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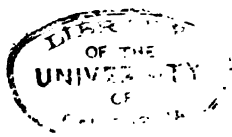
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*James E. Channing*

COLLECTIONS  
SEVENTY YEARS

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BY H. H. SANBORN

EDITED BY

TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME TWO



BOSTON  
RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
1909

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# RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY YEARS

By F. B. SANBORN  
OF CONCORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME TWO



BOSTON  
RICHARD G. BADGER  
THE GORHAM PRESS  
1909

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**LITERARY LIFE**

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## CHAPTER X

### *Early Influences*

**T**HOUGH my political opinions began to manifest themselves at seven and eight years old, for I certainly took a lively interest in New Hampshire elections in 1839-40, yet my literary life began even earlier, and under influences very favorable to the formation of scholarly habits. The libraries of my father, elder brother and grandfather, though small, were well supplied with sound reading; and the "Social Library" founded by Parson Abbot was open to me almost daily, after it was restored to the Parsonage in 1840, from Deacon Lane's; and there I found books of travel, adventure and history, as well as the pleasing fiction of Hannah More and Maria Edgeworth, and a few volumes of English and American poetry. At Grandfather Leavitt's were the books of Scottish religion, which had been his mother's, and especially Doddridge's "Life of Colonel Gardiner," and the intolerant Presbyterian volume of "The Scots Worthies," containing brief biographies of the Protestant reformers of Scotland, from Buchanan and John Knox down to the Covenanters who fought at Bothwell Bridge, and the two beheaded

earls of Argyle (so the name was then spelled), ending with that ferocious pamphlet of Howie of Lochgoin, "God's Judgment on Persecutors," which gave the extremely hostile view of the Stuart sovereigns, of Archbishop Sharpe, Lauderdale and Graham of Claverhouse. This prepared me for Scott's *Waverley Novels*, of which I became the owner before I was twelve, having already perused with eager and undoubting interest, Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," in the library of a schoolmate. Burns's poems and Moore's "Irish Melodies" were in the house; and the first volume of the now almost forgotten Southey, which I read at nine, was his rhapsodical "Joan of Arc," now absolutely gone to oblivion. My great find, however, at the age of eight, was an odd volume of Shakespeare including the Henry VI., Richard III., and Henry VIII., which I almost learned by heart before, at the age of twelve, I got hold of the whole series of the Plays in the newly started "Ladies' Library," the money for which was provided by the "Sewing Circle" of the Unitarian parish, under the energetic management of Miss Fanny Caldwell, the sister and house-keeper of our widowed clergyman, Parson Caldwell. "Don Quixote" was the property of a roving uncle, and remained in our bookcase for years, till I had read it twice over; and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the great book of Bronson Alcott's childhood, was in our house in two American editions—my mother's copy and my Aunt Dolly's, of an earlier date, which had come down to her



from her grandmother, who brought her up. Singularly enough, "Robinson Crusoe" was not accessible to me in boyhood, so that I lacked the third of that trio of fiction by Bunyan, Cervantes and Defoe, which Johnson and Macaulay praise so warmly. Campbell's poems and Longfellow's earlier volumes I read as a boy of ten, and became still earlier acquainted with Pope's "Essay on Man" from the singular fact that American pamphlet editions of it, with the "Universal Prayer" appended, had been given as school prizes, about 1805, to my father and his elder brother Joseph, and both remained in a great chest in the garret, which contained also Webster's "Spelling-Book," and "Third Part," Murray's "English Reader," and other discarded school-books of the early nineteenth century. At school we had Thomson's "Seasons" for our grammatical exercises in "Parsing," so that I had much of that famous poem by heart before I was ten. I cannot remember the time when I could not read with some fluency; and I began to write verses (parodies, at first) certainly before I was eleven.

The atmosphere of the little town was literary and even scholastic, from the fact that we had enjoyed a learned ministry since 1780, when Dr. Langdon came to the Parsonage, until I had graduated at Harvard; and there were three "academies" within a few miles—the famous Phillips Academy at Exeter, the Hampton Academy, where Rufus Choate and others fitted for college, and a Baptist Rockingham Academy in

Hampton Falls village, built on the triangular parade-ground given to the town by Colonel Weare, Chief Justice and President of the Revolutionary State of New Hampshire afterwards, but given, I suppose, while he was a Provincial Colonel under Governor Benning Wentworth, in the old French War. In this Baptist seminary boys were fitted for Brown University, and its teachers were usually graduates from Providence. The winter teachers in our three district schools were either students from the colleges or graduates from these three Academies, and were usually capable of giving instruction in Latin, sometimes in Greek. Professor Bowen of Harvard taught one of our schools while in college, and boarded with Deacon Lane, who had inherited from President Langdon his globes and parsonical wig, and who lived in a large old house behind the meeting-house of Langdon and Abbot, and of Rev. Stephen Farley, the father of Harriet Farley; who was herself one of the founders of the "Lowell Offering," written by the factory girls at Lowell, of whom Dickens and other English tourists had much to say, in the years 1841-46. Miss Farley had been a teacher first, and then a factory girl herself; her eldest brother, Massillon Farley, had studied law and become a judge in Texas, in those dim years when the "Lone Star" of that vast State flared over the exploits of Houston and Crockett, and lighted the way to annexation in 1844, against the opposition of Webster, Clay, Van Buren and our local Congressman, John P.

Hale. Miss Farley's youngest brother, Stephen, was a playmate of mine on the three-cornered green, and my first compassion toward the poor was aroused by his telling me one day that they often had no breakfast in the Parsonage but potatoes and cream. My first distinct view of actual insanity, that painful malady with which I have been for many years familiar as an expert, was in seeing the mother of this rather brilliant family of young persons rambling in our pine-wood and talking to herself in an incoherent way; for she was harmlessly insane in her aged years.

My first important literary purchase having been Scott's novels, I next bought "Marmion" and Byron's "Childe Harold," and soon after the one-volume American edition of all Byron's poems, plays and letters. Carey's "Dante," in the Ladies' Library, and Fairfax's "Tasso" in my own collection, gave me my first taste of Italian literature; and by that time I had read much Latin in my brother's text-books or the old volumes of the Langdon ministerial library, where I found both "Terence" and the "Colloquies of Erasmus," in which I became somewhat familiar with conversational Latin, and the peculiarities of innkeeping in the sixteenth century.

All this and much more was random reading, with little method or guidance, but in my retentive memory it laid a foundation for the miscellaneous knowledge in many directions which I had acquired before entering college, and which gave me in some degree an advantage over other students who had

followed the stricter discipline of the classical schools. It also furnished me with much material for illustration and remark when I became a teacher myself, as I did in a small way, but without compensation, while in college. I imparted what Greek they needed to two of my friends in the Cambridge Divinity School, and prepared Parson Caldwell's son George for his entrance by the gateway of Latin and some Greek, into the scientific field, where he distinguished himself, after studies in Germany, by his professorship of chemistry at Cornell University. There I renewed my acquaintance with him after more than 25 years, during my lectureship at Cornell, in 1885-88. Looking back upon the story of my brothers and sisters, I perceive that we were, five of us, a group of successful teachers, and all of us, except my youngest brother Joseph, who had stricter instruction from myself and the Exeter professors, had prepared ourselves much in the careless way I hint at in my own case. My second sister, Helen (the only survivor now of that family of ten or twelve persons in the large old house whom I first saw there), had among her pupils in their early studies, Alice Brown, the faithful chronicler of village and rural histories, and Ralph Cram, the architect and aesthetic author, and also his younger brother William, who has gained distinction as a naturalist, while tilling his ancestral farm in the town where we were all born.

About 1845, when I had entered my fourteenth year, with the random reading at which I have

glanced, I began to read Hawthorne, Carlyle, and Emerson, and perceived that the bent of my mind was with that school of writers. "Sartor Resartus" and Hawthorne's "Mosses" were the first volumes of these authors that I read; but I came upon Emerson's poems as they were copied into the newspapers from the *Dial*, and the "Western Messenger" of James Freeman Clarke, where they first appeared. Without my understanding their full import, they addressed in me that poetic sentiment which, with no corresponding gift of poetic expression, I shared with him and many others. So early did I begin to read Emerson's writings, at least in extracts (and very likely first in the *Christian World* of Boston, edited by an early disciple of the Concord poet, J. F. Clarke), that I can hardly remember when I did not know them, in part and superficially. A natural affinity for that school of thought which he most clearly represented, and something akin to his intuitions in my own way of viewing personal and social aspects, really brought me into relations with him before I ever saw him, or ever heard that thrilling voice, which few could forget who had once listened to its deeper tones. I did not set foot in Concord until the spring of 1851, when I was nineteen, and was finishing my freshman studies for Harvard at the Exeter Academy. I then walked over from Sudbury with my schoolmate Henry Shaw (once of Hampton Falls, but then studying medicine at his father's parsonage in Sudbury, the next town south of Concord), after sailing on the broad

meadows of Sudbury with Henry, who, since we walked to school together in New Hampshire, had become an expert seaman and fisherman by voyages to India and along our coast, and was afterward for years a surgeon in the navy. We did not see Emerson that day, although we passed his house and the Old Manse; and it was two years later, at the end of my sophomore year in college, that I called on him and introduced myself to his acquaintance, knowing by that time many of his friends.

I must have begun to read Emerson before sixteen; for in my sixteenth year I remember perusing with indignation Francis Bowen's scoffing review of the "Poems," which he printed in the *North American Review* for 1847, in an editorial article entitled "Nine New Poets." It was Bowen's notion at the time that Bulwer's "New Timon" was the great poem of the age, and he so expressed himself to Longfellow, his brother professor at Harvard. About the time of this review I was reading "Sartor Resartus" of Carlyle, in the edition that Emerson introduced to America, where it long preceded the English volume. The second edition of Emerson's "Nature" came out and was read by me in 1849, and I then had each of his volumes, as it came out, added to our local library. In the year 1850, when I was reading Greek privately with Professor J. G. Hoyt at Exeter, he told me how his classmates at Dartmouth in 1838, as they were graduating,

invited Emerson to give his discourse on "Literary Ethics" (one of the first of his addresses I had read in 1849) and what he said on the subject of having it reported for the newspapers. Young Hoyt, in the name of the class, met him and asked if he would allow a report to be made. Emerson refused with decision, according to Mr. Hoyt: "I curse the reporters," said the gentle sage,— "I curse them." When I told Emerson this story in later years, he refused to believe he had so expressed himself; but I dare say the tale was true.

I had, of course, made the customary readings in American history and biography in my boyhood, and delighted in the myths of Parson Weems, who wrote the lives of Washington, Marion, and other heroes of the Revolution; and I was quite as familiar with the model biography of Franklin, by his own modest and skillful hand. In the Langdon Library were the serial numbers of Thomas Paine's "Crisis," received by President Langdon while at the head of Harvard College, where he had bestowed the degree of LL.D. on Washington, in Latin of his own composition. There also were other pamphlets of that period, and possibly a few of Dr. Langdon's own sermons in print; but I was not then a very eager reader of sermons, and passed by with a groan the finely printed pages of Zollikoffer's Sermons on the shelves of our "Social Library." But I took much delight in Thomas Burnet's "Theory of the

World before the Flood," which had come down from my great-grandmother Leavitt's religious bookcase,—accounting, as it did, for the antediluvian earth on strictly orthodox principles, before geology and schism came to break up all our ancient faiths. I had been a reader of the Bible, Apocrypha and all, from earliest years; indeed, had read the Old Testament through, without omission, before I was eight. This of itself was a literary training to one who was old enough to feel the force of its remarkable English style.

I was indebted to a very different school of authors, the writers for the weekly *Boston Post*, for much literary news and entertainment in their book reviews. The brothers Greene, kindred of Senator Fessenden of Maine, and indeed, distant cousins of mine through a descent from that old Oxford scholar, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, of Hampton, were men of lively minds, and Nat, the elder, was much of a scholar; so that the book reviews, in which Richard Frothingham may have aided, were able, and indulged rustic readers like myself with long quotations from the book in hand,—a custom that George Ripley and many other good critics have since followed, and which I adopt myself, when space and time will allow. For I well recall the keen pleasure I found in these quotations,—while the criticism passed by my boyish mind, as the idle wind. I dare say it is just so now with those boys who take the trouble to read the hundreds of book-notices that I turn off in a year,—and have been doing so ever since I took charge of the



Boston *Commonwealth* in 1868, and became an editor of the *Springfield Republican* in 1868.

It must not be supposed, however, that I was a mere bookworm in boyhood, and learned nothing of the wholesome games and sports of youth. I early was taught to shoot and swim, played all the ball games then in vogue, and had many joyous comrades in the field during the open season, and by the winter fireside from October to April. I remember one spring night in a sawmill on Taylor's River,—one of the oldest mill-streams in New Hampshire,—where during the running of the log, which my companion had to watch, he and I played "checkers" through the night, on a board lined off with charcoal, and with bits of bark for the men; since checkers was then the most common game except "High, Low, Jack" with cards. In time I was taught Chess (by a parson's son) and Whist, and became fairly expert in both. There was a nightly company too, for several years, made up of the farmers' sons and a few students from the Academy, which met in the dense woods, ate fricasseed chicken by a fire of pine boughs, and even made excellent sponge cake, by the art of John Godfrey, who was afterward a good army quartermaster in the Civil War, and in peace a diviner with the hazel wand to find concealed springs of water, in a dry season. We had a fancy that we were as well off in these escapades as the brigands in Schiller's "Robbers," whose fine song the elder Rangabé imitated in his Klepht Song, which in 1898 I found so popular in Greece.

Ein Freies Leben führen wir,  
 Ein Leben voller Wonne,  
 Der Wald is unser Nachtquartier,  
 Bei Sturm und Wind hantieren wir,  
 Der Mond ist unsre Sonne;  
 Mercurius ist unser Mann,  
 Der's Praktizieren trefflich kann.

By this time (1849) my brother, Charles, had suspended his Latin and French studies and taken up German; and I mingled my renewed Greek with his attractive German poesy. The first piece I ever printed was a version of Bürger's "Wild Huntsman," which came out in the New Hampshire *Independent Democrat*, in 1849; but when I took up Schiller, the next year, I made several better translations from that pleasing poet. Some of these were from this same wild play of "The Robbers" (in which I have seen Edwin Booth act), which being an early piece by the poet, he clapped into it some of his school-poems on Greek and Roman subjects,—the "Farewell to Hector," and the lyrical interview between Brutus and Cæsar's Ghost at Philippi. What they have to do with a sensational Storm-and-Stress melodrama of Germany, is hard to say; but they sounded well, and were not hard to translate. Alexander Rangabé caught the tune of Schiller's song, but developed a far better poem, on a theme always popular in modern Greece,—the tyrant-slaying brigand of the mountain ranges. He thus begins:



**DR. C. H. SANBORN, ÆT 25**



**MISS SARAH SANBORN, ÆT 40**

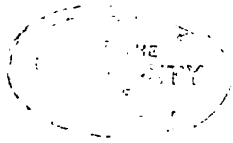


**F. B. SANBORN, ÆT 17**



**MISS HELEN SANBORN, ÆT 20**

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“Mavr' ein' e nykta 's ta vouná  
'S tous vrachous pephteí chióni :

~~Black on the mountain falls the night,~~  
O'er crags the snow is drifting,”

and then goes on to picture the short and glorious life of the Klepht, from the calls to battle till his death in the moment of victory,—ending thus:

“My blue-eyed darling, weep no more,  
But light the torch of glory!  
Thy tears must not my death deplore;  
Freeborn, these crags I rambled o'er,  
In death lie free before thee.”

This song reminds me that one of the first histories I read, after Plutarch, was Dr. Howe's story of the Greek Revolution, in which he bore so gallant a part. We were playing Robin Hood, Klepht and Fra Diavolo, in our nightly revels of the greenwood; but it was a harmless comedy, like Shakespeare's "As You Like It," and soon gave place to the realities of life.

## CHAPTER XI

### *Initial Love*

**I**N his "New Life," that exquisite parable of initial love, Dante says, "Behold a Spirit cometh mightier than thou, who shall rule over thee." The hour of Love was come and neither of us suspected it. Up to my 19th year I had lived fancy-free, although susceptible to the beauty of girls, in which few New England towns were then deficient, and slightly attached, at school or elsewhere, to this maiden or that with fine eyes and a social or narrative gift; one I remember, Frances Brown, who had the Oriental trait of story-telling in what then seemed perfection. To one pair of sisters, in a family distantly related to ours, I was specially attracted by their loveliness and their gentle ways. They had the "mátia galaná" of the Klepht's blue-eyed maiden; and toward the younger of the two, almost exactly my own age, had I early manifested this interest, when my years cannot have been more than seven.

They had come with their cousin, who was also my cousin, to spend the afternoon and take tea with my two sisters; it may have been the first time I had noticed the sweet beauty of Sarah C., who was a granddaughter of the former parson of the parish. So strongly was I impressed by it, that

while they were taking tea by themselves, boys not being expected to enjoy their company, I went to my strong box, which contained all my little stock of silver, took from it a shining half-dollar, the largest coin I had, and deftly transferred it to the reticule of Sarah, hanging on the back of a chair in the "parlor chamber," all without telling anybody what I had done. The two girls (aged seven and ten) went home unsuspecting what had occurred, but in emptying the reticule that night, the coin was found, and Sarah knowing nothing about it, the gift was sent back to the house of the tea party, and my little scheme of endowing her with my worldly goods was discovered, to my confusion.

There had been other fancies, but nothing serious until the year 1850, when I was just eighteen. Nor had I taken the burden of life very seriously in other directions. I had formed no scheme of life; my education had been going on as already described, with no particular plan on my part or that of my family. My mother's cousin, Senator Norris, being in Congress from 1848 until his death in 1855, it had been suggested that he should appoint me a cadet in the West Point military school; but I had no turn for a soldier's life, and nothing was done to obtain his patronage, which his uncle, my grandfather, a veteran Democrat, could have secured, perhaps.

A rather exacting literary society had been established about 1848 in the upper hall of the school-house where I had been a pupil, at the instance,

I suppose, of the good minister of the Unitarian parish. We held debates, and soon established a MS. ~~monthly~~ journal, *Star of Social Reform*, which received contributions, supposed to be anonymous, from the members, male and female, and these were read at the monthly meetings. I early became a contributor, both in prose and verse, and in the summer of 1849 wrote a burlesque on the poem of "Festus," then much read in New England, in mild ridicule of the English author, Philip Bailey. The following winter the editor of the *Star*, one of the two sisters just mentioned (now Mrs. S. H. Folsom, of Winchester, Mass.), visiting her friend, Miss Ariana Smith Walker, at Peterborough, showed her the "Festus" verses and some others, which she was good enough to like, and sent them to her dearest friend, Miss Ednah Littlehale, of Boston (the late Mrs. E. D. Cheney), with this note:

"March 30, 1850. I don't know that I should have written you to-day if I had not wanted to send you the enclosed. It purports to be a newly discovered scene from 'Festus,' and is written by a person who does not altogether like the book, as you will see from the last part, especially. I want you to read it *first*, and then read the little note which will tell you about the author. I think it is capital; tell me how it strikes you. Please return it to me in your next. A. S. W."

A few weeks later, April 26, she added:

"I send you herewith some poetry of Frank S., the



author of the new scene from 'Festus.' The little ballad, is, I think, very pretty. He called it 'Night Thoughts,' but I like 'The Taper' better, do not you? And now I will tell you that he is a Hampton Falls boy, and that his name is *Sanborns*. I will send you all I can of his writing, and I want *you* to write a criticism upon the 'Festus,' etc., for the *Star*, a paper written by the young people at H. Falls. They shan't know who writes it; but won't you sometime send me a sort of laughing notice of this 'new Poet'?"

The ballad was the subject, afterward, of a commendatory notice in the *Star* by A. S. W., which pleased the young poet, and led him to anticipate the arrival of the critic; who also had some curiosity to see the youth about whom her friend had told her many things. When they first saw each other in the small church at Hampton Falls, she was sitting beside her friend in the pew, and I was opposite, facing them, but only fifty feet away, so that our eyes met. In her next letter to Ednah she said (July 22, 1850):

"I have seen F. S., the young poet, a face like the early portrait of Raphael, only Frank's eyes and hair are very dark. I don't care, now I have seen him, to speak or meet with him." [In fact two days after he called on her and was welcome.] "When we began to talk earnestly I forgot everything else in my surprise and pleasure. I was astonished and delighted. There was a charm about everything he said, because he has thought more *wholly* for himself than anyone I ever met. . . . In books, too, I was astonished at his preferences. It seemed strange that *Shelley* should be the favorite poet of an

uncultivated, I should say, self-cultivated boy; but so it is, and he talked of him and of the poems as I never heard anyone talk, after his own fashion. . . . He excused himself for staying so late, but said the time had passed rapidly. C. seemed very much surprised that he had spoken so freely to a stranger; I think he himself will wonder at it. The conversation covered so many subjects that I could not help laughing on looking back upon it; he might have discovered the great fault of my mind, a want of method in my thoughts, as clearly as I saw his to be a want of hope. But talking with a new person is to me like going for the first time into a gallery of pictures. We wander from one painting to another, wishing to see all, lest something finest should escape us, and in truth seeing no one perfectly and appreciatingly. Only after many visits and long familiarity can we learn which are really the best, most suggestive and most full of meaning; and then it is before two or three that one passes the hours. So we wander at first from one topic of conversation to another, until we find which are those reaching farthest and deepest, and then it is these of which we talk most. My interest in Frank S. is peculiar; it is his intellectual and spiritual nature, and not *himself* that I feel so much drawn to. I can't say it rightly in words, but I never was so strongly interested in one where the feeling was so little *personal*."

This was by no means my own case. I had the strongest personal interest in this young lady, whose life had been so unlike mine, but who had reached in many points the same conclusions, literary, social and religious, which were my own,—so far as a youth of less than nineteen can be said to have reached conclusions. We met again and

again, and discussed not only Shelley, but Plato and Emerson, of whom we were both eager readers. She had received from her father the winter before Emerson's "Representative Men," just after she had been reading Plato with Ednah Littlehale, and she was also familiar with several of the other characters in that volume,—her studies in German having advanced further than mine. Two years earlier she had read Emerson's first book, "Nature," more than once, and at the age of eighteen thus wrote of it to Ednah:

"April 1, 1848. I am glad you have read 'Nature.' It has long been one of my books. It lies at this moment on my little table, and seldom does a day pass without my finding there something that chimes with the day's thought. Emerson always gives me a feeling of quiet, simple strength. I go to him, therefore, when I am weak and feeble—not when I am full of unrest and disquiet. My soul is at times the echo of his; like the echo, however, it can only give back a single word. I bow in quiet joy at his grander thought; but, like him, I do not therefore yield my own. The light of his spirit does not dazzle my eyes so that all seems dark elsewhere; on the contrary, the world around me, reflecting back that radiance, smiles in a new-born glory. I love the whole earth more, that I know him more truly."

Our second evening was that of August 1, and this is the record in her journal:

"Last night F. S. was here again. We had been wishing he would come but did not expect him. He was in a fine mood, but one or two things I regret in the

evening's talk. He had spoken of many things earnestly, and at last he mentioned James Richardson's proposal that he should enter the ministry. We all laughed. I wanted to say something of his future life; but I seemed to have no right. He said 'That is the last thing I should choose.' 'No,' said I, with decision, 'preaching is not your mission.' I felt as if I must go on, but I restrained myself and was silent. He must have thought we ridiculed the idea of his becoming a minister, because we thought him unequal to the work. I did not feel this so fully then as I did after he was gone; but it hurts me to have so repulsed him, for I think he wished us to say something more—to talk with him of himself and of his future. O golden opportunity! I fear it is lost and will not come again."

"August 2. As I wrote the above, Mrs. C. asked me why, if I felt that F. had misunderstood what I said, I did not write him a note, and tell him what I then wished so much to say. She urged my doing so, and at last I wrote the following, which I showed to her, and which she advised my sending:

" NOTE.

" 'When you spoke last night of Mr. R.'s proposition that you should enter the ministry, I have thought that what I replied might and must have given you a wrong impression. When I said with decision that I did not think preaching your mission, it was not because I feared you would fail in that, or in anything for which you should heartily strive; but because it seems to me as if no one should take such a mission upon himself unless he feels a decided call, and is sensible of a peculiar fitness.

" 'Your work in life seems to me more clearly pointed

out than that of most men; it comes under that last head in "Representative Men"; we need you as a writer. I know how much of struggle and even of suffering such a life must contain, but Plato says, "When one is attempting noble things it is surely noble also to suffer whatever it may befall him to suffer."

"I feel that there is that within you which cannot rightfully be hidden; and your success seems to me sure, if you will but bend your whole energies to this end. I wish I were wise enough to suggest something more than the goal to be reached; but I am sure you will have other and more efficient friends who will give you the aid of experience.

"Perhaps you will think I presume upon a short acquaintance to say all this; but it is so often given to us "to foresee the destiny of another more clearly than that other can," and it seems to me only truth to strive "by heroic encouragements to hold him to his task." Will you pardon my boldness? I give you God-speed.

"Your friend,

"ANNA W."

"Wednesday, Aug. 7. I went to the Sewing Circle on Munt Hill. I had three reasons for going—to be with Cate, to sit under the green trees once again, and to see Frank, who I felt sure would be there. I had a beautiful but wearisome afternoon. I liked to sit under the green arches of the oaks and maples, and to watch the play of faces, and read through them in the souls of those around me. Cate is the best, and most beautiful and worthy to be loved; and next to her I was drawn to Helen Sanborn. She is cold and self-centered, but she interests me. I want to know what all that coldness covers and conceals. Frank came; he greeted me last,

and then almost distantly—certainly coldly. He was gay and witty, and we had a little talk together, sitting after tea in the doorway. Miss (Nancy) Sanborn's house is prettily located, but there is something really mournful in such a lonely life as hers. Heaven save me from so vacant, so desolate a life as that of most unmarried women!"

"August 8. The conversation began by Cate's showing him my Analyses. I sat in a low chair at C.'s feet, and watched his face while he read. It was steady; I could not read it, and I admired his composure, because I do not think it arose from a want of feeling. He said, when he had finished, that he should not like to say whose the first analysis was; it might apply in parts to many; and then turned to his own, and began to talk of it; not easily, but with difficulty and reserve. I gave him a pencil and asked him to mark what he thought untrue. He made three or four marks, and explained why he did so; but not for some time did he say that it was himself of whom he spoke. He said I overrated him; he was quick but confused, and he complained of a want of method, strictness and steadiness.

"The conversation turned upon many things which I cannot write here—upon pride, upon faith in a future life, etc. It was not till after midnight that he said he must go; and then it was evidently only because he felt he ought; the conversation held him. 'When,' he asked, 'shall you be in Hampton Falls again?' 'Perhaps in one year, perhaps not for several,' said I. 'Then it is doubtful when we shall see one another again. I shall not be likely to meet you anywhere else.' 'Yes,' said I, 'when I see you next, your destiny will probably be decided.' 'I will promise you,' he said, 'that my choice shall be made as quickly as possible.'

"I told him I hoped I should hear of it when he did so. He said he might not be in Hampton Falls at that time, and seemed, I half thought, to wish me to ask him to tell me himself of his decision; but I hesitated to do so, and so said nothing."

Here is the analysis then under consideration:

"THE CHARACTER OF F. B. S. AT EIGHTEEN.

"Mind analytic, the intellect predominating and governing the heart; feelings do not often obtain the mastery. Intellect calm and searching, with a keen insight, equally open to merits and demerits. Much practical ability and coolness of judgment. He is unsparingly just to his own thought, and is not easily moved therefrom. With great imagination he is not at all a dreamer, or if he is ever so, his dreams are not *enervating* and he has power to make them realities. He is vigorous, healthy, strong. *Calmness* of feeling as well as of thought, is a large element in his nature; but there is fire under the ice, which, if it should be reached, would flame forth with great power and intensity. Imagination rich and vivid, yet he is somewhat *cold*; wants hope, is too apt to look on the dark side of things.

"Has great pride. It is one of the strongest elements of his character. Values highly independence, and thinks himself *capable* of standing alone, and as it were *apart* from all others; yet in his inmost soul he would be glad of some *authority* upon which to lean, and is influenced more than he is aware by those whose opinions he respects. There is much religion in him. He despises empty forms without the spirit, but has large reverence for things truly *reverenceable*.

"He is severe, but not more so with others than with

himself: yet he *likes* many, *endures* most, and is at war with few. His feelings are not easily moved, *loves* few—perhaps *none* with *enthusiasm*. He is too proud to be vain, yet will have much to stimulate vanity. He fancies himself indifferent to praise or blame, but is much less so than he imagines. He is open, and yet reserved; in showing his treasures he knows where to stop, and with all his frankness there is still much which he reveals to none.

Has much *intellectual* enthusiasm. Loves wit, and is often witty; has much humor too, sees quickly the ludicrous side of things, and though he wants hope is seldom sad or despondent. Has many noble aspirations yet unsatisfied. Still seeking, seeking, groping in the dark. He wants a *definite* end for which to strive *heartily*; then his success would be *SURE*. Much executive power, executes better than he plans.

“Loves the beautiful in all things. He has much originality; his thoughts and tastes are peculiarly his own. Is impatient of wrong, and almost equally so of *inability*. Is gentle in spite of a certain coldness about him; has strong passions in spite of his *general* calmness of intellect and affection. A nature not likely to find rest, struggle is its native element; wants a *steady* aim, *must* work, standing still is impossible; but he must have a *great* motive for which to strive.”

“August 5, 1850. Many contradictions in this analysis, but not *more* than there are in the character itself.”

This forecast of character was made after several long conversations, of which Anna (we soon got beyond the formality of titles) preserved a record in her journal, for she had formed the journalizing habit in childhood, and had it confirmed



by the fashion of the day, among her Boston friends.

This sketch was followed up a few weeks later by a mythical entry in *my* journal, wherein Miss Walker endeavored, by a sally of the imagination, to fathom my sentiments and wishes, in a passage not meant for my eyes, and which I did not see till many years after. In sending it to her Hampton Falls friend, whom she designated as "M.," and herself by "L." (for which I substitute the true initials, "A." and "C."), Miss Walker thus wrote, September 3, 1850:

"Here you have what F. would never have written, or even thought definitely and connectedly; but what I think he would feel to be true to his opinion if he saw it here written. It is a curious jumble of fact and fiction, which it may amuse you to read, as it has me to write. Some things are like F.,—others most unlike; the style of the Journal is not F.'s—some of the thoughts such as he might have, others that he would not. I have not given this care and time enough to make it good; but I like you should see it."

Here follows this singular dramatic interlude:

"I have received from A. a paper in which she has written a kind of analysis of me. It is curious to look at one's self through the eyes of another in this way,—some things both pleasant and unpleasant are in it. In this paper she has said many true things of me; though there are also some which I should be inclined altogether to deny. Still I doubt whether I myself should have made a fairer statement. But after all, where does this lead

me? I asked this of A., but got from her no clear answer in words, though I know in general what her thought is.

“‘Had a divine messenger from the clouds,’ says Teufelsdröckh, ‘or a miraculous handwriting on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do!* with what passionate readiness (so I often thought), would I have done it,—had it been leaping into the Infernal Fire.’ So also could I say; but in the self-introspection forced on me of late, I have found such a source of doubt and self-distrust that I sometimes feel as if I were fitted for no work. Ah! the most fearful unbelief is unbelief in one’s self.

“In the Analysis A. writes, ‘He is severe, but not more so with others than with himself.’ I questioned of this severity with her, but she still maintained it to be true. And yet, said I, ‘I cannot speak to any one of his faults without suffering greater pain than I inflict.’ ‘Yes,’ said she, ‘there is a curious sweet gentleness down there in the depths, that keeps very near this same stern justice,—goes hand in hand with it, even, and checks and restrains and softens it always.’

“How I wish I had some friend wise enough to decide for me! and yet I would not burden another with me; and I can stand by myself. A., to whom I said something of this, half rebuked me for pride,—and pride I believe it is. Injustice troubles me little; there is a certain consciousness of superiority over the person who misjudges me that takes away the pain. But too high a hope—one can only suffer from that. A. says she is simply just; I think she is true to her thought; and after all why should I fret and fume? Every one must in the end pass for what he is worth. Why cannot I wait quietly till the waters sink to their true level?

“A. is a singular person; she talks to you of yourself with the same frankness that she would talk of a third

person,—perhaps even with more severity of truth. Yet she does it not rudely. I talked to-day with C. of my future, and of many things besides. She is a person to whom one need not fear to go at all times; her judgment is good, and her mind clear; she only wants self-confidence in the expression of her thoughts. C. and A. are very unlike. C. listens to your thought gently and with sympathy, but gives not her own, often, until she is asked therefor. A. gives you her own thought, fancy or opinion, and then calls quietly for yours. She does not argue but affirms, and calls out argument in you. C. advises me as A. does, and agrees with her as to what is the best present plan for me. But what A. would be inclined somewhat to urge upon me, C. would only doubtfully suggest. Yet both would be patient with delay; A. because if one plan failed, she would hope at once in another,—or if her own did not succeed, would have full confidence that a better would be found and followed; C. because she had never trusted her own opinion, or felt herself equal to advising; and because she would feel it assumption to urge or insist, or even silently to believe her own thoughts best. From the same cause, C. would suffer most in anticipation, A. in retrospection. C.'s personal presence is necessary to you; A. is of no more value present than absent.

“A. spoke of my calmness. I was not very calm as I walked home last night. I was angry with myself that I had said so little of what I meant to say. I never *am* equal to the occasion. And now, what is to come of all this? We reached not to any clear plan, though ways and means of life were considered.”

Here is the same subtle earnestness of insight as in the analysis itself; but the question would occur at once, “Why this intense occupancy of the

mind with a single person, and that a new acquaintance? one, too, whose traits, if interesting, were not unusual." ~~If The events~~ of the next few months revealed the answer. It was the impression of A. that this new friend was in love with C., and a part of the interest shown came from feminine sympathy with any romance of the affections. The description of "C." is very exact.

After the parting, which was for only a few months, the Journal of August 9 goes on, and shows how far from mere intellectual interest was the awakened sentiment in this gentle breast:

"Intellectually, or by a certain fitness between us, I seemed to draw near to him, and I think he was sorry that our acquaintance should have been so transient, and should have terminated so suddenly. It seems strange to think of now, and not quite real to me; but I feel it has been of great service to me, however little I have done to help him. I have never seen anyone like Frank. It is good to have a new interest in life, and in him I shall always feel strongly interested. I believe the journal of this evening is very poor; it gives not the least idea of what I consider as almost the most singular conversation in my life—and the end of a strange experience.

"When he was gone I felt so full of regret that I had not spoken more wisely to him that I covered my face with my hands and let the warm tears flow fast—but it was only for a moment. I was excited as I seldom am; felt strong and free, and as I looked out of the window had an inclination to throw myself down on the cool grass below. The girls would not let me talk; they went to their rooms—but I lay waking all the night through.

How I wished for some divining power to give me a knowledge of Frank's thoughts! *Had* I helped him? was this meeting of ours to have any influence upon his life? and if so, would it work for good or evil? was this the beginning or the end of some new life? Lastly, how had he thought of *me*? finely and highly, or had I seemed poor and bold? Upon his thought of me all the power of this evening to help him must depend; and I felt doubtful what it had been. Are we really to see each other no more? and is this to end our acquaintance? Have I been forbearing enough? Should I not have waited to be sought, and not have gone out to meet him? But my motive was pure and disinterested; does he know that? Of course he could not seek me. There certainly was feeling in him to-night—I saw it in his face. It is true then that he loves C.? These and a thousand other questions I went on asking.”

There was no occasion for my new friend to doubt how I had received all this inspiration and encouragement to a more active and public way of life. I was ever unapt to think unworthily of such as thought worthily of me; and no thought inconsistent with the most ideal friendship occurred to me. But the arrow of Love had wounded me also, and I was not bound to be so unconscious of it as the lady in the case must be. We continued to correspond, and I went on a long-projected tour to the White Mountains on foot, early in September, with my head and heart both enlisted in this new service. I followed the route that Henry and John Thoreau had taken in September, 1889, stood on the summit of Mount Washington (then

covered with a light snow) September 15, returned by the Connecticut Valley as far as Lebanon, but without seeing Dartmouth College; called on the publisher of my first verses in the New Hampshire Concord, and thence by way of Pittsfield, Northwood, Nottingham and Exeter, reached home late in the month. Soon after, in accordance with Miss Walker's suggestion, I made the arrangement with Mr. Hoyt, at Exeter, by which I was to recite to him in Greek for a year before entering as a student in the Phillips Academy, of which he was one of three teachers of some 60 students, where now are 460.

Before this journey was undertaken, the Sibyl who had thus foreshadowed my character, after so short an acquaintance, but in virtue of her lively sympathy and the insight of genius, had also, with a calm judgment not always vouchsafed to the sibylline class, thought out the practical path for her new friend to follow. She considered and set aside, as I had done, a proposal of James Richardson, a classmate in college of Thoreau, that I should enter college under his protection. He was then the Unitarian pastor in Haverhill, and a friend of Whittier as well as of Thoreau. Miss Walker said, writing to her friends at Hampton Falls, from Gloucester, where she was visiting Miss Littlehale:

“With regard to Mr. Richardson, if that plan should be open, I doubt if it would be really for the best. James Richardson's faults of mind are so exactly those which

F. complains of in himself, that I fear he would not obtain from him that discipline which he most needs. There is not *reality* enough about J. R. to satisfy the wants of a true and strong nature; not that I fear contagion, for F. has more power of self-preservation than any person I ever met; but his teacher should be a man of strong and accurate mind, with an element even of intellectual severity in it."

She then offered this suggestion, with the reasons for it, and a strong indication of her own sympathetic interest in my future:

"That Frank shall remain at Hampton Falls and take private lessons of Mr. Hoyt at Exeter, during this winter, at least. Going into Exeter once or twice a week would be easy for him, and all that would be needful in his case. And from all I hear of Mr. Hoyt he is admirably fitted to be Frank's guide. Ednah, who knows him, says he is just the person, I only judge of him through others. If I were Frank I should go to Mr. H. and tell him just how it was with me—that it was the *discipline of education* that I wanted, and not to be fitted for any particular profession; and I should ask *his* advice as to the studies best to pursue. If Frank would do this, I do not fear for the result; if I am not mistaken in my opinion of Mr. H. at the end of the winter he would no longer stand in need of that friend who is *wise* enough to choose for him his future course in life. Is not this the best and most possible present course for Frank? It does seem so to *me*; and I have thought of this with *far* more anxiety and effort than I have bestowed even upon *my own* winter, and all that must depend thereon. *Can* I say more? or will you understand fully that this is *my best* judgment—which *can* only pass for what it is worth?

though I would it were of a thousand times more value than it is. . . . After all, this can only be a suggestion—for it is made without a full knowledge of facts, and there may be many objections known to Frank, of which I am wholly ignorant.

“Frank’s course in life, as it lies clearly in my thought, seems to be this: To devote the next four or five years to as severe study (and I do not mean by study mere getting of lessons) as a strict obedience to the laws of health will allow; to take for this time intellectual discipline as the principal, though not the *exclusive* end and aim of life, and for this purpose to make use of *all* and the best means in his power. At the end of those years he may work with his *hands* at anything he pleases; there is no labor which a noble soul cannot dignify. I would not condemn him to the hard struggles of the *merely* literary man, *even* if his physical strength would allow; for in this money-loving Yankee land want and suffering are the sure accompaniments of such a life; but I *would* have him fitted to use to the *full* those powers of mind which God has given him for the benefit of others; and I would have this work of a writer the highest end and aim of life, although other things may be the needful and even beautiful accessories. ‘If I were to proffer an earnest prayer to the gods for the greatest of earthly privileges,’ says Mr. Alcott in his *Journal*, ‘it should be for a *severely* candid friend.’ *That*, at least, I am and have been to Frank; and even should he think me inclined to force and intrude my opinions upon him, I will not selfishly shrink from doing what I think right, because I may thereby suffer the loss of his good opinion.”

I followed this very wise counsel, took lessons in Greek of Mr. Hoyt for a year, and then en-



tered Phillips Exeter Academy for seven months, and from that entered at Harvard a year in advance,—having read much Latin before going to Exeter. The arrangement had the incidental advantage, not foreseen by either of us, that I could receive my letters and parcels from Anna, and send my own without attracting too much notice from friends and relatives,—who were generally excluded from knowledge of the correspondence. This was at Anna's request, her position being more difficult than mine.

In later years, with a fuller knowledge of the world and its feminine moiety, I have sometimes thought that a youth of less vanity than myself might have been excused for hoping that a lady, who evidently took so deep an interest in his character and future career, had at least a slight personal reason for so doing. But that would have been unjust to this rare personage, who certainly was the most unselfish and just of all women. The disclosure of love was truly as great a surprise to her, three months after this, as anything could have been; but that it was not unwelcome the event proved.

In one of my letters I sent her these lines, which, after the avowal of my love in November, I completed to a sonnet, by the lines of the final couplet:

“ As calmest waters mirror Heaven the best,  
So best befit remembrances of Thee  
Calm, holy hours, from earthly passion free,  
Sweet twilight musing,—Sabbaths in the breast;

No stooping thought, nor any groveling care  
 The sacred whiteness of that place shall stain,  
 Where, far from heartless joys and rites profane,  
 Memory has reared to Thee an altar fair;  
 Yet frequent visitors shall kiss the shrine,  
 And ever keep its vestal lamp alight,—  
 All noble thoughts, all dreams divinely bright,  
 That waken or delight this soul of mine.  
 So Love, meek pilgrim! his young vows did pay,  
 With glowing eyes that must his lips gainsay.”

A month after the declaration, Anna wrote to Ednah Littlehale, her dearest friend:

“And yet, my Ednah, even you are not dearer to me than Frank is. I cannot bear to tell George of all this until F. has achieved for himself so much that it will not seem mere madness to George. I think I cannot speak of this to him until this is so. I cannot expose F. more than myself to the pain that would follow; and yet you say it would not be right to keep this a secret—and I *could* not ask a longer waiting of Frank. I send you inclosed F.’s letters: I wish you to return them *at once*, and write to me of them some time, frankly, just what you feel; this, dearest, at your leisure. . . . Believe me that I do not muse and dream; the only time when I am ever guilty of this is in the very early morning, when I have waked sometimes from dreams of F., and, half waking, half sleeping, have fancied what we should say to one another when we met.”

And to show that I was no better in that respect, she enclosed to Ednah my last sonnet:



ARIANA SMITH WALKER,  $\text{\AA T}$  18  
From a crayon by A. Morse

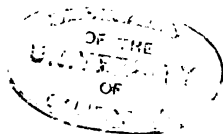


F. B. SANBORN, 1853

"Where thy clear spirit leads thee thence thy road  
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed."

"My careful heart is free again -  
Oh friend my broom said  
Through thee alone the sky is arched  
Through thee the sea is ead.  
All things through thee take color form  
And look beyond the earth  
And in the mill round of our fate.  
A lampath on thy worth  
As too thy nobleness has taught  
To master my despair  
The fountains of my hidden life  
Are through thy friendship fair."

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## SONNET.

