter smile into one half-kind, half-cold, as she bent still nearer.
"Mansel, in a week I leave the island. Shall I go alone?"
"No, Pauline."
He understood her now. She saw it in the sudden paleness that fell on his, heard it in the rapid beating of his heart, felt it in the strong grasp

that fastened on her hand, and knew that the first step was won. A regretful pang smote her, but the dark mood which had taken possession of her effled the generous yearnings of her better self and drove her on.
"Listen, Mansel. A strange spirit rules me tonight, but I will wait to recover from you, all shall be told; then, if you will come, be it so; if not, I shall go my way as solitary as I came. If you think that this love has broken my heart unduly, I have suffered more than many suffer in a lifetime. I am not our torment long over any hopeless sorrow, a single paroxysm, sharp and short, and it is over. Contempt has killed my love, I have burned it, and no more shall I live with the specter of a pale ghost, that will not rest till Gilbert shall pass through as hour as bitter as the last."
"It is that the new year, Pauline?"
The savage element that lurks in Southern blood leaped up in the boy's heart as he listened, glittered in his eyes, and involuntarily found expression in the nervous grip of the hands that folded a fairer one between them. Alas for Pauline that she had roused the sleeping devil, and was glad to see it!
"Yes, it is weak, wicked and unwomanly; yet I prefer to be relentlessly as any Indian on a war trail. See me as I am, not the gay girl you have known, but a revengeful woman with but one tender spot left in her heart, the place you fill. I have been wronged, and I long to right myself at once; time is too slow; I cannot wait, for that man must be taught that two can play at the game of hearts, taught soon and sharply. I can do this, can you as I have been wounded, can sting him with contempt, and prove that I too am free."
"Go on, Pauline; show me how I am to help you."
"Mansel, I want fortune, rank, splendor and power; you can give me all these, and a faithful friend beside. I desire to show Gilbert the creature he deserted no longer poor, unknown, unloved, but lifted higher than himself, cherished, honored, applauded, her life one of royal pleasure, herself a happy queen. Beauty, grace and talent you will give me; I possess; wealth gives them lustre, rank exalts them, power makes them irresistible. Place these worldly gifts in my hand and that hand is yours. See, I offer it."
She did so, but it was not taken. Mansel had left his seat, and now stood before her, eyed by the undertone of strong emotion in her calmly spoken words, bewildered by the proposal so abruptly made, longing to ask the natural question hovering on his lips, yet too generous to utter it. Pauline read his thought, and answered it with no touch of path or pride in the magical voice that seldom spoke in vain.
"I know your wish; it is as just as your silence is generous, and I reply to it in all sincerity. You would ask—'What I have given you that I possess, what do I receive in return?' This—a wife whose friendship is as warm as many a woman's love, a wife who will give you all the heart still left her; and cherish the hope that time may bring a har-

that fastened on her hand, and knew that the first step was won. A regretful pang smote her, but the dark mood which had taken possession of her effled the generous yearnings of her better self and drove her on.
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Interview of Pauline and Gilbert in the Ballroom.



They all draw to the fire, mother in the big chair, with Beth at her feet; Meg and Amy perched on either arm of the chair, and Jo leaning on the back. — PAGE 12.

