

Concord April 23rd 1854.

Dear Mrs. Chandler,

It is a long time from 8th April, but your last letter then
has in the past, and you are
without response from me.
Nor had I chance last Monday
to make my excuses in person
as I intended. For what shall
one do when some old ancestral
finer spots his physiognomy so
mercifully just at the moment
when he would have all his
native graces about him? I
forgive,

but how shall I forget for the
weeks to come, since I am to
lose the pleasure of meeting the
amiables of the Women's Club next
Monday as I had engaged to do.

Meanwhile what will you
tell me about last Monday
meeting? Doubtless the paper
was fugitive and fit talk.
But what shall I learn of
these unless you sketch the
picture, only do not leave
one figure in the shade.
It is a second disappointment,
perhaps prepares a third.
But the delay matters are
a month ahead yet.

McCannell, too, my young
Trogen has promised to visit me.
If he prove the paragon my
fancy paints, he remains
for "all-time" - so he writes.
Such faith is so strange and
silly, he writes with hope when the
corner. He has sent his picture
in advance. It is propounding
in strength and manliness. We
shall see when the original
arrives.

Thanks again for the Metro.
I read at moments still and
hope to find time for Vol. III.
after a little while.

Miss Moore made us a
pleasant call, as fair and good
as ever.

Last Sunday Hotham the
Walden Hermit took tea with
us - a sensible saint in bygone
attire, and we talked him.

May is near, and the
birds are here. Will you
not fly into our neighborhood
soon?

Very cordially,
Yours,

A. Bronson Alcott.

Miss Chamberlain