“ Being absent yet thou art not all withdrawn,  
For thou hast stamped thine image on the world;  
It shines before me in the blushing dawn,  
And sunset clouds about its grace are curled;  
And thou hast burthened every summer breeze  
With the remembered music of thy voice,  
Sweeter than linnet’s song in garden trees,  
And making wearisome all other joys.  
Sleep vainly strives to bar thee from his hall,—  
Thou win’st light entrance in a dream’s disguise,  
And there with gentlest sway thou rulest all  
His gliding visions and quick fantasies;  
The busy day is thine; the quiet night  
Sleeps in thy radiance, as the skies in light.”

“ These I thought you would like,” she adds at the foot; “ tell me if you do.”

Our correspondence was incessant, and the Exeter post office gave the opportunity to mail and receive letters without exciting gossip. Something like valentines passed in February, and she wrote to Ednah:

“ May I talk to you of F.? I find him mingling more and more in my life; find it daily more difficult to turn my thoughts from him. I believe he is dearer to me now than ever before. I hear often from him; he writes two letters to my one, generally; is he not good? ”

“ March 19, 1851. If it is finally decided that I do not go to H. Falls next summer, as seems likely now, I see no other way but for F. to come here in June. The excuse must be a pilgrimage to Monadnoc—not very difficult to see through, but sufficient to make no

explanations necessary. I hate equivocation, but I am forced to it; and if it is possible for F. to come, it would be possible for me to receive him. But if I went to H. Falls, I know busy tongues would say it was for F.'s sake, and report would occupy itself about us both. Should I hesitate for that? What do you say?"

There could be but one issue to all this; the heart governs in such matters, and I knew very early that her heart was mine. I have never heard of a love more romantic and unselfish; no permanent thought of ways and means, of foes or friends, came between us. Her life had been such as to arouse compassion for one so endowed, and so fettered by illness; but that very affliction had chastened her to a saintliness that was charmingly mingled with coquetry. "I love to be praised," she said; "I love to be loved"; and few were ever more beloved. By Heaven's direction her favor lighted on me; and, as usual, she exaggerated the qualities in me that herself had inspired. Emerson's "Hermione" pictures the process:

"I am of a lineage  
 That each for each doth fast engage;  
 In old Bassora's walls I seemed  
 Hermit vowed to books and gloom,—  
 Ill bested for gay bridegroom.  
 I was by thy touch redeemed;  
 When thy meteor glances came,  
 We talked at large of worldly fate,  
 And drew truly every trait."

There was, on her part, the most complete and

unselfish devotion to the lover who would not renounce her, when she set before him illness and the sacrifice of worldly success as the dower she must bring him. She had been attacked, in 1846, with a painful lameness, which kept her for years from walking freely, and was accompanied by nervous attacks that often seemed to threaten her life. This affliction had interrupted her education, and made her more dependent on the service of others than her high spirit could always endure; it also drew forth from her brother, George, five years older than herself, a tender regard and constant care that had inspired the most ardent sisterly affection. Her need of love was enhanced by her limitations of health, and yet all this made it more difficult for her to decide the issue of betrothal and marriage.

And so the world must not know, for my sake, as well as her own, that we were lovers. People must imagine it a close friendship such as her expansive nature was so apt to form, and so faithful to maintain. One family in Hampton Falls and one friend in Boston, Miss Littlehale, were to be cognizant of the truth; and it was not clear, for years, to the self-sacrificing good sense of the maiden, what her ultimate answer to the world might be. Hence misunderstandings and remonstrances from those who saw, more clearly than the young lovers could, how many outward obstacles opposed themselves to this union of hearts. But the union remained unbroken, and could at last be proclaimed to the world as an engagement

of marriage, to be fulfilled when my college course should be ended, and my position in the world established. The announcement was made in 1858, following a recurrence of the mysterious illness from which she had suffered more or less since 1846, and of which she died in 1854.

In the intervening four years since our first meeting, great happiness had been ours, and also much suffering, from the uncertainties of life and the divided allegiance which she owed to her family and to her lover. Finally this source of unhappiness was removed, and it was seen by all that her choice was to be accepted, whatever the result might be. Her brother, George, her affectionate brother, seemed at first to stand like a lion in the path that was to bring two lovers together.

In the graces and affections of domestic life, none of those here commemorated excelled George Walker, and few have left a dearer memory. From earliest years he was distinguished, like his mother and sisters, for tender and helpful sympathy with those related to him, and for courtesy and kindness to all. His relation to his sister Anna, after the death of their mother, and in the feeble health and engrossing occupations of their father, was peculiarly admirable; and when she found herself more closely bound to another, this new tie was not allowed to weaken the fraternal affection. He adopted the youth, who had so unexpectedly become dear, as a younger brother; and his delicate generosity in circumstances which often produce estrangement was never forgotten by those



who experienced it. In his public life he was the same considerate and high-minded gentleman; not regardless of the advantages which social position and moderate wealth give, but ever ready to share his blessings, instead of engrossing all within reach to himself and his circle. Without the commanding talents or decisive character which make men illustrious, and secure unchanging worldly fortune, he had, as Channing said of Henry Thoreau, "what is better,—the old Roman belief that there is more in this life than applause and the best seat at the dinner-table,—to have moments to spare to thought and imagination, and to those who need you."

As for that gentle, self-forgetting and inspiring Person whom I of all men have best reason to remember, and whose long-vanished life has been here recalled, what can be said worthy of her memory? Something of her will be learned from that graceful portrait of her early womanhood; something, perchance, from her words here cited; but she was so much more than any one mood or aspect could imply, that the variety and vitality of her genius will hardly be suspected from its partial expression. As Chaucer says of his poet:

"Certes, it was of herte all that she sung."

Affection and humility were her constant traits; they led her to undervalue that nature which none could regard without love and admiration; but along with them went a serene courage and a high spirit not always found to dwell with humility.

She claimed silently by her steady affection what she was apt to renounce by her magnanimity,—the devotion of hearts too much possessed with the magic of her vivacious thought and romantic sentiment ever to forget her. I had, perhaps, been endowed with the power of winning friends without effort,—a gift that in her was carried to its highest point. She was beloved wherever she was seen, and had no enemy but her own self-accusing tenderness.

When the venerable Alcott, her friend and mine, was composing his Sonnets, in tender recollection and spiritual recognition of the companions of his life, young or old, he gave me the first two lines of the poem which follows, and desired me to complete it, in memory of her whom we had lost till the light of a fairer world should shine. With this shall the chapter be closed:

Sweet saint! whose rising dawned upon the sight  
 Like fair Aurora chasing mists away;  
 Our ocean billows, and thy western height  
 Gave back reflections of the tender ray,  
 Sparkling and smiling as night turned to day;  
 Ah! whither vanished that celestial light?  
 Suns rise and set; Monadnoc's amethyst  
 Year-long above the sullen cloud appears;  
 Daily the waves our summer strand have kist,  
 But Thou returnest not with days and years;  
 Or is it thine? yon clear and beckoning star  
 Seen o'er the hills that guarded once thy home;  
 Dost guide thy Friend's free steps, that widely roam,  
 Toward that far country where his wishes are?

## CHAPTER XII

### *Exeter and Cambridge*

**M**Y absences and anxieties for my dear Ariana hindered the progress of my college studies; but from those my few months at Exeter were free, and the friendships I formed there, both among my school-mates and the cultivated families in Exeter and its vicinity, were a source of much pleasure. With Professor Hoyt I had long been acquainted, and he introduced me to his circle of political friends—Judge French, the father of the now famous sculptor, then a small child; James Bell, the leading lawyer of western Rockingham, and son of a former Governor and Senator; his law partner, Amos Tuck, already Congressman, the successor both of Senator Hale and my cousin Norris, who had been promoted to the Senate. Dr. Gorham, a classmate at Harvard of Emerson, and his senior in medicine and surgery, Dr. Perry, were also of this circle, and both had married into the leading families in Exeter, the Gilmans and the Abbots, whose leadership, in the case of the Gilmans, dated back to the middle of the 17th century; while Dr. Abbot, as head of the Academy and instructor of Webster, Sparks, Saltonstall, the Hales, Sullivans, Cilleys, etc., took the lead even

of the half-dozen Gilmans who still lived in the old houses above the winding river. In the oldest Gilman house of all, a block-house in the Indian wars, Webster had boarded while at the Academy, and it was still occupied by the daughter of the good old Squire Clifford, who had given Webster as a boy some lessons in politeness, which Miss Betsy Clifford loved to narrate, as we sat at tea around her small tea-table. She remembered the great man, both as awkward schoolboy and princely statesman, and she took a lively interest in my own education, urging me, upon the advice of her old clergyman, to learn Hebrew, whatever else I might study, because it was the language of the Old Testament. My schoolmates also were interesting persons, the senior among them being George Stevens of Deerfield, among the Rockingham mountains near Nottingham, where had dwelt the Revolutionary heroes, Cilley and Dearborn,—the latter secretary of war under Jefferson,—and the ancestors of B. F. Butler, who made much noise in the Civil War and Reconstruction period, and became for a single year Governor of Massachusetts in 1888, after trying for that honor a dozen years or more. When he was first actively a candidate for that office, in 1871, I obtained from Mr. Stevens, still living in the native town of himself and of Butler, a concise history of the General's father, Captain John Butler, whose record was not a very creditable one,—but that is another story, as Kipling says. In our school days Stevens was the head of a club of students who filled a small

boarding-house, and set the fashion for the commons tables that have since prevailed in the old Academy. This club had been founded a year or two earlier, and was a resource for those students whose means were limited. We lived well, but economically, and had that companionship out of school hours that college dormitories allow. Stevens was in our advanced class of eight, but did not go to Harvard, as four of the class did. Of those four, three are still living and active, after 56 years of busy life since we left Exeter. Our Latin instructor was the Principal of the school, Dr. Soule, whose teaching, like that of his colleague Hoyt, in Greek and mathematics, was of the strictest, and whose manners were more formal than Hoyt's. Both were Dartmouth graduates, and Dr. Soule at Hanover knew Rufus Choate, then a college tutor; and remembered that in social meetings of the college faculty and magnates of the little town, Choate would artfully lead the conversation, when his turn came, to some topic on which he had carefully prepared himself, and would then talk and shine, to the envy of the simpler citizens, with whom conversation was not an art.

A few of the students lived in the comfortable house of Dr. Soule, which had been built for Dr. Abbot,—in my time two, my classmate Willard Bliss of Illinois, and Jerry, the only son of Judge Smith, who had fought under Stark at Bennington, served in Congress under Washington, and early in the 19th century had been Governor and chief justice of New Hamp-

shire. This son of his old age, who is still living, a law-professor at Harvard University, was then a boy in a jacket, and his careful mother had placed him under the double oversight of Dr. Soule and Bliss. Mrs. Smith, who was a Miss Hale of Dover, cousin of Senator Hale, was an amiable, accomplished and charitable lady, who had removed to Dover with her husband in 1842 from his fine house, garden and park of old pines and oaks in Exeter; and after his death to a large farm in the town of Lee, a few miles from where now is the Agricultural College of Durham. There his widow continued to live for twenty or thirty years more. During my winter at Exeter she had invited me with Bliss to accompany her son to Lee and spend the Sunday, as we did. A description of the place, as it had been seen four years earlier, in autumn, by Miss Walker, then not quite eighteen, pictures the scenery and our hostess better than any other has done. Miss Walker had driven over from Hampton Falls with her friend Cate (now Mrs. Folsom), and sent this letter to her father at Peterborough:

“(Oct. 23, 1847). Here I am at length in Lee. I have been so long talking of this visit, and looking forward to its accomplishment, that I had half feared it was one of the unsubstantials, which were pleasant to dream about, but which I could hardly hope to realize. Here, however, I actually find myself,—and a most beautiful place it is. Mrs. Smith’s house is on a sort of hill which slopes down to the road, where there are some noble old trees. Directly in front of my window is the most beautiful

field or park which you can imagine, with here and there some scattered elms, and at the bottom a grove of pines with a few maples intermingled,—which now, in their Autumn coloring, make a beautiful appearance. All this, as you may suppose, forms a lovely picture. I do so wish I could sketch it for you, as it lies in the glad-some light of this sunlit morning,—but you must be satisfied with my poor description instead.

“ Within doors everything is delightful,—a fine old parlor, with a piano on one side and bookcases on the other, —an open fire with the Exeter fender before it, and everything wearing a happy, homelike look, which makes everyone feel so comfortable. And when the old arm-chair is filled, and Aunt Lizzie’s dear good face smiles out upon you, I do not think a pleasanter place could be found in all our own New England. All here gave Cate and myself a most kindly welcome, and we soon ceased to feel ourselves among strangers.

“ We had a pleasant ride over from H. Falls, and amused ourselves a good deal in finding out the way, as neither knew anything about it. We made no mistake, however, until in sight of the place, when we took occasion, owing to wrong directions, to go half a mile out of our way ; but finding ourselves in front of a dismal, black-looking house, as unlike this as possible, I quickly concluded we were wrong, and quietly wended my way back to the turn of the road, which led us immediately here. Is not this doing as well as you could expect of us? ”

The Journal adds to this account:

“ Lee, Oct. 22, Friday. Everything here is more beautiful than I had anticipated,—especially the field in front of the house, and the Autumn woods beyond, which

are exquisite. The house, the grounds and the vines are all in keeping, and all quite perfect in my eyes. But Aunt E. was the most beautiful of all; she has more that is truly lovely than almost any woman I have ever met. There is something in her very presence that elevates and purifies.

“Oct. 23. To-day the sun has once more greeted us. Everyone rejoices in his light,—especially the children, who run about like wild creatures in their bounding life. They are pretty little things, and I love to see their happy faces. Jere. has a fine countenance, full of animation and intelligence; he pleases me much, and I am glad when they occasionally look in upon us as we sit reading or working in the library.

“Monday, Oct. 25. I have left Lee with regret; many kindly influences hovered round me there. I felt sad at parting, and when Aunt E., as she bade me good-bye, added, ‘God bless you, dear,’ and kissed me warmly, my soul was full, and I longed to throw my arms about her then. Now, however, was it with me as it has often been before; I *feared* and the opportunity passed.”

In the spring following this visit of Bliss and myself to Lee, Daniel Webster (whom Mrs. Elizabeth Smith had often entertained at her Exeter home) being a candidate for President, gave an address before the New York Historical Society, of which a printed copy was sent by him to Dr. Soule, as head of our Academy, with a brief letter alluding to his former studies at Exeter, and indicating his continued affection for the school. This letter, the doctor told us, the students ought to answer, and he suggested the formation of a com-



mittee to prepare a suitable reply. We met and chose such a committee from all the classes, and to me, as representing the advanced class, was assigned the duty of drafting the document. It was a singular choice, for I had not only been a pronounced opponent of Webster, since his 7th of March speech in 1850, which I held to be a bid for Southern votes in the convention that finally nominated General Scott instead of Webster, but I had written and printed in the *Independent Democrat* a savage attack on Webster, in heroic pentameters, as it was then the fashion to call the ten-syllable couplets of Pope, Dryden and Goldsmith. However, I undertook the task, and produced a letter which was generally accepted, and was said by George Abbot, son of Parson Abbot of my native town, who was then Webster's private secretary, to have given some pleasure to the weary statesman himself. Before the year was out Webster died at Marshfield; and I had lost the only chance I had to hear him make a speech (in Bowdoin Square in 1851), by the delay of a train which carried me to Boston too late for the speech.

At Exeter I read the Odes of Horace and translated some of them in verse, carried on a constant correspondence with Miss Walker, in which we criticised literature, and touched on all those topics that absorb the thoughts of young lovers. I even printed a few verses in the newspapers, and composed an ode for a school celebration at Exeter, which met with some favor from the few who read

it. I entered Harvard in July, 1852, practically without "conditions," and with some reputation for scholarship, which caused the high scholars in the sophomore class to have some fears that I might prove a troublesome rival in the strife for honors. But I had no such ambition.

I hastened from my successful college examinations to my home at Hampton Falls, where, soon after, Miss Walker arrived to spend a month with her friends who were privy to our engagement. She was unusually well,—the new interest in life seemed to have given to her illness a favorable change; she was to visit Newport with her brother after this New Hampshire visit, and all was happiness, present and prospective. We met for walks and drives, and in afternoon or evening parties; one I specially remember at my grandfather's house on the hillside, looking off toward Kensington,—with its four elms, its beehives, its orchard with early-ripening apples, and with some of my lively city cousins always there in summer. We drove to Exeter to see the former home of Judge Smith, her mother's uncle, and the house not far off, where she had lived as a child for a year or two, while her brothers were at the Academy, and when the family circle was yet unbroken by death. We drove also to the sea-beaches at Hampton, in lovely August days, and the occasion was celebrated in two sonnets, one of which was afterward printed in my Introduction to Alcott's volume of "Sonnets and Canzonets":

Ah, mournful Sea! Yet to our eyes he wore  
The placid look of some great god at rest;  
With azure arms he clasped the embracing shore,  
And gently heaved the billows of his breast:  
We scarce his voice could hear,—and then it seemed  
The happy murmur of a lover true,  
Who in the sweetness of his sleep hath dreamed  
Of kisses falling on his lips like dew.  
Far off, the blue and gleaming hills above,  
The Sun looked through his veil of thinnest haze,  
As coy Diana, blushing at her love,  
Half hid with her own light her earnest gaze,  
While on the shadowy Latmian slope she found  
Fair-haired Endymion slumbering on the ground.

I was reminded by her afterward of the notes I had written at eighteen in her Plato, which she had carefully copied off and preserved,—among them these on the “Gorgias” and “Phædrus,” then read for the first time:

“In ‘Gorgias’ I should think was a more faithful report of the conversation of Socrates than in most of the Dialogues. It agrees better with the character of his disputation,—or rather, it puts the striking features of his mode in the strongest light. How the old fellow corners Gorgias and uses up the vain Polus! but it is the rarest sport to see him ‘take the starch out’ of Callicles. At the end the description of the future life is fine; but this I take to be mostly Plato. It is full of truth, compared with the dogmas believed in by later philosophers who called themselves Christians.”

“The beginning of the ‘Phædrus’ I cannot admire

greatly; it may be a *good* introduction to the discourse of Socrates on Love, but I do not think it the *best*. But the conclusion of the speech of recantation, and, indeed, the whole speech is *nearly* perfect. I say nearly, because though it seems to me perfect, yet I doubt not there is a fuller perfection which might be reached by the human soul. It is both poetry and philosophy, and even religion. Men seem to have been cast down from Heaven, and covered and hidden in dust; but the links of the chain which binds them to their native land have been stretched, not broken by the fall, and may again draw them home."

In letters from Boston before I had made many friends there, came these early accounts of the men I was afterward to know:

"I have seen Starr King to-day,—a man who would delight you in conversation. He is like clear water. Every one has their insanity,—mine is for *persons*. I am a little mad on this subject,—people (and I do not mean *friends* only) give me a more subtle pleasure even than music; and I like that music best, which has most of the musician in it. Beethoven's symphonies move me more than all things, because they are like the deepest and most sublime personal experiences to me. Conversation intoxicates me, it is the *wine* of life. I do not think you an 'iceberg' or a 'cynic,' for I believe you will understand this. Mr. King told me that when Emerson returned from England the last time, he asked him 'what Carlyle was doing'—meaning what literary work he was engaged on. 'Oh,' said Mr. E., 'he sits in his four-story house and *sneers*.' Was not that characteristic of both? I believe I do not quite like that you should speak of Emerson as you do. I mean, that you should feel yourself 'almost his echo,'

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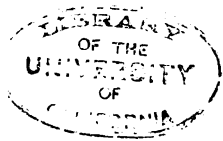


**EDNAH LITTLEHALE (1853)**  
*From an oil sketch by S. W. Cheney*



**ALLSTON'S EDNAH (THE MIDDLE FIGURE)**

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—though I know there is a keen pleasure in thus finding an amen to your own thoughts. Has not your reading, like my own, been too exclusively of one class? Out of a certain circle of thought I find so little that affects me, yet change of atmosphere is as necessary to the soul as to the body. I also feel in Emerson the coldness of which you complain, and yet that essay on ‘Love’ is the finest, —I had almost said the only articulate utterance upon that subject. All else which I have read,—saving and excepting the *Phadrus*,—has been only a vague and broken rhapsody, which I have felt as an impertinence. How fine is that description of the first dawning of love in the child’s heart,—‘And instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and *was a sacred precinct.*’

“You should hear Mr. Alcott talk of Emerson,—he looks upon him as almost a descendant of the gods, and will rank him only among the old Greek philosophers. ‘Pythagoras,’ he says, ‘should have been the teacher of humanity. After him I find Plato,—then a dearth. After many ages Emerson dawns.’ Do not read the *Essays* too much; it is not wise for you.”

“I have lately read a book which I shall call charming. It is the *Autobiography* of Leigh Hunt, and abounds with the most agreeable gossip about literary men, Lamb, Coleridge, and more than all, Shelley. Of the latter he tells you much in detail, and at the close of the volume are some letters from Shelley which are exactly what I looked for from him,—so full of generous delicacy and feeling that I could almost weep that the world had dealt so unkindly with a spirit so tender. Poor Shelley! he seemed to have strayed here by mistake,—and mortals felt their rights invaded, and repudiated him. Some lines in Tennyson’s ‘*In Memoriam*’ remind me of him:

‘Perplexed in faith but pure in deeds  
 At last he beat his music out;  
 There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
 Believe me,—than in half the creeds.’”

“I wish you had been in my place this afternoon. I was for some hours in the *Athenæum* looking over many volumes of engravings. Those from Hogarth you would have liked to see; there is something in them like you,—a most singular mixture of jest and earnestness. You see first the humor and satire; but when you have looked more closely, there is beneath this grotesque exuberance of fancy an earnestness always deep and real,—sometimes almost *bitter* in its intensity. He seems to me often—though not always—like one who felt too deeply to show his thoughts except under a fantastic disguise,—just as one sometimes loves a friend so much that tenderness will not do, but the strong feeling finds expression in hard names and abuse. These pictures affect me powerfully, and in their own times they must have had a much stronger influence, over imaginative minds, than they *can* have with us, who live amid such different circumstances and environment. As there is a love bordering upon hate, so there is a mirth reaching unto tears,—and Hogarth’s is of this kind.

“To-day, too, I have seen Mr. Alcott, who in this working-day world, is living an almost purely poetic life. He began life as a pedler, and is now Emerson’s ‘Plato,’ and the friend of many of our wisest men and poets,—and I use ‘our’ in a wider than an American sense. I do not agree with his theory of life, but I reverence the man; and I had rather hear him talk *words* than many men *ideas*.

“That you are not likely to weary me with letters I am



## NOTE

Of the Town and Country Club of sixty years ago I gave some account in my Memoir of Alcott, relying largely on the description, with some amusing details, which Col. Higginson printed many years since in one of those fugitive weeklies that spring up and fade, like mushrooms, in the stimulating, but speedily arctic climate of Boston. Its name was bestowed by Emerson, its real founder, although Alcott was the proximate cause; it being Emerson's design to provide a place in Boston while Alcott was living there, in which he might easily meet, on the proper terms, other men of thought and letters, the list of whom, preserved by Alcott in their autographs, is a long one. There might have been women, too,—among them Mrs. Howe, who had a club of the same name at Newport for years,—had it not been for a sudden impulse of Emerson's, which Higginson thus relates:

I was designated by fate to stand, as on several other occasions, for the admission of the offending sex. This subject had been discussed once or twice and a vote taken that settled nothing, when it seemed to me that the proper way to bring a decision would be simply to nominate two ladies, and let the club settle the matter. The names selected were those of two persons whose great knowledge and services were recognized by all; Miss Elizabeth Peabody and Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam. Margaret Fuller Ossoli was in Italy, or she would naturally have been selected. The next act in the drama was the receipt of the following curious letter from Mr. Emerson:—

CONCORD, 16 May 1849

My dear Sir,

I was in town yesterday & Mr. Alcott showed me the list of subscribers to the Town & Country Club and I read at or near the end of the list the names of two ladies, written down, as he told me, by your own hand. On the instant, I took a pen & scratched or blotted out the names.

Such is the naked fact. Whether the suggestion I obeyed was supernal or infernal, I say not. But I have to say that I looked upon the circumstance of the names of two ladies standing there upon our roll as quite fatal to the existence of our cherished Club. I had stated to the Club the other day that "men" was used designedly and distinctively in the first draft, & the Club by vote decided that it should stand so. I had moreover yesterday just come from a conference with some gentlemen representing the views of an important section of the members, who, alarmed by the pugnacious attitudes into which the Club was betrayed the other day, were preparing to withdraw, & whom I had assured that all those who had long been projecting their literary Club, would not be deprived of their object, & something else thrust on them,—when to my surprise I found this inscription of names of ladies. I erased them

April 10, 1844.

Abolition Club

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Sam<sup>l</sup> King, Junr.

R. W. Alden Emerson

James W. Stone

James Freeman McKee

J. C. Adams

Amos A. Phelps

Rich<sup>d</sup> H. Dana

John Pier

Chas. Bartol

Wm Lloyd Garrison

Wm. D. Hall

Letitia Russell

Sam<sup>l</sup> May

J. W. Alden

Geo. T. Brinkford

J. P. Chandler

Charles Sumner

Chas. Sumner

Thos. S. Kimball

Sam<sup>l</sup> J. Howe

~~James W. Stone~~

Charles K. Whipple

J. Beck

Chas. C. Shackford

Thos. Hill

Wm. W. Chittenden

S. E. Williams

James T. Folger

Edward E. Hale

Elihu Wright

Abraham Lincoln

Philip James Moore

AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURES OF MEMBERS

John W. Browne  
Francis Jackson  
Thomas J. King  
Hd J. Ethier Capt  
Oly Clapp  
H. A. Bowditch  
Wm. C. Small  
Wm. H. Manning  
H. H. Newthorpe.  
D. Abrah. Brown  
Gilbert S. Streeten  
William Fishbee  
John Crois  
Thos. Parker  
J. K. Howell  
W. H. Tamm  
Wm. James G. Hooker  
Wm. James P. Davis  
John S. Dwight  
Edward Bangs

Geo. H. Loring  
John G. King  
Ellis Gray Loring  
Edmund Benson  
George Demis  
~~Wm. H. Loring~~  
J. Haven  
John B. Willard  
James A. Safford  
William A. Will  
John T. Sargent  
E. Peabody  
John Smith  
Edmund Jackson  
James B. Richards  
E. P. Clark  
John Cheney  
Wm. B. Rice  
~~John S. Safford~~  
Alfred Norton

OF THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

at once, that no man might mistake our design. I really wish you would join with us in securing what we really want, a legitimate Club Room; & very many of us will, I doubt not, heartily join with you, in obtaining what is also legitimate, but not what we now seek, a Social Union of literature, science, &c. for the sexes. But we claim the priority of time in our project, & do not wish to be hindered of it, when it is now ripened and being realized. I am quite sure it is the wish of the great majority of persons who have acted in it hitherto, to establish a Club-house; and you must let us do it, & you must heartily join & help us do it.

Yours with great regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

This letter, and the act preceding it, did settle the matter. The movement of Higginson was premature, but both sexes now join in clubs and I have been for years a member of the New England Women's Club



sure you know. I prize them next to talk; besides, you are a kind of book to me, in which I like very well to read. I think I have turned over several pages since I first saw you; but there are many still unread; and there is beside a yet unwritten volume, and it remains to be seen what the author will choose to place above the word 'Finis.' Write, then, whenever and whatever you will; I think I usually understand you, and I am sure you are always welcome. That you enjoy Schiller gives me pleasure. I have given you no 'censure sharp and bitter blame' in this letter,—and yet I have a little fault to find with you, which in talk I should tell you of. I write in a room where half a dozen persons are talking; but am still sufficiently myself to be as always,

Faithfully your friend,

ANNA W——.

These preliminary glimpses of a world of literature and music and intimate friendliness which I was soon to enter, were very pleasing then and afterward; but what strikes me now as I read these old pages is the justice and good sense by which all this gentle enthusiasm is supported and enforced. During my Junior year in college, when I had begun to write for the magazines, as well as to fill the college requirements, we had many conferences on that much-debated theme, American Literature, and I had planned or written something of criticism, when she sent me from her invalid chamber these meditations on that subject, to be read now with the reflection that they were written more than fifty years ago:

"I wish I was well,—and we would both write an article

on Mr. Judd (who wrote *Margaret*)—not for *Putnam*, but I for you and you for me; and then we would talk it over, and see how two such different minds had thought of the same thing. You would then write well, I am sure,—and I know that you would do something better than I possibly could, because you have more depth and originality of thought than I have by nature,—and have cultivated it more, besides. But I cannot write now, much as I should like it, because I should begin by an allusion to American literature in general,—for it seems to me as untrue to deny that America has any literature of her own, as weakly to boast of what she has. I do not like the boastful comparisons which Americans sometimes make, of their own merits with those of other countries; but I think it unjust that America should not calmly and wisely acknowledge the genius and talent which she has, and which is enough to enable her to hold up her head among the nations, and have no need to blush. She is a child still, it is true; and we cannot expect of a child what we demand of the strong man; but if she is a child she is no weak, puny babe, but an infant Hercules who can strangle some serpents which would crush many a grown man. ‘Born with teeth’ she is, and can already be fed not with milk, but with meat. I do not understand what people mean when they say that America has no literature. We have had among statesmen our Webster, with an eloquence loftier and deeper than Burke’s or Chatham’s; with much in him purely American; with a diction clear and strong, requiring few flowers of oratory,—convincing without being seductive (Kossuth’s was that), with something grand and severe about it often,—oaks and firs growing out of granite rocks; and with rare winds of pathos sweeping through it, like the sighing of the old pine forests on his own New Hampshire

hills. Then among what are called 'divines' we have had Edwards, with his gloomy Dantesque imagination, and his force of thought and style,—Prophet of the religion of Fear in America; and for the religion of Love we have had Channing, with his pure simplicity,—whose sweet persuasive voice has won its way across the ocean, and sends back its echo to our own land from more and more distant hills, and across wider and wider plains every day. I suppose lawyers would mention Judge Story as ranking high, not only here, but elsewhere. All of these were *American*, molded by the country in which they lived; had they been born in England they could not have been what they were. And I even believe in our poetry too,—there is Emerson, Thinker and Poet (higher still). I don't venture to say much of him,—but he is *ours*, and we may stand up erect among the thinking men of England and France and Germany, and not be ashamed. Then compare Bernard Barton, the English Quaker poet, with our Whittier, the American. I think Whittier the most purely American poet,—with his *Drovers* and *Lumbermen*, and his songs for the slave. Lowell, too, is American, with his *Biglow Papers*, etc.

“Then in Fiction there are the best novels of Cooper, his *Uncas* and *Leatherstocking*, and Miss Sedgwick's *Magdawisca* (?),—noble figures out of the American landscape. I don't speak of Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom' because everybody will think of that at once. And there is Hawthorne, with a language and an imagination rich as the coloring of our October woods, unsurpassed, in his day, or any country; subtle and powerful, whose 'Scarlet Letter' always seems to me like one of Titian's paintings of some painful subject, with its glorious passionate color forcing a half unwilling admiration, and the secret of whose brilliancy no artist can quite find out;

which you shudder to see, and yet cannot help looking at,—nor can you tell exactly in *what* the power lies which so moves you. And then at last we have Mr. Judd,—eminently *our own*, and who has given us ‘Margaret,’—a book like no other,—full of fresh *fragrant* life,—a fragrance like that of the woods of early June. A man who knows the peculiar odor of every little New England flower, and the note of every tiny bird; who can tell you the form of every passing cloud, and the reflections which it throws upon the water as it passes; who seems to have a reverent love for all the forest trees, and a knowledge of their habits and their haunts; who treads on every foot of earth as upon holy ground, and who, looking at the glistening cobwebs on the grass, sees a glory in every one. I think I never knew anyone who seemed in such close friendship with the earth and sky,—our New England earth and sky,—as Mr. Judd.

“And then what a character Margaret is! the more I read the book, the more wonderful it seems to me. So full of fresh life, so real and so naturally beautiful, like no other heroine,—just as if the freshness and fragrance of the woods and fields, and the clear songs of the forest birds, and the pure air of morning, and the richly colored *enthusiasm* of evening, and the elevation of starry winter nights, had all been molded into a human soul! I should like to know such a person as Margaret; she is like an ever-flowing fountain of youth; *could* such an one as she ever grow old? And yet she is *natural*,—such a person as you feel might well be. How pure she is amid all that vulgarity! yet not as common heroines are pure; it never touches her even when it surrounds her on all sides. And the Master’s affectations, and Margaret’s long words, which people exclaim against,—they do not seem to me defects. She herself,—her character, and what



flows directly from it, and the beautiful New England scenery which makes the framework of this picture,—are the best things in the book. The plot is bad, improbable; Mr. Evelyn is a stick and the conversion of the people too complete and rapid. The story of Jane Girardeau and Gottfried Brueckmann is beautiful; Margaret's dreams are so, too, in the highest degree,—and Chilion is in his way as fine a creation as Margaret. 'Richard Edney' seems to me greatly inferior to 'Margaret,' though it is almost the only truly *democratic* book I know. Mr. Judd was no poet, and 'Philo' as poetry is a complete failure. But 'Margaret' alone is sufficient to mark the author as a man of rare gifts, both of observation and thought. And then his life makes it better to me; for he was ready to act as well as think,—and made himself what he was, and was a genuine sincere soul. But he has not been appreciated even in that New England which ought to be proud of him. Hawthorne is morbid, and to read him is like breathing air heavy with perfume, and it leaves one dizzy and faint; but Mr. Judd is as good for the lungs as mountain air, or a walk over the hills in a clear autumn morning."

Of Thoreau, at that time, little was known, and it was not till more than a year later that I even saw him, striding with his long steps across the college yard. Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Howells, and Henry James were still unrisen stars in our firmament; yet the criticism, so far as it goes, was very true and searching. It was even more true of Miss Walker, who died before she was five-and-twenty, than it was of Steele's Lady Elizabeth, that "to love her was a liberal education";

and my four years' intimacy with her was more to my training in letters than the corresponding four years at Exeter and Cambridge,—rich as those years were in reading, in discipline, and in wide friendships. That pathetic verse of Landor to the river Swift, and his elegy for Ianthé both recall her

“ Whose radiant morn  
Lighted my path to Love; she bore thy name,—  
She whom no grace was tardy to adorn,  
Whom one low voice pleased more than louder fame.”

And the wish so elegantly expressed in his Latin had already been granted to us:

Vita brevi fugitura! prior fugitura venustas!  
Hoc saltem exiguo tempore duret amor.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *Concord and Some of Its Authors*

**A**S has been seen in my former chapters, I was more indebted to Concord than to Cambridge for my literary inspiration and training. With all respect for Harvard College, as it was when I was matriculated a student there in 1852, it must be said that I owed more to several other persons than to any of the college Faculty, and more to Emerson and Theodore Parker than to all the professors and tutors together. Yet the undergraduate or academic department, though containing less than 400 students, was, in my deliberate judgment, as well equipped then for producing the results of high scholarship, general culture, and practical efficiency in the tasks of American life, as it is to-day, with its thousands of students, millions of endowment, and ten instructors where there were but two in my college days. The professional schools are greatly improved, the post-graduate facilities are multiplied by ten or more, the football, baseball, boat-racing and theatrical departments are far more active, productive and expensive; but the homely, solitary, fraternal and personal influences of the small college are mostly things of the past. In all its his-

tory, and with all its advantages, Harvard has usually lagged in the rear of the highest culture; it does so still, amid the wealth of its foundations and the multiplicity of its opportunities. When I made my first call on Emerson in his Concord study, since grown familiar to me almost as my own library, he questioned me curiously about the atmosphere of Harvard, which in 1852 was almost as strange to him as that of the University of Virginia, where he gave in 1876 perhaps his last of many addresses to collegians. He had graduated in 1821, without much indebtedness to his professors, except to Edward Everett,—being far more inspired and guided by that woman of acrid genius, his Aunt Mary, than by President Kirkland or the Latin and Greek tutors. He had taken his Master's degree in due course, had given a Phi Beta poem in 1834, and a Phi Beta oration in 1837; but having offended the Boston Unitarians, the Princeton Calvinists, and the *North American Review* in 1838, by his Divinity School Address, the university which should have honored him, turned the cold shoulder to him for nearly thirty years; and it was not till 1867 that he was again invited to give a public address to the Phi Beta Society and the academical public. In the meantime the Harvard professors had been reviling and laughing at him in their orations, poems and magazine articles, and some of them had threatened him with prosecution for "blasphemy." Politically he was as much set aside as oratorically and theologically. It was not until 1854-56, in the great revulsion of feeling at

the North, in consequence of the pressure to extend negro slavery, and of the brutalities against Senator Sumner and the pioneers of Kansas, that Harvard could tolerate a political address by Emerson. At one such, made in Cambridgeport in the spring of 1851, he was hissed by a detachment of Harvard students, practical defenders of slavery and some of them slaveholders,—to whom Webster and Clay were demigods, and Parker and Phillips were little better than two of the wicked.

My admission to college coincided in time with this worst political period of the university. It was with difficulty I could get permission even from so liberal a Christian as President Walker (to whom, in 1854, I became a kinsman by marriage), to exchange the Sunday services in the little college chapel for the great preachings of Theodore Parker at the new Music Hall in Boston. Parker's books and pamphlets were hardly in the college libraries, and I presented them, along with woman suffrage tracts, to the Hasty Pudding Club library, after I became secretary of that club in 1853; keeping my records in verse, as its rules required. In July, 1853, during my ten-minutes call on Emerson at Concord, the remark of his which I best remember was that "he hoped to see a good crop of mystics at Harvard College"; but they were in fact fewer there than they had been in 1843, ten years earlier, at Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands colony in the town of Harvard,—where there were never more than six at a time.

From the date of that brief visit I became gradu-

ally intimate with Emerson, who had his hopeful eye directed toward young men that showed sympathy with his poetry or philosophy, with an especial favor for such, like myself, who valued Alcott and his uncertain conversations. Concerning those monologues Emerson once said to me, after twenty-five years' experience with them, "Mr. Alcott is always Don Quixote, and his audience always Sancho." I dined with him in company with Charles Lowell, John Bancroft, and Horace Furness, of the college class of 1854, in the early spring of that year, and soon after he opened his study for a conversation at which Alcott was one of the speakers, and the hearers were young men from the college and the divinity school. Among them was my most intimate college friend, Edwin Morton, who had been trained in Greek and Transcendentalism by Marston Watson of Plymouth, where Morton was born on the shore of the Pilgrims' Bay,—and who had seen Brook Farm from the inside, because his father and uncle had invested some money there, which was lost, as was most of the money thus contributed. In this May afternoon, between 2 and 3 o'clock, we gathered in the Emerson library, and Emerson himself opened the conversation by raising the question (full of interest to Morton and to me), whether literature alone could be, in America, a young man's occupation and bread-winner? Emerson said:

"It has formerly been the opinion that literature by itself will not pay, as we say in New England; but now

it seems as if this omnivorous passion for lectures, review-articles and other things within the capacity of scholars, has at last made it easy for a man in America or England to lead the life of a scholar, doing nothing else,—as Thomas Carlyle has long done. All men of power and originality nowadays make their own profession,—for example, Theodore Parker, Mr. Alcott here, Charles Brace in New York, with his practical philanthropy, and even Albert Brisbane, who believes in ‘stellar duties’ and introduced Fourierism into this country. He told me once that he had the good fortune to silence Carlyle,—a great thing if it were true; but Carlyle may have been only bored by our countryman, who is a sad button-holder. The railway train is the place to talk with Brisbane, where time is long and at your own disposal.”

From this topic we turned to consider our own college professors and those who had preceded them in Emerson’s memory,—Longfellow, George Ticknor, Edward Everett, Jones Very, who had been Thoreau’s Greek tutor, Dr. Walker, and others. Emerson now said:

“The Harvard system is one of restriction as well as of instruction. Rhetoric is now too much neglected there; it was better taught under Professor Edward Channing, brother of Dr. Channing, who trained a whole generation of students to be good writers and sometimes good speakers,—such as Wendell Phillips. Jones Very in college was a religious devotee, and wrote a remarkable essay on *Hamlet*. There seem to be no such men as Very now in the Faculty.”

Emerson had, in fact, edited two essays of Jones

Very's in 1839, and a selection from his remarkable sonnets, when the author was slightly insane, and was in the McLean Asylum. After he left the asylum, as Emerson told me afterward, he was "lamentably sane," and never wrote a good verse again. I met him years afterward, at his house in Salem, and saw the full force of Emerson's remark; the fire of spirituality in him had died out, and nothing but the pale ashes remained. He was the son of a Salem sea-captain, and had early made voyages to Europe with his father. Hawthorne again, was the son of a Salem shipmaster, who died early, and the care of the boy's education was left to his mother's brothers, the Mannings, who owned large forest estates in Maine, where Hawthorne spent much rambling time in his youth.

After this conversation ended, Morton and I took tea with the Emersons, and my Plymouth classmate privately informed Emerson that I had written verses, some of which afterward came to Emerson's notice. Plymouth long had a certain spiritual connection with Concord, even before the father of Professor William Watson Goodwin (who was born in Concord), Rev. Hersey Goodwin, came to be settled in Concord as colleague of old Dr. Ripley. Rev. George Hosmer, a Unitarian minister, married the daughter of Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth; and the second wife of Emerson, and mother of all his children, was Miss Jackson of Plymouth. Marston Watson, Prof. Goodwin's uncle, told me that as a boy he remembered those Sundays when Emerson came to preach at Dr.



Kendall's church in Plymouth, where he first saw Miss Jackson (who was a devout Unitarian) and fell in love with her. But the first time Mr. Watson heard Emerson in conversation was while he was calling at the elder Watson's house, where the grandfather, after the death of Mrs. Goodwin, his daughter, had taken charge of William, the child; and the remark Emerson made, as he took up the future Greek professor, was, "What a beautiful voice that boy has!" Ellery Channing was for a few months in Harvard College with Thoreau, and Marston Watson, a year or two later, was a sophomore while Thoreau was a senior, and used to see the Concord naturalist crossing the yard (as he told me) "in a green coat,—green, I suppose, because the college rules required black." Soon after, the Watsons became intimate with Thoreau and Channing; and though the Concord "Walkers," as they called themselves, Emerson, Alcott, Channing and Thoreau, were more at home in Concord, they were familiar with Plymouth, too—its Pilgrim Rock, its Hillside garden, its warm, sandy wood-roads (warm in winter and cool in summer), and its breezy island out in the bay. It was while preaching and lecturing at Plymouth in 1833-4, that Emerson was betrothed to Miss Jackson, whom he married in September, 1835; and it was one of the towns where he continued to lecture for years. Marston Watson, after graduating in 1839, took to gardening and tree-planting on a hillside of his native town, and made his country-house, "Hillside," a resort for the brethren of the faith.