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LITTLE WOMEN

OR,

MEG, JO, BETH AND AMY

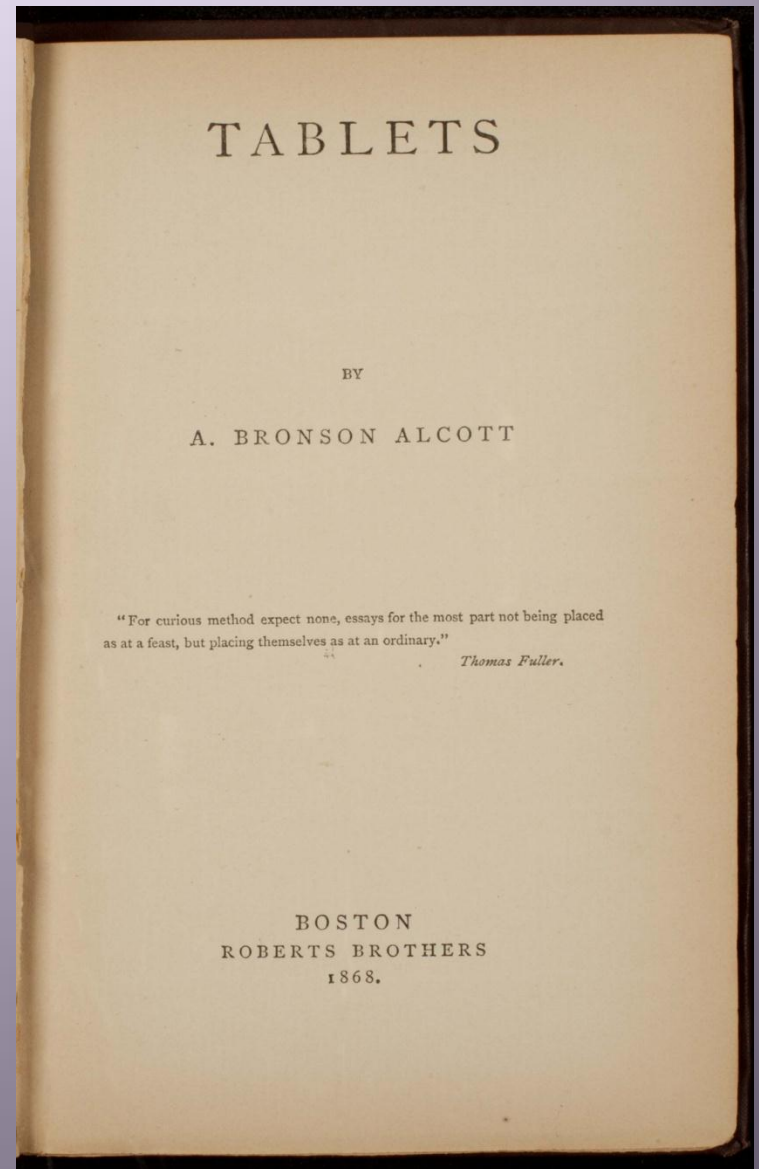
BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY ALCOTT

BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS
1868

Little Women, 1868

- Written in only 10 weeks
- Edition of 2,000 copies
- Published at same time as Bronson Alcott's *Tablets* (1,000 copies)
- Issued in September, sold out by late October. Another 4,500 copies issued by December. London edition issued in December.
- Asked to write second volume. Alcott tried to write a chapter a day for a whole month
- Vol. 2 published April 1869, sold 13,000 copies in the first two weeks





AMY AND LAURIE.

"I'm all ready for the secrets," said Laurie, looking up with a decided expression of interest in his eyes. — PAGE 233.