Alcott thus described the spot, in a sonnet to Watson:

“Thou, better taught, on worthiest aims intent,  
 Short distance from the Pilgrim's sea-washed street  
 Thine orchard planted; grove and garden there  
 And sheltering coppice hide thy mansion neat,  
 By winding alley reached, and gay parterre;  
 Where cordial welcome chosen friends shall meet  
 From courteous host and graceful lady fair;  
 Then thy choice fruit we taste, thy wisdom hived,  
 England's rare Evelyn in thee revived.”

It once happened that Alcott and Thoreau spent some days together at Hillside, and in their walks through the surrounding wood encountered the remains of a dead hog—his white, firm jawbone, and his bristles quite untouched by decay. “You see,” said Thoreau to his vegetarian friend, “here is something that succeeded, beside spirituality, and thought,—here is the tough child of nature,”—and they fell into high converse respecting the bristly darling of the Great Mother. Returning to Concord (this was in April, 1858), Thoreau wrote to Watson: “Is the mystery of the hog's bristles cleared up? and with it that of our life? It is the one question, to the exclusion of all other interests. Is Nature as full of vigor to your eyes as ever, or do you detect some falling off, at last? What a prospect you can get every morning, from the hill-top east of your house! I think that even the heathen that I am, I could say, or sing, or dance morning prayers there of some kind.”

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**THE WAYSIDE, SHOWING TOWER**  
*From a sketch by May Alcott, 1870*



*From a drawing by A. Bronson Alcott*

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So it seems that the Transcendentalists, like the Zoroastrians, worshipped on the hilltops, and liked each to have one of his own. Emerson, in "Nature," had early celebrated his Eastern hill; Channing had his cottage on another hill; Alcott, when he laid out the estate which Hawthorne afterward occupied, called it "Hillside," and resorted to its ridge for the morning and evening view; while Thoreau in his long rambles, had many hilltops for his worship. One of these (whimsically called *Conantum* by Channing, because it was part of the large farm of Eben Conant), looks down upon Fairhaven Bay and Baker Farm,—places of much resort in the days that I speak of.

The first walk I ever took with Emerson was to Walden, in November, 1854; and one of the first after I came to live in Concord in March, 1855, was to Baker Farm, beyond Walden,—a tract of meadow, upland, orchard and woodland on the north side of Fairhaven Bay, opposite to Conantum, and running down, with a fair lawn, along a brook, to that lovely water. It is much changed now,—the "trivial cabin," where Thoreau found the Irish family of John Field, has long since gone to destruction, and the great brick and stone villa of Mr. Adams, with a high terrace in front, and huge stables on the ridge behind, now looks out upon Fairhaven, and the scene that was so lonely in Thoreau's and Channing's time. It was Channing who, in 1846, made the verses which Thoreau quotes in his chapter on Baker Farm in *Walden*. "My way," says Thoreau, "as I set out one after-

noon to go a-fishing to Fairhaven, through the woods, led through Pleasant Meadow, an adjunct of the Baker Farm, that retreat of which a poet has since sung, beginning:

“Thy entry is a pleasant field  
Which some mossy fruit-trees yield  
Partly to a ruddy brook,  
By gliding musquash undertook,  
And mercurial trout  
Darting about.”

Thoreau omits most of this singular poem, which so well paints the landscape as Emerson showed it to me, in that afternoon of April, 1855, when we wandered through it. But I reprinted it with additions and corrections from Channing's manuscript in 1902, in the volume called *Poems of Sixty-five Years*.

In 1852, the year that I entered college, Marston Watson and a few friends in Plymouth, opened a course of Sunday lectures at Leyden Hall in that town where the two Morton families were living, after the collapse of Brook Farm, and invited Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, Wentworth Higginson, and other Transcendentalists to lecture there. Among others, Ellery Channing was suggested as to his talent in that direction. Emerson was on his usual winter lecturing tour, and wrote to Watson from Buffalo, January 4, 1852:

. . . “One other person I should like to have engaged, if the enterprise goes on, namely, my friend El-

lery Channing. But I dare not quite say that he has any lecture for your purpose, until I hear his lecture on 'The Future.' Both the others of his three I have heard, and though they are full of wit and criticism, or sarcasm, all round the compass, he needs practice in pruning. I am sorry on his very account to leave home just now; for I wish more that he should lecture well than that I should. But if you know him, or of him,—as you do,—act your own pleasure. By the way, are there to be any Sunday lectures?"

Channing did give one of his three lectures at Plymouth, then or later; yet lecturing was not his forte, but walking and artistic perception, friendship and whimsical conversation. He is the "Poet" of Thoreau's *Walden*, and of the earlier *Week*, and he was the companion of Thoreau not only in daily walks around Concord, but in several of his longer excursions,—to Canada, to Cape Cod, to the Catskills, and in some of the trips combined in the *Week*. White Pond in Concord, near North Sudbury, was the terminus of one of these daily rambles,—a lakelet of unequaled beauty in certain days. Of this pond Thoreau once said,—“As at Walden, in sultry dog-day weather, looking down through the woods on some of its bays, its waters are of a misty bluish-green or glaucous color. One who frequents it, proposes to call it Virid Lake.” This was Channing, no doubt, who had an artist's eye for color, and could lead his companion where the loveliest effects were always to be seen. How much of Channing and how much of Emerson enters into the description

which they both gave of this lake, after their visit in 1848, it would be hard to say,—but thus it stands in Emerson's journal, which often owed some of its best suggestions, but never its best periods, to Channing, or to Thoreau's perceptive and creative imagination:

“ Another walk with Ellery Channing, well worth commemoration, if that were possible; but no pen could write what we saw; it needs the pencils of all the painters that ever existed to aid the description. We went to White Pond, a pretty little Indian bath, lonely now as Walden once was; we could almost see the sachem in his canoe in a shadowy cove. Making the circuit of the lake, on the shore, we came at last to see some marvelous reflections of the colored woods in the water, of such singular beauty and novelty that they held us fast to the spot, almost to the going down of the sun. The water was very slightly rippled, which took their proper character from the pines, birches and few oaks which composed the grove; and the submarine wood seemed all made of Lombardy poplar, with such delicious green, stained by gleams of mahogany from the oaks, and streaks of white from the birches,—every moment growing more excellent. It was the world seen through a prism, and set Ellery on wonderful Lucretian theories of ‘law and design.’ For how many ages of lovely days has that pretty wilderness of White Pond received the sun and clouds into its transparencies, and woven each day new webs of birch and pine,—shooting into wilder angles and more fantastic crossings of these coarse threads, which in the water, have such momentary elegance.”

It was to walks and to scenery such as this that



my visits to Concord in 1853-4, and my residence there after February, 1855, introduced me; and my walks were taken, for forty years, in the company of some of this circle of Concord authors. One of these authors, but little known as such, but one of my best contributors while I edited the *Boston Commonwealth*, in 1863-65, was Minot Pratt, grandfather of Miss Alcott's "Little Men," and a special friend of George William Curtis, whose acquaintance he made at Brook Farm, and soon after whom Mr. Pratt left that lost Paradise when Satan entered it in the form of Fourierism. He had been the trusted farmer at Brook Farm, and one of the few men of affairs who were concerned in that social experiment. In 1844 he was one of the three Directors of that community,—Rev. George Ripley and Charles Dana, afterward of the *New York Tribune* and *Sun*, being the other two. Mr. Pratt died in Concord at the age of 73, and is buried near the graves of Hawthorne and the Alcotts. At his funeral Alcott spoke, and Louisa sent an offering of pathetic verse. I knew him well, and all his family, and he deserves special commemoration as a character like and unlike those with whom he was so much associated.

Mr. Pratt was born in Weymouth, of the Old Colony stock, and as a boy was put to learn the trade of stone-cutting. Disliking this, he went to New Bedford and learned printing, and some time before 1829 was at work as a printer in Boston, where he belonged to Mr. Emerson's parish at the North End, and was married by that young clergy-

man in 1829. The Pratts are said to have been the first couple whom Mr. Emerson married, and it was, perhaps, some remembrance of their early connection with his Hanover Street church which decided them to remove to Concord after their Brook Farm experience. More likely it was their recognition of him as one of the leaders in the social and religious movement which they had joined, and which was vaguely termed "Transcendentalism." Mr. Curtis went from Brook Farm to Concord a little earlier than the Pratts, and worked for a while on the great farm upon the hill, near which, and under a broad elm, Minot Pratt in 1845 went to dwell and to plant the orchards and flower-beds that ever afterward occupied his care. It was little more than a cottage, and the friends who went to his funeral thronged it, as they had many times before done on more joyful occasions. Near by, when he first occupied it, was the home of Channing, who sung there,

"Of my small cottage on the lonely hill,  
Where like a hermit I must bide my time,  
Surrounded by a landscape lying still  
All seasons through, as in the winter's prime,  
Rude and as homely as these verses chime."

Not far off Hawthorne had been writing his "Mosses" in the "Old Manse," and two or three miles away, by the shore of Walden, Thoreau was living his life of solitary study, varied by the companionship of these and other friends. Mr. Alcott

was returned from his own little community at "Fruitlands," and was rebuilding his house, "Hillside," on the Lexington road, while Mr. Emerson was in his study on the edge of the village. Amidst these friends, each busied in his own ideal way, Minot Pratt took his place, and lived his life—no less ideal than theirs, though outwardly more laborious. He tilled his acres, planted his trees and vines, and dressed his garden with his own hands; but his recreation, and one might say, his worship, was among the wild-flowers and woodlands, which he knew as familiarly as Thoreau did. Thoreau was a "poet-naturalist," Minot Pratt was a farmer-naturalist,—but in both the love of Nature was far stronger than the scientific thirst for knowledge. They revered nature and treated her with the modesty due to a maiden, and with the respect of a lover. The May-flower and the rhodora, the climbing fern, the azalea, the "rock-loving columbine," were as dear to Minot Pratt at threescore and ten as when he first escaped from the city to the freedom of the fields. His patient hope in his last sickness was that he might live till the flowers should bloom again, and the crocuses made haste to blossom in his dooryard, as friendly hands bore him to his Concord grave.

It was his delight to plant the rose and delicate wild-flowers in places that had never known them,—not in gardens only, but along the woodpaths and lanes where he and his neighbors rambled so often. In this way he assisted Nature and helped her to embroider the plain summer robe of the New

England landscape. He had much industry, little ambition; and, though he wrote well, he seldom published anything. In conversation he was quiet and retiring; in opinion, earnest and forward-looking. The dream of his youth was the consolation of his age; and he did not reproach the universe for the failings of mankind. He was happy in the affection of his wife, his children, and his grandchildren; but he would have been cheerful even in solitude. One of his three sons, who died ten years before, had married the sister of Miss Alcott, and so the "Little Men" called Minot Pratt their grandfather. He was long a member of the Concord Farmers' Club, and wrote essays for that on practical farming.

I was engaged by Emerson in the winter of 1854-5 to take charge of a small private school in Concord, where his three children, three children of Judge Hoar, and several grandchildren of the learned Mrs. Ripley at the Old Manse, were to be my pupils. I was still in college, but got leave of absence, and went up to Concord before the middle of March, to find an apartment for me and my sister Sarah, and to call on some of the parents of my pupils. Mr. Emerson, my chief patron, thought I could engage rooms at Ellery Channing's, then living in his own house opposite the Thoreau family on Main Street. He escorted me to the house; we knocked and called Channing down from his garret-study, where he spent most of his time, while he gave up the best room downstairs to his old housekeeper, Ann Carney. He received

us graciously, and I soon made the arrangement needful for entering upon the apartment,—a parlor for us both, the best chamber for Sarah, and a small chamber over the east door for me. A guest-chamber was at our disposal when not occupied by Channing's visitors, who were few. When, two years later, I wished to renew my verbal lease, with slightly changed conditions, Channing, writing from New Bedford, where he had chiefly lived since reunited to his wife in 1855, had this to say, as showing our relations after a long acquaintance:

(Written a few weeks before John Brown was my guest in Channing's house.)

NEW BEDFORD, Jan. 13, 1857.

My dear Sanborn:

I received your letter which is satisfactory. I trust you will not leave the old house or Concord. I value you and Miss Sanborn so much that I hope you will remain in that village and in that house. You are greatly valued by the children, whom I have often heard speak of you, in the highest terms.—I mean the Emerson children, who are admirable critics.

I trust the pump has not proved itself false and treacherous during the present winter; should it have done so, a leather medal should be instantly forwarded to the inventor. As it is now only the middle of January, you will still have considerable winter before you. In spite of its climate, rather severe it is true, I have found no place that is so pleasant to live in as Concord.

Should I think of any different plan about the old

house, be assured that I shall write by the middle of February, but I know of none. I should not rent the house to anyone but yourself and I should prefer to have you live there rent-free, to have anyone else. I could not support the relation of tenant and landlord with anyone but whom I valued as a friend. Especially as I am now situated.

I will thank you to remember me to your sister, and say to her, that I would be very glad to have her write me a few lines if possible. I received some notes from her which I valued very much, but she has long since ceased to write. I should like to be assured that her health was better and that her activity was not so unceasing, for I greatly value Miss Sanborn.

Yours faithfully,

W. E. CHANNING.

In the next letter Channing had returned to Concord, and I was living with my sister in my own house near my school.

March 15, CONCORD, '59.

My dear Sanborn:

Much obliged to you for bringing the books, always like you good and kind. Though I do not often call, I am coming, and think always with pleasure of you and your doings. As these books are praised by Waldo, one, of course, must like them, as all his things, none of which after all are—but no more of that.

This place has seemed much more to me since you came. There are sympathies between us, which I understand, if you do not. There is a word written in my heart which you could read; we can look into a life that is not here. Well, it must be so; alas the day!

You were speaking of Ellen E. She is truly an admirable person. See her with her companions, so superior and so real; kind-hearted and unspoiled. I have seen her grow up from a mite. When little she was a "great plague" to the whole family. They used to think they could do nothing with her. I knew she would outgrow it. Then she was awkward and reserved,—now, she is outgrowing that. So few are the fine persons one sees, that in writing to you (pardon me for thinking you so), I have naturally spoken of Ellen E., one of the most pleasing young people we shall either of us be likely to meet. God or good speed you in your school and have you in his safe-keeping.

Yours faithfully,

W. E. C.

CONCORD, March 19, '59.

My dear Sanborn:

I am much obliged to you for the book and note, and for your kind remembrance of the "poems,"\* which I have long since ceased to regard as among the living. I am, however, equally gratified by your interest in these long-buried verses, and only regret that they were not held in that estimation by others which your partial eye awards. It would be certainly a great pleasure to me to do anything about my poems either published or unpublished (the latter being the larger in number) which your judgment might suggest. And possibly at some future time I may be in the mood (which I do not seem to be in just now), to look at the matter practically, and thus bring once more before your friendly notice what I had thought, long since, so unattractive as to be of no special service.

\* These were Channing's published verses, four volumes.

I should regret to have you leave this place, as I may, perhaps, continue to live here, and we may occasionally meet, or if we do not I shall feel that you are on the spot. I feel that you have labored under peculiar disadvantages in your school, from the choice of some of your teachers, who were not adapted by their peculiarly hard and formal characters to be of use to the young. But you will do better, I trust, with the new. You need flexible, attractive and happy persons about you, who will make a sunshine in that "shady place," a school-room; not cold, selfish, icy people, who if they were in Nova Zembla would be only throwing a lower depression into the thermometers. I like very much the appearance of Miss L., and I hear from those who know, that she is quite taking with the young people, and this is the best "school-marm" quality.

I am glad you sympathize with me as to Ellen E.; of the other children I know nothing special. Yet this superfluity of talent has its misfortunes and is so apt to be unattractive in a woman, that I often think it a bad possession for its owner. Unmarried women are so odious; yet there must be such cast-away persons doubtless, who have the misery of associating with similar neutrals of their own sex, and who compose the *Paradise perdu* of humanity. Polygamy looks pretty by the side of such sexual pauperism.

But I do not write for the sake of writing; it is to impress on you the fact that I was glad to have met you, and that although in life our ways are so very distant, I can do some justice to your admirable spirit and generous sympathy.

Yours ever truly,

W. E. C.

The character of Ellery Channing was so enig-



matical, yet so attractive, that I spent years in tracing his life-history, concerning which he was so reserved that he would not tell his age nor his birthday; and, by a singular accident, there either had been no family record of births in Dr. Walter Channing's household, or it had been lost. His mother was a daughter of Samuel Gardiner Perkins, whose wife was Barbara Higginson; but Mrs. Channing had died early, and Ellery hardly knew a mother's affection. He was sent away to a boarding school (the famous Round Hill school in Northampton) at the age of seven, and there suffered much from lack of tender care. His genius developed early; he wrote good printable verse at fourteen, and had one admirable piece ("The Spider") printed without his knowledge before he was seventeen. Of his actual birthday and admission to Harvard College a kinsman wrote me in 1892:

We have it at last! In the Harvard Admission Book I find the following:

"Channing, Wm. Ellery,  
"admitted 1 Sept., 1834, age 16, 29 Nov., 1834. Parent Walter Channing. Offered by Mr. Leveret. Conditioned in Arithmetic. 4 Dec., 1834, took up his connections."

He was then born Nov. 29, 1818, five months later than your Cyclopaedia date. His name appears as Freshman in the printed catalogue, 1834-5; his residence being "Mr. Holmes's." This was Lowell's class. Dr. Channing was never careful about money where Ellery was concerned, and had great hopes of him. I always understood that he left college because he hated it.

I do not at all believe that his father stopped his col-

lege allowance, but that Channing simply declined to go back to "Mr. Holmes's" and to the companionship of his intimate schoolmate, James Coolidge. Ellery was his mother's second child, not the oldest; but he was older than Mary, who married Wentworth Higginson. Lucy was the youngest and died unmarried, as did Barbara, the eldest. Their grandfather was one of three brothers, Samuel, Thomas and James Perkins,—the last the father of Charles Perkins, the art connoisseur, and his brother Edward,—decidedly the more refined branch of the family.

It was by James Perkins, who was a partner of Walter Burling in commerce at St. Domingo, before the French Revolution, that Samuel Curzon, the nephew of Burling, had been brought up after the death of his father and mother. The elder Curzon, of the same family as the present "superior person" of that name in England, who was lately governor-general of India, was an Englishman, privately married to Walter Burling's sister, and was shot in a duel in New York soon after our Revolution. His son, Samuel Curzon, was brought as a boy of five by James Perkins to Boston in 1786, and given over to the kind care of the sisters of Perkins, then living near Merchants' Row, off from State Street, and not far from the merchant's shop of John Thoreau, on Long Wharf, where the grandfather of Henry Thoreau was laying up the modest fortune of \$25,000, of which he died possessed in 1801. My mother's uncle, Levi Melcher of Hampton Falls, was for a time clerk to John Thoreau, who then lived in Prince Street, Boston. The Perkinses lived in or near the North

End, but afterward near the Common; and Sam Curzon as a boy had fights with the North End boys on the north and west sides of Beacon Hill. When he grew up, and had returned from long voyages in ships of the Perkins brothers, to Liverpool, Lisbon and the Pacific coast of South America, Mr. Curzon established his family at Curzon's Mill, on the edge of Newburyport, at the junction of the small Artichoke River with the Merrimac, where his daughter, Miss Mary Curzon, still owns and lives. It was to this "distant and romantic grist-mill" that Ellery Channing retired on withdrawing from college, and there he afterward spent many sportive and poetic hours. It was there that he met familiarly with Caroline Sturgis, who was the heroine of some of his early verse; and his "River," which Emerson quoted in reviewing Channing's MS. verse in 1840, painted the Artichoke and Miss Sturgis as the two sailed together on that water:

"The stream is well alive;  
Another passive world you see,  
Where downward grows the form of every tree;  
Like soft light clouds they thrive;  
Like them let us in our pure loves reflected be."

It was Caroline Sturgis also whom he chanted under the name of "Clio" in the same early volume of 1843, printed at the cost of Channing's close friend, the late Samuel Gray Ward, who introduced the poet to Emerson in 1840. Of this mythical Clio, Channing wrote:

“Where the sprites outwatch the moon,  
 Where the ghostly night-breeze swells,  
 And the brook prolongs its tune  
 Through the shimmering shadowed dells,  
 To the ringing fairy bells,  
 There thou weavest unknown spells.”

This was before Channing met with Miss Ellen Fuller, the sister of Margaret Fuller, at Cincinnati, where he was making believe to study law; and they were married there in the autumn of 1842, as Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody had been married at Salem in the summer preceding. Colonel Higginson writes me:

In my youthful journal of November 25, 1842, is a passage which fixes the date. I was then living at the house of my cousin, Stephen Higginson Perkins, uncle of Ellery Channing. His house was called “The Cottage” and the large house of his father, S. G. Perkins, which was close by in Brookline, we called “The Castle.” Now comes the passage:

“We rode out from Boston with Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Channing,—he silent, reserved, abrupt, disagreeable,—she soft, gentle, perfectly cool and indifferent; pretty, with light-colored, ugly dress. Barbara Channing was at the Cottage, and did most of the talking. After tea she went to the Castle with them, where they stayed till half-past nine. Soon after returning, Mistress Ellen retired, and Ellery not long afterwards. I had talked with them and liked them rather better.”

At this time Higginson, who is a second cousin of Channing, had been out of college a year, but

had not yet studied divinity, nor married Mary Channing. The newly wedded Channings spent the winter in Cambridge, and in the opening spring removed to a red cottage on Concord turnpike near Emerson's garden, which Thoreau, living at Emerson's, before going to Staten Island, had put in order, as he had the Manse garden for the Hawthornes in 1842. In 1844 Channing went to New York for a year to be an assistant editor of the *Tribune*, recently founded by Horace Greely; but in the spring of 1845 returned to his family in Concord, and bought a house and garden on one of the four chief hills of the town, where he gardened and poetised, and rambled through the woods and fields with Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne. This residence being too remote from the village, in 1851-2 he bought an ancient house near the last house occupied by the Thoreau family, and had been living there for several years, when, in March, 1855, I was introduced to him by Emerson, and took rooms in his house. He was living alone, with an old housekeeper, Ann Carney, who divided her services between us. Under these circumstances I became intimate with Channing, and our friendship continued unbroken, though sometimes interrupted by absence or caprice, until he died at my Concord house in December, 1901.

## CHAPTER XIV

### *Other Concord Authors*

**T**HE "Concord Authors," so-called, and others here mentioned incidentally, must be considered as a group rather than merely as individuals. For although they were each sufficiently individual, yet were they inspired by a common impulse, and under similar conditions. They were also intimate friends, and as such acted and reacted upon each other. Hawthorne and Louisa Alcott were less affected by their association with the others; but Miss Alcott had for the background (often for the foreground) of her fanciful pictures of domestic life and social events, the incidents and surroundings of her own family and friends. Hawthorne, though with a genius quite unlike hers, did on two separate occasions come within the range of the subtle influences in Concord society, by his own choice; and that in spite of the inconveniences he there found for his peculiar mode of life, which involved a wide outlook, though in singular ways, on the life and vices of cities.

Of this group Alcott was the eldest, being three years older than Emerson, and Emerson was the Mæcenas, as well as the magnet, that drew most of them to Concord, either for permanent residence,

or in the hope of that. In the latter case were Theodore Parker, who aspired to be the parish minister to succeed Dr. Ripley, and Margaret Fuller, for whom and for her mother, Emerson and Thoreau in vain tried to find a suitable house. Ellery Channing, who had married Margaret's younger sister, gave Emerson as the reason for his settling in Concord, where he remained for nearly twenty years after Emerson's death, and until his own death in 1901. Bronson Alcott was specially invited and urged by Emerson to live in Concord, and when he did first settle there, in April, 1840, Emerson paid his house rent, of \$52 a year, at the Hosmer cottage. There he was joined in 1842 by two English mystics, Charles Lane and Henry Gardner Wright. Thoreau and Elizabeth Hoar were the only Concord authors actually born in that town: for Louisa Alcott was born in Germantown, Pa., and only her sister May, the youngest, saw the light in the Hosmer cottage in July, 1840.

It was the custom of most of these authors to keep journals,—Ellery Channing being the exception, as he was in so many respects. He would now and then make regular journal entries in his notebooks for a few months, and then give up the practice; but the notebooks of his readings were countless, and he occasionally printed selections from the poets and wits whom he read. Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau used their journals as a storehouse of materials for lectures and books. When he had used journals in this way, Thoreau destroyed them,—retaining only the unused pages.

Emerson and Hawthorne, on the contrary, kept their journal volumes, and so did Thoreau after 1850. From his thirty-odd manuscript volumes of journal, fourteen volumes have now been printed; and yet material enough was accidentally excluded to make at least another volume. Bronson Alcott had kept journals from about 1823 to his attack of paralysis in October, 1882,—nearly sixty years; but they are much less adapted for printing than those of his comrades. Louisa Alcott began to journalize at ten years old, but destroyed many of her diaries and letters, as a protection against biographers.

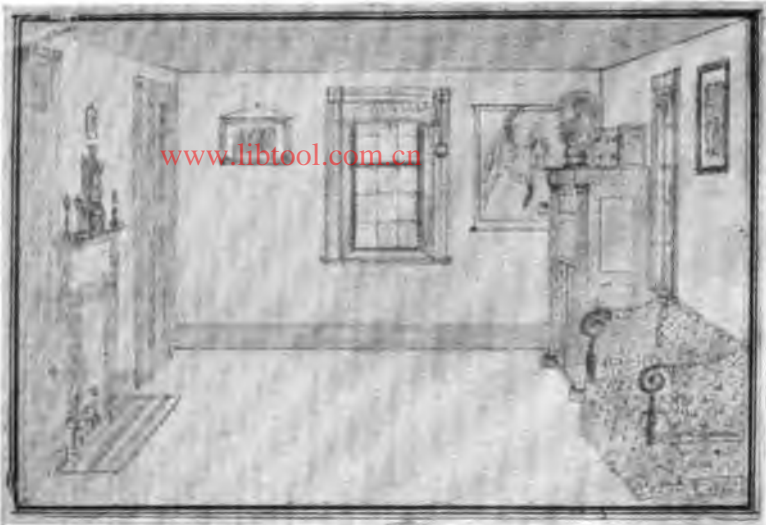
The childish career of Louisa is very interesting, as we gather it from her early diaries and letters. At Fruitlands, before she was twelve, she wrote smooth-flowing verses; and when the Alcott family returned to Concord and occupied what is now the Wayside villa, which Hawthorne later purchased, she wrote very pleasing verses on "Despondency" in her thirteenth year. For a time Charles Lane (English vegetarian) lived with the Alcotts, and taught Louisa and the other children, after the return from Fruitlands to Concord. There is a singular catechism of the 12-year-old girl as "Alcibiades" by Lane as "Socrates," which she preserved in her journal of August, 1845, and which ends thus:

*Socrates*:—"Why use self-denial?"

*Alcibiades*:—"For the good of myself and others."

*Socrates*:—"How shall we learn this self-denial?"





**PARLOR IN THE HOSMER COTTAGE, 1843**



**THE HOSMER COTTAGE, 1843**  
*From sketches by A. Bronson Alcott*

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*Alcibiades*:—"By resolving, and then trying hard."

*Socrates*:—"What then do you mean to do?"

*Alcibiades*:—"To resolve and try."

"Here," wrote Miss Alcott about 1885, "the record of these lessons ends. Poor little Alcibiades went to work and tried till 50; but without any very great success, in spite of all the help Socrates and Plato gave her."

There was truth in this confession. Like her mother (who was not included in her short list of those who had "gentleness" in 1845), Louisa had always to contend against certain infirmities of temper, from which her father (here called Plato) was free. But she acquired that high faith which her father had, before she was thirteen, and this was her record of it:

Concord, Thursday. October 30, 1845. I had an early run in the woods behind Hillside, before the dew was off the grass. The moss was like velvet, and as I ran under the arches of red and yellow leaves, I sang for joy,—my heart was so bright, and the world so beautiful. I stopped at the end of the walk, and saw the sun shine out over the wide Virginia meadows. It seemed like going through a dark life or grave, into Heaven beyond. A very strange and solemn feeling came over me as I stood there,—with no one near me, no sound but the rustle of the pines, and the sun so glorious, as for me alone. It seemed as if I felt God as I never did before; and I prayed in my heart that I might keep that happy sense of nearness all my life.

Forty years later she wrote that she had so kept

it; and that she "got religion" that October day, in the sunny edge of her father's woods, looking out toward the Virginia Road (on which her friend Thoreau was born), and the downs and meadows there adjacent. And one great and beneficent element in the long discipline of her life was the joys and sorrows of the Fruitlands episode in the romantic life-story of her poetic family.

I suppose Miss Alcott to be at present the most widely read of all the Concord authors. Her books, or some of them, are found in French, German, Dutch, Russian, and one at least in modern Greek, which I carried from Athens to Switzerland in 1890, and presented to Miss Alcott's niece and namesake, Louisa May Nieriker (now Mrs. Rasim), of Zurich. It is hazardous to predict the fashions of the future, and nobody can say how long the vogue of her books will continue. She was incapable of a successful novel. She tried twice, and the books had many readers, but they could not be regarded as successful. An interesting thing is that the hero of the first novel ("Moods") is Henry Thoreau, and of the second ("Work"), Theodore Parker. Both were ideals in her imagination. In dealing with the long story of her family life she was inimitable, by her abounding fancy and her keen perception of domestic and social qualities. When I first saw her at twenty years old—ten years before her serious illness in Washington—she had tried various things and found herself unequal to her tasks. She tried teaching and was unsuccessful; and she had written tales,

but without much fame. Her first popular book was her "Hospital Sketches" in 1863. These were first published in newspapers and in a small volume. Then she began writing for magazines, but the publishers fell away from her. It was not till 1868 that she made an impression on the public. She found a publisher in Boston, the late Thomas Niles, who saw her talent, pointed out the defects in her stories, and introduced her to the great world. Then her books sold better and better each year.

In the spring of 1840, Mr. Alcott, reduced to penury by the failure of his Temple School in Boston, had removed to the Hosmer Cottage in Concord, on the estate, and near the great farmhouse of Joseph Hosmer, major and high sheriff, which he had built in 1764, just before his youthful pastor, Rev. William Emerson, had built the Old Manse at the other end of the straggling village, as near the old North Bridge, as Major Hosmer's was near the old South Bridge. The major had been dead a few years, but the homestead remained in the family, and a few rods west of it stood the cottage, then unoccupied, which had sheltered a relative or a tenant of the Hosmers. The Alcotts hired it at a low rent, and there the artist-daughter, May, was born in the following July. The father occupied himself with whatever rural labor he could find to do for hire, and the household was carried on with strict economy, yet always with a kindly regard to those poorer than the Alcotts themselves were. A picture from the life of this

household, when May was an infant, was drawn by Miss Robie of Boston, a cousin of Mrs. Alcott, written from this Hosmer Cottage, Dec. 6, 1841:

As it was time for me to expect a headache, I did not dare to go to Concord without carrying tea and coffee and cayenne pepper,—and a small piece of cooked meat, in case my wayward stomach should crave it; which last article was a little piece of à la mode beef. Thus provided, I arrived at the cottage just after dark of a Friday evening. I got into the house before they heard me, and found them seated around their bread and water. I had a most cordial welcome from Mrs. Alcott and the children. She said to me “O you dear creature! You are the one I should have picked out of all the good people in Boston. How thankful I am to see you!” I had a comfortable cup of tea in a few minutes, for I did not dare to go without.

The family next opened a bundle in which were clothes for the children, etc., sent by the thoughtful Mrs. James Savage of Boston, mother of two of the famous talking pupils of Mr. Alcott at the Temple school, one of whom, Mrs. Rogers, still survives as a leader of society in that city. Miss Robie resumes:

Mr. Alcott sat looking on like a philosopher. “There,” said he, “I told you that you need not be anxious about clothing for the children; you see it has come as I said.”

Mrs. Alcott wanted comfort and counsel; for, though cheerful and uncomplaining, things had got pretty low. Mr. Alcott was evidently not well, and she was quite

anxious about him, and expressed some fears that the little sympathy and encouragement he received in regard to his views would depress him beyond what he could bear. However, after a good talk and a good crying spell, her spirits rallied, and all was bright again. She told me of a miserable poor woman in her neighborhood, who had just lost a drunken husband, and was in a poor hovel with four children; and she had been aiding her in their small way to a little meal, and encouraging her to have a good heart, and keep out of the workhouse, and had interested other neighbors in her behalf. She said it seemed as if this poor family had been brought to her notice to show her how much better her own situation was, and to give a change to her feelings by looking about, and doing what she could to assist her.

I went with her one day to see this family. In course of the visit the woman mentioned Mr. Alcott. "I did not know he had been to see you." "Oh, yes, he was here yesterday and the day before, and sawed up some wood for me that had been sent me. I had engaged Mr. Somebody to saw it for me, and did some sewing for his wife to pay for it." Said Mrs. Alcott, "Then Mr. A.'s sawing it did not do you much good?" "Oh, yes,—they said they had as lief give me the money for it; so I had that to buy some meal."

Whilst I was at Mrs. Alcott's, of course I saw no meat, nor butter, nor cheese, and only coarse brown sugar, bread, potatoes, apples, squash and simple puddings; of these materials were the staple for food. I was obliged to have tea occasionally; but except that, I lived as they did, for I could not have the heart or the stomach to take out my beef. Mr. Alcott thought his wife did wrong to prepare the tea for me. The Alcotts had just begun to do with two meals a day, that the children might have

the pleasure of carrying once a week, a basket of something from their humble savings to the poor family. Now the saving must be made for themselves. Mr. Alcott said he could not live with debt burdening them in this way; that they must live simpler still. He started up and said he would go into the woods and chop for his neighbors, and in that way get his fuel. He has since entered upon this work. They said they should give up milk. I persuaded them against this, on account of the baby.

A year later, in the winter of 1842-3, the small cottage received as guests Charles Lane and his son William, and Henry G. Wright from England.

It was a little before his graduation at Harvard that Emerson's strong interest in his townsman, Thoreau, began; and it continued in many friendly offices until, in May, 1862, he gave his last tribute at Thoreau's funeral in the village church. In 1840 he first saw Ellery Channing as a friend, and in 1842-3 both Channing and Hawthorne came to live in Concord. The Alcotts then temporarily left Concord for Fruitlands, but returned in 1844, and again in 1857, when, with the aid of Emerson, the Orchard House was bought, where they lived for twenty years, and then removed to the Thoreau-Alcott house, which Sophia Thoreau had vacated in 1873, after the death of her brother and her mother. Hawthorne, in the meantime, had bought the "Hillside" estate of Mrs. Alcott, had made his seven years' sojourn in Europe, and returned to Concord in 1860, to live there for nearly four



years, and to be buried there in May, 1864. Emerson died in 1882, Alcott and Louisa in 1888, and Elizabeth Hoar before Emerson's death. Mrs. Ripley had died in 1867.

Of Thoreau's stoicism all his biographers have spoken,—perhaps a little too much. He had not the stolidity of the Indian, nor the insensibility which was often ascribed to him by those who did not know him, or would not take the trouble to know one of the most original men of his time. Emerson said of him in that funeral eulogy—“ He grew to be revered and admired by his townsmen who had at first known him only as an oddity. . . . They felt, too, the superiority of character, which addressed all men with a native authority.” These remarks were only partially true; they relate to those of his townsmen who were brought closely into relations with him, and not to those whose own conceit could ill brook a native superiority. It clashed with their own assumed importance, in a social scale to which Thoreau paid little attention,—perhaps too little, just as they paid too much. His satire and his riddles, which they had not the wit or the patience to guess, annoyed them, even as their dullness irritated him.

When such true friends as Emerson and Thoreau are for a quarter-century associated often, even daily, the contrasts of temperament and training will show themselves. Emerson somewhere says: “ The one unpardonable sin is the difference of opinion ”; and when opinions are not taken up voluntarily, but depend on original or inherited

traits of character, it is difficult to conciliate them. Thoreau, who was innately courteous and considerate, but from a background of pugnacity and disputation, found as he grew older, and the difference in age between himself and Emerson began to wear away, and equality to take the place of deference and patronage, that the unwillingness of Emerson to dispute, and his *chevaux de frise* of refined manners, gave room for misunderstanding and coldness. Without mentioning names in his Journal, Thoreau more than once speaks of this. As he had but two really intimate friends outside of his own family (though many whom he esteemed as friends)—Emerson and Ellery Channing—it is commonly easy to see of which he is speaking. He calls Channing "my companion," and Emerson "my neighbor"; and so it is of Channing that he speaks with some self-reproach, in this entry of March 12, 1854:

My companion tempts me to certain licences of speech, that is, to reckless and sweeping expressions, which I am wont to regret that I have used. That is, I find that I have used more harsh, extravagant and cynical expressions concerning mankind and individuals than I intended. I find it difficult to make him a sufficiently moderate statement. I think it is because I have not his sympathy in my sober and constant view. He asks for a paradox, an eccentric statement; and too often I give it to him.

Probably he means Channing here; yet the saying is true in a manner of Emerson, who was usually inclined to make out Thoreau more cynical

(or rather stoical) than he really was. It was this which led Emerson, in editing Thoreau's letters, to omit those affectionate ones to his family which really were needed to balance the fundamental stoicism which Emerson perceived in his friend. But here is a passage (April 16, 1854), in which Emerson is unmistakably indicated:

When I meet one of my neighbors, these days, who is ridiculously stately,—being offended—I say in my mind, “Farewell! I will wait till you get your manners off. Why make politeness of so much consequence when you are ready to assassinate with a word? I do not like any better to be assassinated with a rapier than to be knocked down with a bludgeon. You are so grand that I cannot get within ten feet of you.” Why will men so try to impose upon each other? Why not be simple, and pass for what they are worth only?

Ellery Channing, both early and late, was wont, with all his admiration for Emerson, to dwell on this remote, inscrutable side of the character of his friend. Thus in September, 1849, talking with his brother-in-law, Wentworth Higginson, then a pastor at Newburyport, Channing said:

Emerson is a terrible man to deal with,—one has to be armed at all points. He threshes you out very soon; is admirably skillful, able to go anywhere or do anything. Those nearest him feel him hard and cold; no one knows ever what he is doing or studying. The highest things in him are almost inaccessible; nobody knows what his real philosophy is; his books do not tell it. I have known

him for years intimately, and I have not found it out. Women do not like him; he cannot establish a personal relation with anyone, yet he can get on agreeably with everyone. Elizabeth Hoar has got more from him than anyone.

Like most of Channing's epigrams, this was partly true and in some points wholly false. Women admired Emerson, and much attracted him; no recent writer has dealt so intimately with Love as Emerson in several of his poems, and in his essay on that ancient theme of all poets, which he has treated better than Plato in the "Phædrus." In 1852, sitting on a footstool by Higginson's open stove in Newburyport, with his pipe in his mouth, staring at the fire, Channing went on:

(Feb. 29, 1852.) There was no electricity in Emerson's lecture on "Economics" the other night; it was dull,—no weather in it, no out-doors. He has no love of Beauty or knowledge of it; he gave that all up after he wrote "Nature." He is now all humanitarian; he is besides every shrewd Yankee merchant,—that's what he is. He saw early that he must have a system if he wanted to make any impression. Everybody was unsettled, he must be fixed. In fact, nobody has any *knowledge* of Beauty,—it's the rarest thing. People go along just like dogs, without seeing anything in nature. If you care anything about it, you are separated directly from men; you are unsocial and puzzle them. Beauty is just as hard as Emerson is on his side; but his is the popular side,—all this humanitarian business. There is Thoreau, —he knows all about it; give him sunshine and a hand-

ful of nuts, and he has enough. That was what Caroline Sturgis had; she was like an autumn day; she couldn't say anything. Artists don't know anything about beauty in nature; they paint the landscape, they don't paint its beauty. Verse is the only expression of it.

Walking with Higginson on the Joppa road in Newbury the winter night before, Channing enjoyed the water very much, saying it was worth all the poetry and all the pictures; then, turning aside from this topic, he said:

Do you feel as if these New England people were your countrymen? I do not. The Irish and the English seem to be so; they settle down at once, as if they had lived here all their lives. But every New Englander looks as if he were just stopping here a minute, on his way to parts unknown.

Channing had the artist's eye and the poet's imagination, and besides these a mingling of moral traits that is seldom seen. In him imagination and conscience were strangely intermixed and transfused; so that what to another man,—say to Thoreau,—would appear as a duty, might seem to Channing but a dream of possibility. Struck with this trait, Thoreau, recording one of his walks with Channing, made this acute observation, which is still the best account of him:

In our walks, Channing takes out his notebook sometimes, and tries to write as I do,—but all in vain. He

soon puts it up again, or contents himself with scrawling some sketch of the landscape. Observing me still scribbling, he will say that he confines himself to the ideal,—purely ideal remarks; he leaves the facts to me. Sometimes, too, he will say, a little petulantly, “I am universal; I have nothing to do with the particular and definite.” He is the moodiest person, perhaps, that I ever saw; as naturally whimsical as a cow is brindled. Both in his tenderness and his roughness he belies himself. He can be incredibly selfish and unexpectedly generous. He is conceited,—and yet there is in him far more than usual to ground conceit upon. He is one who will not stoop to rise. He wants something for which he will not pay the going price. He will only learn slowly by failure.

Failure and success indeed came to him in his long and by no means idle life; but the worldly failure was out of proportion to the worldly success. He bore them both with a real fortitude which was only the more pronounced because of the superficial petulance and impatience he often displayed. The genius he inherited was improved by study and experience, but its literary expression gained little in comparison with the wisdom that lay behind it. Failure had given him a juster estimate of himself, and had not injured his mind or his morals by the poison of envy, that disappointment so often infuses in hearts so susceptible as his. It was this very susceptibility that made him often seem distant or harsh; the wounds of time, the sharp changes and reverses of life, fell upon his tender heart with the insufferable keenness of physical pain; and he must withdraw into himself

till the hurt had partly healed. His true friends were those who did not exact or even expect from him what might be required of an ordinary acquaintance. In the seven-and-forty years that I knew him intimately, though much was seen which I would have changed had change been possible, I ever found him worthy of friendship. He deserved, but in his own vibratory way, the praise he has given to Thoreau:—

The living actual friendship and affection which makes time a reality, no one knew better. There was no affectation or hesitancy in his dealing with his friends. He meant friendship, and meant nothing else, and stood by it without abatement; not veering as a weathercock with each shift of a friend's fortune, or like those who bury their early friendships in order to gain room for fresh corpses.

This is a virtue too rare not to be commemorated. He dwelt apart from most of his fellow-citizens; he added nothing to their burdens or their animosities; his duties to those who were his companions or who served him were silently performed; he chose a recluse life, not from misanthropy, but because he was so constituted as to admit of no other; and he was well described, before he was born, in that poem of Wordsworth so often in his mind,—the *Poet's Epitaph*. Channing's heartfelt veneration for Emerson was often expressed, in spite of his petulance in conversation now and then. Here is an example of it in verse, dating from 1844:

TO EMERSON

- " If I across Life's golden sea had sped  
 Without the sight of thee, O Emerson,  
 If thou, the earnest of true worth, had fled  
 And left thy host of compeers pale and wan,  
 What splendor from the landscape had been ta'en!  
 What mighty treasures of uncounted gain!
- " So firmly braced in Virtue's secret cause,  
 Wedded to purity and bound to Right,  
 Thine eye deep-seeing below Nature's laws;  
 Thy intellect the matchless sword of might,—  
 Thou art the miracle of this rude Age,—  
 A man who of himself can be a sage.
- " Graceful and meek, beloved by sire and child,  
 Courteous to all, and cheerful all the day;  
 Simple as love,—as softest woman mild,  
 Yet with a hero's fortitude alway;  
 Patient of scorn, and famous o'er the sea,  
 O, may thy shining truth enlighten me!
- " Thou art the conqueror, unvanquished Soul!  
 Conquering that Error which asserteth wide  
 Dominion o'er this mortal moving Whole,  
 Swift circling in the bright celestial tide;  
 Daring to obey the law within the breast,  
 With Falsehood waging war that knows not rest.
- " Within that heart pure Feeling moveth free,  
 Not like the torture of a dying man,  
 Not in the spasms of an agony,—  
 But, as within yon vast outlying Pan,  
 The breath of hidden Beauty gently moves  
 And sways amid the majesty of groves."



This poem was never published, nor, in fact, completed, but stands in a manuscript volume of verse immediately before and after "Count Julian," who was Hawthorne.

Margaret Fuller, who does not seem to have seen much of her brother-in-law until after her sister's marriage, formed a high conception of his genius, praised him publicly in the *Tribune* and elsewhere, and has left this record of a conversation with him:

I wish I could retain Channing's talk last night. It was wonderful; it was about all the past experiences frozen down in the soul, and the impossibility of being penetrated by anything. "Had I met you," said he, "when I was young!—but now nothing can penetrate." Absurd as was what he said, on one side, it was the finest poetic inspiration on the other, painting the cruel process of life, except where genius burns over the stubble fields. "Life," he said, "is continually eating us up." He said, "Mr. Emerson is quite wrong about books. He wants them all good; now I want many bad. Literature is not merely a collection of gems, but a great system of interpretation." He railed at me as artificial. "It doesn't strike me when you are alone with me," he says; "but it does when others are present. You don't follow out the fancy of the moment; you converse; you have treasured thoughts to tell; you are disciplined,—artificial." I pleaded guilty, and observed that I supposed that it must be so with one of any continuity of thought, or earnestness of character. "As to that," says he, "I shall not like you the better for your excellence. I don't know what is the matter. I feel strongly attracted towards you; but there is a drawback in my mind,—I

don't know exactly what. You will always be wanting to grow forward; now I like to grow backward, too. You are too ideal. Ideal people anticipate their lives; and they make themselves and everybody around them restless, by always being beforehand with themselves." I listened attentively; for what he said was excellent. Following up the humor of the moment, he arrests admirable thoughts on the wing.

And in connection with this conversation, she copied the following lines which this poet addressed to her:—

TO MARGARET

I mark beneath thy life the virtue shine  
That deep within the star's eye opes its day;  
I clutch the gorgeous thoughts thou throw'st away  
From the profound unfathomable mine,  
And with them this mean common hour dost twine,  
As glassy waters on the dry beach play.

## CHAPTER XV

### *Mrs. Ripley and Her Friends*

**A**MONG the houses of Concord, the Old Manse, made famous by Hawthorne, has had the most romantic history, even more so than the ancient Parsonage of Daniel Bliss, Emerson's great-grandfather, (which had been a garrison house) or the Orchard House of the Alcotts and of John Hoar. The Manse has never been out of the ownership of the Emerson and Ripley families, who built it a hundred and forty years ago.

Madam Ripley (whose first husband was Emerson's grandfather, and who was Phebe Bliss, the daughter of Phebe Walker and Rev. Daniel Bliss, who preceded Rev. William Emerson in the Concord pulpit) was one of a family whose members were divided by the Revolution; her brother, Daniel Bliss, having taken the English side in that contest, and another brother, Theodore Bliss, having been an officer in the Revolutionary army. She was born in what was then the Parsonage of the town (now the oldest house in the village), in 1741; the Old Manse was built for her in 1769, after she married her father's successor in the parish; at Rev. William Emerson's death, in 1776, she continued to occupy the New Manse; and there, in

1780, she married Rev. Ezra Ripley, her husband's successor; there, too, she died in 1825. Her second husband was ten years younger than herself; by both husbands she had eight children, of whom three were sons, and two of these were clergymen.

She therefore may be said to have belonged to the clergy herself—as, indeed, was sometimes claimed by her daughter, Mary Moody Emerson, who was born in the New Manse, now the Old one, in 1774, and lived to be almost ninety. Madam Ripley was a stately and cultivated lady, who saw much affliction in the separations and bereavements of her family. Her brother was exiled and his Concord property confiscated for his Toryism; her youngest son, named for his uncle, Daniel Bliss Ripley, who graduated at Harvard in 1805, and began law-practice in Boston, was involved in a duel, and left New England, never to return. He lived for some years at St. Stephens, in Alabama, and corresponded with his family at Concord. Her daughter, Sarah Ripley, often mentioned in the correspondence of her friend, Mrs. White, seems to have been wooed by Henry Wilder, who died young in the West Indies; Sarah remained unwedded, and did not long outlive her mother and brother. What I believe is the first mention of the Old Manse in literature occurs in a letter from Mrs. Van Schalkwyck (Mary Wilder), of the year 1803, apparently, in which she said:

I passed last Thursday night at the Parsonage. Sarah Ripley and I remained in the west parlor two hours after

the family had retired for repose. The night was remarkably fine, the air clear, and the heavens serene. The river had overflowed its banks, and presented a little sea to our view; its clear surface reflected every surrounding object softened by moonlight. You recollect the peculiar beauty of that prospect, especially when the river is swollen by rains. After contemplating it some time with still rapture, mine eye settled on the Balm-of-Gilead opposite the window. Perhaps you do not remember that tree; 'tis not remarkable for its beauty or majesty, nevertheless it is to me one of the most interesting of inanimate objects; for under it I passed an hour the last evening I spent in Concord with my brother. Henry, Sarah, and myself, after strolling on the banks of the river, returned, and standing beneath the branches of the tree, Henry carved our names on its trunk. "Before they are obliterated," said he, "we shall meet and renew them." May you, my friend, never have the agony of believing that a being, dear beyond expression, was sacrificed for you.

This meeting of the three was in the summer of 1801, after Mary Wilder's first marriage, at the age of twenty, to a handsome and wealthy French planter of Guadaloupe, who died there, soon after her brother, in the winter of 1801-2, leaving his young widow in the midst of insurrection and disease. She returned to Concord a year after leaving it, and lived at her mother's house, which had been the Parsonage of Rev. Daniel Bliss, until her second marriage to Judge White, of Salem, in 1807. In the interval of her absence, her friend Samuel Hoar, the father of the Senator, had gradu-

ated at Harvard, with his classmates, Frisbie and Rockwood, for whom he named two of his sons, and had gone to Virginia as a tutor of the sons of Colonel Tayloe of Mt. Airy, near Richmond. Her stepfather, Dr. Isaac Hurd, was the chief physician of Concord, and, after her period of mourning was over, Mrs. Van Schalkwych became the belle of the village. Judge Hoar, in his memoir of Dr. Hurd, says:

Before her first marriage, and during her widowhood, she was the most distinguished of all the young ladies of Concord for beauty, grace, and sprightliness. The fascination of her manners and conversation made the hospitable mansion of Dr. Hurd a most attractive place to the young men of that day; and it has come down as a beautiful tradition to later times.

Among her friends and suitors were Frisbie and Rockwood, graduates of 1802, but she married White, a graduate of 1797, and lived with him at Newburyport till her death in 1811. Among her many female friends, none was more important than Mary Emerson, the elder half-sister of Sarah Ripley at the Manse. Their friendship began in 1808, and two years later this ardent and eccentric woman was described by Mary Wilder as the best sick-nurse in the world—a character in which her later friends could hardly recognize her. She wrote:

There are few offices so delicate and so difficult to discharge as that of *garde-malade*. Mary Emerson pos-

esses just the firm decision, the patient vigilance, the animating faith, and the enlivening vivacity of mind and manner that fit her for it. I would describe the influence of religion on the mind, the temper, and the life of this uncommon woman,—but I despair of doing justice to it. . . . My dear Mary writes too much like other great people to be always legible; and she will not be surprised when I acknowledge I have not enjoyed the whole of her valuable manuscript.

It was not long before Mrs. White's death (1811) that Mary Emerson, then living in Boston, and taking some care of her young nephews, orphaned by their father's death, made the acquaintance and secured the devotion of Miss Sarah Bradford, who afterward became the wife of Rev. Samuel Ripley. This was in 1809. Long afterward, in 1844, Mrs. Ripley said:

Mary Emerson, a sister of my husband, heard of me when I was sixteen, as a person devoted to books and a sick mother; sought me out in my garret, without any introduction, and though received at first with sufficient coldness, did not give up until she had enchained me entirely in her magic circle. She was then but thirty-five, she is now seventy, and still retains all the oddities and enthusiasms of her youth. A person at war with society as to all its decorums, she eats and drinks what others do not, and when they do not; dresses in a white robe these October days, enters into conversation with everybody, and talks on every subject; is sharp as a razor in her satire, and sees you through and through in a moment. She has read all her life in the most miscellaneous way, and her appetite for metaphysics is insatiable. Alas for

the victim in whose intellect she sees any promise! Descartes and his vortices, Leibnitz and his monads, Spinoza and his *Unica Substantia* will prove it to the core. Notwithstanding all this, her power over the minds of her young friends was once almost despotic.

When this acquaintance was formed, Miss Bradford, at sixteen, was already versed in Latin, had read Homer in Greek, and was venturing on Italian and French. To one of her schoolmates, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Allyn, the witty minister of Duxbury, she thus described her new friend: "Miss Emerson is a pious and sensible woman between thirty and forty years of age,—a sister of our minister. She was so kind as to make the first advances by calling on me; and from her society I expect to derive the greatest advantages; she appears extremely interested in the religious improvement of the young." To Mary Emerson herself she used a more enthusiastic style, "With every rising dawn your idea is associated. The day no longer presents in prospect an unvaried tasteless round of domestic duties. Bright gleams of hope illumine the dull perspective." This enthusiasm was often chilled by the harshness of her new friend's censure. I know of few mild answers more touching than this, after one of these occasions of censure:

Dear Mary, the severity of your remarks drew a few tears, and shed a temporary gloom over meditation. But you will accuse me of pride again when I tell you an emotion succeeded somewhat like resignation for the loss



of earthly friendship, at the recollection of being amenable alone to a higher tribunal,—though just and holy, yet infinitely merciful,—where an unguarded expression will not condemn. Have I led you to believe I consider myself faultless? I am daily conscious of much offense in thought, word, and deed; but I have not thought it necessary to pain or disgust you by the recital of defects I live only in the hope of amending. Dearest friend, remember that language of reproof much less harsh would find its way to the heart and conscience of your affectionate Sarah.

When I came to know both these remarkable women (Mrs. Ripley intimately), as I did in 1855, Mary Emerson was eighty-one and her friend Sarah was sixty-two; but they had retained unchanged their earlier characteristics. The younger, white-haired but still blooming in complexion, and youthful in all her sentiments, bore her weight of learning—far beyond that of Margaret Fuller, or any other of her sex in New England—with the modesty of a school-girl; while her ripened judgments, formed in the companionship of what was most thoughtful, advanced, and excellent in a very wide circle of friends, were those of experienced age. The elder woman had passed into some of the deformities of old age and did not quite merit that vivid description of her which her adopted niece, Miss Hoar, gave many years after: “She was a little fair, blue-eyed woman, her face never wrinkled, and with a delicate pink color when past eighty (she was eighty-nine when she left this world),—a blue flash in her eyes like the gleam of

steel—yellow hair, which, however, was cut close, and covered up with a black band and a mob-cap.”

Mrs. Ripley came to live in the Old Manse in 1845, after the Hawthornes left it, and died there in 1867.

In the summer of 1852, having prospered by the success of his “Scarlet Letter” and “House of Seven Gables,” Hawthorne came back to Concord and bought the Alcott place, containing some thirty acres of land and the remodeled house on which, and on the grounds, Mr. Alcott had expended much labor and good taste in decoration, tree-planting, and arbor-building. Considering its present pecuniary value, the price paid was ridiculously low. The note in which Mrs. Alcott’s cousin, Samuel Sewall, who had the care of her property and of Louisa’s in after years, announced the sale to Hawthorne, is before me. He wrote:

Dear Cousin:

Mr. Hawthorne called on me a few days ago and offered \$1500 for the place in Concord. I wrote Mr. Emerson, who called on me yesterday. I find he agrees to the sale. Mr. Brooks, to whom I also wrote, thinks we had better make the sale. I shall conclude the bargain unless I hear from you to the contrary to-day. I have not had time to call to see you, but I presume, from what you have said, that you will assent to the sale. \$500 will be invested, by Mr. Emerson’s orders, in trust for Mr. Alcott, and \$1000 for you.

In haste, yours affectionately,

S. E. SEWALL.



**HAWTHORNE'S CHAIR, WAYSIDE**



**THE OLD MANSE, 1870**



**EMERSON'S HOME, CONCORD**  
*From sketches by May Alcott*

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Mrs. Alcott was then residing in Boston, where I called on the family for the first time, with the late Mrs. Ednah Cheney, in the autumn of that year, 1852. I had entered Harvard College in the July preceding, while Hawthorne was settling himself at the newly purchased "Wayside." About the time I was passing the college examinations, Hawthorne was writing this note to a friend:

CONCORD, July 15th, '52.

I passed by the Old Manse a few days ago for the first time in nearly seven years. Notwithstanding the repairs, it looked very much as of yore, except that a large window had been opened in the roof, through which light and cheerfulness probably shine into the duskiest part of the dim garret of my own time. The trees of the avenue—how many leaves had fallen since I last saw them—had an aspect of new greenness which disappointed me.

A little less than three years after this (in March, 1855), I went from college to live in Concord, and made the acquaintance of the Ripley family, then living at the Manse since 1845. Mrs. Ripley had been its mistress for nearly ten years; her husband, Rev. Samuel Ripley, had died in the late November of 1847, and her three daughters and a small grandson made their home with her. The new window, of which Hawthorne spoke, was put in to give "light and cheerfulness" to the chamber of the youngest daughter, the blooming Sophia, and the whole house had an air of friendliness and welcome. Finding that Mrs. Ripley, who

kept up her readings in four or five languages, wished to go on with the Greek authors she had been studying for half a century, I arranged to read Herodotus, the dramatists, Plato, and some of the poets every week for an evening; and in this way we occupied many weeks for the next ten years, whenever I was at home in Concord. We did not translate, unless some passage required explanation or comment, but I read aloud and she followed the text. These authors were then as familiar to her as the common French or German writers, and she often remarked on the beauty or the fun of passages, as she would have done in reading Shakespeare. In her own house she had much company, and every Fast-day, in April, it was her custom to give a dinner to several of her clerical friends: among them, Dr. Hedge, of Brookline, and Dr. Hill, afterwards president of Harvard. I was a frequent guest on these occasions, when the old Mocha coffee was brought out which her father, Captain Gamaliel Bradford, had brought home from his sea-voyages in the Mediterranean in the late eighteenth century. On Sunday evenings she was often a caller at the Emerson house, and it was my pleasant task to escort her home, unless Ellery Channing or some other friend did so. Her conversation was lively, no less than learned, and her manners the most agreeable. The Civil War, in which she had friends on both sides, and lost a son and other dear friends, saddened her greatly, and she never quite recovered her good spirits afterward. "Sorrow, not hope," she

wrote, "is the color of old age." There was a charm in her letters, as in her conversation, and had she striven for authorship she would have been one of the most pleasing, as well as actually the most learned. Her learning did not stiffen her epistolary style, and her descriptions had all the merit which she ascribed to her favorite authors. For example, writing, in 1856, to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Bradford, concerning a week spent at her father's old house in Duxbury, near Plymouth, with her Bradford cousins, she drew this idyllic picture:

You will like to hear about my Duxbury visit; we found them well. We rode to the beach one day and walked to the pond another. The music of past days sighs through the pines. There was my Arcadia. How my heart used to beat with joy when I caught the first glimpse of the old church spire, as it appeared and re-appeared through the woods, when I used to be at father's side in the chaise which went semi-annually or quarterly to carry grandfather (old Colonel Bradford) his dividends. The old house with its high stone steps, the barrels on each side filled with morning-glories and nasturtiums, which, entwined, hung over the old door in festoons; the little parlor and old easy chair in which we always found the palsied old man, who received us with tearful embraces; the great pear-tree at the gate, full of orange pears; the ground strewed with golden high-tops, the girl in the corn-barn paring apples to dry; the woods full of huckleberries, —how sadly they blend to connect the past with the present, and contrast with the future. Why is it that we so hold on to the garment that is falling from us, and look behind as we go onward?

At the death of Thoreau, she wrote in May, 1862:

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This fine morning is sad for those of us who sympathize with the friends of Henry Thoreau, the philosopher and the woodman. He had his reason to the last, and talked with his friends pleasantly and arranged his affairs; and at last passed in quiet sleep from this state of duty and responsibility to that which is behind the veil. His funeral service is to be at the church, and Mr. Emerson is to make an address.

At Mrs. Ripley's own death in 1867, her friends, Emerson, Colonel Henry Lee, and others, paid their tributes to her memory. Emerson wrote: "She was absolutely without pedantry. She had no ambition to write her name on any book, or plant, or opinion. Her delight in books was not tainted by any wish to shine or any appetite for praise or influence. She seldom and unwillingly used a pen, and only for necessity or affection. She was without appetite for luxury, or display, or influence,—with entire indifference to trifles." Yet this neglect of writing did not prevent her, as the quotations I have made will show, from having a most perfect and natural style, of that elegance which only comes from a nature singularly high and pure. Colonel Lee, who had been her pupil, as so many of the students of Harvard College had been, added his generous word:

There were probably books she had not read, languages



and sciences she had not learned,—but she seemed to have explored every region and to have intuitive ideas on every subject of interest. Over all these gifts and acquirements was thrown a veil of modesty so close that only by an impulse of sympathy or enthusiasm was it ever withdrawn. With a simplicity equally amusing and touching, she impressed you so little with her own wonderful powers, and referred so much to your sayings and doings, that you really went away, wondering at your own brilliancy, and doubting how much you had given, how much received.

Alluding to the slight touches of melancholy caused by the anxieties of the Civil War, in which she lost kindred and beloved friends arrayed against each other in battle and siege, my own notice of her closed with these words, which Miss Hoar cited in her too brief biography:

At length there came a time, after many shocks to her health and affections given by bereaving age, when even the unselfish pleasures were denied to this sweetest of human souls. He who drops or withdraws the veil at the gates of mortal life was pleased to make her removal hence after the joys of earth had ceased to touch her with delight, and when the spectacle of her affliction reconciled those about her to the interposition of death. She has carried with her beyond these shores of anguish and doubt, the love of a thousand friends, and the enduring record of well-spent days.

On her tombstone are engraved the familiar words of Tacitus commemorating Agricola, which she so often quoted:

*“Placide quiescas, . . . nosque te admiratione, et, si natura suppeditet, similitudine decoremus.”*

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The biographer of Mrs. Ripley was Miss Elizabeth Hoar, sister of the Senator and the Judge, an accomplished scholar, and at home in any society, but early thrown into retirement by the death of her brilliant lover, Charles Emerson (the youngest of the brothers of Emerson), just before they were to have married and taken up their home in the Emerson house. She became thus a sister of the poet-philosopher, and was consulted by him in his literary tasks more than any person perhaps. “Elizabeth the Wise,” he once styled her; but her wisdom was of the tenderly feminine kind, more of a Muse than a Minerva. An atmosphere of reserve enveloped her, perhaps against her will,—for she often seemed striving to emerge from it. Her life at home with her formal father and active-minded and strong-willed mother, to whom she was devoted, did not give her that scope and felicity in friendship which her nature demanded; something tantalizing and hesitating breathed out from the self-effacing life which she usually led. A younger friend, of genius half-spoiled by caprice, celebrated her in verse, and entertained her by his sallies of sentiment and humor, but could not place himself in clear relations with a nature so unlike his own. He once wrote to her:

I cannot, for the life of me, tell why I am attracted to you. It is not because you value my talent,—that I know.

When you write me notes and tell me I am a genius, I cannot endure you. Your beauty, your talent, your cultivation do not weigh with me a pin's fee. I do not ask your heart; that, I know, is buried. I do not ask your preference, I know who has that,—it is Emerson. It is not friendship; yours is for Emerson; it is not acquaintance; whose acquaintance, pray, do I want? There is no doubt you are the second person to me in the world. I do not reckon you as a friend or a sister. I pity you a little, I think; but that would repel me; I admire you very much; you are yet too much absorbed for romance. I admire your treatment of society, and your eternal reserve; yet, for none of these things are you the second person to me on the earth. You are almost nothing to me, socially. If you were in prison I should see nearly as much of you. The little people you draw around you, and benefit, are your chains,—and your own intolerable humility. I say you are the best person, by far, we have; the finest American woman I have seen, by far. A. W. is coarse and foolish by your side; Margaret Fuller is heavy and tiresome. . . . You draw me to you because you never answer my letters; because when Emerson writes (for instance) you never send me his letters, though I send mine at once to you; because you send me no books or poems, while I send you every book, every poem; all I have, all I think, all I know,—send, write, tell it; and you? You hear me and say nothing; you take what I send and say nothing; but I am drawn to you by this. I can tell you anything,—your discretion is so great, your reserve is so strong.

To this, as in a soliloquy, the Muse addressed replied—but apparently never sent the answer: “Because I cannot; I have nothing that you want.

Because you do not care for such letters as Emerson writes to me, and you always say you don't want them, whereas I do want to read yours. Books and poems? I never have any. I would send you plain sewing. You are only too good for my deserts, but not for my gratitude. But I am the most helpless of mortals."

Such as she was thus described by herself and her uneasy friend, Miss Hoar lived for many years her life of noble talents and humble service. At an emergency she was invaluable; many relied on her friendly services, her unfailing sympathy, not always finding its full expression in her words. She was in the small circles of Concord for half a century the type of Goethe's "Ewig Weibliche," such as there are few in the world in any age. With a fine talent for writing, Miss Hoar published nothing except her Memoir of Mrs. Ripley, which might well have been doubled in its chapters. She accompanied her venerable father to South Carolina, when he went thither on an errand of justice and mercy, and when the haughty slaveholders refused to grant either to the oppressed for whom he pleaded, and expelled him from the State. She lived to see this pride humbled, and the institution of slavery destroyed that had been so intolerant; and she had nothing but compassion for the sufferings of those who had oppressed the poor.

Miss Mary Emerson was often in her eccentric age a care to Miss Hoar. The first wife of Emerson, the fair Ellen Tucker, had been a favorite of Miss Emerson, and was appreciated in turn. In

the spring of 1829, soon after Emerson was installed in his Boston pulpit, Miss Tucker went South for the benefit of her delicate health, and on the way she seems to have been joined by Aunt Mary, then probably boarding with Rev. Dr. Howard at Springfield. In her journal, after mentioning Hartford, Miss Tucker wrote:

We must leave [there] one who seems  
Like a vision in our dreams;  
She will dwell upon our mind,  
Flesh and blood so well refined,  
That one questions whether death,  
Wasted form, or loss of breath,  
Will be in her path to Heaven,—  
All her body seems to glow  
With her spirit's action so.

I quote this from Dr. Emerson's notes (in the Centenary edition) to his father's *Essay on Mary Emerson*. Of the same year, 1829, but later in the season, was this letter of Waldo Emerson to his aunt, which was found by me long ago in the mass of family papers at the Old Manse, after I had ceased to live or visit there much, since the death of Mrs. Ripley and the dispersion of her household:

BOSTON, Friday, July 31, 1829.

My dear Aunt:

Pray tell me in a letter whether yet you are in Concord, and how long you will stay, that I may peradventure snatch a day and come up. I read, with something more

of profit than you might approve, the almanacs. [These were her diaries.] Before you charged me not to transcribe, I had copied off thus much, which I send. William [an elder brother] comes on August 15. You must surely stay, that you may have seen the whole generation.

Ellen [Tucker] writes me every other day. She says she mends, but decides that I shall not come to see her till her mother comes and returns. And her mother stays, having been sick. I threaten to rebel and go, maugre the nurses.

I am striving hard to-day to establish the sovereignty and self-existent excellence of the Moral Law, in popular argument, and slay the Utility swine,—and so must run.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. E.

In other words, the young minister in Boston was writing his next Sunday's sermon, which was to maintain the sovereignty of Ethics, and scatter the forces of the Utilitarians, at the time very boisterous in England, and perhaps in Boston, which then always sneezed when England caught cold. When Alcott first heard him in Boston, the year before, the subject was the Universality of the Notion of Deity, such general topics being much in Emerson's line as preacher.

## CHAPTER XVI

### *The Jones, Dunbar and Thoreau Families*

**I** NOW turn to a group of women living in Concord who were in many respects unlike those already mentioned, yet striking examples of their type,—the grandmother and aunts of Henry Thoreau. Mary Jones, the mother of Mrs. John Thoreau, was a contemporary of Phebe Bliss, who married William Emerson and Dr. Ripley,—but her life and fortunes were dissimilar. She was the only daughter of Colonel Jones of Weston, seven miles southeast of Concord, a prosperous citizen with fourteen sons, many of whom, like their father, took the British side in the Revolution in 1775. The Colonel died in 1776, and escaped the worst of the conflict. One of his sons, Josiah, undertook, after the Concord fight, and while the British troops were besieged in Boston, to carry in supplies to them by sea, of which the British navy had control then. He was captured by the patriots and imprisoned, with a companion, in the old blockhouse jail at Concord, where in 1777 Sir Archibald Campbell was imprisoned, much complaining to Washington of the hardships of his confinement. The Jones family, according to tradition among the Dunbars and Thoreaus, undertook to supply young Jones with

better food than his prison fare, and Mary, his sister, carried him some on the 17th of June, while the cannon of Bunker Hill were roaring. In this way, during some weeks, they furnished him from Weston with knives, etc., with which he and his comrade made saws, and escaped through the barred windows of the prison, taking refuge in the Jones cider-mill at Weston, where they were fed for a day or two by the alert sister Mary. She then captured a horse from one of the great pastures of Weston, harnessed him in the Colonel's chaise, and contrived to send the two fugitives off in that conveyance, toward "the Eastward,"—that is, Maine. At Portland they stabled the borrowed horse, and sent word to the owner that he might have him by paying charges; they in the meanwhile going on into King George's country.

Simeon Jones, another brother, was afterward a Tory prisoner in the same jail.

All this time Mary Jones was the wife of Asa Dunbar, the young parson of Salem, who did not give up his parish till 1779. He then retired into rural Worcester County, to study law with another Tory gentleman. In due time he began law practice in Keene, N. H., where he flourished as lawyer and Freemason for some seven years, and where his three daughters were born. Cynthia, the youngest, who afterward married John Thoreau, was born a little after her father's death in 1787. Mrs. Dunbar, his widow, remained in Keene a while, then took her children and went to visit her brothers in Maine and New Brunswick, narrowly es-



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**MRS. SARAH BRADFORD RIPLEY (ÆT 58)**  
*From a crayon by S. W. Cheney*

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caping shipwreck on the voyage back to Boston. She returned to Keene and was living there when the census of 1790 was taken, with a household of six, including her aged mother. Finally, she went to Concord and married for her second husband Captain Jonas Minot, a prosperous farmer, who owned lands in the New Hampshire wilderness, at Kearsarge Gore, now Wilmot. Driving up there with her husband, in a two-wheeled chaise, which none of the pioneers at the Gore had ever seen, she created a sensation, to which she never seems to have been averse; but before she said farewell, she had taught the natives how to make coffee,—a new art in that region. By and by her second husband died, and she continued to live on his farm near Bedford, but in Concord, where her literary grandson, Henry Thoreau, was born in 1817,—the third child of Cynthia Dunbar.

It will be seen by this sketch of Mary Jones's career that she had vivacity, energy, and resource; true New England traits, but not of the highest type. Her daughters resembled her in this, though differing from each other. Mrs. Thoreau had all the resource and vivacity of her mother; was full of energy and of conversation, a reformer of evils, and a friend of the poor; but, alas! a gossip, and with more or less of the village quarrels on her mind and her busy hands. She was well-taught and well-read, a notable housewife, who could "do her own work" and often did; but entertained much company, and was herself very entertaining in her endless discourse about matters high and

low. Her dearest theme was her own children, and especially Henry when I knew her,—for John, the elder son, had died long before. Her sister, Louisa Dunbar, had been a belle and a successful teacher; an early friend of Daniel Webster, when he studied law in Boscawen, and, as she told me once, she was “converted,” or turned to serious thoughts of the Calvinistic religion, by the conversation of young Webster. She remained true to the Trinitarian Church, as did the aunts of Henry on the Thoreau side; indeed, they were among the leaders in the Trinitarian secession from Dr. Ripley’s ancient parish, eighty years ago, and did much to sustain the dissenting ministers, among the first of whom was Rev. John Wilder, the grandfather of Mrs. Mabel Todd, of Amherst. The family of John Thoreau divided on the religious issue; Helen and Sophia, the two daughters, becoming Episcopalians, as their ancestors in the Island of Jersey had been; John and Henry disconnecting themselves from all churches; and the father and mother equally friendly to Unitarian or Trinitarian Congregationalists, although, under the influence of Garrison and Parker Pillsbury, they were ranked as “Comeouters” in the anti-slavery contests. When the Women’s Anti-Slavery Society was formed in Concord, before 1837, all these Thoreau and Dunbar ladies, with their close friends, Mrs. Mary Merrick Brooks, wife of one of the leading lawyers, and Miss Prudence Ward, daughter of a Revolutionary Colonel, Joseph Ward, became ardent and active members. At their houses fugi-

tive slaves and anti-slavery orators could often be found; and it was they (particularly Mrs. Brooks) who persuaded Emerson to give his address on Emancipation in 1844, and made the arrangements for it.

I have already mentioned Emerson's aunt, Miss Mary Emerson, the half-sister of Rev. Samuel Ripley. From 1855 to 1860, this eccentric lady used to revisit Concord every year, and had formed a friendly intimacy with Henry Thoreau, whose father, mother, and aunts she had long known. In the summer of 1856, then eighty-two years old, she was visiting her nephew, and saw Henry frequently. Before departing for the rural solitude of Goshen, she wrote several notes to the Thoreau family, among them, this to Henry:

Saturday Noon, July 12, 1856.

Will my young friend visit me to-morrow early as he can? This evening my Sister Ripley sends word she will come, and go to see Mrs. William Emerson,\* who is in town. I wish for your writings, hoping they will give me a clearer clue to your faith,—its nature, its destination and object. While excited by your original wit and thoughts, I lose sight, perhaps, of the motive and end and infinite responsibility of talent, in any of its endless consequences. To enter the interior of a peculiar organization of mind is desirable to all who think and read in intermittent solitude. They believe, when the novelty of genius opens on the unpracticed eye, that the spirit itself must own and feel its natural relations to their God of revela-

\* This was the widow of William Emerson Jr., herself a granddaughter of Isaac Hopper.

tion, where alone every talent can be perfected and bring its additions to the owner; that faith in the discipline towards moral excellence can alone insure an immortal fame,—or even success and happiness here. God bless you, and thus make you useful to your Country and kind,  
prays  
M. E.

No doubt Thoreau complied with this request, and paid his friend a Sunday visit, before she went to the parish church, where her father had so eloquently preached before the Revolution. At the end of the same week, before setting out for western Massachusetts, she thus wrote to Mrs. Thoreau:

It is a pleasure I have depended on for weeks, to visit you, and was sure last eve, when I returned from the Manse, that I should spend part of this day at your house. But this weather is extremely trying when visiting; and I conclude I must forego the gratification of seeing your son's library, and daughter's drawings, and leaving my good wishes with Mr. Thoreau and family, personally. But they will exist without voice,—that you may all be prepared to meet your friends, and the good of all nations and denominations, in a world delivered from the alternations of woes caused by the passions of undisciplined men and rulers.

Affectionately adieu,

M. EMERSON.

Thursday Eve, July 17, 1856.

The "undisciplined rulers" here glanced at were President Pierce, the friend of Hawthorne, Jefferson Davis, his Secretary of War, and the Federal authorities in Kansas Territory, who were doing what they could that summer to maintain

negro slavery as an institution on that virgin soil. The Emersons and Thoreaus were counteracting this effort as best they could, and John Brown, who next year visited them in Concord, was ranging the prairies with his armed band to protect the harassed pioneers of Kansas.

Along with the polite note to the lady whose unsuitable ribbons she had so sharply censured, went this more affectionate epistle to Henry Thoreau:

Dear Henry:

I expect to set out to-morrow morning for Goshen,—a place where wit and gayety never come “that comes to all.” But hope lives, and travels on with the speed of sun and stars; and when there are none but clouds in the sky,

“Its very nakedness has power  
To aid the hour,”

says old Sir Walter. However, the “old Bobbin Woman was steady to her Bible,” where each page unfolded words of comfort and assurance. Yet the memory of intelligence and extensive mentality will never fail to give a vivid pleasure to reflection,—if shaded by the faith of future uncertainties,—’tis well to admit the decrees of unerring rectitude. If you write to M. E. it will brighten the solitude so desired. Had I been detained by nothing but weather! but I must pack up by daylight.

MARY EMERSON.

The anxiety she felt for the future salvation of her friend, mingled seriously with her delight in his originality and wit,—his “extensive mentality,” as she quaintly styled his comprehensive genius.

The affair of the ribbons has been told by Emerson, but I heard it reported at the time by Sophia Thoreau, in her mother's smiling presence. The regard Mary Emerson then had for the genius and the paradoxes of Henry Thoreau—like and unlike her own—was so marked, and was so reciprocated, that Mrs. Thoreau, who had known Miss Emerson all her Concord days, and sometimes had this Cassandra for a boarder, thought it proper to call on the lady in her farm-house parlor. At that time Mrs. Thoreau, who was hard upon seventy, had newly set up a cap with long yellow ribbons, which were matched by still longer bonnet-ribbons. Donning this headgear, and accompanied by Sophia, less showily attired, she walked to the Deacon Brown house, then managed by Mrs. Julia Clark, and was shown into the ground-floor room where Mary Emerson sat at her book of philosophy or religion. As they entered and saluted, Miss Emerson rose to her full height of four feet three inches, responded to the salutation, but closed her eyes. The call lasted the proper ten minutes, and Henry Thoreau was largely the theme. As his woman-kind rose to go, Miss E. also rose, and said: "Mrs. Thoreau, you may have noticed that while we were speaking of your admirable son I kept my eyes shut."—"Yes, Madam, I have noticed it."—"It was because I did not wish to look upon those ribbons of yours, so unsuitable at your time of life and to a person of your serious character." She then bade them farewell.

It was in this room that I called on her, and re-



ceived from her a philosophical book then in vogue, by Morell, which she had read with pleasure, and had insisted that Thoreau should read and give her his opinion of it. She expected the same thing of me. Meeting her at Mrs. Emerson's tea-table soon after, where I was accompanied by my sister Sarah (to whom, some years after, I was indebted for my fortunate rescue from the hands of kid-nappers), I asked how long I might keep her book. At the same time she criticised to my sister, and quite justly, if rather severely, the manners of a retired *sous-lieutenant* of Louis Philippe's army, who gave lessons in French and fencing to myself and some of my pupils. In course of the next day, I received from her this note, dated only "Friday noon," but probably late in 1856, which I retain as a sample of her handwriting at the age of eighty-two:

Sir: Keep the book as long as is requisite for your full acquaintance. My love to your sister, and tell her I regret sadly the imprudence I was guilty of, thro' a strange stupidity, in speaking of the French Instructor, respecting his manners. I know not the *least harm of his practice*. I beg her to forget what I complained of in his manners; it was a foolish gossip, for which I am willing to make full confession. And can trust her honor to conceal it.

With good wishes I am yours,

M. M. E.

*Mr. Sandburn.*

I was present in December, 1858, at a conversation of Bronson Alcott's in Mrs. Emerson's

parlor (Emerson himself being absent, I think, on one of his lecturing tours, but represented in his own house, as he often was, by Thoreau), when Mary Emerson distinguished herself. Henry James, father of the novelist, two of whose sons were pupils of mine, was present. Not understanding the law of an Alcottian conversation, he began and continued to show his own wit by perplexing the subject with some of his questions and witty paradoxes,—much as if, at a parlor wedding, some lively damsel should thrust herself into the place of the blushing bride. Alcott fell into polite silence, and Thoreau, while contesting some of James's assumptions, could not check the flow of the semi-Hibernian rhetoric,—in which, as Thoreau said afterward, James uttered "*quasi* philanthropic doctrines in a metaphysic dress, but for all the practical purposes very crude,—charging society with all the crime committed, and praising the criminal for committing it." Miss Emerson heard this with rising wrath; but when, finally, James spoke repeatedly and scornfully of the Moral Law, her patience gave way. Rising from her chair at the west side of the room, and turning her oddly-garnished head toward the south side, where the offender smilingly sat, she clasped her little wrinkled hands and raised them toward the black band over her left temple (a habit she had when deeply moved), and began her answer to these doctrines of Satan, as she thought them. She expressed her amazement that any man should denounce the Moral Law,—the only tie of society,

except religion, to which, she saw, the speaker made no claim. She referred him to his Bible and to Dr. Adam Clarke (one of her great authorities from childhood), and she denounced him personally in the most racy terms. She did not cross the room and shake him, as some author, not an eye-witness, has fancied,—but she retained her position, sat down quietly when she had finished, and was complimented by the smiling James, who then perhaps for the first time had felt the force of her untaught rhetoric.

Reading her letters in 1864, the year following her death, Emerson said in his journal (as he afterward said to me) :

Aunt Mary is a genius always new, subtle, frolicsome, unpredictable. All your learning, Platonistic, Calvinistic, English, or Chinese, would never enable you to anticipate one thought or expression; she is embarrassed by no Moses or Paul or Shakespeare, after whose type she is to fashion her speech. Her wit is the wild horse of the desert. “Ah,” she said, “what a poet Byron would have been, if he had been born and bred a Calvinist!”

The Deacon Brown farm-house, now the Antiquarian Museum, was often the residence of Mary Emerson, while visiting Concord. Thither also Emerson often retreated for writing when the press of society became too great, and to it he sent the heroic John Brown in 1857, when entertaining him at his table, for conversation, as I have already mentioned.

Ellery Channing's life of Thoreau, issued in

1902 by Mr. Goodspeed, does not treat of Emerson and his friend Thoreau together, except as they are introduced conversing in the chapters headed "Walks and Talks," which are in part the record of actual conversations in which Channing had a share, but chiefly extracts from the diaries of Emerson and Thoreau, that were in his hands for the purpose of editing those rambling conversations. The edition was made, though never published, and I have it. It was part of that twenty years' preparation which Channing had for writing Thoreau's biography, before it was actually taken in hand for publication by Thomas Niles (who in 1871 had seen an edition of Channing's "Wanderer" succeed) in the year 1873. Hardly had Thoreau died, in May, 1862, than Channing set about writing a memoir of him, and a year later he wrote to me (November, 1863), thus:

My plan is to prepare a sketch of Mr. H. D. T.'s life, —perhaps to make a book of 300 pages. I am very unwilling to ask your aid in this undertaking, but I cannot see my way without aid, and I have thought perhaps we might find a publisher in Mr. Redpath. I feel entirely certain that you will always afford me all the aid you can, but it does not diminish my unwillingness to ask it. There are many reasons why this is a matter of confidence that I cannot explain. I suppose I could complete this so that it might be printed in January (1864), perhaps. What I need, for any alacrity in the task, is some friendly guarantee of pushing on the enterprise, and I have no one now to confide the matter with but you. . . . That justice can be done to our deceased brother by me, of

course, is something I do not think of. But to you and me is intrusted the care of his immediate fame. I feel that my part is not yet done, and cannot be without your aid. My little sketch must only serve as a note, and advertisement that such a man lived,—that he did brave work, which must yet be given to the world. In the midst of all the cold and selfish men who knew this brave and devoted scholar and genius, why should not you be called on to make some sacrifices, even if it be to publish my sketch? There might be persons who, if they were to surmise that we two had this object in view, would hire some literary jackal to dig up and befoul our brother's corpse. With this, then, let us conclude: About January 1st expect the sketch,—with no shadow of patronage or request in it but your own and mine.

The tone of this note was probably sharpened at the very unhandsome criticism of Thoreau by Lowell, and by a fancy that his publisher might employ Lowell to forestall the promised biography with one which should have the same twist. In fact, there was then very little public interest in Thoreau or his manuscripts, which have since created a strong taste for his writings in America, and, to some degree, in England and Germany. Mr. Redpath was named as a possible publisher, because he had made a good success with Miss Alcott's "Hospital Sketches" that year (1868), and was going forward with other books. The expected aid was given by me, and I began to print the work (copyrighted in my own name) in weekly numbers of the Boston *Commonwealth*, about Christmas. But the sensitive author, after two chapters had

been printed, withdrew the manuscript, and nothing more was heard of the book until 1873. Then a publisher was found and the printing began. In the meanwhile (in 1867) the author had taken up the long disused practice of a daily journal, in which he recorded the sights of nature that he had shared with Thoreau in their many walks and excursions, and some comments on his departed friend. In course of this journal he said this:

Henry's enthusiasm, or mania for admiring Nature, for exaggerating the little, I think, was no affectation. He really believed that those things he thought he saw he did see. But it is plain very few persons can ever see those things. Men who are getting their living are too busy with work; if they are at rest, they still busy themselves with creatures like themselves, and have no time nor wish for leaves or plants or birds. Why should they? They are occupied with their matters, just as Henry was with his. Everyone to his taste. Man in vain puzzles his head even to imagine why this prolific universe, this feast of organization, this vast banquet spread for the centuries? with no one to catalogue or write out the sum, even to add up the figures. I have always been surprised at the pertinacity with which Henry kept to the writing of his journal. This was something truly heroic. I should have said his thoughts would have run out—that the stream would have become dry. But there are the 30 volumes, all done in 10 years,—besides all the other writing (and no little, truly) that he must have done in the same period.

These journals were much in Channing's hands, during Thoreau's life and soon after his death;

and it is a thousand extracts from them (literally 1000) which make a good part of the interest of the biography. [libtool.com.cn](http://libtool.com.cn)

It used to be said that Thoreau dealt too much in "actual" as opposed to "true" nature,—that is, to the accidental and temporary rather than the essential features; but time has corrected this judgment. He was ever ready to explain Nature to the young or the old, who sought her knowledge modestly. My friend Mr. Carr, of Concord (who came down from New Hampshire to work in the mills and on the farm of the Barretts, who then owned the mill celebrated by Channing under the title of "The Mill Brook"), has told me this instance of it:

It was in the spring of 1858 or 1859, when I was working at the grist-and-saw-mill of Samuel Barrett, that one day, as I was grinding corn, Mr. Thoreau came into the grist mill to inquire for Mr. Barrett. Now, thinks I, is the time to find out whether or no the water snakes will harm us boys when we go in swimming; for we always felt a little shy of them. So I said, "Mr. Thoreau, can the snakes in the mill pond hurt me if I go in where they are?" "No," said he, "they cannot; if you can find me one I will show you why not." Now up at the reservoir dam was a plank bridge, and in such warm days in April the water snakes would come out of the pond and lie on the bridge in the sun, and go to sleep; so I said to Mr. Thoreau that we could find one up there. He said he would go along and show me they were harmless, if I could go then. I shut down the water gate at once and walked with him to the bridge; and behold, there was a

big snake fast asleep. Mr. T. quietly stepped up and clasped him around the body, a little below the head; whereat Mr. Snake began to wake up and squirm, and coil himself about the arm of his captor. He then called my attention to the open mouth of the reptile, and said, "You see he has no jawbone; he cannot bite; he sucks in his food; and as for a sting in his tail that you may have heard the boys talk of,—you can see for yourself there is none,"—pinching the tail. "So you may be assured you will get no harm if you come in contact with the very king of the water snakes." And I never had any fear of them after that day.