LITTLE WOMEN

OR

MEG, JO, BETH AND AMY

PART SECOND

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

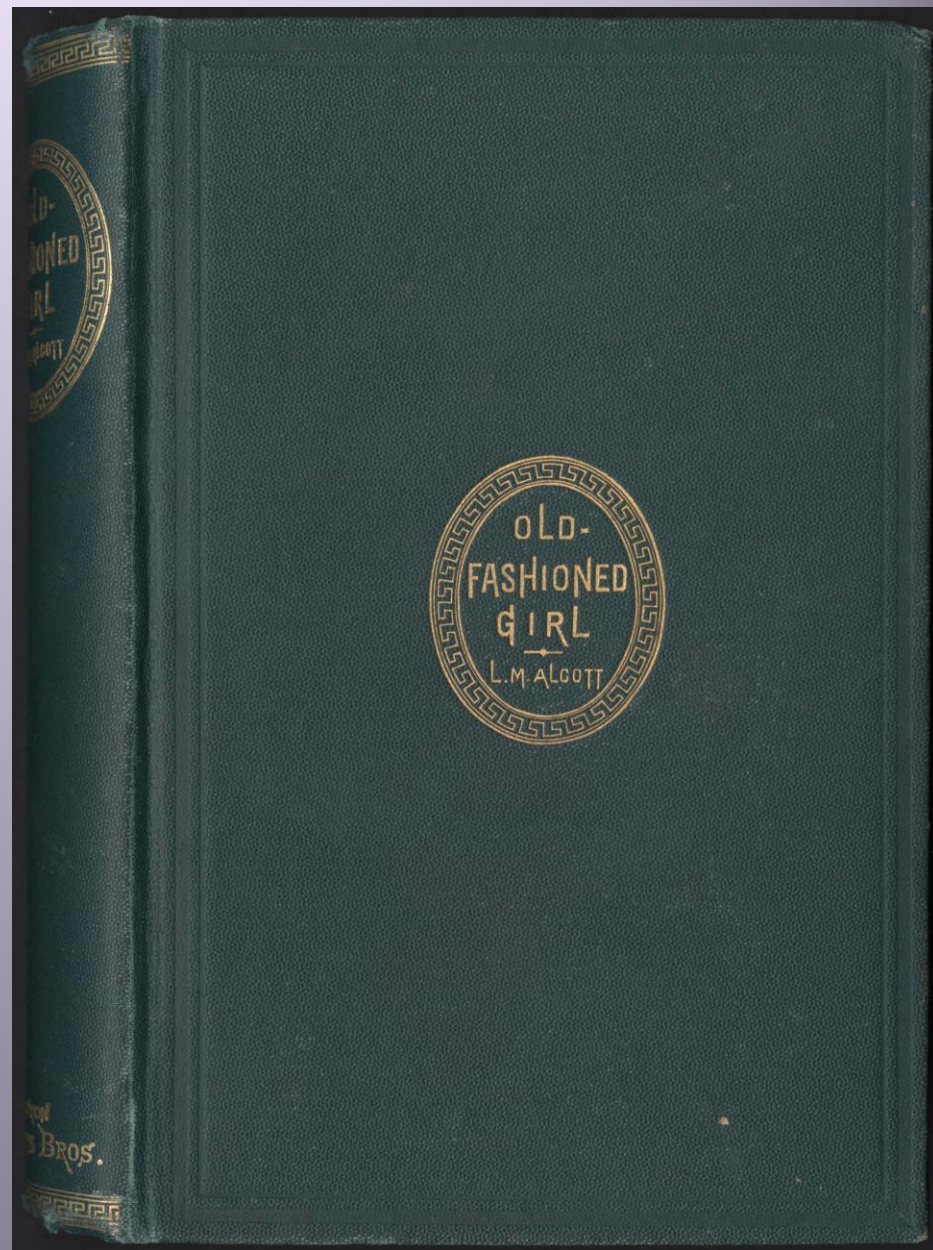
BOSTON
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1869

Louisa M. Alcott and "Aunt Sue," Editors.



\$1.50 a year. A Single Number, 15 cents.
Twenty-ninth Year of Publication.



WORK:

A STORY OF EXPERIENCE.

BY

LOUISA M. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN," "LITTLE MEN," "AN OLD-FASHIONED
GIRL," "HOSPITAL SKETCHES," ETC.



"An endless significance lies in work; in idleness alone is there perpetual
despair." — CARLYLE.

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1873.

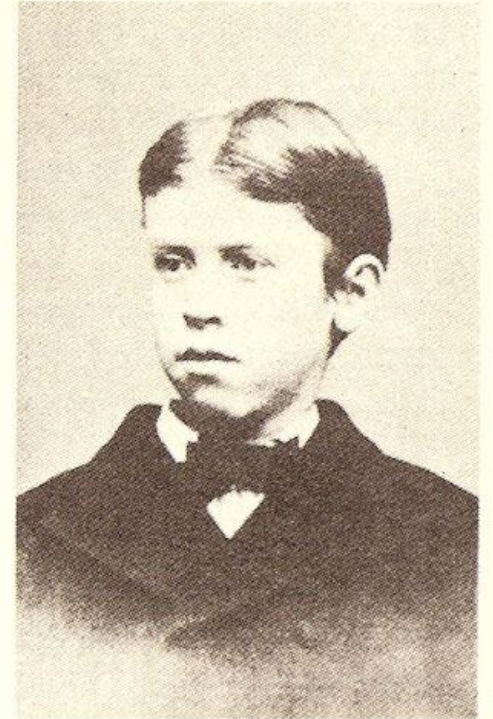
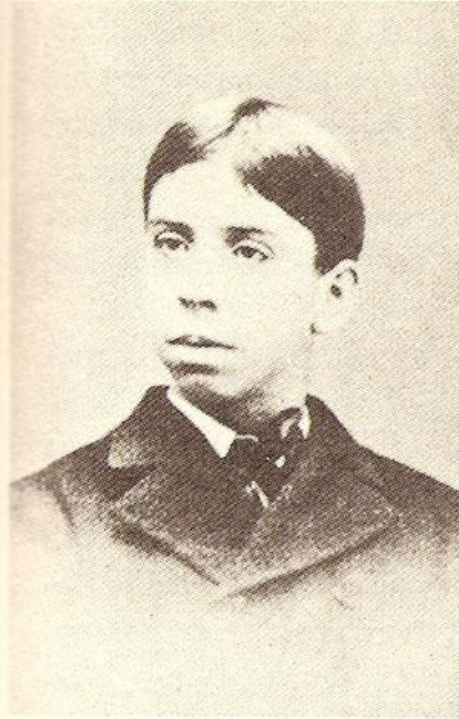
A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES



NO NAME SERIES



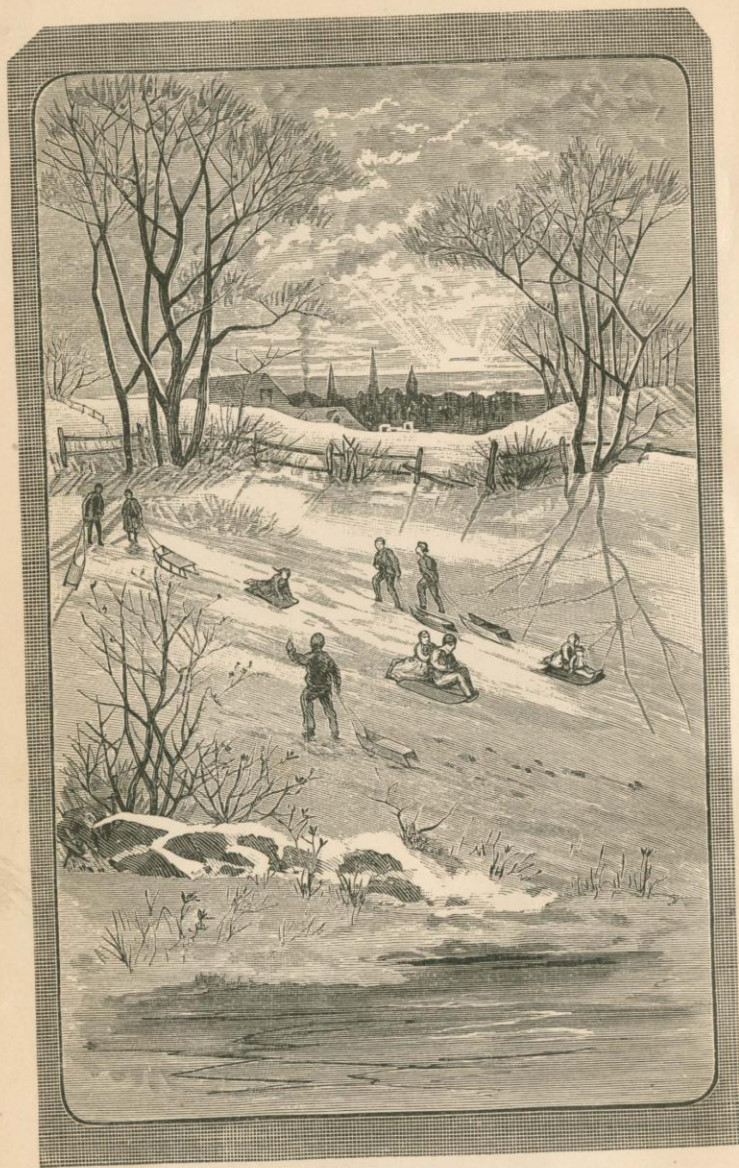
Portrait of May Alcott as a teenager



Sons of "Meg"

Frederic Alcott Pratt

John Sewall Pratt Alcott



HARMONY VILLAGE.

"Clear the lulla!" was the general cry when all the boys and girls were out enjoying the first good snow of the season. — PAGE I.

JACK AND JILL:

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY

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"EIGHT COUSINS," "ROSE IN BLOOM," "WORK," "HOSPITAL SKETCHES,"
"SILVER PITCHERS," "AUNT JO'S SCRAP BAG,"
"UNDER THE LILACS."

With Illustrations.



BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1880.



Photograph of May's daughter, Lulu Niereker, as a young child, 1880's