This is an instance of what Channing had in mind when he said, "To those in need of information,—the farmer-botanist naming the new flower, the boy with his puzzle of birds or roads, or the young woman seeking for books,—he was always ready to give what he had." The volume of "Walden" which Channing owned, contained these final notes, which time has made more valuable than at their date:

*Notes in Channing's Copies of "Walden" and the "Week"—both presentation copies.*

(1). (*Of the Hut.*) The picture (drawn by Sophia T.) is a feeble caricature of the true house. It was standing, Sept. 5, '63, near old Clarke's, and still perfect. I visited it, next above old Clarke's on the Deserted Road, March, '60, also Feb., '62, Sept. 5, '63, and Jan., '66; torn down June 4, 1868.

(2) Miss Louisa Dunbar, Henry's aunt, dies (Feb'y 25, '66), more than 80 years of age.



(3) In talking with Mr. Alcott, Storer's line, in the "Life of Wolsey,"

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*His short parenthesis of life was sweet,*

was quoted as from a dream by Henry.

(4) R. W. E. said, Feb. 8, "The old wires cease to vibrate by loosing. A new one now (1865) vibrates."

(5) H. got 1st proof of "Walden," March 26, 1854. "Lost a hound, a bay horse, etc." On being asked by Mr. Edw. Watson, at Clarke's Island the meaning of this, Henry replied, "Have not you?"

(6) H. had studied the pattern of calicoes in detail at Bigelow's mills in Clinton, where good calicoes are made.

(7) (On P. 36 of C.'s "Walden," is a Biblical reference in pencil (Ezekiel VIII.) whereat C. writes, "This is written by a Mr. Hotham, who built a hut near Mr. Thoreau's location, and lived there from Nov. to May 18.")

(8) When T. says "a small open field in the woods, where pines and hickories were springing up," C. writes, "In 1863, Oct. 11, the pines, chiefly pitch, and other trees, have made a small wood here, about 25 or 30 feet in height. The pond not visible scarcely now. Burnt over, except that part where the pines were set, on March 8, 1866."

(9) I saw H.'s rafters, June 4, 1868, the ruins of this house on the old Carlisle Road, just pulled down.

(10) There is a kind of meanness and vulgarity in this description of poverty, like much which H. used to say about the Irish, whom he thoroughly detested.

(11) Where T. said, "I dug my cellar in the side of a hill," C. writes, "There is nothing like a hill here and never was. At present (Oct., '63), I tried with Mr. Green to find the cellar hole, but could not fix it,—but have since.

It is in the path to the pond." (The place is a bank gently sloping towards the pond,—a hill in some places, but not so marked here.)

(12) H. means the small rise in the ground, but it is no hill, not 20 foot rise. The stones that were brought up from the pond for the chimney were carried away, I think, by the Scotch gardener, Hugh Whelan, for his intended house on the Bean-field.

(13) The house stood in perfect condition so far as the frame and covering, to June 4, '68, a period of 23 years, and would have lasted a century. It was well built, the covering being poor.

(14) (Of the Bean-field). H. after planted the same lot with white pines, some birches, oaks and larches, about '59; the land was bought by R. W. Emerson. Burnt over in '72.

(15) This book, it should be noted, is written from Henry's journals, and I recognize the sentences. Not writ specially at Walden.

(16) The windows were gone in '63, and the plaster mostly cracked off, from the moving to old Clarke's, in the N. part of the town, very near the opening of the old Carlisle Road. Used as a place to store corn—visited with Blake and Brown, Sept. 11, '64.

(17) The deacon on P. 73 was one Deacon Brown, a penurious old curmudgeon, who lived next house to me in the middle of the town,—a human rat.

(18) Henry did buy the Hallowell place, and thought to buy Weird Dell, and one side of Fairhaven Hill, that of the orchard. He also thought of the Cliff Hill, and the Baker Farm.

(19) "I am monarch of all I survey." A pun on the word survey, as Henry was by trade a surveyor after he left Walden." "A hill-top near by" P. 94. Heywood's

Peak, so named for the owner, G. Heywood, on the N. side of Walden, now, '68, almost overgrown. Hotham's cabin was by the pond on the bank, in front of Henry's. I often hear these owls in Walden woods, summer and winter, and see them afar off; not so many since the railroad shanty was there.

(20) With Blake and Brown, April 29, '66, to the site of the Walden house. The lot was burnt over March 8, except the part H. planted with white pines. Saw a large mud-turtle going into the Pond the same time. The Pond getting very low. Cross to the Railroad with Blake and Brown. (Of White Pond) Now, Dec., 1870, a R.R. surveyed on its S. end and built. The woods around its banks begin to be cut off, 1855. August, 1858, as much as one half cut. Woods mostly gone, 1866.

(21) "And here a poet builded." By poet is meant simply a maker or mechanic. The Baker Farm house pulled down in Sept., '66, only lower timbers remain. Barn still stands (but fell over between spring and Nov., 1870, probably blown down), nearly all gone, June, '71.

(22) Hornets are fond of building their nests in trees & bushes that overhang Walden. Great numbers of white violets near Emerson's Cove.

(23) In the year 1866 Walden Pond was changed to a picnic station for the Fitchburg R.R. A small bit of land was bought on the cove H. speaks of nearest the R.R.; shanties put up, swings and boats placed, a path made around the edge of the pond, and the whole feeling of the place, as described by Mr. Thoreau, destroyed. A person who had once lived in this town and was connected with the R.R. was the projector of this plan (this was one Hayward). Privacy and retirement can never again return to this spot, in the summer, hallowed by the genius of Henry. In cold weather the pond is quite solitary. In

May 1868, another bathing-house was made, and an extension clapt to the shanty. (All are gone and the scheme given up, Jan'y, 1904. F. B. S.)

(24) "Hugh Quoil," pronounced Coyle; I remember chopping wood next him in Britton's purchase near Flint's Pond, when the poor fellow nearly froze by lack of warm clothing; of rags he had enough.

(25) "Sweet-scented black birch." This refers to a cellar-hole in Estabrook's, in which grows a large black birch,—cut down in 1866.

(26) Visited Walden with Blake and Green in Sept. and Oct., '68; Wiley came in Oct., '68, Harrington came Sept., 1st week, '66. Also Blake and Brown, March, 3rd week, 1868.

(27) H. refers to a trip we once made up the Hudson, when he spent the night in the bows of the boat. It was bright moonlight.

(28) Dec. 2, '52, our excursion to Billerica by the river, when he said, "There is one side of Abner Buttrick's house painted as if with the pumpkin pies left over after Thanksgiving, it is so singular a yellow."

(29) "The art of life,—of a poet's life,—is, not having anything to do, to do something." H. D. T.

The pages and order of chapters in these notes are of the first edition of "Walden."

These notes show with what assiduity Channing kept in mind the haunts and memories of his companion in so many rambles, tours and colloquies. But after a time he had a variance with Sophia Thoreau, whom he had been aiding to edit the "Maine Woods" and the "Cape Cod." This was while I was living in Sophia's house, after the death

of her mother; but it had also occurred before, during the lifetime of Mrs. Thoreau. Of this earlier estrangement and reconciliation, those loyal friends of both Channing and the Thoreaus, the Ricketsons, told me this, long afterward:

In October, six years after Thoreau's death, the Ricketsons came up from New Bedford, where they were then living, to spend some days with Mrs. Thoreau and Sophia, at the house where Thoreau died. Mr. Channing was then living at his own house (the old Concord Academy building, in which, at one time, John and Henry Thoreau had a private school), and had not visited the Thoreaus for some time, on account of severe remarks made to him by Mrs. T. when calling. Sophia wished to renew the acquaintance, and, as the young Ricketsons were going to take a walk with Mr. C. she asked them to invite him to tea with them at her mother's. They went round to his house, and, while Walton hid behind the corner of the house, Anna (who had been a favorite with C. at New Bedford ten years before) knocked and, as C. came himself to open the door, made the request that he would go with her and her brother to Walden. He said if they would wait ten minutes he would; changed his dress somewhat, and joined them. They walked through the Walden woods and Walton cut a swamp-huckleberry stick for a cane, on which he carved the date (October 18, 1868), Mr. C. being very gracious and accepting the invitation to tea with the Thoreaus. They afterward took another walk with him to the decaying cabin of Thoreau, on the Estabrook road and near the chestnut woods, where it stood as a granary for Farmer Clarke from 1850 till about 1870.

In 1868, although Channing had written a great

part of his "Life of Thoreau," and about a fifth of it had been printed in my *Commonwealth*, it was still incomplete. In 1871, when Channing's poem, "The Wanderer," had come out with a certain success, I induced Thomas Niles, the literary head of the house of Roberts Brothers, to undertake the "Thoreau," and in 1872, after my return to Concord from residing in Springfield, Channing gave me the manuscript complete, as he said, and Roberts began to print it. Mr. Niles then thought there was not matter enough to make so large a volume as he wished, and desired more. Instead of weaving in material here and there, Channing opened his manuscript in the middle, and inserted the chapter or two needed; using for this insertion (in part) a manuscript of "Walks and Talks" which he had written twenty years before as a record of conversations with Thoreau and Emerson, including bits from their manuscripts or journals, to which they gave access. In this way there appeared verses which Emerson had not then printed, and at whose publication he was vexed. In the same way Channing used passages from Thoreau's Journals; so that, in 1873-74, when I was living in Sophia Thoreau's house (her mother being dead, and she at Bangor), she desired the Journals, which she had left in the house, to be removed to the Town Library, fearing (as Mr. Emerson told me) that Channing would have access to them. For a similar reason she did not take Emerson's advice to leave the Journals to me at her death, but gave them to Mr. Blake, of Worcester.

The Ricketsons said, when asked about the visit of Thoreau, Alcott, and Channing at their New Bedford house (Brooklawn) in April, 1857, that Thoreau sang and danced there to the accompaniment of Mrs. Ricketson's piano. Mr. Alcott, then giving *Conversations in New Bedford*, visited the Ricketsons for two or three weeks. Thoreau went there April 2d, and returned April 15th; but was at Plymouth and elsewhere part of the time. Channing, then living in New Bedford, came out to dine or take tea at Brooklawn several times a week. On this particular evening, Daniel Ricketson and Channing, after tea, had gone out to the "shanty," where the friends smoked and talked, while Alcott and Thoreau remained with Mrs. R. and Walton. Anna was taking her usual walk on the verandas, before going to bed. As Mrs. R. struck up a lively Scotch air ("The Campbells are Comin'"), Thoreau felt moved to try a dance, and did so,—keeping time to the music perfectly, but executing some steps more like Indian dances than the usual ball-room figures. Anna was so amused at the sight, which she saw through the window, that she ran and called her father and Channing, who came and looked on,—Alcott sitting on the sofa, meanwhile, and watching the dance. Thoreau continued the performance for five or ten minutes; it was earnest and spontaneous, but not particularly graceful.

During this visit of 1857 Thoreau sang his two favorite pieces,—Moore's "Row, Brothers, Row," and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling,"—both of which, no

doubt, reminded him of his brother John. Mrs. Ricketson accompanied him on the piano, and presently Anna procured for him the music of "Tom Bowling," which he had before sung by rote, with spirit and in good time, but not quite in tune, perhaps. At any rate, when he sang this air to my guests at a dinner-party in Concord, the next year (1858), my classmates Morton and Lyman being there, Morton, a good musician, saw some defect in the voice or tune. This was the only time I ever heard Thoreau sing. My landlord was Charles Wetherbee, who had skill in serving dinners, and we dined, four or five of us, with some luxury. Morton sang his college songs, and this induced Thoreau to sing. Channing was still in New Bedford, or he would have been invited. From March, 1855, to April, 1858, I had lived in his house, just across the road from Thoreau's, and usually dined each day with the Thoreau family. John Brown's second visit to me was in May, 1859, while I was in the Wetherbee house,—and there Brown spent the first half of his last birthday. Thoreau met him on both occasions; indeed, at the first, he dined with Brown and me at his mother's table, as already mentioned.

Shortly before "Walden" was published, but soon after the capture and return to slavery of Anthony Burns in Boston, under circumstances very humiliating to the friends of freedom there, Wentworth Higginson, still a pastor at Newburyport, wrote this note to Thoreau, who had made one of his best anti-slavery speeches at a Garri-



sonian meeting in the Grove at Framingham, then a favorite place for such gatherings:

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NEWBURYPORT, Aug 13, 1854.

Dear Sir:

Let me thank you heartily for your paper on the present condition of Massachusetts, read at Framingham and printed in the *Liberator*. As a literary statement of the truth, which every day is making more manifest, it surpasses everything else (so I think), which the terrible week in Boston has called out. I need hardly add my thanks for "Walden," which I have been awaiting for so many years. Through Mr. Field's kindness, I have read a great deal of it in sheets:—I have just secured two copies, one for myself, and one for a young girl here, who seems to me to have the most remarkable literary talent since Margaret Fuller,—and to whom your first book has been among the scriptures, ever since I gave her that.\*

The allusion to Miss Harriet Prescott was fully explained when, a few years later, she began those contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* which gave her so much fame. At her house in Newburyport, after her marriage to Richard Spofford (both of whom, as a newly wedded couple, I had rowed in my boat to the Old Manse, where we took tea together), I had my first interview with Joaquin Miller, then first beginning to be known as a poet, and making his early visit to New England.

Channing once said to me:

The handwriting of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Thoreau had

\* Miss Prescott.

a striking resemblance; I could hardly tell them apart. It was very strange, for Mr. Thoreau never imitated anybody; there was nothing but originality in him, as I know from my many hours with him. He was very reticent of biographical recollections; yet I recall that he well remembered a certain field, through which we walked in Concord, a good distance from the village, to which he used to drive his cow, with bare feet, like the other village boys. He did not dwell on the past. I am confident he rarely read a book over twice, and he loved not to repeat a story after its first freshness. His talent was onward, vigorous, in the moment, which was perfectly filled, and then he went to the next with great speed.

But I doubt not he loved to linger in mind over the old familiar things of boyhood; and he occasionally let fall some memory of the "Mill Dam" when he was a boy, and of the pond behind it, now a meadow. Of the many houses in which he lived (for his was a very moving family), I heard him rarely speak: that one, now torn away, at the corner of the slaughter-house street (Walden Road); another, where the Library now stands (the Parkman house), farther towards the railroad; and still another which had been "fixed over" for more aspiring villagers than the Irish, who succeeded the Thoreaus in the Parkman house. Three of these mansions he passed in his daily walks to the Post Office, a duty he fulfilled after the death of his father, for the benefit of his family,—for he was a martinet in the family service,—but I never heard him say more than, "I used to live in that house," or, "There it was that so-and-so took place"; thus refreshing his memory by the existing locality. In the year before he built for himself at Walden his only true house, he assisted in making a house in that western part of the village called "Texas," not far from the River. To this

spot he was always much attached; it commanded an excellent view toward the southwest, was retired, and he had planted a small orchard there.

*Sophia Thoreau's Last Illness*

CONCORD, Aug. 3, 1876.

My dear Miss Ricketson:

Miss Thoreau wishes me to write a few lines to you for her, as she will probably never again be able to write to anyone. I returned from Bangor day before yesterday (Aug. 1). I went by her request and remained three days. I found her in bed, suffering much, and she had been suffering terribly. She is very weak, but brave and heroic, and it was a good deal to me to see how a brave woman can bear pain. She has been tapped three times in 22 days, and has not rallied at all since the last two operations. She was suffering less pain the day I came away, and was more comfortable than she had been for a week or more, but no stronger. The doctor says she may last a few weeks yet, but if the slightest inflammation sets in, her death will be only a matter of days. She has her mother's iron constitution which endures through everything. She has no fears; like Henry, she bears pain with Spartan courage, and says she is willing to bear whatever God wills. She preserves her bright, cheerful spirit through everything. She said, "Tell Mr. (Daniel) Ricketson I want him to cheer up, and adopt my creed." She wants all her friends to be bright and happy, and filled with joy,—because she has enjoyed so much in this beautiful world.

I found her in a cheerful room, surrounded by her pictures, books and flowers. She has an excellent nurse at last, and is well cared for, as far as all her physical wants

are concerned; but I fear has often missed the intellectual sympathy to which she has been accustomed here in Concord. Mrs. Lowell is very kind,—invariably so,—but lugubrious. Miss Thoreau has contrived to find amusement in what would have depressed a less cheerful spirit. When she went to the house, her room, like all the others, was intensely dark, that the carpet might not fade. She threw open the outside and inside blinds, and said, “Cousin, I must have the sunshine. I have always had it; and when the carpet fades I will buy another.” And it has been so in all things; she has always found sunshine. . . .

J. LÆ B.

Sophia survived until October, and was buried in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery beside her family,—the youngest and last of them. Her aunt Maria lived until 1881, and is buried in Bangor. At the death of these two ladies, their united property was almost exactly the same in amount which the emigrant Thoreau had left to his family eighty odd years before, and during all the intervening years, though never rich, they had all been independent. Without wealth or political power, or social prominence, they all held a rank of their own, as did their kindred the Dunbars, in scrupulous independence, and with high and generous qualities that put condescension out of the question. Eccentricities they had, but fear and meanness were not among them.

## CHAPTER XVII

### *Margaret Fuller and Her Friends*

**W**HEN Talleyrand, scoffing at the sex to whom he was under so many obligations which he very ill requited, said to Madame de Stael, about one of her novels, "I hear that you and I are both in it, *disguised as women*," he made a sneer that is sure to be repeated wherever there are mean men and active-minded women; and it used to be often hinted in Miss Fuller's lifetime that she was unfeminine. On the contrary, it was her feminine nature that was her strength and her weakness; it made her sibylline, and it exposed her to misconstruction,—never worse than in that attack upon her which Hawthorne wrote, and which his indiscreet son published. Margaret was never a Concord author, and never a woman of Concord, except as she came there frequently as a visitor, to Elizabeth Hoar, to the Emersons, and, after her sister's marriage to Ellery Channing, to his house, wherever it might be, in the village or on the side of Ponkatassett, which last he occupied for a year or two before Margaret went to Europe, never to return. Channing's house near Thoreau's he did not own till she had long been abroad; although

the lovers of myth point it out for some years past as the "Margaret Fuller home." Even so in Kansas, in half a dozen counties through which he may have ridden or hidden, they point out to the tourist this or that cabin or ravine as "John Brown's Fort." Fame does this work for those who have impressed their personality on the landscape, as Margaret did, both in Concord and at Brook Farm, though at neither place did she ever dwell. Nor did she come within the range of my personal recollections. I was in Boston as a boy of twelve while she was giving conversations there, but I neither saw her nor heard of her. I did see and hear Adelaide Phillips, then just beginning her long public career by acting boys' parts at the Boston Museum. I had not yet entered the realm of the Transcendentalists, but humored my love of fun by purchasing a copy of "Hudibras" at a bookstall near Faneuil Hall.

Even my dear Anna, who had been much in Boston from her mountain home after 1845, had never seen Margaret; but her friend and mine, Ednah Littlehale, had been in one of her Boston classes of conversation, and could describe her to us. So could Mr. Alcott, in whose Temple school she had taught for a time, and so could Theodore Parker, who did not greatly admire her, though not biased against her as Lowell and several of the Cambridge literati were. She was Lowell's "Miranda" in the "Fable for Critics," and although she had many friends in Cambridge she was scarcely beloved there, generally. Her brother Arthur was

for a time minister of my uncle Benson's church, and I heard him occasionally in the pulpit, or in parish calls; though a good and devoted man, his conceit was colossal, as her enemies declared that Margaret's was. I early read the Memoir of her by Emerson, W. H. Channing, Dr. Hedge and Dr. Clarke, and formed my own estimate of her noble and unusual character, which not even Mary Curzon's humorous account of her visit with Emerson and his Aunt Mary to the romantic Mill could much modify. In late years, Mrs. Marcus Spring, cousin of my old friend, Dr. Earle, has placed in my hands letters of Margaret's, and memoranda of their journeys and friendships, some of which I have published and others will be used in this chapter. In his octogenarian Sonnets, Alcott, sketching portraits of his friends, each in a sonnet, except Emerson and Thoreau, to whom he gave more (three to Emerson and two to Thoreau), thus briefly pictured Margaret's whole existence:—

Thou Sibyl rapt! whose sympathetic soul  
Infused the mysteries thy tongue failed to tell,  
Though from thy lips the marvellous accents fell,  
And weird wise meanings o'er the senses stole  
Through those rare cadences, with winsome spell:  
Yet, even in such refrainings of thy voice,  
There struggled up a wailing undertone,  
That spoke thee victim of the Sisters' choice,—  
Charming all others,—dwelling still alone.  
They left thee thus disconsolate to roam,  
And scorned thy dear, devoted life to spare;

Around the storm-tost vessel sinking there  
 The wild waves chant thy dirge and welcome home.  
 Survives alone thy sex's valiant plea,  
 And the great heart that loved the brave and free.

Mrs. Spring thus writes of her:

Margaret was not one of my earliest, but she became one of my dearest friends. Coming to New York in December, 1844, to take charge of the literary department of the *Tribune*, her home was at Mr. Greeley's. But she was often with us at Eagleswood, and so dear and important she became, that in 1846 Mr. Spring and I invited her to go to Europe with us. When I asked her if she would like to go to Italy, she said, "It has been the dream of my life, but I have had to give it up." \* When I said

\* The death of Timothy Fuller, Margaret's father, was sudden, in 1835, and though he had been reputed wealthy, his affairs were not such as to be readily settled by his brother Abraham, his administrator. I have seen a letter of this uncle to Margaret, which destroyed her hopes of going to Europe with her friends, Professor and Mrs. Farrar of Cambridge, dated in May, 1836. Mrs. Farrar, a daughter of William Rotch of New Bedford, and herself an author, I knew in her later life at Springfield, Mass. She had expected to go abroad in the summer of 1836, with her husband, and had invited Margaret to accompany them, whose going depended on the share of her father's property that would come to her in the settlement of the estate. Her uncle wrote to her thus:

"I understood from Mrs. Farrar that she expected to be absent from a year to a year and a half; that \$5 a day was the estimated cost. Now  $365 \times \$5$  equals \$1,825 for one year; for a year and a half, \$2,737.50. I think that is an under estimate. I do not think you could provide yourself with an outfit under from \$300 to \$500: You can judge concerning the matter. . . . I will now state your means. The utmost of the personal estate to be divided will be \$15,000, if the administration is settled in two years; if settled sooner, it would not be so much. You will see that is but about \$1,400 for each (of the children) and a part of that in notes, not



that we wanted her to go with us, she cried for joy. We sailed in the Cunard steamer *Cambria* from Boston, for England, August 1, 1846. At sea she was very gay, even calling to ask me, in the agonies of seasickness, "If I was having enough of the sea?"—for I had said I wished we were to go in a sailing vessel, that we might have a longer sea voyage. Among other passengers were the bright and witty Mr. Tom Appleton, of Boston, Mr. Grattan, the British Consul at Boston, and a Spanish princess. We were not sorry to reach England in ten and a half days,—the shortest voyage across the Atlantic up to that time.

We had heard much of Margaret, and from her, on this voyage and before, of her experiences in New York. She said she liked her work on the *Tribune*, had a high regard for Mr. Greeley, and dearly loved his little boy. She liked the freer life of a large city, and enjoyed meeting the New York people, of all classes. Her life-long friend, William Henry Channing, an older cousin of her brother-in-law, Ellery Channing, was then preaching in New York, and visited much among the poor. Margaret joined him in this work, and their visits made brighter many a cheerless home. Once, going to see a dressmaker,

payable for three years. The real estate is estimated at \$9,100, but I am afraid you will derive but little income from it as present; and any attempt to make a sale would be unavailing, or at a great sacrifice. You know that of the \$15,000 personal estate, one-third belongs to the widow, and only two-thirds remain to be divided among the heirs."

The heirs at that time seem to have been seven, and therefore Margaret's share would hardly pay for more than half a year abroad; and thus the tour was impossible in 1836. Ten years later Margaret made it with her New York friends, the Springs. Mrs. Spring was Rebecca Buffum, the daughter of Arnold Buffum, mentioned by Thoreau as one of the family at Eagleswood (Perth Amboy, N. J.) when he went there in 1866 to survey Mr. Spring's estate, as mentioned in Thoreau's *Familiar Letters*.

and finding the street door ajar, she went on up the stairs. When the woman saw her she exclaimed, "Oh, go away, Miss Fuller,—we have the small-pox here!" But Margaret would not go till she had learned their exact condition, and had given them encouragement and advice. The woman said, with tears, "You are the only one that is not afraid of us; how good you are!" One day Mr. Channing, Margaret and my husband visited the special prison for women at Sing Sing, where those noble women, Eliza Farnham, Georgiana Bruce and others were working out reforms. It was Thanksgiving Day; the imprisoned women said, "We are proud of our keepers." Mr. Spring told me that Margaret stood like an inspired person before those poor women, and spoke to them as her friends.

As soon as we landed at Liverpool, we hastened north to Ambleside in the Wordsworth country. Margaret had written to Harriet Martineau, whom she had met in America (at Emerson's in Concord and elsewhere), and rooms had been taken for us in a stone cottage near her own house. Every morning Miss Martineau came in to tell us the plans for the day; and if the proposed jaunt was a hard one, she invited me to pass the day in her library. Her brother and his family were then her guests, and other charming people were staying in Ambleside, among them Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh, and his wife,—he the eighteenth of his family who had been professors at that old University.

Now came the happiest of days. Wordsworth had called on us when we were out; he requested Mrs. Davy, sister-in-law of Sir Humphrey, to come with us to his house on a fixed day. We went, of course, found him cordial, and were introduced to his family. As we stood before the portrait of his sister, Dorothy, Margaret asked

him to give us his poem to her. With a voice and look full of tenderness, the great, manly-looking poet recited the well-known lines:

“ It is the first mild day of March,  
Each minute sweeter than before;  
The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
That stands beside our door,”—

and so on for ten stanzas. Margaret told him that his verses were known and beloved by all in America, even by the humblest; and that he would be heartily welcomed should he make us a visit. He answered, “ I should love to go, but it is so far.” “ O, not so very far,” said I, “ we crossed the ocean in ten days and a half.” Lifting up both hands in surprise, he exclaimed, “ In what?” After this reception in the house, Wordsworth took us through his garden and grounds, by a vine-covered arbor and a gate, to the edge of Rydal Mount, where he pointed out a fine view of Rydal Water and Windermere and the beautiful valley; saying this was where he best liked to sit alone.

From Ambleside they went on to London and afterward to Scotland, France and Italy, meeting Carlyle, Mazzini, De Quincy, George Sand and Mickiewitz, the handsome Polish poet, then living in exile at Paris. It was he who afterward encouraged her to marry Ossoli; he visited her in Rome after the marriage, and at his request she sat to Thomas Hicks in Rome for her portrait. She parted from the Springs in Italy in 1847, and they returned home, while Margaret remained to pass through those experiences, public and private,

which glorified and saddened her last three years. She wrote often to her friends, but did not give them the facts concerning her Italian marriage and her child till long after its birth. Seven months before her death by shipwreck, thus she wrote to Mrs. Spring in New York:

FLORENCE, December 12, 1849.

Dear Marcus and Rebecca:

A letter from Mr. Dougherty, a notice in the *Tribune* of Miss Bremer's visit to the North American Phalanx, doubtless made in company with you, bring you so forcibly to mind that I must e'en devote the last two hours, and the best and quietest of the twenty-four, to answering your letters. For I have actually two letters from you to answer,—and excellent ones likewise.

Your letter, my dear Rebecca, was written in your noblest and most womanly spirit. I thank you warmly for your sympathy about my little boy. What he is to me even *you* can hardly dream; you who have three, and in whom the natural thirst of the heart was earlier satisfied, can scarcely know what my one ewe lamb is to me. That he may live, that I may find bread for him, that I may not spoil him by over-weening love, that I may daily grow better for his sake,—are the ever-recurring thoughts, say prayers, that give their hue to all the current of my life. Yet in answer to what you say, that it is still better to give the world this living soul, than a part of my life in a book,—it is true: and yet,—and yet,—of my book I could know whether it would be of any worth; of my child I must wait to see what his worth will be. I play with him, my ever-growing mystery,—but from the solemnity of the thoughts he brings

there is refuge only in God. Was I worthy to be the parent of a soul, with its immense capabilities of weal and woe? God be merciful to me, a sinner! comes so naturally to the mother's heart, I think. . . .”

FLORENCE, February 5, 1850.

You have no doubt received ere this a letter from me, written, I think, in December; but I must suddenly write again to thank you for the New Year's letter. It was a sweet impulse that led you to write together, and had its full reward in the pleasure it gave. I am glad it entered into the heart of Evelyn Story to write that letter: it was in the spirit of that tender and generous friendship both she and her husband always showed me. I trust the tie formed between us will last as long as our lives. It was also pleasant that it was the Lowells who took pains to show the letter. As to its subject-matter,—I have written as little as possible about Ossoli, wishing my friends to form their own impressions when they saw us together.

I have expected that those who cared for me simply for my activity of intellect would not care for him; but that those in whom the moral nature predominates would gladly learn to love and admire him, and see what a treasure his affection must be to me. But that would be only gradually; for it is by acts, not words, that one so simple, true, delicate, and retiring can be known. For me,—while some of my friends have thought me exacting, I may say Ossoli has always outgone my expectation in the disinterestedness, the uncompromising bounty, of his every act. He was the same to his father as to me. His affections are few, but profound and thoroughly carried out; his permanent affections few, but his heart

is always open to the humble, suffering, heavily laden ones. His little habitual acts of kindness rose to the height of the occasion,—and stayed there. His enthusiasm was quiet, but unsleeping. He is very unlike most Italians, but very unlike most Americans too. I do not expect all who care for me to care for him, nor is it important to him; he is wholly without vanity. He is too truly the gentleman not to be respected by all persons of refinement.

“For the rest, if my life is free and not too much troubled; if he can enjoy his domestic affections, and fulfil his duties in his own way, he will be content. Can we find this in bustling America for the next three or four years? I know not, but think we shall come and try. I wish much to see you all, and exchange the kiss of peace; there will, I trust, be peace within if not without. I thank you warmly for your gift; be assured it will turn to great profit. I have learned to be a willing adept in economy, by my love for my little boy. I cannot bear to see him suffer and want. I have looked happily to the time when we could introduce the babies to each other. I hope that may be yet, and that I shall find little Marcus well. My little Nino, as we call him for house and pet name, is now in perfect health. I wash and dress and care for him, and think I see a great deal more of his little cunning ways, and shall know him better, for doing all for him; though it is inconvenient and fatiguing at times. He is very gay and laughing,—sometimes violent, for he has come to the age when he wants everything in his own hands,—but on the whole sweet and very fond of me. He says *kiss* in preference to the Italian word *basia*. I don't cherish sanguine visions about him; I shall try to do my best by him and enjoy the present moment.

MARGARET.

And now comes the last letter, posted at Gibraltar as their ill-fated ship lay off the Rock there, after a tragic event that might well have been ominous of the fate of the voyage which began so ill.

Ship *Elizabeth*, off Gibraltar,

June 8, 1850.

My dear Marcus:

You will, I trust, long ere receiving this, have received my letter from Florence, dated 19th May, enclosing one to my mother, informing you under what circumstances I had drawn on you through Fienzi and Hall, and mentioning how I wished the bill to be met, in case of any accident to me on my homeward course. That course has, as regards weather, been thus far not unpleasant; but the disaster that *has* befallen us is such as I never dreamed of. I had taken passage with Captain S. L. Hasty,—one who seemed to me among the best and most high-minded of our American men. He showed the kindest interest in me; his wife, an excellent woman, was with him. I thought, during the voyage, if safe and my child well, to have as much respite from care and pain as seasickness might permit. But scarce was that enemy in some measure quelled, when the Captain fell sick.

At first his disease presented the symptoms of nervous fever. I was with him a great deal; indeed, whenever I could relieve his wife from a ministry softened by great love and the heroism of womanly courage, but in the last days truly terrible with disgusts and fatigues. For he died, we suppose (no physician has been allowed to come on board to see the body), of confluent small-pox. I have seen since we parted much suffering, but nothing physical to be compared with this,—where the once fair and expressive mold of man was lost in corruption before

life had fled. He died yesterday morning, and was buried in deep water,—the American consul's barge, about six o'clock, towing out one from this ship which bore the body. It was Sunday; a divinely calm, soft, glowing afternoon had succeeded a morning of bleak cold wind. You cannot think how beautiful the whole thing was,—the decent array and sad reverence of the sailors, the many ships with their banners flying, the stern Pillars of Hercules, all veiled in roseate vapor; the little angel-white sails diving into the blue depths with the solemn spoil of the poor good man, now still, who had been so agonized and gasping as the last sun stooped. Yes, it was beautiful,—but how dear a price do we pay for the poems of this world!

We shall lie now in quarantine for a week, no person permitted to come on board, till it is seen whether disease may break out in other cases. I have no good reason to think it will *not*, yet do not feel afraid. Ossoli has had it, so is safe. The baby is, of course, subject to injury. In the earlier days, before I suspected small-pox, I carried him twice into the sick-room, at the request of the Captain, who was becoming fond of him. He laughed and pointed; he did not discern danger, but only thought it odd to see the old friend there in bed.

It is vain by prudence to seek to evade the stern assaults of destiny. I submit. Should all end well, you see we shall be in New York later than I expected; but keep a lookout! Should we arrive safe, I should like to see a friendly face. Commend me to dear William and other dear friends, especially Jane. And Marcus, Rebecca, Eddie,—with most affectionate wishes that joy and peace may continue to dwell in your house. Adieu,—and love as you can your friend,

**MARGARET.**



When this letter came, it had been slashed and fumigated, and there was a strong odor of sulphur; but we did not lose hope. In expectation of the arrival of sick persons, we sent the children and their nurse to the country, and offered the servants their choice to leave us or stay. They all stayed, and we were waiting anxiously when the fearful storm came in July, and after it news of the loss of the ship *Elisabeth*. We soon received this letter from Mr. Emerson:

CONCORD, 23d July, 1850.

My dear Sir:

The morning papers add no syllable to the fatal paragraphs of last night concerning Margaret Fuller; no contradiction and no explanation. At first I thought I would go myself and see if I could help in the inquiries at the wrecking ground, and act for the friends. But I have prevailed on my friend, Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, to go for me and all the friends. Mr. Thoreau is the most competent person that could be selected; and in the dispersion of the Fuller family, and our uncertainty how to communicate with them, he is authorized by Mr. Ellery Channing to act for them all.

I fear the chances of recovering manuscript and other property, after five or six days, are small, and diminishing every hour. Yet Margaret would have every record of her history for the last three or four years; and whatever is found by anyone would easily be yielded up to a diligent seeker. Mr. Thoreau is prepared to spend a number of days in this object, if necessary, and you must give him any guidance or help you can. If his money does not hold out, I shall gladly pay any drafts he may make on you in my name. And I shall cordially

unite with you in any expense that this painful calamity shall make necessary.

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Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

Marcus Spring, Esq.

Henry Thoreau came on; Margaret's mother, sister, and brothers came to us, and also Charles Sumner, whose brother, Horace, was lost in the ship. We had known him pleasantly in Paris; and probably he had taken passage to be with the Ossolis. Mr. Spring, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Thoreau, and some of the Fuller family went to Fire Island. The sister did, by a strong appeal, get some of Margaret's things from a wrecker's wife. But the only papers saved were some love-letters of Margaret and Ossoli.

So far Mrs. Spring, recalling the memories of more than half a century. Thoreau reported to Emerson in a letter from Fire Island Beach, July 25th, at the house of Mr. Oakes, within a mile of the wreck. W. H. Channing was with him, and Charles Sumner and Marcus Spring had been there on the 24th.

At flood tide, about half-past three p. m., when the ship broke up entirely (July 19th), Margaret sat with her back to the foremast,—her husband and child already drowned. A great wave came and washed her aft. . . . Four bodies remain to be found; the two Ossolis, Horace Sumner, and a sailor. I have visited the child's grave.

We got here yesterday noon. Arthur Fuller has this moment reached the house of Mr. Oakes; he got to the

beach last night. Mrs. Oakes dried the papers that were in the trunk; they appeared to be of different kinds. Some were tied up. I expect to go to Patchogue, whence the pilferers must have chiefly come, and advertise.

Thus far Thoreau, who brought away a button from Ossoli's coat,—the only memento of him except the few letters among the papers saved by Mrs. Oakes, that reached Margaret's friends in America.

Mrs. Spring goes on:

Margaret's mother sat like a stone in our house,—she shed no tears, she even smiled when we spoke to her, but she neither ate nor slept; it was pitiful. I sat down on a low seat before her and told her stories of our life and our travels together. Suddenly tears came into her eyes; she laid her hand on my head and said, "You make me think of my child alive." The stony, dead silence was broken; they had been fearing for her life and her reason. A long time after this our son, Edward Spring, was visiting Emerson in Concord, and, noticing an engraving hanging on the wall, he said, "Why, Mr. Emerson, where did you get this? It was Margaret Fuller's." Mr. Emerson came forward quickly and said, "Tell me about it. It was picked up on the shore at Fire Island after the wreck, and given to me as probably belonging to her."

For years afterward, if I went to the seashore, I would dream of Margaret, always pleasantly. In my dream she always seemed happy; it may be that the requiem of the winds and waves was the best for her,—[alluding to Alcott's lines in the sonnet quoted]. She believed in the higher education of women, and in equal rights for

them as citizens. She would have rejoiced in the wonderful progress they have made in these things since her time. Let our sex never forget Margaret Fuller.

Very early had she found her way from Cambridge and Groton to Concord, attracted, as were Alcott, Hawthorne, Ellery Channing, and others, by the starlit radiance of Emerson's genius. As he frankly said in that memoir of Margaret which he contributed to the friendly life of her in 1852 (now too little read), Emerson was not at first prepossessed in her favor, and she did not contribute to a better appreciation by a rather marked disregard of Mrs. Emerson's position as hostess. But all this yielded finally (as it did not in Hawthorne's case) to the influence of her genius and her real magnanimity, flavored, as they were, by certain self-conscious traits of the Fuller family. She went to Boston in 1836 and took some part in the instruction at Mr. Alcott's Temple School, then at its height, and not yet persecuted by the philistinism of Cambridge and Boston, which afterward ruined it. Margaret easily saw the defects in this noble system of education, and thus noted them down in her journal:

Preacher, you make three mistakes: you do not understand the nature of Genius, or creative power; you do not understand the reaction of matter on spirit; you are too impatient of the complex, and, not enjoying variety in unity, you become lost in abstractions, and cannot illustrate your principles.

Margaret did understand "the reaction of matter on spirit," and suffered from it in after years. Of her at the same period (1836-37) Alcott gave this character in his diary:

She is clearly a person of liberal and varied acquirements and given to the boldest speculation. Not wanting in imaginative power, she has a rare good sense and discretion. She adopts the Spiritual Philosophy, and has the subtlest perception of its bearings; takes large and generous views of all subjects, and in disposition is singularly catholic. The blending of sentiment and wisdom in her is most remarkable. I think her the most brilliant talker of the day,—with a quick and comprehensive wit, firm command of her thoughts, and a speech to win the ear of the most cultivated.

This is a close portrayal.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### *Emerson in Ancestry and in Life*

**M**ANY and far-reaching have been the .researches into the ancestry of the American Emersons and their forefathers in England, but their connection with the early *Emerissons* in the County Palatine of Durham, though virtually clear, has never been strictly traced out. On the feminine side the descent is from the Bulkeleyes of Bedfordshire, through Peter and Edward Bulkeley, both Oxford scholars, and clergymen,—the latter having married into the family of the St. Johns, who descended from the Plantagenets and the Conqueror, by a marriage in distant times with one of the royal house. Oliver St. John, the Parliament Solicitor-General in the Revolution of 1640, was nearly related to Peter Bulkeley, who dedicated a volume of his American sermons to him; and the wit and statesman of Queen Anne's time, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, was a distant cousin of Emerson of Concord. The descent since the time of Elizabeth was almost wholly clerical,—the omission of a clergyman in the line of Emersons being supplied by intercalating a deacon. I have even ascertained a new clerical ancestor, till recently un-

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noticed,—the Reverend William Thompson, father-in-law of John Cogswell, the first American in the family of that name, from which descended not only Emerson, but Wendell Phillips, Phillips Brooks and William Robinson, the satirical journalist, born and buried in Concord, but spending most of his days in Boston and corresponding in his later years for the *Springfield Republican*. It was he whom Emerson named to me, during one of Robinson's residences in his native town, as "the good man in the bad hat,"—for Robinson's beaver had not the smoothness of Emerson's, when he wore that sort of hat at all. This Thompson had a son, Rev. Samuel Thompson of Taunton in England, who sent his own son, grandchild of Parson William, and named for him, to be brought up in the Ipswich parish of Chebacco (now Essex), by his uncle, John Cogswell. Among the old New Hampshire court papers, when I was writing the History of that State in 1902, I found a letter from this Parson Thompson of Taunton, opening his domestic sorrows, and providing for his exiled son, then eleven years old, whom the Cogswells were boarding in Ipswich. The letter is dated March 27, 1660, and contains this passage:

My son, Samuel, had almost broken my heart in proving so wild, rude and dissolute, but now he is again at school at Iminster, where as yet he doeth well, and is almost fit for Oxford. I had designed him for a barrister-at-law,—but God knows what he will be. My daughter, Mall, is (I bless God), a religious and virtuous young woman, and

hopefully answers my great cost in breeding of her. My daughter, Martha, died of the small-pox, two years since. Their good mother is with me,—so hath been these six years, a continual damage and a great sorrow. . . . I thank you for your care of that child. I shall desire the continuance of your love and care to him; but (privately) let him never have thoughts of returning. When I send again to you, God willing, I will send him a token. The Lord bless him.

I suppose his poor mother was insane, and that was perhaps the reason for sending young William to the Puritan Colony during the rule of Cromwell in England. He lived with his uncle and aunt sixteen years, and went back to England for a visit in 1676, where he found his father, then Doctor Thompson, and heard from him the family history of a famous "Turkey-work carpet" which long figured in the inventories and lawsuits of the Ipswich Cogswells, from whom Emerson descended through the Waldos.

I did frequently see a Turkey-work carpet which my uncle and aunt had; and I have heard them say it was theirs in Old England, and used to lie on their parlor table there; and I heard my father, Doctor Samuel Thompson, say that he did well remember that my uncle had a Turkey-work carpet, which used to lie upon their parlor table in Old England, and took it away with them.

It had passed through storm and shipwreck and a long course of lawsuits, showing its value as an heirloom. Hannah Cogswell, granddaughter of Rev. William Thompson, of Westbury Leigh in

Wiltshire, married Cornelius Waldo, and was an ancestress of Waldo Emerson. In a letter from London of March, 1658, her brother, John Cogswell, Jr., wrote of the English Waldos, traditionally said to be of the Protestant Waldenses in Southern Europe, thus:

I have been with my brother (Cornelius) Waldo's friends; his mother lives in Berwick, his uncle John is dead, his brother, Thomas, is in Ireland, and his uncle Barrow is dead; the rest are in health. I pray my sister Waldo to be loving and tender to my three babes, for she knows not how soon hers may be left to the wide world.

This Thomas Waldo had been an early settler in New Hampshire, where in 1647 he was a witness in two legal documents. These old records show the gentility of the clerical ancestry of Emerson on the Thompson side. The antiquity of the Emersons is traced much farther back. An English antiquary, W. H. Eggleston, of Stanhope near Darlington in Durham, writing to Miss Ellen Emerson (Feb. 25, 1881), said:

In the year 1380 Bishop Hatfield made a survey of the County of Durham, and in it we find the names of the holders of land throughout the county. In this survey the name of *Emerisson* occurs, and it is worthy of notice that it occurs in no other place than the Wear valley, and in only one place out of the parish of Stanhope, in Weardale, in the western part of County Durham. Stanhope parish is the western portion of Weardale, and in fact is Weardale proper. Well, here, 500 years ago,

Robertus Emerisson, William Emerisson, and John, son of Robert, held lands; and the only other Emerisson mentioned is a Robert, who held Bedburn Hall in the Wear valley, and not many miles from Stanhope. In Weardale the Emersons became exceedingly numerous. One entry in the survey of 1380 is "*Robertus Emerisson et Willelmus Featherstonhagh tenent molendinum aquaticum*" (a water mill) for which they paid 6 pounds annually. As we trace the family down, I find they were represented in all parts of the Dale about 1590. About 1620-30 there were Emersons living at 25 places in the parish of Stanhope, and several of them held office under the Bishop, as keepers and foresters of Weardale. Lawrence Wilkinson, of Harpley, in the bishoprick in 1615, married Dorothy, daughter and co-heir of Ralph Emerson, of Westfold Castle, in Wardell.

In the church of St. John's, seven and a half miles west of Stanhope, there is a memorial window with the Emerson arms and inscription,—“Sacred to the beloved memory of Edward Emerson, West Notts, Born 1809, Died 1858.” The arms are:

“Per fess indented, vert, a bend engrailed argent, charged with three lions passant, vert besanté. Crest a demi-lion rampant, vert, grasping battle ax.”

In the Notts district the Emersons resided hundreds of years ago. Bradbury, near Foxton, in the parish of Sedgfield, in the county of Durham, is probably connected with the American Emersons. This place reverted to the Crown in the Northern Rebellion of 1569, and King James I., by letters patent, dated Oct. 14, 1606, devised Bradbury and Hilton to Thomas Emerson, Esq., for 1000 years,—rent £550. Richard Manning purchased the term, and Charles I., in 1637, granted the inheritance to Edward Manning, his brother.

It may be that this Hilton squire was the Emerson with whom Lord Herbert of Cherbury had a quarrel in King James's time, as related by Herbert in his autobiography. The first American Emerson came from Bishop's Stortford, further south; but the arms on his son's tomb in Ipswich are practically those described above. Little did Waldo Emerson value these memorials of ancestry; he seems to have held with Tennyson, that

From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile on the claims of long descent.

But in his character and bearing were the evidences of a lineage of gentry more convincing than the certificates of the Herald's office, which might be purchased or invented. I have cited the facts above because they are not generally known. The clerical and gentlemanly tradition was manifest in all his dealings with the world, and this distinguished him from his friend Thoreau and others with whom his way of life connected him. With equal independence and courtesy, Thoreau had traits that bespoke the child of Jerseymen.

Hawthorne was of the same patrician strain as Emerson, and had the pride which so often accompanies it,—showing itself, in him, by a sensitive and almost morbid reserve. Theoretically a Democrat, and really amiable and catholic in his view of mankind, this descendant of Puritan oligarchs and

despotic sea-captains thought it right and natural that the public should support him in national office. Like the English gentry to whom his ancestors had belonged, he looked on public office and pension-like fees as properly due to his class. Emerson, on the contrary, had the clerical wish to serve the people, and a modesty which mingled charmingly with his consciousness of superiority. It was a proud humility, but genuine, and he especially disliked to be the subject of remark, however complimentary the remark might be.

But Thoreau, the descendant of Jersey islanders, seamen, and men accustomed to earn their own living, saw no reason why he should not do the same. The instinct of the plebeian was as strong in him as was the pride of the patrician in Hawthorne. Hence his untiring, peasant-like industry, his disputatious and refractory social attitude, so unlike the serene calm of Emerson, and so different from the versatile caprices of Channing. Whenever Emerson and Thoreau clashed, as rarely they did, I have ascribed it to this predominance of the plebeian in Thoreau, confronted with the magnanimous patrician, dedicating himself to the service of the world,—which is my conception of Emerson.

Both the two friends were alive to the vast differences that exist between one man and another; and Thoreau was as ready as anybody to claim the privileges due to "the superior man," whose praises he liked to quote from the Oriental and Chinese sages. But Thoreau had the practical faculty and the real love for manual occupation, which made

him scrupulously earn the leisure he so much enjoyed and exemplified. "Not having anything to do, to do something" was his test of the superior man.

Emerson was a fair critic as well as patron and friend of his literary brethren. In 1836, while still living in Boston and carrying on his Temple school, Alcott had prepared a book for publication, which never saw the light, but of which the title-page lies before me,—

"PSYCHE  
Or The  
BREATH OF CHILDHOOD.  
BOSTON,—1835-1836."

Having submitted his MSS. to his new friend, Emerson, the latter wrote to him, Feb. 27, 1836, from Concord, thus:

I fear you think me very remiss in failing to send back your MSS. in so many weeks. But truly, they were not easily despatched; and my readings have been much interrupted. I have now read all the pages twice; some of them many times, and have to return you hearty thanks for the privilege and the pleasure. As you were pleased to challenge my critical powers on this reading, I will endeavor to give you the results, both in general and in particular.

I think the book original and vital in all its parts; manifestly the production of a man in earnest, and written to convince. I think it possesses in certain passages, the rare power to awaken the highest faculties, to awaken the apprehension of the Absolute. I think it discovers

throughout, that delicate discrimination of the proprieties and felicities of expression which is an essential organ of literary genius.

These seem to me prominent merits of the book. Let me now tell you what, with some diffidence, I deem its defects. Its fault arises out of the subtlety and extent of its subject. I think it grapples with an Idea which it does not subdue and present in just method before us. It seems to me too much a book of one idea, somewhat deficient in variety of thought and illustration; and even sometimes pedantic, from the wilfulness (shall I say?) with which everything is forced into the author's favorite aspects and forms of expression. The book has a strong mannerism. (Much of this might be removed, and I think the fastidious eye relieved, by striking out the antiquated form of the verb, as "revealeth," "seeth," etc., and writing "reveals," "sees," etc., and by a more frugal use of certain words, as "mirror forth," "image," "shape forth," and others of that character.) But its capital fault, I think, is the want of compression; a fault almost unavoidable in treating such a subject, which not being easily apprehensible by the human faculties, we are tempted to linger around the Idea, in the hope that what cannot be sharply stated in a few words, may yet chance to be suggested by many.

If you should publish this work as it is, it would, I doubt not, find many readers; and discerning persons would discover that it contained fine gold. But it would please me still better if you would do what I am now doing with some papers of my own; ["Nature," no doubt] that is, to go through the work (chiefly by the memory) and take the *things* out, leaving the rest. That extract will be precious as the Sibyl's remaining scrolls. I have read the whole book with great interest, and I think the



power of reflection and of expression exhibited is too great to leave you any liberty in our time and country, wherein is such a dearth of both, to neglect or conceal your gifts. I may say what Burke said of Howard, "Your plan is original, and as full of genius as of humanity; so do not let it sleep or stop a day."

Imagining I saw many verbal inaccuracies, I ran over the first hundred pages this morning with a pen in my hand, and I enclose you my sheet of spoils.

Here follow four pages of rejected words headed *Fad-ladeen*, and beginning thus:

"*Refined sentiment with ideal associations.* I should be helped if the expression were more accurate. If two things are meant by the two nouns, for *with*, write, *and*.

"*Life with its daily facts will not be divined.* If I understand the sense, it should read, "they do not divine."

"*Life and framework of the plan.* Incongruous,—perhaps, *subjects of experiment.* *Penning*: to pen, for to write or to record, is low.

"*Awe-perplexing reality*; i. e., a reality perplexing awe. *Clay-clad robes*; i. e., clay-robed robes.

"Pages numbered 2 and 3 of the introduction are obscure, and seem to hesitate to say something,—we know not well what. Page 4 I like. *She surpriseth not*, is excellent. *Form moulded on the Divine Spirit* strikes me as the happiest expression. *Tend*, for attend. *Build up the basis*,—incongruous. *Products of thy tendance*. No such word as *tendance*, and attendance hath no product.

"*Conscience-eddying act*, does not explain itself. *Self-conscious gratification*—not expressive.

"*Dim sense of hidden meaning.* Sense is too equivocal a word, and you have many uses for it. *Faint or obscure perception* may serve. Three different uses of *sense* on page 4.

“The next page has some feebleness and obscurity, particularly the sentence, *It imageth forth the most expressive feature of humanity*. Does the face image the face? So below, *returning face*. *Dim* is a verb only in poetry.

“*Mid*, for amidst; *untended* for unattended. *Uncomfortable Idea*. Please keep Idea for your philosophy, and say, She has disagreeable associations or the like. *Water was waiting*. A personification.

“*Nasty manner of presenting the subject*. Much too grave expression. In general, the reason of recording this incident does not appear. *Item* is hardly classical. *They are left to prey on their oft-repeated associations*. Inaccurate. *The moral wants are not less easily supplied*. The meaning doubtful.

“*To beautify and refresh the imagery of imagination; say materials or furniture*.

“*Quietude and repose*. Synonymous. *Unbeguiled by art's deceptive wiles*. Poetic diction. *Whose image thou hast seen in the mirror, yet never beheld with these eyes of flesh*. Read, *itself thou hast not seen*. *Kenning*, and *ken*. To ken is properly to know. I should prefer scanning and scan.

“*Ply your minds on the beings, etc*. I think ply is here used for *apply*. The primary meaning of ply is to fold,—thence to double down, as we lay coils of rope,—or as a shuttle or coach or boat goes and returns, goes and returns.

“*Seraphic life of the Spirit*. We can hardly be too frugal of words of this kind. Here it helps not. *Without the reassurance of the Absolute*. I should prefer preciser terms.

“*I would shadow forth truth not only to the head*.

“*Say vaticinate or embody*, and ear or eye. *Embodiment* is not English, and is pedantic in this place.

"*Second burst of spiritual glory.* As the chapter is scientific, perhaps a precise expression would be better. *Sympathy in*;—the first syllable of sympathy means with and it is therefore always used with that preposition.

"*Dim image of her own idea.* The Latin *imago*, exactly translates the Greek *idea*; so that we must write for image, picture or type. *Image, image forth and shadow forth* abound in this page. Nature's *myriad-imagined* countenance. Protean?

"*My own mind's formation.* Less elegant than of *my own mind.* So *son's forming being* and the like. The father that I *image* in my idea. That I *imagine*, rather.

"I notice several compound words not very happily combined, as *soul-sighted, sense-beguiled.* There are a good many favorite expressions which recur so often as to annoy a critical eye; as *herald*—a very agreeable word, until often repeated; *shape* and *image* (verbs), and *shadow.* Then such words as *commune* (noun), *effectuate* (verb), *tendance,* should be rigorously stricken out; and I think we should leave *spirituality* to the Unitarian Association."

The next year (or rather, June 28, 1838), Emerson returned to the attack, and specified further corrections. But in the meantime Alcott had been made the victim of a silly persecution in Boston, and Emerson had come to his aid, urging him to retire into the country,—writing (February 23, 1838):

I desire much to see you, with leisure and advantages for conversation. Whatever plans you draw for the coming time, I hope that one, of living in Concord, will have fair play and the best possible allowance given it. Our little

river would run gentler, and our meadows look greener to me, if such a thing could be. When you have any days to spend, come out here and let us talk of it.

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Again on September 24, 1838, he wrote:

I was very sorry that you should hasten away so fast. Can you not come soon again? If you can, do. By and by I shall hate society, if I undertake lectures. But for a fortnight or three weeks to come, I should be very glad if you could spare me a few days.

By the time these strictures on his admired friend were written, Emerson, though only 33, had written his first book (not yet published), "Nature," and thus placed himself at the head of the friends of progress in New England, as Carlyle was coming to be at that time in England,—though both were generally unrecognized. Emerson had given the bicentennial address at the celebration of Concord's first two centuries, but this was not widely read; he had also written the first draft of the inscription on the battle-monument at Concord, which some of his seniors thought they could improve, and so they modified his well-chosen English. He probably had written also the hymn for the dedication of that monument, with its world-renowned lines,

Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

This hymn, by the way, was not sung, as Emerson's old editions used to say, in 1836, but on July 4,

1837; among the singers was Henry Thoreau, and the tune was "Old Hundred." Emerson had been in correspondence with Carlyle since visiting him in 1838, at his lonely residence near Dumfries, carrying a letter of introduction from Gustav d'Eichthal, whom he had met in Rome. At Florence he had dined with Landor in his Villa Gherardesca, and in England had seen Coleridge and Wordsworth. Goethe was dead, or he would have found him out in his residence at Weimar, as Emerson's brother William had done more than ten years earlier.

The New England friends of progress were few at that time; but their former leader and still their sympathizer was Dr. Channing, with whom Emerson had begun to study divinity. In the field of politics, Garrison was the leader of reforms, but Emerson had not yet given in his adhesion, as Alcott and his brother-in-law May had done; and Alcott had visited Garrison in the Leverett Street jail, to which the Mayor of Boston consigned the editor of the *Liberator* to save him from the city mob.

The number of Emerson's followers was small at first, but their enthusiasm was fervent, and their intellectual and social force was considerable. Prominent among them was Margaret Fuller, that woman of genius who drew other women by her talent and her sympathies, and who had formed a circle of her own in Cambridge and Boston. Among men the most prominent for a time was Bronson Alcott, an educational reformer, who had

shown insight and eloquence in dealing with the young, and whose talent for conversation was not accompanied by any corresponding gift of expression in writing. Others of the circle were F. H. Hedge, an earnest student of German literature, afterward distinguished in theology; Dr. Convers Francis, a learned pastor at Watertown and professor at Cambridge; Theodore Parker, more learned and more radical in opinion; with younger men like James Freeman Clarke, Henry Thoreau, Ellery Channing, S. G. Ward, Marston Watson of Plymouth,—and in his own immediate acquaintance, Mrs. Sarah Ripley, the most learned woman of New England, who had married Emerson's uncle, Rev. Samuel Ripley; her brother, George Bradford, Miss Elizabeth Hoar, an accomplished woman, betrothed to Emerson's brother Charles (who died in 1836), and Emerson's own aunt, Mary Emerson, who at times favored and at times opposed the movement in which her nephew was engaged. This movement presently was called, rather than called itself, "Transcendental,"—the term borrowed from German philosophy, but hardly corresponding in New England to the meaning it had in Germany; and indeed used loosely in America with no fixed meaning. Its followers were, in fact, idealists, of various shades and divisions of thought and speculative philosophy, whose organ, the quarterly review called *The Dial*, existing for four years (1840-44), became the receptacle of much youthful literature, and many earnest essays toward the reformation

of society in education, morals and politics. Its first editors were Margaret Fuller and Rev. George Ripley, founder of the famous Community of Brook Farm; but from the first, Emerson had great influence in its councils, and ultimately became its proprietor and editor, associating Thoreau with himself in the editing. Hence much of the earlier writing of Thoreau first came out in *The Dial*, as did that of Emerson and Theodore Parker.

My own friendship with Emerson, which continued nearly thirty years, did not begin till I was half through my college course, though I had then been his disciple for six years. From boyhood I had heard of him, and began to read him in fragments when sixteen or seventeen years old; but had never seen him, nor formed a very clear idea of what he was, either as poet or philosopher. At the age of nineteen, while visiting a schoolmate in Sudbury, the next village to Concord on the south, I walked over to Concord Bridge one April morning, saw the battle-monument, the Old Manse, and Emerson's house—the door of which stood invitingly open—but did not see him nor venture to call. I noticed, in passing, the pine-trees which he had planted about his house, and saw a girl, perhaps his daughter Ellen, then twelve years old, briskly stepping down the stairs. This was in 1851. Two years later, in July, 1853, in walking from Cambridge, again to Sudbury, I came to Emerson's door, and this time I entered and sought acquaintance with the poet. I found him sitting in the study where I so often saw him since—negligently clad

in the rusty garb of a scholar who had been working in his garden; and being then as attentive to costume as young men in college, and in love, are wont to be, I noticed that his shoes were well-worn and unbrushed, and I thought of the carelessness in dress which was characteristic of another great American—Thomas Jefferson. I had no letter of introduction, and only a slight claim on his attention from the kind offices of some friend or other, who had perhaps mentioned my name to him; but he received me with the courtesy he gave to all young men, and questioned me keenly about what I found in Harvard College. What I said was trifling enough, no doubt, but may have given him the impression that my set at Cambridge were of his church and school, as indeed was the fact, though we were few in numbers and weak in power. I remember that he sat and looked off as he talked, not fastening his eyes on his visitor, except by glances, and talking in the same cool, profound, impersonal way in which he wrote. I did not overstay the prescribed ten minutes on this first call, but quickly went on my way, and for months I saw him no more.

Returning to college in the autumn and talking over with my companions there—the late Charles Russell Lowell, who died so gallantly in Sheridan's fight at Winchester; Frank Barlow, who came out of the war a distinguished general; Edwin Morton, and other classmates or friends—we resolved that we would not only read and listen to Emerson, whenever he published a book or gave a lecture, but



would visit him in Concord, if he would permit us, and consult the oracle within its own grove. Upon inquiry, Mr. Emerson consented to see us, did indeed invite four of us to his house in April, 1854—Charles Lowell, Horace Furness, John Bancroft, and myself. We went, spending the afternoon there in conversation with Emerson and his family, to which for the occasion were added a young lady or two, who could make vernacular responses if the oracular utterances languished, as sometimes happened in these meetings of young disciples. The company was cheerful, even gay, as I remember, especially at the tea-table, where were more jests than oracles; but the serious conversation and the inspiring influence of Emerson gave Lowell and me matter enough for talk all the way as we walked back through Lexington and West Cambridge to our college rooms, which we reached at two o'clock in the morning, the distance being a dozen or thirteen miles.

The larger party of students of which I have spoken, went to Emerson's house a month or six weeks later—May 20, 1854—Barlow, Morton, B. S. Lyman, James Hosmer and four or five more being of the company. This time four of us walked up from Cambridge to Concord, reaching the neighborhood of Emerson's house after one o'clock. By that time our young stomachs began to hint of dinner, but we had not been thoughtful enough to take rations with us, and there were no taverns on the Concord turnpike; so there was nothing for it but to ask for food at the farm-

houses. Three times we were refused, but at last at an Irishman's cottage, where once Ellery Channing lived, within sight of Emerson's chimneys, we got a frugal meal of bread and butter, washed down with milk, which, as it proved, was from Mr. Emerson's cows. The good woman, who was busy painting her kitchen, lamented that she had no better food to offer. "I'm shure, boys, it's dreadful I'm so all in a mess wid paintin', and you been walkin' so far," said she, with the kindest of smiles; and when we told her we were going to Mr. Emerson's, a neighbor of hers, she cried, "Ah, yes! and the best neighbor I have, he is, too," going on to praise him with her warm Irish heart.

Arriving at Emerson's we found our companions who came by railroad already there, and Mr. Alcott also present. We talked of the Cambridge system of instruction (in 1854), of Longfellow's success in literature, of our other professors (for it was our good fortune then to have Longfellow for a professor), and finally of Shakespeare. Speaking of the doubt concerning Shakespeare's religion—whether he were Catholic or Protestant—"You would hardly guess," I said, "from reading his plays, that he lived among Christians." Emerson replied that Shakespeare was a pagan in the best sense of that word; and then quoted Jones Very, the Salem poet and mystic, "who thought if he could move Shakespeare he could move the world"; and said to Mr. Emerson, "I begin to see him shake already." Mr. Alcott, who had sat silent all this time, was now called out by our host, and

said: "Is not the reason why we see no religion in Shakespeare because he was the only religious man the Anglo-Saxon race has yet blossomed into? Others have engrafted the Hebrew religion upon themselves; Jewry leads them and us by the nose. But Shakespeare's religion is that of the blood, and will be so understood by those who are fine enough to appreciate him." Said Emerson: "When we get what every man nowadays is seeking—a Bible which shall unite the faiths of all men—Shakespeare's sayings will have a large place in it; for his ethics are vast and rich." Mr. Alcott further expounded his idea that to each nation there is given a religion of its own, modified by the temperament of each, but the same at bottom. We in America are waiting for our religion. Speaking of American preachers, Emerson said: "In England, when I was there, they had no preachers like our Channing, who was the king of preachers. I did not hear Chalmers, but did hear Edward Irving, and disliked him." He added that he did not admire Charles Kingsley, but had not read his books much. Then we talked of the English metaphysicians, of Carlyle, whose daguerreotype, at the age of fifty, Emerson showed us; of Beaumont and Fletcher, and of many other topics which my minutes do not record.

These interviews and conversations were such as Emerson took part in without number for half a century, chiefly in his own house at Concord, but oftentimes at other houses there or in Boston. They gave him the chance of feeling the pulse of his

time and country, which no man could do better; and they also furnished one of the means of that subtle and potent influence he has exerted on American thought. To the last he engaged in such conversations, for which Concord was noted; though at last his part consisted wholly in listening and smiling at what was well said. He was present for the last time on such an occasion on the 15th of April, 1882,—three or four days only before he contracted the disease which terminated his life; and, as it happened, the subject presented (by Professor Harris) was Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

## CHAPTER XIX

### *Concord, Past and Present*

**L**ATE in 1854 Emerson proposed to me that I should take charge, in the spring of 1855, of the small school where I began my eight years of school-keeping. I had talked the matter over with him and with my family and friends, and I had a domestic reason for accepting the proposal. My sister Sarah, eight years older than I, had been a successful teacher in several towns, but had fallen into a condition of ill health and low spirits which distressed me, to whom she had been very attentive during my education, up to my entering college. I proposed to my mother, with whom she was then living, and whose house she owned after my parents died, that Sarah should accompany me to Concord, if I went there, should keep my house, and assist me in the school, if her spirits would permit. I also talked with her, and found she was ready for the experiment. On March 18, 1855, I got from Mr. Emerson a definite proposition, naming the sum I was to receive, if I took the school, with liberty to increase it by the addition of new pupils. I at once replied as follows:

CAMBRIDGE, March 14, 1855.

My dear Sir:

I received your letter this morning, and hasten to say that I will accept the school gladly, on your terms, and the following in addition: that I shall be for the present allowed to employ my sister as an assistant,—thus giving me more time for keeping up my college studies. I will myself have charge of the school, and be present to direct its course, but my sister, who is an experienced teacher, will be able materially to help me by hearing recitations, etc. I will, of course, pay her from my own salary.

Will you object to this arrangement, which will almost entirely remove the objections to my leaving Cambridge at this time? If you do not object, I will be ready to open the school on Monday, the 26th inst., if you desire me so soon. The salary you offer is ample, when taken in connection with the advantages of the place, and the prospects of the school,—and I should not wish any individual overtaxed to give me more.

I saw, at Mr. Parker's last night, a gentleman from New York, Mr. [F. L.] Olmsted, a friend of Mr. Brace and other good men there, who is here for a few days, and wishes to call on you if he can find you at home. Will you be so good as to write me in your answer to this, on what days of this week you will be in Concord? and I will communicate with Mr. Olmsted. And will you not answer this letter as soon as you may with convenience, that I may make my arrangements accordingly?

I write in haste to anticipate the closing of the mail. With many thanks for your kindness, I am always,

Yours sincerely,

FRANK. B. SANBORN.

Punctually was our appointment kept, and I opened the little school, half whose pupils were under twelve, on March 26. My sister came a few days later, and we were both very hospitably received at the houses of the village where we had introductions,—for Emerson's introduction passed current everywhere in Concord. Thoreau called in due form one evening in early April; Channing we had at any time, for we were under his roof, and the ladies at the Old Manse were most kind and friendly. The Alcotts were still in New Hampshire, and did not return to Concord for a year and a half. It was the last full year of Squire Hoar's life (the father and the grandfather of so many of that name, and in one sense the father of the village). He and his wife, the daughter of Roger Sherman, received us at their table, and I have never forgotten the old-fashioned politeness with which he said to my sister, as he raised the large cake-basket and extended it to her,—“Miss Sanborn,—if you will take a piece of this cake, you will do me a very great favor.”

Now what was and had been the town into which we were thus auspiciously entered, as if *ad eundem* from the younger university of Cambridge?—for the town of Bulkeley and Major Willard was three years older than the college of Lucy Downing and John Harvard at Cambridge.

The history of Concord had been briefly told by Emerson himself long before he became famous, far outside its limits and those of the small sect in which the fortune of birth and education had placed him,

—a man never intended for any sect, but, like Goldsmith's Burke, "born for the universe,"—yet, unlike Burke, incapable of "narrowing his mind" and giving up to party or sect what was meant for mankind. It was only on great occasions that the town of Concord, or any other town, rose to this height of incapacity. Emerson said, in the historical Address of 1885:

He is ill-informed who expects on running down the town records for 200 years, to find a church of saints, a metropolis of patriots, enacting wholesome and creditable laws. The constitution of towns forbids it. In this open democracy (the town-meeting) every opinion had utterance; and the vote of the town, like the vane on the turret overhead, was free for every wind to turn, and always turned by the last and strongest breath. In these assemblies the call of interest, duty, religion, were heard,—and every local feeling, every private grudge, every suggestion of petulance and ignorance were not less faithfully produced. If the good counsel prevailed, the sneaking counsel did not fail to be suggested; freedom and virtue, if they triumphed, triumphed in a fair field. I have set a value upon any symptom of meanness and private pique which I have met with in our antique records.

This was true for all time, as well as for the two centuries preceding; it has continued to be true, not only of town-meetings, but of the smaller or larger circles, religious, political or merely social, in which public opinion is made up from a seething mixture of interest, duty, religion, private grudges, open partialities, and "every suggestion of ignorance



and petulance." Looking back upon the public record of Concord, as a town opposed to human slavery, and friendly to every freedom of opinion, the eye fails to note, in the obscurity of the past, that it was usually only a small minority, headed by Emerson, that gave Concord in due time, after many struggles and defeats of the good cause, this present reputation.

When Emerson finally took up his residence in the village of his clerical ancestors, in 1834, after his return from Europe, he was hardly more in the majority on questions of religion, of politics, of philosophy, or of social duties than was his friend Carlyle in the enormous, noisy world of London. He had abandoned his Boston pulpit on an issue of conscience in which not a tithing of his Concord neighbors joined him; his own titular grandfather, Dr. Ripley, was strongly against him; so was his spirited Aunt Mary, who had done so much to favor and guide the original bent of his youthful mind; so were all the elders of the village churches, and the "Social Circle." He had lived in Concord five years before he was chosen into that club of twenty-five members—a tavern-keeper, a gunsmith and a farmer were preferred before him. His friends were many, but they were attracted by his nature and his hospitality, not by his independent attitude toward church and state; his visitors, of the increasing brotherhood of thinkers and reformers, were satirized and scoffed at by the Concord gatherings, whether in vestries, parlors or barrooms. Alcott and Thoreau were perhaps extreme instances of

this; the commonplace philosophy of the citizens and their wives had no room for the inspirations of the Transcendentalists. Theodore Parker had offered himself as a candidate for the pulpit of the established church (the First parish), but a dull and formal good man, who had no sympathy with the "newness," was preferred before the downright man of God from Lexington; probably the old enmity between the two battle-towns also weighed against Parker.

Active agitation against American slavery was confined to a few families, and in them chiefly to the women of the household. It was one of these, Mrs. Brooks, wife of one of the three or four village 'squires, who made the occasion, in 1844, for Emerson to declare himself on the side of the negro as against the slaveholder and the slave trader; whom Daniel Webster, even then, was practically shielding from the opprobrium that was settling down upon those benevolent assimilators of the Guinea coast and the Charleston slave-auctions. Earlier in time,—in the winter of 1842-3,—Alcott had been arrested and taken to jail, but not locked in, for refusing to pay taxes that went to support a slaveholding government; in which "civil disobedience," as Thoreau called it, when he took the same stand in 1845, the great majority of Concord citizens looked upon Alcott and Thoreau as troublesome fools. Sam Staples, the town constable and county jailer, had the true Yankee perception which made him see the matter otherwise. When Miss Helen Thoreau asked the good-humored

official, "What he thought Mr. Alcott meant,—what his idea was,"—Sam replied, "I vum, I believe it was nothin' but principle; for I never heerd a man talk honester."

In Thoreau's case (when one of his aunts paid his tax), principle was involved, but whim also, and that quizzical humor which for years misled Thoreau's critics into serious denunciation of him for unsettling the foundation of society. He wrote and published his reasons for refusing to be taxed, and his grounds for opposition to the existing Government of the United States, which, in less than twenty years afterward, accepted his view of slavery and abolished the whole institution at a great cost of life and labor. Thoreau did not live to see that result achieved, but he had divined and forecast it, in his energetic essay on John Brown, whom he knew and admired, as many of the citizens of Concord did.

But in peaceable times, the Concord majority sided with itself, and did not approve of people like the abolitionists and Transcendentalists, who would turn the world upside down, contrary to the peace and dignity of 'Squire K. and Madam H. Against such enemies of the constituted authorities,—yea, of the whole human race, as the village thrill of horror ran,—all the weapons of exhortation, gossip and Pharisaic aloofness were directed. Intolerance, that bosom serpent of New England, bestirred itself in a thousand ways, and the love of meddling with other people's affairs, so inbred in the Massachusetts freeman and clurch member, had

a dozen good moral excuses for its activity. Wendell Phillips used to say that a Yankee's idea of hell was "a place where everybody is compelled to mind his own business." The lord of the manor in England, and his kinsman and appointee, the parson, had a traditional right there to be meddling in the parish; in New England this right seemed to vest in a few leading citizens and their wives.

Now what would naturally be the effect of the introduction into a town like Concord, with these merits and foibles, of a man of genius and an intrinsic gentleman like Emerson? With his native superiority he could rise above the local prejudices, and with his sweetness of temper and love of the human race, he must gradually thaw and dissolve this crust of provincial prejudice, which stood in the way of free thought and independent activity. He was connected with the history of the town, and by many ties of blood and affinity with the old families; his superiority offended no man, so veiled was it by his simple and neighborly habits; his patronage or friendship with and for the unaccustomed visitants of Concord,—persons described by Hawthorne in his "Mosses" with pardonable exaggeration,—was regarded by the townsfolk as a benevolent eccentricity. He had a friendly regard to the old accustomed beggars and bores,—why not, then, for this new variety which haunted the village? The description of Hawthorne may be quoted as it often has been:

Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny,—yet were simply bores of a very intense water. They were attracted by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker, whose mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries came to seek the clew that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, —whose systems (at first air) had finally imprisoned them in an iron framework,—traveled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world, beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and, climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light also, as was unavoidable, attracted bats and owls and the whole host of night birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eye, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather.

Presently the fame of Emerson began to enhance the self-esteem of the town, which was never a negligible quantity. To be known as the home of Emerson, rather than as the scene of a battle, became a common fancy; it brought down into the passing century that renown which had begun to seem distant and legendary. He had readers in Concord, and an increasing number of them, but by no means a majority, even of the young, who

were most attracted. He had many more hearers, for with native courtesy and loyalty he gave the little lyceum, meeting in the parish vestry, the essays that were to delight audiences in Boston, New York and London. Thus he began to be viewed as a property of the town,—like the Library and the Antiquarian Museum of recent years; while his house was ever open to the townspeople, and he met with them on all public occasions, except the Sunday services at the church.

I saw in the reported address of President Eliot at the Boston Centenary of Emerson, a singular statement, "Emerson attended church on Sundays all his life with uncommon regularity." A regularity which kept him away from the Sunday services ten years at a time would certainly be called "uncommon," and such was his habit during the first twenty years that I knew him, from 1858 to 1878. I had reason to know his practice, for a considerable part of that time I often sat in Mrs. Emerson's pew, or, if not, at a point where I saw all its occupants; and though I may once or twice have seen Emerson in it, the occasions must have been very few. He afterward took up, in old age, the practice of his earlier life, and sat there with his wife and daughter, but for many years he was only seen at church rarely.

When I first went to reside at Concord, in 1855, I passed my Saturday night at one of the inns, then kept by a corpulent Democrat, Colonel Holbrook. On Sunday morning, intending myself to go to church, I asked my landlord what religious societies

there were in town. "Three," was his answer, "the Orthodox, the Unitarian, and the Walden Pond Association." What was that, I inquired. "Those people who never go to meeting, but walk in the woods on Sundays." "And which do you belong to?" "The Walden Pond Association." I went to church that morning, sat with Mrs. Emerson and the children, and in the afternoon went to walk with Emerson, who certainly at that era belonged to the Walden association, as did Alcott, Thoreau and Ellery Channing. In the house of the last-named I soon took up my abode, and had the habit, for some years, of dining with Thoreau at his mother's house opposite; so that I knew the habits of the fraternity very well. Thoreau had formerly walked to or from the woods rather ostentatiously while the villagers were going either to his aunt's church (the Trinitarian) or to Mrs. Emerson's (the Unitarian); but he had given up this form of protest when I knew him, and Emerson never indulged in it. He spent his Sunday mornings at home, not unfrequently dining at his own table with the visiting clergyman, and in the afternoon walked for two or three hours with his children or with visitors. At present more Christians play golf in Concord on Sunday than belonged to the Walden Pond Association in 1855.

It is a singular fact, on which I have much meditated, that in Concord, for most of the years that the great coterie of authors who now reflect credit on the little town, were living there and associating with one another, the general community had small

regard for any of them except Emerson. His claims were more intelligible to the ordinary citizen than those of Alcott, or Thoreau, or Hawthorne, or Channing. All these four, when I first lived in Concord, were regarded as oddities, and as more or less reprehensible in their eccentricity. Alcott's poverty, Hawthorne's unpopular politics, Thoreau's unsparing criticism, and Channing's caprice increased the dislike which was felt by the fancied leaders of the community. It is true they had peculiarities that might excuse the disregard felt for them by those who had not insight enough for their higher traits; but the men and women of education should have perceived, as a few of them did, the real eminence of the four, each in his own way.

Alcott was made superintendent of the town schools, but nearly twenty years after his first residence in the town; and Thoreau had been from the first drawn upon by the "Lyceum" of his native village for instructive, entertaining, or provoking lectures. But it can hardly be quoted to the credit of the people that, for a whole generation, and in spite of the suggestive fact that Emerson had vouched for each and all of the four, they had more honor outside of Concord than in it. "The craving, thankless town," said Emerson of Concord in 1848, when urging Thoreau at Staten Island to bring home to Concord some lecture for the winter campaign of the "Lyceum."

How did Thoreau bear himself in the hourly give and take of our village life? To what daily habits did his philosophy lead him? In the first



place, he was scrupulously honest and diligent,—no citizen in the plainest way of life was more industrious, or less disposed to avoid his chosen duties. He even preferred to support himself for years by manual labor, because he thought this form of industry left him more leisure for thought, which, with him, was the real business of life. Writing to Horace Greeley in May, 1848, he said that for five years past he had lived by the labor of his hands, not getting a cent from any other quarter. In this work, he estimated, only a month in each year had been used; the rest of the time he had for his own occupations and studies, and he thought few men of letters had so much leisure. He even railed at those scholars who complain that their fate is hard because they get little money,—who depend on patrons and starve in garrets, or at last go mad and die. Why should not the scholar, he said, if he is really wiser than the multitude, do rude work now and then? To such work Thoreau had been brought up, and he hardly ceased from it, so long as his physical strength lasted. His land-surveying, in all weathers and all wild places, which was a chief part of his labors while I knew him, was as hard as the work of the wood-chopper or the ditcher.

To the wishes and the activity of Alcott in the years 1878 and 1879 was due the opening of the School of Philosophy in the latter year; but the presence of a new philosophic element in the town (represented by S. H. Emery of Illinois, by his guide in philosophy, Professor Harris, then of St.

Louis, and the late Dr. Jones of Jacksonville, Ill.), was a determining factor in the success of the school. That this was a *new* element aroused again the mirth and the animosity of the villagers, at the thought of Philosophy invading their bailiwick. They had ceased to regard Emerson as a philosopher,—he was a townsman,—and Thoreau, extending his fame year by year, had also become, like Hawthorne long before, a glory to the town. But who and what were these new lights, who proposed to talk about “presuppositions” and “categories” and “totalities,” and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear? So the cry went up against the new school, and cheap jokes were current, and the skeptical curiosity of the gossips waited to see what would come of it all.

Although few persons knew it, the original idea of this School was Emerson's, and his proposed part in it was literary rather than philosophic. Or rather it was a common thought of Emerson and Alcott, thrown into the form of a proposition by Emerson in a letter to Margaret Fuller of August, 1840. He then wrote:

Alcott and I projected a whole university out of our straws. George Ripley, Henry Hedge, Theodore Parker, Mr. Alcott and I shall in some country town,—say Concord or Hyannis,—announce that we shall hold a semester for the instruction of young men, say from October to April. Each shall announce his own subject and topics, with what detail he pleases, and shall hold, say, two lectures or conversations thereon each week; the hours being so arranged that any pupil may attend all, if he

please. We may on certain evenings combine our total force for conversations; and on Sunday we may meet for worship, and make the Sabbath beautiful to ourselves. The terms shall be left to the settlement of the scholar himself. He shall understand that the teachers will accept a fee, and he shall proportion it to the sense of benefits received, and his means. Suppose, then, that Mr. Ripley should teach the history of opinion, theology, modern literature, or what else; Hedge, poetry, metaphysics, philosophy of history; Parker, history of paganism, of the Catholic church, the modern crisis, in short, ecclesiastical history; Alcott, psychology, ethics, the ideal life; and I, Beaumont and Fletcher, Percy's Reliques, rhetoric, belles lettres. Do you not see that, by the addition of one or two chosen persons, we might make a puissant faculty, and front the world without charter, diploma, corporation or steward? Do you not see that if such a thing were well and happily done, for 20 or 30 students only, at first, it would anticipate by years the education of New England? Now do you not wish to come here and join in such a work? We shall sleep no more; and we shall concert better houses, economies and social modes than any we have seen.

This plan contemplated a winter school, and for a longer term; but the peculiarities of the scheme were those of the Summer School of Philosophy, and the three persons, out of six named in 1840, who were alive in 1879, actually took part in our enterprise—Alcott, Emerson, and Dr. Hedge. Had the others lived they would no doubt have done so, too, for it was their wish to indoctrinate their age and country.

Among the many compliments that Concord has

received, none was more thorough or sincere than that which Alcott published in his volume of "Sonnets,"—a work too little known. It preceded by only a few months the attack which terminated his intellectual activity, and, with the exception of his *Monody on Emerson* and two unfinished sonnets, was the last of his poems:

CONCORD IN RETROSPECT.

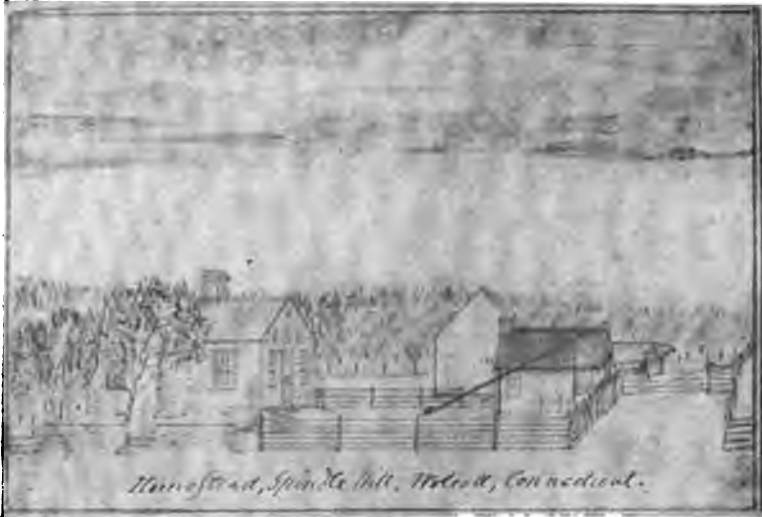
Calm vale of comfort, peace and industry,  
 Well doth thy name thy homebred traits express!  
 Considerate people, neighborly and free,  
 Proud of their monuments, their industry,  
 Their circling river's quiet loveliness,  
 Their noble townsmen's fame and history.  
 Nor less I glory in each goodly trait,—  
 Child of another creed, a stricter State:  
 I chose thee for my haunt in troublous time,  
 My home in days of late prosperity,  
 And laud thee now in this familiar rhyme;  
 Here on thy bosom the last summons wait  
 To scenes, if lovelier, still reflecting thee,  
 Resplendent both in hope and memory.

Emerson highly valued and appreciated the two Adams Presidents, whom he knew; but the younger, John Quincy Adams, did not return the appreciation. He said that when a boy, he "smoked tobacco and read Milton" at the same time and from the same motive, "to find out what was the recondite charm in them that gave my father so

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**MAY ALCOTT'S EAST STUDIO, ORCHARD HOUSE**  
*(From her sketch)*



**BIRTHPLACE OF BRONSON ALCOTT**  
*(From his own sketch)*

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much pleasure." In his old age Emerson puzzled him just as much. Writing, in 1840, when he was seventy-three years old, and Transcendentalism in its perigee, Mr. Adams said:

A young man (he was then 37), named Ralph Waldo Emerson (a son of my once-loved friend, William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented George), after failing in the everyday occupations of Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of Transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison and the non-resistant abolitionists, Brownson and the Marat democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling cauldron of religion and politics.

This old man virulent could have included Hawthorne in this invective, had he ever heard of him, for Hawthorne belonged then, as Bancroft and Whittier did, to what he called "the Marat democrats."

When Mr. Adams, returned from his diplomacies in Europe, was practicing them at home under Colonel Monroe, Emerson, in Harvard College with George Adams, was periodically collecting the rents of an old scholarship in land at Chelsea, shortly before graduating in 1821. Thoreau once told me that he enjoyed the same rents in 1836-7, on condition of collecting them himself. One of the earlier letters of Emerson in my possession re-

lates to this charity for poor scholars. It is directed to John Sales, Esq., and runs thus:

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Boston, Jan. 1, 1821

Mr. John Sales.

Sir: I wished to avoid giving Deacon Morrill further trouble on my account & have not carried him the *Order* for the rent of the ground at Pullen Point. It would much oblige us if you would call at my mother's, No. 24 Franklin Place, when you are in Boston, as it is but a few minutes walk from State Street, & the *Order* shall be ready. If this is not practicable, will you inform us by a note what day it will be convenient to you & my brother or myself will walk to Chelsea.

Yours with respect,

RALPH W. EMERSON.

It was no doubt Emerson who suggested Thoreau for this succession to himself in the charity; and this was but one of the thousand acts of kindness he was constantly performing.

No man was ever less patronizing than this noble friend of mankind, whose whole life was a series of benefactions. Where other men would have made claims, Emerson confessed benefits, and avoided the gratitude that pursued him. As Channing wrote of him:

So Vernon lived,  
 Considerate to his kind! His love bestowed  
 Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done,  
 But with a mellow goodness like the sun  
 He shone o'er mortal hearts, and brought their buds  
 To blossom early—thence ripe fruit and seed.



Forbearing too much counsel, yet with blows  
In pleasing reason urged, he took their thoughts  
As with a mild surprise—and they were good  
Even though they knew not whence the motive came,  
Or once suspected that from Vernon's breast,  
That warm, o'er-circling heart, their impulse flowed.

If I seem to be exhibiting the moral qualities of Concord authors rather than their intellectual traits, it may be said that these qualities were of the essence of their genius. It was the heart of love, the wide-seeing and far-reaching sympathy of soul in Hawthorne, and still more in Emerson, which made the substance of that genius. Through them spoke "the philosophy of Democracy," as Lord Lytton said—Democracy, which is but another name for what is best in Christianity. Yet, be it observed that these genuine democrats did not lose sight of distinctions, that they did full justice, in their creations and their instructions, to whatever is distinguished by nature, by culture, or by grace and art. They were not levelers, but uplifters; they paid their homage to beauty more than to utility, to ideals more than to institutions, to the future rather than the past. Next to Franklin—who had the same gentle, humane character, but with a greater infusion of everyday prudence—next to Franklin they polished our style and taught young America how to write its mother tongue. Their thoughts plunged deep and soared high; their influence, which has long been potent, has by no means exhausted its power.

Emerson's death was befitting of such a life; but it was preceded by a long period of mental decline, in which he seemed to withdraw himself into a seclusion more entire than any his former life had known. But the sweetness of his spirit was never lost, and he smiled upon his friends from his death-bed as beautifully as he had ever done in his long intimacy with them and with the great world, to which he belonged far more than they did. Few of his earlier intimates survived him; Thoreau and Hawthorne, Clough and Carlyle, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Hoar and Mrs. Ripley had preceded him in death; but Alcott and Ellery Channing and some younger members of the Concord circle still remained. The center of this circle was Emerson, who, besides his intellectual gifts, in which he excelled them, could approach the problems of life and the duties of friendship with a sincerity, a tolerance, a sacred ardor and a cheerful courage, which others learned to emulate, if they had not those traits by nature.

*Bronson Alcott and His Family*

**W**HEN Bronson Alcott died, in March, 1888, at his daughter's house in Louisburg Square, Boston, that event removed one of the last living monuments of that great epoch of thought and will in New England which, in its various manifestations of religion, philosophy, politics, literature and art, gave birth to our present national condition,—just as the Revolutionary epoch fifty or sixty years earlier gave birth to our national existence. In the first period—that of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and the Adamses—Virginia took the lead, and provided America with great men fitted for any exigency of war and peace; while New England ably seconded or moderated by opposition the towering influence of the Virginians. In the second period New England took the lead and provided America with great ideas, presented by great men; while Virginia and the South would not second, and could not control, nor scarcely moderate, the onward movement of New England thought. The new West came in as the hand of this movement, of which Massachusetts was the head,—and through Grant, Sherman, and other executive men, accomplished the military work; while Lincoln, sum-

ming up in himself the old Virginian greatness of soul, and the New England and Western activity of thought, presided wisely over the main tasks of war and peace. From Emerson, Garrison, Theodore Parker, Charles Sumner, and other Massachusetts minds proceeded the impulse toward the new order of things; and in their company, from first to last, stood Alcott—older than any, yet surviving them all, and fortunate in seeing the full accomplishment of what had seemed so hopeless to most eyes but his, when he helped Garrison form the first anti-slavery society in Massachusetts, and joined with Emerson, a few years later, in that Transcendental crusade, which had such feeble immediate, but unmeasured ultimate, results. Like all crusades, it was both defeated and successful,—balked of its direct aim, but prosperous beyond expectation in its consequences.

Those who only saw Alcott in his latter years, after the world in general became possessed of the same ideas which he so long cherished and uttered among a few friends, can scarcely understand his power over those who listened to his oracles in the period from 1835 to 1850. It was then that he produced the profound impression on Emerson which was never forgot nor disclaimed. At the same time, the sage of Concord understood with how little faith the world would hear these oracles. Emerson had early written to a friend who contended against the overpowering influence of Alcott:

You do well to defend with all your might the totter-

ing walls of our Troy, which this Achilles, coming forth from the Infinite, in his coat of many colors, is bent on attacking. But attack and defense are alike in vain; the world that listens to him with wonder will say,—“Dost think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?” and will go on its old way. He will not shake a single Unitarian association, and even the Thursday Lecture will survive him.

This was humor; the “great and Thursday lecture” is long since deceased; and many a form of evil against which Alcott took up his testimony has gone to decay. Yet the distance between the prophet and the accomplishment of his prophecy was as great as ever; the repulsion that kept the world away from its oracular benefactor continued in play, and with all his lovers and his hospitalities he died as lonely as he had lived.

“Not even the dearest heart and next our own,  
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh.”

Who can tell to what achievements, what fragrance of character, fame is granted or denied? The busiest and noisiest, and even the wittiest, of men pass from remembrance, while renown attests the single deed of a quiet life, the almost unobserved grace or virtue of some person whose very name has perished. Which among neglected widows in Jerusalem was she whose two mites “which make a farthing” are as memorable as any coin of Alexander or the Cæsars? The memory of Alcott, like that of Socrates, will not rest on books written

or causes triumphantly maintained, but on the distinction and originality of his own nature. In a frivolous age he was earnest; amid the self-seeking and the successful, he sought first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness; amongst those who knelt before the shrine or the idol, he worshiped the divinity, standing erect and serene as becomes the priesthood. His very inability to expound his own philosophy may heighten its effect with posterity; for much will be ascribed to principles which wrought such changes when they took form as a popular impulse, and when

“The astonished Muse found thousands at her side.”

For an intellectual estimate of Alcott the customary standards are of little value; his center was everywhere and his circumference nowhere, and his logical progress was not by steps but by an upward flight. He could write well, and often did, but much that he wrote is only a shadow of his elusive meaning, which sought expression as readily in quotation as in statement. Argument was impossible to him, and his reasoning often wavered between indefinite premise and inconsequent conclusion; but a deep spiritual meaning was usually at the bottom of his periphrastic, puzzling style. His best book is the little volume of “Sonnets,”—there came in his genius for “the discerning of spirits,” and his deep love of mankind; while the limits of the verse fenced in his wandering rhetoric, and heightened his sententious wisdom.

*Thoreau's Portrait of Bronson Alcott*

In one of the later chapters of his "Walden," published in 1854, but written as early as 1846-7, Thoreau drew one of the best pen-portraits of Alcott (without naming him) which was ever written. It occurs in his account of his "winter visitors," was written with great pains and with much revision, in two or three drafts, which contain some good points not found in the printed copy, wherein also are one or two errors of the press. The following is a better copy, made up from all the drafts:

During my last winter at the Pond (1846-47) there was one welcome visitor, who came occasionally from the village, through snow and rain and darkness, till he saw my taper through the trees, and shared with me some long winter evenings. The last of the philosophers, whom Connecticut gave to the world, he peddled first her wares,—afterwards, as he declares, his brains. With nothing to show for his pains, however,—without special talents, he lives prompting God and disgracing man; bearing for fruit his brain only, as the nut its kernel. I think that he must be the man of the most faith of any alive. He never wavers. His words and his attitude always suppose a better and a truer state than other men are acquainted with. It is one of his merits, surely, that he will be the last man to be disappointed as the ages revolve, for he anticipates more than any. God will find it hard to astonish him. Though disregarded now, when his day comes, laws unsuspected by most will take effect; and the practical everywhere, masters of families and rulers, will come to him for advice:

“How blind, that cannot see serenity.”

He is a true friend of man, and has the simplest, purest and healthiest sympathy with the race,—almost the only friend of human progress. An Old Mortality,—say rather an Immortality, with unwearied patience and faith making plain the image engraven in men’s bodies, the God of whom they are but defaced and leaning monuments. With his hospitable intellect he embraces children, beggars, insane and scholars, and entertains the thought of all, adding to it, commonly, some breadth and elegance. I think that he should keep an inn, a caravansery, on the world’s highway, where the thinkers of all nations might put up, and on his sign should be written, “Entertainment for Man and not for his beast.” “Enter all ye that have leisure and a quiet mind, who earnestly, but without anxiety, seek the right road.” A thought floats as serenely and as much at home in his mind as a duck pluming herself on a far inland lake. He is, perhaps, the sanest man and has the fewest crotchets of any I chance to know; the same yesterday and to-morrow. Of yore we had sauntered and talked, and effectually put the world behind us; for he was pledged to no institution in it,—free-born, *ingenuus*. There we worked, revising mythology, rounding a fable here and there, and building castles in the air, for which earth offered us no worthy foundation. Whichever way we turned, it seemed that the heavens and the earth had met together, since he enhanced the beauty of the landscape. A blue-robed man, whose fittest roof is the overarching sky which reflects his serenity. I do not see how he can ever die; Nature cannot spare him.

Great Thinker! Great Expecter! to converse with whom was a New England Night’s Entertainment. Ah! such discourse we had,—hermit and philosopher,—and the Old



Settler I have spoken of,—we three; it expanded and cracked my little house. I should not dare to say how many pounds weight there was, above the atmospheric pressure on every circular inch; it opened its seams so that they had to be caulked and payed with much dullness thereafter, to stop the consequent leak;—but I had enough of that kind of oakum already picked.

### *The Alcott Conversations*

My acquaintance with the Alcott family began in 1852, as I have said, and though I did not see so much of them before they returned to Concord in 1857, as after that, yet I met some one or more of them frequently in the five intervening years. I did not visit them at Walpole, as Thoreau did in 1856, but Louisa was often in Boston during her attendance on the services at the Music Hall, and her father was in the habit of spending days in Concord with his friends there. While I was in college he sometimes came out to the rooms of my intimates, and occasionally dined with us there. He was at the Albion dinners in Boston in 1854, and occasionally at Theodore Parker's evening receptions, as Louisa often was; but there was not a very cordial feeling between a man so active and practical as Parker, and a meditative, leisurely man like Alcott. In the Boston conversations held by Alcott from 1848 to 1859 (when Parker left the country), the great preacher was often present, to give his aid pecuniarily or conversationally; but he rather hindered than helped the talker of the evening. In one of the January conversations of 1848,

Parker and Emerson clashed a little over Parker's demand for more exact definition of terms, which gave rise to Alcott's epigram, "To define is to confine." Emerson said,—“If this company were a class in logic, and that (pointing to Mr. Alcott) were the professor's chair, it would indeed be right to call for definitions. But in a free, general conversation, the object rather is to draw forth remarks. Our English friend, the late Mr. Greaves, wrote over his mantel when conversations were held, 'Let every one freely offer his own opinion, but let no one remark upon another's.'”

*Parker.*—“In such conversation the result could be told in the words of Scripture,—‘The multitude separated, and no man knew wherefore they came together.’”

This was a natural comment of Parker's, and one often made; but usually by persons who did not fully enter into the spirit of the session. However, Alcott was oftentimes not at his best; nor could he calculate with certainty on his own genius and the receptive capacity of his hearers. It was in the next year, 1849, that the philosophy and literature of Boston and vicinity “globed itself,” as Alcott might have said, into the shortlived “Town and Country Club,” whose autograph list of members adorns my pages, copied from Alcott's “Biographical Collections,”—a kind of annex to his Diaries. Thoreau was rather unwilling to join this Club, though he did not absolutely refuse; but almost all the literary men, with none of the women of the period, put their names on this roll, of which

the heading is in the bold hand of Emerson. Thoreau was now and then present at a Boston conversation of Alcott, and always at the Concord gatherings of the sort,—at least after I knew him. When Miss Littlehale first saw and heard him in Boston, early in 1848, she thus chronicled the fact, without spelling the name correctly:

Sunday, January 15, 1848. We had a nice pleasant time at Mr. Alcott's Conversation last night, although I could hardly say it was very fine. Your friend William Chace was there, and I tried hard to hear him talk. He was discussing something with Thorault (*sic*) but he spoke low, and he seemed to have an ear to our conversation when we were talking with Mr. Alcott. He also (W. C.) amused himself with scowling at us under his heavy eyebrows, in a peculiar style. I wondered what was going on in that whimsical brain of his. He ought to talk there,—it's absurd not to; he has enough to say, I doubt not, and could say it well. I suppose he would not even affect diffidence. But Thorault amused me the most. He is all overlaid by an imitation of Emerson; talks like him, puts out his arm like him, brushes his hair in the same way, and is even getting up a caricature nose like Emerson's. Yet he has something in himself,—else he would be altogether disgusting and ridiculous; as it is, 'tis funny. I really enjoyed it all the evening, and wanted to say to him, as the child did to Judge Smith, of Exeter,—“Man, talk more!” He was not a living man,—he was a phenomenal creature. This is, of course, surface criticism, but true as far as it goes. My criticism on myself would be far more severe and fatal; shall I confess how much I am dwelling in outsides and traditions? As Mr. Brown said last night, “Is it not the

tragedy of this world that men should be called to love with a self-sacrificing love, instead of to live? that another must be crucified for our redemption, instead of our being saviors to ourselves?"

This may be taken as a fair sample of the indifference or repugnance of lively young women to Thoreau's aspect and manner at the age of thirty. It was otherwise as he grew older and mingled more in society.

*Mrs. Alcott*

Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, and other men of note had their compliments for Alcott, but few of the literary class, except Alcott himself, seemed fully to appreciate Mrs. Alcott, who, in her way, was the equal and fit companion of her husband, and in writing the peer of her daughter, had she ever written for the public, as her father and daughter did. Of Mary Emerson her nephew told me that in her prime "she was the best writer in Massachusetts,"—the Massachusetts, we must remember, of Channing and Everett, of Bryant, Dana, William Austin and the early *North American Review*. So much could not be said of Miss May, who became Mrs. Alcott, nor had she the wide and profound reading of Miss Emerson; but she was bred to books, and in his sonnets to her Alcott recited some of her early studies:

These wells of learning tastes she at the source,—  
Johnson's poised periods, Fenelon's deep sense,  
Taylor's mellifluous and sage discourse,  
Majestic Milton's epic eloquence;

and so on. She was a Bostonian, the daughter of Colonel May and the granddaughter of Parson Sewall, and had the education befitting a member of the King's Chapel church, of which her father was one of the wardens. In 1872, at the request of some friend, she wrote this brief account of her family and education. It should have been used by Louisa in writing her mother's biography, for which, about 1878, Mr. Alcott copied from his wife's letters and diaries material enough for a considerable volume, which Louisa had never quite the spirits to edit.

I was born October 8, 1800, christened at King's Chapel, Boston, by Rev. Dr. James Freeman, and named for my grandmother, Abigail May. My father was Colonel Joseph May, my mother, Dorothy Sewall, and I was the youngest of twelve children. Born sickly, and nursed by a sickly woman, I have survived all my family. My schooling was much interrupted by ill-health; but I danced well, and at the dancing-school (1812-14), remember having for partners some boys who afterward became eminent divines.

I did not love study, but books were always attractive. In 1819 I went to pass a year with Miss Allyn, of Duxbury, daughter of Rev. Dr. Allyn, the parish minister, who assisted me in reviewing my studies. With her I studied French, Latin, botany, read history extensively, and made notes of many books, such as Hume, Gibbon, Hallam's "Middle Ages," Robertson's "Charles V.," etc. In October, 1825, my mother died. In 1827, while at my brother's, in Brooklyn, Conn., I met Mr. Alcott, whose views on education were very attractive. I was charmed by his modesty, his earnest desire to promote better ad-

vantages for the young. Not an educated man himself, he was determined that the large fund of Connecticut for educational purposes should be used for higher ends than was the case at that time.

The same year, 1827, Dr. Joseph Tuckerman, with Mrs. Minot, Miss Cabot (afterward Mrs. Follen), my sister Mrs. Greele, and others, suggested an infant school in Boston. Mr. Alcott was sent for to organize such a school. This brought him to Boston, and I had further opportunities of becoming acquainted with him.

It was not until 1828 that the Boston school was begun, but an active correspondence sprang up between the young lady from Boston and the Connecticut reformer of schools. In a letter of March, 1828, Miss May said:

You inquire about my reading. I have read Locke, Stewart, Brown,—the latter twice. But my reading for the last few years has been rather desultory. My health has been so variable, and domestic trials have at times so oppressed my mind, that I have been guided by the taste of the moment as to the choice of a book. We are at present reading "Napoleon" by Scott. Dr. Channing has reviewed it in his masterly style.

During the early engagement of Miss May and Mr. Alcott, they were invited to a Sunday dinner by her grandmother's sister, the Miss Quincy who at first married the wealthy patriot of the Declaration of Independence, and then a younger and more domestic husband, Captain Scott. It was under this name that she asked her grand-niece and the

Connecticut philosopher to dine; and Mr. Alcott has left this record of the noonday visit:

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

*A Boston Dame of the Revolution*

This old lady is known as the former wife of Governor Hancock, and still (Oct., 1828) considers herself invested with the honors of Revolutionary respect. She is fond of society, even at her advanced years; to enjoy it she is constantly admitting persons of her acquaintance to visit her, being too much absorbed in her own madamism to visit others. Such persons she receives to her august presence as she sits in her chair; their happiness appears to consist in attendance at her house, and in the entertainment she there offers,—herself, her table, the wine, her association with Governor Hancock, whom she speaks of by the familiar name of “My Mr. Hancock,” still retaining her primary idea of possession. She seems to be a lady of very little force of mind, depending upon the idea of her connection with Mr. Hancock as the basis of her fame and greatness. Her manners are very abrupt, though apparently very sincere, and the sincerity and amiableness of her disposition make her interesting even in her foibles. We were the sole guests on this occasion; seated in her chair she received us familiarly, and with courtly pleasantry rallied herself on the honor of this new alliance with her name. The roast beef was placed upon the table; she would carve herself. “Mr. Hancock’s wrist was lame; she learned to carve when living with him, and had not forgotten how,” etc.

*Louisa Alcott*

Dressed in this great aunt’s brocade, or the finery of her grandmother, Miss Alcott was a stately figure on the amateur stage, where I often acted in

private theatricals with her and her sisters before the war. In spite of narrow means and the loss of their modest sister Elizabeth, who died soon after they returned to Concord from New Hampshire in the winter of 1857-58, the Alcotts were a cheerful family, with a fine turn for dramatic parts and for lively society.

They had first appeared in Concord in the spring of 1840, when Louisa was seven years old, and took up their abode in the Hosmer cottage, at the extreme west end of the village. May Alcott, the youngest child, was there born in July, 1840, and there the English friends of Mr. Alcott, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, spent with the family the winter of 1842-43, before setting forth for Fruitlands, their little community, in May, 1843. They came back to Concord, disillusioned, late in 1844, and resided for a time with Edmund Hosmer, where about that time George William Curtis and his brother Burrill, fresh from Brook Farm, lived a few months. In 1845, Mrs. Alcott, with some family property, bought the house known now as "The Wayside," since Hawthorne bought and re-named it in 1852. The Alcotts had called it Hillside, and had passed pleasant childish years there. Louisa's story-telling gift was developed here, and in the barn her earliest plays were acted by herself and her sisters and schoolmates. In her earlier years at Concord she had been for a short time a pupil of Henry Thoreau, and still earlier of her father's Boston school; her other education came irregularly from her parents, from a temporary governess, and



sometimes from town schools: but she always missed the careful education that most of the Concord girls had, either in public or private schools. Louisa drew her subjects oftenest from her own family and ancestors, and was much nourished on the Boston traditions handed down by her mother. Much of old Boston survived in Louisa. She was feelingly commemorated by the philosopher Alcott in his volume of *Octogenarian Sonnets*, every one of which was composed after he was eighty and printed in his eighty-third year. Remembering her enthusiasm as a hospital nurse in the second year of the Civil War, and that her experiences in the army hospital at Washington, as published in 1868, in the *Boston Commonwealth* newspaper, first made her known and dear to her countrymen, he thus, in 1880, addressed her in verse:

TO MY DAUGHTER LOUISA

When I remember with what buoyant heart,  
'Midst war's alarms and woes of civil strife,  
In youthful eagerness thou didst depart,  
At peril of thy safety, peace, and life,  
To nurse the wounded soldier, swathe the dead,—  
How piercéd soon by Fever's poisoned dart,  
And brought unconscious home, with wildered head,  
Thou ever since, 'mid languor and dull pain  
(To conquer fortune, cherish kindred dear),  
Hast with grave studies vexed a sprightly brain,—  
In myriad households kindling love and cheer;  
Ne'er from thyself by Fame's loud trump beguiled,  
Sounding in this and the farther hemisphere:—  
I press thee to my heart as Duty's faithful child.

Ellery Channing, with the strongest artistic temperament, could never subject himself to the discipline which the hand of the artist needs. May Alcott, with the same natural aversion to discipline, did, in fact, thus subject herself, by her force of will. Though long in acquiring the trained hand and eye of the finished painter, she succeeded at last; first as a copyist of Turner's water-colors, which she reproduced better (as Ruskin thought) than anyone,—and then as a painter in oils. She married and died (1879) just as success in her art began to smile upon her. She wrote well, in a lively and instructive manner, but published little. She had the talent for society, and the taste for it which her sisters lacked, but which her father, in spite of his early asceticism, constantly manifested, and for which his graceful and high-bred manners so remarkably qualified him. I can never forget the admiration of Alcott's bearing in society which Thomas Cholmondeley, the English nephew of Bishop Heber, and of Scott's friend, Richard Heber, vividly manifested when meeting him for the first time at a Boston dinner. As I walked with Cholmondeley from this dinner to a Boston bookstore, where he wished to buy some of the Concord books, he said to me in his high falsetto voice: "What distinguished manners your friend has! He has the manners of a *very great Peer*" (with that touch of awe in his tone which few Englishmen unlearn when speaking of princes and dukes, and especially of the duchesses of their three kingdoms). It must be said that none of Alcott's de-

scendants inherited this manner; it had come to him by long descent from distant ancestors, and had been heightened by association with the plantation lords of Virginia in his youth,—the class which then, in its best examples, had the finest American courtesy, as seen in that Colonel Dabney of Virginia, whose life was coeval with Alcott's and has been well related by his daughter.

In September, 1845, Alcott heard from his brother Ambrose that his brother Junius was "de-ranged" and went at once to his birthplace in Wolcott, Conn., to attend to his family there. Charles Lane charitably adds that perhaps Alcott's own troubles were due to insanity. In after years Alcott was inclined to the same view. When I was editing the *Boston Commonwealth* in 1868 (in which Louisa's *Hospital Sketches* first appeared) he brought me a revised copy of his account of his despair at the failure of the Fruitlands venture, which I published in this form:

#### THE RETURN

*Patriae quis exul  
Se quoque fugit?*

*As from himself he fled,  
Outcast, insane,  
Tormenting demons drove him from the gate:  
Away he sped,  
Casting his joys behind,—  
His better mind:*

*Recovered,  
Himself again,  
Over his threshold led,  
Peace fills his breast,—  
He finds his rest,—  
Expecting angels his arrival wait.*

This verse describes the period of despair, following the manifest failure of his dream of an earthly Eden in a New England winter.

There was some foundation for Alcott's despair at Fruitlands, and the ill success that had followed him after the flourishing Temple School in Boston. Emerson, the gentlest and least exacting of men, looking at his friend's situation a few years after the Fruitlands episode, wrote in his private journal:

The plight of Mr. Alcott! The most refined and the most advanced soul we have had in New England; who makes all other souls appear slow and cheap and mechanical; a man of such courtesy and greatness that in conversation all others, even the intellectual, seem sharp, and fighting for victory and angry,—while he has the unalterable sweetness of a Muse! Yet because he cannot earn money by his talk or his pen, or by schoolkeeping, or bookkeeping, or editing,—or any kind of meanness,—nay, for this very cause, that he is ahead of his contemporaries, is higher than they, and keeps himself out of the shop condescensions and smug arts which they stoop to,—or, unhappily, need not stoop to, but find themselves, as it were, born to; therefore, it is the unanimous opinion of New England judges that this man must die! We do not adjudge him to hemlock or garroting,—we are much

too hypocritical and cowardly for that. But we not less securely doom him by refusing to protest against this doom, or combine to save him, and to set him in employments fit for him and salutary for the State.

As to the insanity which Lane's charity suggested, and which Alcott's humility accepted as an occasion of his despair,—it was less Alcott's condition than that of the community which did not see his value. I was for nearly a quarter-century (1868-1888), officially inspecting the insane of Massachusetts, and in that period saw every variety of that malady among the 20,000 of that class who passed under my consideration. Insanity, so little understood by most of us, has certain features by which it is differentiated from those passing moods of enthusiasm, grief, ambition, or desire, with which the shallow confound it. Alcott and John Brown were enthusiasts; they were never insane, but at the farthest remove from it. The Southern disunionists and champions of slavery who inspired our great Rebellion and brought on the Civil War, were ambitious enthusiasts, who miscalculated the future and their own possibilities as wildly, and far more calamitously to themselves and others, than did Alcott and Lane at Fruitlands; but they were never insane, even in their most cherished delusions. Such comparisons might be indefinitely extended; but these are sufficient. Insanity could never be predicated of Bronson Alcott.

How then about his unpracticality, which was

so often charged against him, and which made him the target for cheap wit? He was born into a world of material comfort and prosaic achievement, but completely outside of his proper place and time, of which he was ever in advance, both in sentiment and idea. As I had occasion to say near the close of my *Memoir* of him, published in 1893:

He should have inherited ample estates in a society friendly to culture and not inhospitable to thought; such a position as many English gentlemen have held, and from which they have stepped forth upon occasion, to render great service to their country and the world. Clarendon said of the poet Waller that he was "a very pleasant discourser, and therefore grateful to all kind of company, where he was not the less esteemed for being very rich." So it would have been a temporary advantage to Alcott, had he possessed an assured income, such as exalts, in every Anglo-Saxon mind, the worth of opinions that come from men of property. Lord Chatham, dwelling on the merits of the American army under Washington, assured the House of Lords in the most serious manner, as a high compliment, "that the Virginia gentleman who commands that army has an assured income of not less than four thousand pounds sterling." A quarter part of that income would have freed this Connecticut gentleman from three-quarters of the ridicule which vulgar persons in fine linen bestowed upon him.

Such advantage was denied him, and his Fruitlands scheme, though it would have failed in any case, seemed more hopelessly to fail because Alcott had not, like Robert Owen, much property to spend in such fruitless philanthropy. Yet it brought its

own compensations, and left the whole Alcott family richer for this romantic experience, with its sad termination. It prepared Alcott to face more patiently the storms of later life, and to train his daughter, who was his best single gift to the world, better for her conspicuous service.

In 1902 Mrs. Anne Lovejoy Clark, daughter of the Lovejoys who owned the Still River house in which the Alcotts took refuge in 1844, published a pleasing little book, *The Alcotts in Harvard*, in which some kindly reparation is made for the insults heaped on the Fruitlands ascetics in the town history of Harvard. She does justice to the high purpose of the family, and rescues the children from the epithet of "sad-faced" which the historian Nourse had chosen for them, wholly without warrant. If children were ever gay and wild, as well as industrious and inventive, they were the Alcott girls. Their education was never neglected, and perhaps the best part of it was the family perplexities, and the way they were endured and overcome.

*Mrs. Waldo Emerson*

Mary Emerson was not thought at first to look with much favor on Miss Jackson of Plymouth, who in 1835 became the second Mrs. Emerson. Soon after the marriage she said to her, with the acid sweetness that she sometimes affected: "You know, dear, that we think you are among us, but not of us." In truth, Mrs. Emerson held a position in religion midway between the gloomy, fading Calvinism of Mary Emerson, and the intuitive, ideal

Theism of her nephew. She valued ancient forms, while she welcomed the newer and broader light beginning to shine through them. She was a stately, devoted, independent person, with something the air, when I knew her (the last forty years of her long life), of a lady abbess, relieved of the care of her cloister, and given up to her garden, her reforms, and her unceasing hospitalities. She had that regard for social observances which Mary Emerson scorned or forgot,—but she could free her mind in dissent or reproof with an energy that equaled Aunt Mary's, though without leaving a barb in the wound inflicted. Bronson Alcott, whom she knew well, and did not always spare in her infrequent censures,—for, like all generous natures, she preferred to praise or be silent rather than to blame in public,—drew her picture in this point very well, among those portraying Sonnets in which so many of his friends appear “vively limned,” as old Marston says. After complimenting her for noble companionship, and native piety,

Embosomed in the soul that smiles on Fate,  
Fountain of youth, still sparkling o'er the brim; —

Alcott goes on:

Then I recall thy salient quick wit,  
Its arrowy quiver and its supple bow,—  
Huntress of wrong! right well thy arrows hit,  
Though from the wound thou seest the red drops  
    flow:  
I much admire that dexterous archery,  
And pray that *sinnere* may thy target be.'



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**THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD**

## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

I have given some of my early verses in Chapter XI and could give a good many written in later years, if there were any call for them. At New Year's, 1861, when I had just entered my thirtieth year, I gave for a holiday present the engraving on the opposite page, in a larger form, and on the back of it wrote these verses, which, as I read them now, after nearly half a century, seem worth printing,— a fortune they have not heretofore had. It will be seen that they illustrate the picture, the painter of which I never knew, but suspect it may have been Burne Jones.

The ~~soft~~red sunlight ceased to burn  
Among the sighing leaves,  
And darker grew the quivering fern,—  
Ah me! my heart it grieves.

The briar, but not in anger caught  
Her sheeny satin gown;  
"Perchance she'll eat my berries," thought  
That gentle-hearted clown.

She wept, — for all her brother said, —  
The Boy was sadly brave;  
Ah, where should fall the tears she shed  
But over her own grave?

In winter storms the neighboring oak  
With groans the rest shall tell;  
And Robins, since they ne'er awoke,  
Forever chant their knell.

CONCORD, January 1, 1861.

With many months and even years of invalidism, Mrs. Emerson, who was born in Plymouth a few months before her illustrious husband in Boston, outlived him by ten years, and saw her ninetieth birthday before she died, in November, 1892. She was a woman of excellent New England culture, and much practical good sense, for which she did not always get full credit; of high aims and outflowing goodness of heart, showing itself in mercy towards all animate things; and of a certain susceptibility on the side of the supernatural, which might be misunderstood by those who knew her but casually. She made no claims for herself, though strenuous for the causes she espoused; but she went on her own intellectual and spiritual way, very slightly affected by the views of those about her, even of such as she loved,—and she hated no one. The tribute paid her by Thoreau, after living long under her friendly roof, was sincere and deserved. He said: “I thank you for your influence for two years. I was fortunate to be subjected to it, and am now to remember it. It is the noblest gift we can make; what signify all others that can be bestowed? You have helped to keep my life ‘on loft,’ as Chaucer says of Griselda,—and in a better sense. You always seemed to look down at me as from some elevation,—some of your high humilities,—and I was the better for having to look up.” Along with this unassuming loftiness there went the considerate and the playful qualities; and I have often been her partner at whist, which I dare say her poet-philosopher never was.

Mrs. Waldo Emerson had many guests and many visitors, of whom Thoreau was one of the most considerate housemates. This could hardly be said of Mary Emerson, of whom her nephew wrote: "Her wit was so fertile, and only used to strike, that she never used it for display, any more than a wasp would parade his sting."

Nothing could be more descriptive of this side of her genius. Combined with what Emerson called his "fatal gift of perception," which was equally bestowed upon this aunt, and was an Emerson trait, handed down for generations, she was anything but an agreeable companion to those she did not affect. In a parable her nephew declares this, while asserting, as he well could, the high, erratic wisdom of her counsels:

"It is frivolous to ask, 'And was she ever a Christian in practice?' Cassandra uttered to a frivolous, skeptical time, the arcana of the gods; but it is easy to believe that Cassandra, domesticated in a lady's house, would have proved a troublesome boarder. Is it the less desirable to have the lofty abstractions, because the abstractionist is nervous and irritable?"

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**A. BRONSON ALCOTT**  
*From a bas relief by S. Cheney, 1853*

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## CHAPTER XXI

### *The Concord School of Philosophy*

**I** HAVE spoken of the remote origin of this School in the plans of Alcott and Emerson, as far back as 1841, when I was not yet ten years old, and had thought very little about either Philosophy or Literature, the two main topics of this peculiar, and for ten years very successful summer school,—the original of many similar gatherings that have arisen and gone down or still continue, since the Concord School in the Hill-side Chapel on the knoll west of the Orchard House closed its sessions in 1888, with a memorial service for its real founder, Bronson Alcott. As I had much to do in the practical way to carry into execution this cloud-shaped dream of the early Transcendentalists, I may be expected to give some account of it and its unexpected popularity. The ideal began to take positive form in 1878, upon the occasion of the first visit of Dr. H. K. Jones to Concord, for a few weeks. He was already well known to Alcott and Professor Harris, then of St. Louis; and had held conferences or conversations at Jacksonville, Illinois, where he lived and died, and at other cities in that prairie State. By birth a Missourian of Virginian ancestry, and a relative of Mr. Bryan (since so conspicuous, but then un-

known, and but just out of college, where he lived for a time with Dr. Jones), the Jacksonville medical man, who might have been supposed to favor Aristotle rather than Plato and the Brahmin in his philosophic speculation, was in fact the reviver of antique Platonism in his time and land. A younger disciple of the same doctrine, inclining always to the Neo-Platonism of Plotinus and Proclus, was Thomas M. Johnson, of Osceola, Missouri, who still continues to indoctrinate and publish. In 1878 Emerson was yet active and vigorous, although withdrawing himself more and more from public discourse, on account of the gradual failure of his wonderful memory, which his daughter Ellen inherited. He opened his house for conversations in which Dr. Jones and Mr. Alcott took the leading part, and others were held at the Thoreau-Alcott house, then occupied by the Alcott and Pratt families, since the purchase of the place from the executor of Sophia Thoreau in 1877; at my home in the Chamberlaine house on the river bank, and elsewhere.

In the next year, 1879, two disciples of the semi-Hegelian school of speculation, of which Professor Harris at St. Louis was the recognized head, and his *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* the organ,—Messrs. Samuel H. Emery and his brother-in-law, Edward McClure,—came to reside in Concord, and occupied the Orchard House as tenants of Mr. Alcott. They received Dr. Harris as a guest, and the next year he bought the Orchard House estate, with its fifteen acres of woodland, orchard and





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**B. S. LYMAN, 1870**



**EDWIN MORTON, 1868**



**DR. W. T. HARRIS, 1875**



**DR. W. T. HARRIS, 1905**

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vines. In the meantime a Faculty had been formed, including a dozen learned men and women, but of which the working committee consisted of Mr. Alcott, the Dean, Mr. Emery, the Director or Moderator of the public sessions, Dr. Harris, and F. B. Sanborn, Secretary and Treasurer. It met for business in the spring of 1879, and provided for a summer session, at the Orchard House and grounds, of six weeks, with five chief lecturers, Alcott, Harris, Mrs. Cheney, Dr. Jones and David A. Wasson, the latter a historical student of politics who had been a brilliant contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. Besides these were seven other lecturers to speak on Saturdays, and fill the gaps which might occur in the main lecture system. These seven were Emerson, who spoke on Memory, Professor Peirce of Harvard, the aged mathematician, Rev. Dr. Bartol of Boston, Colonel Higginson, Thomas Davidson, then newly returned from a year in Greece, Mr. Harrison Blake, Thoreau's editor, who gave readings (from the Thoreau MSS., since mostly printed), and myself, who took up the two subjects then very familiar to me—Social Science, and Philanthropy and Public Charity. Colonel Higginson gave two lectures on Literature, and Davidson two on the Story of Athens, in its topography and monuments, a topic which, four years after (1888), Denton Snider extended to cover the Homeric literature and the old Grecian religion.

This course of six weeks was found too long; it was afterward shortened to five, and four

weeks, and the number of lecturers was increased. In the second year there were seventeen instead of twelve, besides numerous debaters among the audiences, largely made up of instructors and students from the American colleges. In the third year there were twenty-two lecturers; in the fourth the number fell to twenty, and so remained for the other five years. Among the lecturers added—most of the first being retained until death or age removed them from the list—were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Dr. A. P. Peabody of Harvard, College Presidents Porter of Yale, McCosh of Princeton, and Bascom of Wisconsin; Professors G. H. Howison, G. S. Morris, J. W. Mears, John Watson, William James; Messrs. John Fiske, Rowland G. Hazard, Rev. R. A. Holland, Alexander Wilder, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar from India, William Henry Channing, John Albee, Julian Hawthorne, Edwin D. Mead, S. H. Emery, Dr. J. S. Kedney of Minnesota, Edmund Montgomery of Texas, G. W. Cooke of Indiana, L. J. Block and F. L. Soldan of St. Louis, Professors Hewitt and Horatio White, then of Cornell university; and Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, Mrs. Hathaway of Michigan, Mrs. Sherman of Chicago, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, Mrs. Charles Lowe, etc. Among those in the audience who spoke were E. B. Andrews and Jacob Schurman, afterward university presidents, Miss Josephine Loughhead of Philadelphia, Mrs. Beecher Hooker of Hartford, and many more. During the whole ten years of its continuance, there must have been at least fifty

lecturers and debaters, and papers or poems were read from Thoreau, Ellery Channing, Sir Edwin Arnold, and two considerable poems commemorative of Emerson by Bronson Alcott and myself, both of which were included in the last volume which Alcott edited before his attack in October, 1882. The whole number of our auditors must have been 2000, for in one year we had about a thousand. Our school opened July 15, 1879, without funds; its first year's expenses were \$789, its receipts \$738. I paid the small deficit; but early in 1880 Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson of New York gave us \$1000, on condition that Professor W. T. Harris should emigrate from St. Louis to Concord, which he gladly did. I then, for the first and last time, speculated in railway securities, and increased this thousand to \$1185 in three months. Out of this was paid the cost of the Hillside Chapel, just built upon land and by plans of Mr. Alcott,\* for a cost of \$512. The Thompson fund-balance of \$678 served, from 1880 to 1888, to keep the Chapel in repair and furniture, pay a small ground-rent to Mr. Alcott, and meet any deficit that might occur. The receipts of the second year were \$680, the expenses \$650; but in the following years the rate of payment for each lecture (originally \$10, with an occasional addition for travel) was raised to \$15, which gradually consumed both the annual receipts and the fund-balance. But this would not have happened if we had not given away many

\* Now removed to the Wayside Estate, near by.

admission and course tickets each year, to the value of one or two hundred dollars. It was not our purpose to make money from the enterprise, and we closed in July, 1888, with a balance of 81 cents. This I pocketed as my treasurer's salary for ten years. I fancy no similar widely-known school was ever so economically managed: had the imitators of the Concord School at Greenacre on the Pascatqua been as prudent, they would now be free from debt and with \$25,000 in their treasury.

Much fame and many fables attended this School during its ten years' continuance. The reporters came from far and near, and more or less of its discourse and debate was published in the newspapers and magazines of America and Europe, and in three or four languages. Even now I occasionally get an inquiry, after twenty years, "Is the Concord School of Philosophy to open next summer? if so, when?" Twice has the Chapel been reopened by its present owner, Mrs. Lothrop, "Margaret Sidney," for some lectures of the Emerson centenary in 1903, and for most of those of the Hawthorne centenary in 1904. At both these I presided, as I had done occasionally during the School, in the absence or for the convenience of Mr. Emery, who commonly presided with readiness and great intelligence, being himself a philosopher of much reading. He returned to his former Illinois home at Quincy before the last sessions. There, many years before he had entertained Emerson as his guest for lectures in Quincy, and sent

us at the Centenary his lively account of the incident:

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My acquaintance with Emerson began in the fall or winter of 1866, when he came to Quincy to deliver a lecture at the invitation of the "Encore Club," of which I was President. I was at that time living with my father, Rev. S. H. Emery, who was an Orthodox Congregational minister and pastor of a Quincy church. He very cordially assented to my desire to invite Mr. Emerson to take supper with us and Mr. Emerson graciously accepted our invitation. My father asked Mr. Emerson to say Grace (quite to my horror), but Mr. Emerson immediately responded, as I have noted elsewhere.

I have never forgotten some of the incidents of the lecture. A traveling doctor (one Dr. O'Leary) had engaged the hall subsequently to our engagement for the Emerson lecture, for a two weeks' course, and on account of our previous engagement was obliged to suspend for one evening. He had some cheap paintings, evidently reproductions from photographs, of a number of important persons and among others, of Emerson. As his lectures were free and of a popular sort, the hall was crowded every night with a class of auditors, who for the most part, had probably never heard of Emerson; but Dr. O'Leary the night previous to the one on which Emerson was to lecture, paid Mr. Emerson such high compliments and so urged the attendance of his audience at the lecture of next evening, that to our very great surprise there was hardly standing room left. The doctor had improvised a raised platform at the other end of the hall from the regular stage and Mr. Emerson spoke from this platform, which consisted mainly of loose boards, and Emerson's form of emphasis, by raising himself on his

toes and settling back, resulted in unusual commotion. My remembrance is that the subject was "Immortality."

After the lecture I went with Mr. Emerson to his room at the hotel, where he talked delightfully as long as I dared to stay.

The apothems which I enclose are what I could remember and jot down next day of his sayings that evening.

I asked him for his autograph and he wrote:

So near is grandeur to our dust—  
So nigh is God to man,  
When duty whispers low thou must  
The youth replies I can.

I was familiar with his writings before this meeting and I respected him as a teacher, but my very great admiration and respect for him personally began then and have gained in strength ever since.

He came once more to Quincy to lecture, on my invitation, and this time he was accompanied by Miss Ellen.

In 1879 I went to Concord and resided there until 1887. During the early years of my residence I met Emerson frequently, and he was uniformly courteous, as was his wont to all men.

One of the very pleasantest things ever said to me was said by Emerson when I met him one morning near the little school-house then at the corner of Main Street near the Fitchburg station:

"It was a good compliment to this town, your coming here to live."

The last time he read one of his lectures to an audience was at a meeting at my home in the Chamberlaine house, before my own house was completed. I sat by his side while he read and shall never forget my enjoyment



of that evening. Mr. Emerson prefaced his sentence as to what the Soul says to Death by relating this incident:

“The lady who afterward married Charles Sumner was at the time of the War of the Rebellion a very ardent supporter of the North, and soon after the attack on Sumter, she met on a Boston street an acquaintance who favored a compromise with the South. As they met, the gentleman addressed her cordially, holding out his hand for the customary greeting, whereupon the lady drew herself up proudly and said, ‘I don’t know you, Sir.’” That, said Mr. Emerson, is what the Soul says unto Death—“I don’t know you, Sir.”

I have said often, and am glad to repeat, that he was the finest gentleman I ever met. Just to meet him on the street and receive from him the simplest greeting was an inspiration never to be forgotten.

SAYINGS OF EMBERSON AT QUINCY.

Mr. Emerson’s Grace at our house in 1866:

“Spirit of all good, we invoke thy blessing.”

Are we as near to God as we ever shall be?

Yes—Potentially—that is—it is in our power to be.

Illuminees are more commonly found among women than men.

I call Bronson Alcott my test of minds. Carlyle with his English butcher-prejudice, or an affectation of it, calls him a “potato maniac”; for Alcott is what is sometimes called a vegetarian—that is, he does not willingly eat meat.

The Good Spirit never ante-dates. He never gives us to-day what we shall need to-morrow.

The one Evil of the world is Blockheads, and wise men save it; without wise men the world would long ago have been bankrupt.

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The *Secret of Hegel* is a rugged book—if one wants to practice intellectual gymnastics—cultivate intellectual muscle—let him read it if he has power and leisure to master it.

It is the rule that nations and races advance only by contact with other nations and races.

Agassiz is a Darwinian, notwithstanding that petulant, childish remark of his, totally unworthy of the man, with which he concluded a speech in Boston the other day—“We are not children of monkeys, but are children of God.”

When we look around upon the achievements of such souls as LaPlace and Newton, it seems to us that all which is in God is possible for us; we can make ourselves Archangels.

The simplest faith is the best. Socrates says—“The Daimon does not tell me what to do, but when I would do what I should not, the Daimon warns me.”

Soul creates body forever. Swedenborg was a good prophet and seer; he says, “I saw in Heaven streets and gardens, houses and stores and beautiful forms.”

Insanity is a safeguard (Swedenborg thinks); when by circumstances or even by the will, the pressure upon the soul is too great, the soul protects itself by insanity, which is a shield against undue pressure.

I believe in the Æsculapian theory, in the wonderful recuperative power of the soul. Agassiz will show you a lizard whose leg you can pluck off, or whose eye you may destroy and the little creature will replace them. This power of the lizard seems greater than that given to man in some directions: yet I believe the soul will in time cure any malady.

When Wendell Phillips delivers his learned lecture, *The Lost Arts*, it is a sort of irony. He says "If you will not let me speak about the events of to-day—the living things, a part of which I am—I will take you back 2000 years and more."

It would be dangerous for us to say, "All souls are immortal." The soul may commit suicide, evil doing is death, and souls that do evil are dead.

'Tis well to die if there be Gods,  
'Tis sad to live if there be none,  
said Marcus Aurelius.

These sayings of a single evening's conversation, like those reported by C. J. Woodbury at Williams College, indicate how Emerson's daily talk overflowed with thought. Though he wrote with care, and printed only after long consideration, Emerson was the readiest and most instructive talker, though never pressing forward into the place of pontiff. I read these pages in the Hillside Chapel, and they were novel to most of those present, although many of us had heard Emerson talk for years.

At the closing of our School in 1838, I was left in Concord to correct fables and furnish explanations. A writer in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* having given a fantastic account of our School, I sent to a newspaper these comments:

As the letter reprinted from the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* attempts to give the history of a matter of which I have some knowledge, the Summer School of Philosophy and Literature at Concord, it seems proper that I should correct a few of the errors. There is a story told of the Duke of Wellington and his Irish friend, Croker, which bears on this case. As they were once dining where the conversation turned on the newly invented percussion caps which the duke was introducing in the British army, Croker contradicted or corrected Wellington on some point. This led the soldier to say to the civilian, with that free use of Scripture language which has prevailed among British officers ever since "our army swore terribly in Flanders":

"Croker, you know a great deal more about the battle of Waterloo than I do, but I'll be d—d if I haven't as much knowledge of copper caps as you have." Concerning what the Boston correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* calls "the *Hegellan* system of philosophy," I yield to his superior wisdom; but having been the Secretary of the Concord School from its first inception, I believe I know as much about that as he can tell me. He speaks of "the famous school of philosophy Emerson founded 10 years ago." Emerson was in no sense its founder, but Alcott was; and this historic fact the School in its publications recognized and stated. Emerson accepted the plan of his friend, and gave his co-operation for three years—but that was all. He died before the

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fourth session of the school opened in 1882, and there were six sessions after his death, at all which the attendance was larger than at the former three sessions. It is, therefore, incorrect to say that "The first blow the school received was the death of Emerson." Judging by the interest manifested, his death did not affect the school unfavorably. The correspondent next says: "Then came the death of Bronson Alcott, and after his death the school ceased to teach unadulterated transcendentalism. One Sunday there were lectures on plants" (perhaps a misprint for Dante) "and the next summer lectures on Goethe. Then Davidson came with some strange ideas and helped Professor Harris to keep things going." All this is a chaos of blunders: Mr. Alcott died in March, 1888, and there have been no lectures on any subject since his death. The school never "taught unadulterated transcendentalism," whatever that may be;—but from the first three quite distinct currents of philosophy flowed together in its teachings—of which only one was what is usually termed "New England Transcendentalism." Professor Davidson was a lecturer in the first year (1879); he then resided in Europe for some years, and on his return resumed his Concord lectures; had the session of 1888 been held he would have lectured in two of its courses.

The lectures on Goethe preceded those on Dante, and Mr. Alcott was present at some of both. The Goethe lectures occurred in 1885, and were published in a volume as those of a previous year on Emerson had been. These two volumes by Houghton & Mifflin contain an account of the origin and course of the school, which this correspondent never saw, apparently, but which he might well read. He next goes on to say: "Three years ago Professor Harris and Philosopher Davidson began to disagree. Harris was a favorite with the women who came

to Concord, and Davidson was not. He pretended to scorn them,"—and then he "pretends" to quote certain words of Professor Davidson "in the log cabin," in scurrilous defamation of his friend, Harris. There is as much of truth in this statement as there is of "logs" in the "cabin," which is the little Hillside Chapel, built of boards, and without a "log" anywhere near it, except the trunks of the trees that wave above it.

In some respects these two philosophers agreed and in some they disagreed when they first met in St. Louis more than 20 years ago; and this independent accord and divergence of their opinions has remained unbroken, and they have lectured in the same course at Farmington, New York, Chicago and elsewhere, as well as at Concord, since the alleged quarrel and defamation took place in 1886. Professor Davidson is incapable, of course, of such language as this correspondent ascribes to him; he has probably "shaken the dust of Concord from his shoes," as he would brush off these falsehoods, if it were worth while; but he has never withdrawn nor been excluded from the Concord fellowship, and he was engaged to lecture in the course of 1888. This was given up, chiefly on account of the death of Mr. Alcott, and it is as far as possible from the truth to say, as this correspondent does, "Professor Harris looked at the situation and decided not to reopen the school, believing there would not be visitors enough to pay the janitor for repairing the benches."

In fact, the school each year gave away admission tickets enough to have furnished its treasury with a handsome surplus each year, had we desired to make as much money from the sessions as the newspaper correspondents made by reporting or mis-reporting its discussions. The reasons for closing the Concord School were partly of sentiment and partly of convenience. Several of its original



**LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF ALCOTT (1885)**  
*(Looking out from his carriage)*



**HILLSIDE CHAPEL, 1880**

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lecturers were dead—Alcott, Emerson, Professor Peirce, Wasson, for instance; others were infirm or at a great distance—Miss Peabody, Dr. Bartol, Dr. Jones, Dr. Montgomery, Dr. Keadney, Mr. Snider—and to continue the courses would involve putting many new lecturers in these vacant places. As the bond of unity at Concord was one of friendship rather than of interest or partisanship, this enforced absence of so many persons, and the changes brought by time and chance, had an influence on several of the faculty. The property of the school was held by trustees, originally three in number, all living in Concord, Mr. Alcott, Mr. S. H. Emery, Jr., and myself. The death of Mr. Alcott and the removal of Mr. Emery to Illinois, left me the sole resident trustee; and the labor of organizing the courses each year fell largely to my share also. This happened at a time when I was rather inclined, from circumstances affecting myself, to relinquish burdens rather than to assume new ones. Similar reasons of convenience existed in the case of Professor Harris; and it was therefore decided last winter to let the past work of the school speak for itself and to suspend its courses for a time. They may be resumed hereafter or they may not, but in any case its chief work has been accomplished. It has been the pioneer to many other schools of the same general character and has done something to resist the agnostic and materialistic tendencies of thought in America.

F. B. SANBORN.

Concord, Mass., July 23, 1889.

Of course, something of malice as well as of ignorance mingled in this Boston report of the School's career. Probably the writer of it never saw the Orchard House or the Chapel,—the latter

purchased by Dr. Harris when the sessions closed. We offered to give it to him, but he insisted on paying \$200 for it, which we at once put into a fund for a bust of Mr. Alcott, modeled by French, but not put into marble. An earlier bust of Alcott by French, though not satisfactory to him, on account of the modern coat and cravat, was less theatrical than the pose of this later head; and we have always wished French to modify that pose a little before it is made permanent. It stands in plaster in my upper hall, and is otherwise a good portrait, like all that French models.

The last full session of our School, in 1887, had its course of lectures and of study carefully marked out by Professor Davidson in co-operation with Dr. Harris and myself. It dealt with both Aristotle and Dramatic Poetry in general, of which Aristotle was the best ancient critic. I lectured in both courses, and in that on Poetry took Marlowe and Shakespeare for my theme. Davidson also spoke in both courses, as did Dr. Harris. To show how serious these studies were, as arranged more particularly by Davidson, who had long planned an English translation of the Stagyrite, I will quote from his pamphlet of hints to intending students at the Summer School.

#### ENCOMIA ON ARISTOTLE

Aristotle, Nature's private secretary, dipping his pen in intellect.—*Eusebius, Suidas.*

Aristotle, in my opinion, stands almost alone in philosophy.—*Cicero.*

Wherever the divine Wisdom of Aristotle has opened its mouth, the wisdom of others, it seems to me, is to be disregarded.—*Dante*.

I could soon get over Aristotle's *prestige*, if I could only get over his reasons.—*Lessing*.

If, now in my quiet days, I had youthful faculties at my command, I should devote myself to Greek, in spite of all the difficulties I know: Nature and Aristotle should be my sole study. It is beyond all conception what that man espied, saw, beheld, remarked, observed. To be sure he was sometimes hasty in his explanations; but are we not so, even to the present day?—*Goethe* (at 78).

If the proper earnestness prevailed in philosophy, nothing would be more worthy of establishing than a foundation for a special lectureship on Aristotle; for he is, of all the ancients, the most worthy of study.—*Hegel*.

Aristotle was one of the richest and most comprehensive geniuses that ever appeared—a man beside whom no age has an equal to place.—*Hegel*.

Physical philosophy occupies itself with the general qualities of matter. It is an abstraction from the dynamic manifestations of the different kinds of matter; and even where its foundations were first laid, in the eight books of Aristotle's *Physical Lectures*, all the phenomena of nature are represented as the motive vital activity of a universal world-force.—*Alexander von Humboldt*.

It was characteristic of this extraordinary genius to work at both ends of the scientific process. He was alike a devotee to facts and a master of the highest abstractions.—*Alexander Bain*.

Aristotle is the *Father of the Inductive Method*, and he is so for two reasons. First, he theoretically recognized its essential principles with a clearness, and exhibited them with a conviction, which strike the modern man with amaze-

ment, and then he made the first comprehensive attempt to apply them to all the science of the Greeks.—*Wilhelm Oncken.*

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### LECTURES FOR 1887

There will be two courses, morning and evening, beginning at 9:30 A. M. Wednesday, July 13, 1887,—Twelve Morning Lectures on Aristotle,—(here follow the Topics,—my own subject being “Social Science in Plato and Aristotle,”—) and Ten Evening Lectures on Dramatic Poetry. Of these the topics are:

*The Poetics of Aristotle, in its Application to the Drama.*  
*The Tragic Element in the Greek Drama and in the Norse Edda.*

*Shakespeare's Poetics.*

*The Divine Nemesis in Æschylus and Shakespeare.*

*The Collision of Individuals with Institutions in the Greek and the English Drama.*

*Women in Greek Tragedy and in the Elizabethan Drama.*

*Acting of Plays in Ancient and Modern Theatres.*

*Marlowe and his Successors.*

*Ford and Massinger.*

*Browning's Dramatic Genius.*

Finally, Four brief Papers on ONTOLOGY, in two or three sessions.

The main subject of the lectures in 1887 will be *ARISTOTLE and his Philosophy, in its Relation to Modern Thought.* There will be three courses,—two general, and one special. The first, which will be given in the mornings of the session, will deal with Aristotle's philosophic system as a whole, endeavoring to give a complete and, as far as possible, an exhaustive, account of it, its origin and influence, and to determine the points of identity and difference between it and the thought of recent times, since Bacon, Descartes, and Locke. The other general course,

which will be given in the evening, will treat, among other themes, of Aristotle's art doctrines, and particularly of his dramatic theory, comparing it with modern theories, and also comparing the Greek with the modern drama, especially with Shakespeare. The special course, or "Symposium," will be devoted to Ontology, and will endeavor to determine whether, and how far, such a science is possible, and how its possibility or impossibility must affect science, ethics, art, and religion. In this course, also, the thought of Aristotle will be compared with that of our own time.

Aristotle's philosophy presents to us the ripest and most comprehensive thought of the ancient world. No other philosophy, at least in the Western World, ever exerted an influence so profound, extensive, and enduring. To the ancients, Aristotle was "Nature's private secretary"; to the Middle Ages, after 1150, he was simply "The Philosopher," or "The Master of those that know"; and, though, for a brief period, his sun was eclipsed by reactionary influences, philosophers of nearly all modern schools, as well as scientists and poets, have vied with each other in doing him honor. Among these may be named Leibniz, Lessing, Göthe, Hegel, Cuvier, Bain. A comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle's system can hardly fail to be productive of two advantages to the student. *First*, it must add greatly to his knowledge of philosophy; *second*, it must place him in a position to appreciate the character, the limitations, and the exaggerations of our current systems. Indeed, its many-sidedness is the best possible corrective for the one-sided thought of to-day. It is scientific without materialism, and spiritual without mysticism.

It would be hard in any American university to provide a four-weeks' course in Philosophy and

Esthetics more stringent than this; and although but few of our 100 students in Concord followed it strictly, yet such was the skill of Harris and Davidson, and so great their familiarity with the authors in question, that the general audience went away from each discourse with a good popular knowledge of what had been debated. There was much scoffing outside, of course, some of it among the Harvard circles, where is a greater power of turning up the nose at what is beyond its round O, than exists anywhere on earth,—unless at Oxford, among persons of vaster special learning. In Concord itself there were many jests, few of them good ones, and a bitterness of feeling in some instances which divided families. But the best houses were open to the “philosophers”; Emerson, so long as he could, and Mrs. Emerson always, attending the daily sessions and inviting the lecturers to tea; Miss Ripley at the Old Manse giving a tea-party on the lawn in honor of the School, and many parties of pleasure springing up or driving through the village to “take in” the School, at the eastern extremity of the thin line of houses under the ridge that had sheltered the early settlers in their winter caves, and protected the movements of the “embattled farmers” in April, 1775. The long omnibus conveying the students and citizens to the daylight or evening sessions was called “the Barge,” much to the surprise of English, French and German visitors, who profited by its cheap excursions. Our largest audiences were those addressed by Emerson and Mrs. Howe, when we often had to use the

Town Hall; our smallest were to listen to Dr. Jones on Platonism. Mr. Alcott gradually found his audiences diminish, although his felicities in conversation did not forsake him; but the novelty of his view of the world wore off, and he had an increasing lack of system. Miss Peabody, who always spoke well in debate, usually slept in her chair on the Faculty platform until the lecturer concluded, when she took up the thread of debate with singular closeness in joining on. She rambled a little, but was ever entertaining in her ramble. The inevitable bore was preternaturally absent on most days, and there was little contest in our debates, although Davidson and Snider sometimes woke dispute,

The newspaper reports were often astonishingly good, because the correspondents had access to the manuscripts, and patient sages like Dr. Harris would dictate or write out an abstract for the hurried reporter. At least a dozen volumes grew out of these ten-year discourses, which came out now and then, sometimes long after the School had closed. Ourselves published two volumes and encouraged a third (the first printed) made up by an excellent reporter, Mr. Raymond Bridgman of Boston. Here follows one of the reports of the third year:

*Literature at the School of Philosophy (1881)*

CONCORD, Friday, August 12.

The original plan of the Concord School of Philosophy made room for some literary lectures and for a general

atmosphere of scholarship, by providing a place in the course for Mr. Emerson, Mr. Wasson, Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Howe, Dr. Bartol, and others who held a closer relation to literature than to strict philosophical studies. This arrangement has been continued, although Mr. Emerson and several others named above have ceased to lecture, for one cause and another. This year literature was represented by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Snider, of St. Louis, Mr. Albee, of Newcastle, N. H., and Mr. Sanborn, of Concord, whose three lectures on "Literature and National Life" have been given this week. Mr. Albee's were on language and style, under the quaint title of "Faded Metaphors." Mr. Snider's were portions of a book of travels in Greece, and dealt with some of the great names in Greek literature,—Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Sophocles, Plutarch, etc. Mr. Sanborn's touched upon Roman literature, the poetic part of English literature and the general character of English and German literary activity; and, finally, America. Treating these topics in this order, he said among other things:

"Literature in any nation is not a matter of training and culture merely; it resembles the peach-tree and the grape-vine less than the hardy oak of which Horace speaks so often;—

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo  
Fama poeta.*

Such a mountain-bred, storm-defying tree of slow growth was the Roman literature, such the English; and such, never fear, will be the American, when in the fullness of time our nation shall have matured those forces and prepared that soil out of which alone a people's literature can be produced. Any other growth, however delicate or beautiful, like the frail garden-flower of Catullus, must wither and vanish as soon as harm comes to it:





**MRS. ALCOTT, 1870**  
*From a crayon by May*



**MAY ALCOTT, 1875**



**LOUISA ALCOTT, ÆT 30**

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*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,  
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,  
Quem mulcent aura, firmat sol, educat imber,  
Multi illum, pueri, multa optavere puellæ;  
Idem cum tenui carptus deflorat ungui,  
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ.*

Let me essay a version of this, in spite of the despairing ejaculation of old Landor. "I have attempted in vain," he says, "to translate the extracts from Catullus; my version of the description of morning (in the Wedding of Peleus and Thetis) of which the original verses, as mere verses, are the finest to be found anywhere, out of Milton—is *infamously bad*. But no man has ever been able to translate Catullus, and no man ever will be." To fail, after this sentence, is no disgrace,—so here is my

*Lily of Catullus*

"Julia unwedded to this hour hath grown  
Flower of the fenced garden, all alone,  
To roving boy and browsing goat unknown;

"Kissed by the sun, the shower, the amorous air,  
It springs to light, admired, and blossoms fair,  
Safe from the trampling steer, the bruising share.

"Maidens and boys desire the blooming prize,—  
Otho's soft fingers pluck it,—soon all eyes  
Of maid and boy the withered thing despise."

Such is the literature of an age or of a clique,—for the fashion of the world passeth away. But the deep significance of a people's life never passes away; it is even more distinctly traced in history than in its own time, as you

saw the other day in those charming commentaries by Mr. Snider on the flower of Greek poetry. I had hoped that a critic so competent would have told more fully the wondrous story of Grecian literature and art, so as to form a golden background for the harsher and cruder epochs that have followed, of which I am to speak. It may be assumed, however, that you know the sequence of Athenian, Theban and Ionian poets and philosophers, from whose flaming and transmitted torches the Roman lamp was kindled, after the glory of Greece and even of Alexandria had gone forever.

But if Rome shone with borrowed light it was a national life, strictly Roman, which this light illuminated. Having nursed in obscurity and hardened by war those powers which were to give her wide empire, Rome was at last prepared to assert her mastery in literature also,—and to such an extent did she succeed that in the time of Cicero, a flattering Greek scholar, Aristodemus of Nysa, undertook to prove that Homer was a native of Rome. Mommsen says with truth, “Poetry and literature came to Rome along with the sovereignty of the world,”—and he quotes a contemporary of Cicero as saying in quaint verse:

“In the second Punic war the Muses, wearing winged shoes,

Warlike sought the martial Romans, much in lack of every Muse.”

The same acute and liberal German adds: “The ruin of the Italian nationality—a fact accomplished in the triumph of Cæsar—nipped the promise of literature. Everyone who has any sense of the close affinity between art and nationality will always turn back from Cicero and Horace to Cato and Lucretius; and nothing but the schoolmaster’s

view of history and of literature could have called the literary epoch beginning with the new monarchy pre-eminently 'the golden age.'" In other words, freedom, either relative or absolute, is essential both to national life and to a worthy literature, and this we shall see quite as clearly when we consider England, Germany and America. The influence of a patron—whether Augustus, Louis XIV., or the Duke of Weimar—is always hurtful in the end, however friendly for a time. Landon, with his accustomed wilfulness, even asserts that Ovid has never stood so well in the world as his genius deserves, because the Emperor Augustus banished him. "I must believe," say Landon, "that the depreciation of this great unfortunate began with his sentence of exile. It was then thought unsafe to praise him; it is now thought unsound." This is fanciful, but it points to the harm that may be done to literature by despotism.

The national genius of the Romans was for law and mastery; more than any other people they represented the power of the will. Latin, as Professor Harris told us the other day, is "a will-language"—the speech of a people who proceed from the universal to the particular; hence a law-making, imperial people. It was a fine epithet of their first great poet, Ennius, when he called cities—meaning Rome especially—"great and *imperious*,"—*urbes magnæ atque imperiosæ*. Ennius and Nævius, and their contemporary, the elder Cato, were men of the period when Rome, after long warfare with the cities of Italy, was beginning to extend her conquests abroad—and the proud, overbearing, but mainly just spirit of Cato is that which appears not only in his vigorous prose, but in the resounding verse of Ennius and the harsher measures of Nævius.

It was the glory of the Roman that in whatever coun-

try he found himself, he made its people come under Roman law; and so the poets of that wonderful city, no matter what material they took for their verses, contrived to infuse it with their national thought. To his nation the Roman was as firmly bound by self-esteem and lack of appreciation of other nations as the Englishman of our century shows himself. The Roman patrician could keep a philosopher to write his letters, entertain his friends and give instruction to his young barbarians before they took to the pike and the sword,—but he had no great opinion of the philosopher or his nation as compared with the children of Romulus. On the contrary, we may fancy him saying:

*Sperne mores transmarinos; mille habent officias,  
Cive Romano per orbem nemo vivit rectius,  
Quippe malim unum Catonem quam trecentos Socratas.*

This rude trochaic triplet, written, I believe, by Plautus, well expresses the average Roman's judgment concerning his own fellow-citizens, and those classical Yankees, the Greeks of Cato's time. Translated freely the verses run as follows:

“Shut your door to foreign nations,—countless are their  
faces false;  
Upright, downright Roman burgess! in the round world  
who but thou?  
One of our Catos ten Greek Platos soundly overweighs,  
I vow.”

Mr. Sanborn gave an account of the longest and best poem of Catullus, whom he ranked, with Lucretius, as the two greatest Roman poets,—though Catullus seems to

have died young and never came to the maturity of his powers. This poem, the "Wedding of Peleus and Thetis," contains a long complaint of Ariadne, when, awakened on the island of Naxos, she finds herself deserted by Theseus. A passage in this complaint is declared by Landor to be the most tender and pathetic poetry in the world. At the risk of utter failure again, said Mr. Sanborn, "I venture to translate the 15 lines which Landor finds so tender and pathetic, and which do, in truth, make Virgil's representation of Dido's sorrow seem cold and second-hand." It will be remembered that Catullus was dead long before Virgil wrote his *Æneid*. Ariadne had given Theseus the clue to her father's labyrinth, where he had killed her dubious relative, the Minotaur, and by her aid escaped with his own life. Therefore she says:

"I' faith I snatched thee from the maze of death,  
And rather chose my own dear kin to leave,  
Perfidious love! than fail thee at thy need.  
For thanks, must I, the prey of beast and bird,  
Here perish, nor my corse with earth be strewn?  
What lion's dam in lonely den gave birth  
To thee? what pitiless foaming billow cast  
Thee forth, malignant? what ship-breaking reef,  
Whirlpit of ocean, quicksand of the shore,  
Bred thee, who payest life's sweet debt with death?  
Forsooth, in dread of that old churlish sire,  
Thou must forego an equal marriage vow?  
Then homeward humbly had I followed thee;  
A handmaid eager for the service dear,  
To wash with water fair those tender feet,  
And spread the crimson cushions of the bed."

The Galliambic poem of Catullus, sometimes called

“Atys,” which Landor praises so highly, has an odious subject, like many of his pieces, but in its form is perfect, and it has a special interest for modern readers, as imitated by Tennyson in his “Boadicea,” from which take these lines:

*Rome Now, England Hereafter*

*Boadicea*

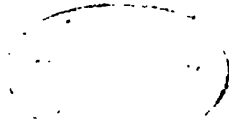
“While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,  
 There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony;  
 Loosely robed in flying raiment sang the terrible prophetesses,  
 ‘Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets,  
 Tho’ the Roman eagle shadow thee, though the gathering enemy narrow thee,  
 Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet.  
 Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,  
 Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow il-limitable,  
 Thine the land of lasting summer, many-blossoming paradises,  
 Thine the North and thine the South, and thine the battle-thunder of God.’”

In this poem, prophesying the future glory of England as a recompense for the wrongs endured from Rome, we come upon a suggestion of the inexorable limitation of Roman national life, which showed itself in literature long



before it became manifest in history. Underneath the rigid law-making and formal piety of the Romans, as they rose to sovereign power, there lurked a ruinous immorality, which grew to gigantic proportions as the power of the city extended, and finally passed into the hands of great soldiers like Sulla and Julius Cæsar, and from them to the emperors. Hardly a Roman author whose works do not bear witness to this corruption, sometimes with shameless levity, like Catullus and Ovid,—sometimes with severe reproof or useless lamentation, like Lucretius, Salust, Juvenal and Tacitus. The arts of conquered Greece, and even its depraved schools of philosophy, increased this evil, which was augmented also from the side of Syria, Egypt and the farther East. It is an evidence of the tough fiber of the Roman will, and the institutions that unconquerable will produced, that they so long resisted this torrent of iniquity.

*From a Correspondent.*



*Hawthorne and His Household*

**M**Y first sight of Nathaniel Hawthorne was at a summer evening party given to him and his wife in June, 1860, upon their return to Concord from their long European sojourn. He had bought Mrs. Alcott's "Hillside" house on Massachusetts Avenue early in the year of 1852, and there had given a reception to his friend, General Pierce, Democratic candidate for President, that the New Hampshire statesman might meet his partisans in rural Concord. Less than a year after, in the late spring of 1853, the Hawthornes had left Concord for Liverpool, where he served four years as Consul, and for a part of the intervening years Mrs. Horace Mann with her three sons, pupils of mine, had lived in the house. Mrs. Hawthorne had changed Mr. Alcott's name of "Hillside" to "Wayside," and so it has ever since been known. In April, 1860, following my illegal arrest at the order of the Senate, my friends and my sister, who occupied with me my own house on the Sudbury Road, insisted that I should not sleep there,—fearing another attempt to kidnap me; and to quiet their anxiety, I consented for a week to lodge at the houses of my neighbors,—one night in each house,—so that my exact nightly residence could

not be known in advance. I therefore slept one night at Emerson's, one at Mrs. Thoreau's, one at Colonel Whiting's, one at the Old Manse, and, in due course, a single night at Mrs. Mann's in Hawthorne's house. Thus I became his guest before I had ever seen him; and I was frequently there afterwards, at his invitation or Mrs. Hawthorne's, during the four short years that he lived there after his return. He died in Plymouth, N. H., in May, 1864, while on a journey for his health, in company with General Pierce.

I had become a resident of Concord in 1855, less than two years after Hawthorne's appointment to Liverpool, and had become familiar with the region and its people during the years preceding his return. His friends had become my friends, and I had lived familiarly in the houses of Ellery Channing and Thoreau, and walked with them and with Emerson many more days and miles than Hawthorne did in his first Concord residence, from July, 1842, to the early winter of 1845-46. George William Curtis, who had been Hawthorne's neighbor during this life in the Old Manse, had also become my friend, through his intimacy with my brother-in-law, George Walker, and Longfellow, Hawthorne's classmate at Brunswick, had been one of my instructors at Harvard. Consequently I had learned much from them about this man of genius before I made his acquaintance; and it was easier to fathom his character through others than by associating with our shy, elusive fellow-citizen, who hardly recognized

the social duties, and lived mainly with his imaginary creations, and with his admiring family. I was brought even into that circle by the fact that he placed his son Julian, to be fitted for Harvard, in my school, where were the sons of Emerson, of Judge Hoar, of Horace Mann, and that nephew of Colonel Higginson, who is now Admiral Higginson, as well as two brothers of Henry James, the novelist. I perhaps owe the decision of Hawthorne, allowing me to train his boy, to the recommendation of his intimate companion, the poet Channing. The letter in which Channing urged this, printed by Julian in his "Memoir" of his father and mother, describes fairly well the influences which I was able to throw around my pupils, because the school was in Concord, and was favored by its people:

CONCORD, September 3, 1860.

My dear Hawthorne:

In numbering over the things that had been added to the town, t'other day, I left out the first and best,—which is the School for boys and girls, under the charge of Mr. Sanborn. No words that I could use on this occasion would do justice to his happy influence on the characters of those confided to him, and more especially of the girls. He has supplied a want long felt here. His scholars are from desirable families, and many of them are very attractive and pleasing persons. The mere fact of associating with him and those he has drawn about him I should regard as a matter of first importance. I have never heard of a school before where there was so much

to please and so little to offend; and in this country, to every one who purposes to take the least part in any social affairs, the value of a good school is unquestioned. Our school-days are *the* days of our life; it is when we learn all we ever know, and without these mimic contests, these services, sports and petty grievances, what were all our after days? If you were intimate with Mr. Sanborn I think nothing would give you so much satisfaction as to have such nice girls as yours directly under his charge. Nothing seems to me more unfortunate, in this land of activity, than to bring up children in seclusion, without the invaluable discipline that a good school presents. Forgive me for dwelling a little on this.

Had I known and blushed at these compliments, of which no word ever came to me for five-and-twenty years, I might have felt consoled for a very different letter which Julian's anxious mother sent me, two years later. She could not be persuaded to send her two daughters to a co-educational school, although she allowed her graceful Una to attend our school dances and parties and woodland walks. I followed the example set in Concord by John and Henry Thoreau in their private school, which preceded mine by sixteen years, and gave my pupils a weekly walk in the fields and woods, occasionally with Thoreau for a companion; and there were picnics, boating parties, and dramatic entertainments, with access for teachers and pupils to all the pleasantest parlors in the village, and to the town gatherings in the village hall, where Alcott and Emerson, Mrs. Ripley, Elizabeth Hoar and

Louisa Alcott might be seen and heard, without formality and parade.

It was one of the co-educated Concord young ladies, Miss Hoar, a granddaughter of Roger Sherman, and a distant cousin of the General and the Senator of that name, who introduced the Hawthornes to the Old Manse, before their marriage in 1842. She was a friend of the Peabody sisters, of whom Sophia was the youngest, and, living in Concord, she happened to know that Dr. Ripley's fine old house had been vacated by his death, and could be rented. Miss Hoar herself was to have married Emerson's brilliant youngest brother, Charles, who had died in May, 1836, after which she remained at the home of her father, a grave and courteous person of great skill in the law, and accompanied him to South Carolina in 1844, when he went as the representative of Massachusetts, and was treated with studied indignity. Her younger brother, the Senator, had read Greek and Latin with Mrs. Ripley, to make room for whose family (its owners) the Hawthornes left the Manse in 1845. The published note-books of Hawthorne and his wife give details of their idyllic life there, remote from the village and near Concord River.

The arrangement for leasing the Old Manse was made some two months before the wedding, for, on the 27th of May, 1842, Hawthorne writes to his *fiancée* that he has just met Emerson, who told him that the Concord garden, etc., "is making progress,"—probably under the care of the faithful colored farmer, John Garrison, who for thirty

years did the garden work for the Old Manse. And Hawthorne adds, "Would that we were there!" They were married six weeks later (July 9, 1842), and were settled at their Concord abode a few days after. Mr. Hawthorne had thought of inviting George Bradford, one of his Brook Farm friends, and the brother of the learned Mrs. Ripley, to board with the newly married pair; but the plan did not take effect. Hearing of this, Margaret Fuller, whose sister Ellen was newly married, at Cincinnati, to Ellery Channing, proposed to Mrs. Hawthorne that the Channings should come and board with her. Hawthorne objected to this, and wrote to Miss Fuller a long letter on the subject, dated August 28, 1842. He said, among other things:

My conclusion is that the comfort of both parties would be put in great jeopardy. Had it been proposed to Adam and Eve to receive two angels into their Paradise as *boarders*, I doubt whether they would have been altogether pleased to consent. Certain I am that, whatever might be the tact and the sympathies of the heavenly guests, the boundless freedom of Paradise would at once become finite and limited by their presence. The whole four would have been involved in an unnatural relation,—which the whole system of boarding-out naturally and inevitably is.

Great wisdom in this remark, so quaintly expressed and illustrated. But Channing himself, after his removal from Cambridge to Concord, in May, 1843, became a frequent and beloved visitor

at the Manse, and more acceptable than the courteous but less sympathetic Thoreau, who soon made his call, and was in time invited to dinner by Mrs. Hawthorne. The journals of Thoreau for the years 1842-46 have mostly disappeared; but Hawthorne's diary contains much about him. He had twice called before August 5, and very likely had some oversight of the garden, as at that precise date he had of Emerson's larger garden. George Bradford came up from Plymouth, where he had been selling garden vegetables raised by Marston Watson, like himself a Harvard graduate, and dined at the Manse Sunday, August 28. Thoreau's first dinner there seems to have been on August 31. On that day he proposed that Hawthorne should take his boat, built by himself and his brother John, in 1839, and in which they had that year made their voyage on the Concord and Merrimack. John had died six months before under most painful circumstances, and it is likely that Thoreau could not bear to keep and use the craft with which this dear brother was so memorably associated. Hawthorne's account of Thoreau is this:

Mr. Thoreau dined with us August 31. He is a singular character,—a young man with much of wild, original nature still remaining in him; and so far as he is sophisticated, it is in a way and method of his own. He is as ugly as sin; long-nosed, queer-mouthed, and with uncouth and somewhat rustic, though courteous manners, corresponding with such an exterior. But his ugliness is of an honest and agreeable fashion, and becomes him much better than beauty. He was educated at Cam-



bridge, and formerly kept school in this town, but for two or three years back, he has repudiated all regular modes of getting a living, and seems inclined to live a sort of Indian life. He has been for some time an inmate of Mr. Emerson's family, and in requital he labors in the garden, and performs such other offices as may suit him; being entertained by Mr. Emerson for the sake of what true manhood may be in him. He is a keen and delicate observer of nature,—a genuine observer,—which, I suspect, is almost as rare a character as even an original poet. And Nature, in return for his love, seems to adopt him as her especial child, and shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness.

With all this he has more than a tincture of literature,—a deep and true taste for poetry, especially for the elder poets,—and he is a good writer. At least, he has written a good article, a rambling disquisition on Natural History, in the last *Dial* which, he says, was chiefly made up from journals of his own observations. Methinks this article gives a very fair image of mind and character,—so true, so innate, and literal in observation—yet giving the spirit as well as the letter of what he sees, even as a lake reflects its wooded banks, showing every leaf, yet giving the wild beauty of the whole scene.

Ellery Channing had known both Sophia Peabody and Hawthorne before they came to Concord. Miss Peabody, indeed, had been a patient of his father, Dr. Walter Channing, for four years, in that singular attack of neuralgia which gave her almost constant headaches from 1828, when she was twelve years old, till her marriage in 1842. Dr. Channing was her physician in Boston after 1830. "He limited himself to fighting the pain,"

said Elizabeth Peabody, "without attempting a radical cure." She adds: "I never knew any human creature who had such sovereign power over everybody that came into her sweet and gracious presence. She was for some years the single influence that tamed Ellery Channing." Of her Channing said to me:

She had great sweetness, which was a sort of patience, and had been much increased by the fearful headaches, from which she was never free when awake, and which gave her features that expression of resisting pain which you may have noticed. She schooled herself every moment to self-control, so as not to cause trouble in the household; she seldom went out, and at some times never, especially at evening. She had not much talent for art, though she drew and painted for years. She made two paintings which you may have seen; they were not good, and her drawing was never good; her illustrations of Hawthorne's "Gentle Boy" were displeasing. In the Old Manse was a wooden bedstead on which she had painted Flaxman's Homeric designs; it stood in the northwest parlor, which the Hawthornes used for their sleeping-room; their sitting-room was the room behind it, looking towards the river, which was also their dining-room; over it was the little back-chamber which Hawthorne used as a study, and on the window of which he wrote something with a diamond. The sitting-room of the Ripleys was used by Hawthorne as a store-room for apples, squashes, etc.

I said to Channing: How would you describe Hawthorne's aspect? he was a very distinguished-looking person as I remember him. He answered:

“ He was a soft, bulky person, with a rolling gait, like a sea-captain, which his father had been. My former schoolmate, Tom Appleton, said he looked like ‘a boned pirate.’ Perhaps he walked so because he was stout,—rolling and swaying about in walking. I have walked much with him; but he was not fond of that exercise; he had the greatest aversion to company,—thought it ‘a damnable bore,’ and would swear about it sometimes; he was a good swearer, you must know. He had the greatest difficulty in expressing himself in conversation. He would stammer and twist himself about; but he wrote easily enough. His habit was to write a great deal in large volumes like ledgers; I have often seen them lying on the desk in his study; there I spent many an evening at the Old Manse. They were much more than Mr. Emerson wrote; his were little books, while those of Hawthorne were like those ledgers you see at the grocer’s. I do not think he ever carried a note-book, to jot down on the spot what he saw, as Thoreau did. His novels were comparatively little books; but the journals, if printed, would be much larger. [Channing thought the ‘House of Seven Gables’ the best of his books.] That is a very good piece of writing; I have heard it spoken of as dull, but it is excellent. How well that old house is described! It was written in the little red house at Lenox,—one of the oldest and poorest shanties ever seen; with uneven floors, and so ill-built that the wind could not be kept out. He had a very hard time living in Lenox,—no money, and among

a rude set of farmers, who looked like brigands. Concord he thought a heaven compared with that place; he was very comfortable while living at the Old Manse. I remember going with him, in the boat which he bought of Thoreau, to search for that poor girl who drowned herself (Martha Hunt); I called up Hawthorne; it was the brightest moonlight you ever saw,—and we got out the boat and went down the river. That was the saddest experience I ever had in my life.”

This was the first anniversary of Hawthorne's wedding, July 9, 1843; it was also the night of Allston's death. Mrs. Hawthorne wrote to Mrs. Foote at Salem: “The 9th of July, our wedding day, was most heavenly, and at night there was a most lustrous moon. Nature certainly arrayed herself in her most lovely guise to bid Allston farewell.” She made no allusion to the tragedy of Martha Hunt, which Hawthorne himself described in a passage of his journal printed by Julian in the *Life of the Hawthornes*.

Channing said:

She had practiced self-restraint and patience so long during her illness (which was cured by marriage) that her manners seemed mechanical; but she was one of the best of women. She was foolish in her expressions of admiration for Hawthorne. Una had a severe conscience; I have seen her sit and sew on the coarsest crash towels, from a sense of duty, as Catholics perform penance. She had much sadness in her life; I hardly know why; but she

was a fine person. The generous Peabodys were the most unselfish people, and had not that small bitterness women so often show.

As to portraits of Hawthorne, Channing had something to say:

Samuel Lawrence, an English water-color artist and friend of Edward Fitzgerald, came to America to paint a few portraits,—of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, G. W. Curtis, etc. The Hawthorne portrait remained at the Wayside for a time, but where is it now? Lawrence was a first-rate artist and got very good likenesses; it was he who made the first portrait of Carlyle that was engraved (except that by D'Orsay in Fraser), a copy of which hangs in Emerson's house. There was also a medallion of Hawthorne made at the request of some English admirers, and brought out here by Edward Dicey, who spent a Sunday at Hawthorne's Wayside, and dined at Mr. Emerson's, where I dined with him. The medallion remained at Mrs. Hawthorne's after Hawthorne's death in 1864, and was left with Miss Elizabeth Hoar when Mrs. Hawthorne went abroad; where is it now? Where is Julian Hawthorne? He may perhaps have it, and also his father's books. He was an interesting child, very willful and passionate. He was your pupil; did you have any trouble with him?

I said no,—that he was a shy boy who studied well, and was so trained in declamation by Emerson that he recited poetry better than most of my pupils. Channing said he did not know Mr. Emerson ever took that trouble for other children than his own; it was very good in him. I said he trained a certain few,—E. and W. S. (whose mother was

his cousin), Julian Hawthorne, and perhaps one or two more; it was easy to recognize his pupils in recitation, for they had his inflections and emphasis, unlike those of any other.

Channing could recall a visit he made for two weeks at the family home in Salem, when Hawthorne was in the Custom House there, and when he saw the old officials sitting out in the portico of the Custom House, as described in the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter," which caused so much ill-feeling in Salem. This must have been in 1847, after Channing's return from Europe, or in the spring of 1846, at the time of Julian's infancy in Boston. Channing said:

The Hawthorne sisters were in the house, but I never saw them, and there were no servants. We used to go to walk every morning; went to Gallows Hill in Danvers, and often to the Point, by the Almshouse. In such walks, at Salem or in Concord, Hawthorne seemed to become weary in mind, and would give up a walk before he had completed it,—not from bodily fatigue, but because his mind had changed. Once in Concord I took him to Gowan's Swamp, a beautiful pool, not very large, between the old and the new Bedford roads, where the *Ledum* or *Labrador tea* grows in profusion, and also the *Rhodora* and *Andromeda* in their season. It was a choice walk, to which Thoreau and I did not invite everybody. When we reached the place Hawthorne said nothing, but just glanced about him and remarked: "Let us get out of this dreadful hole!"

These remarks of Channing's, mingled with many others on a variety of topics, were made to

me in our evening conversations, during the ten years that he lived in my house, from 1891 to his death in 1901. He had told me much of the Hawthornes and Peabodys in years before; but these later sayings I noted down in the evening they were made. His acquaintance with Julian Hawthorne had not continued much beyond childhood, for Julian entered college in 1868, and Channing seldom met him after that, probably. Nor with the elder Hawthorne was he usually so intimate as with Emerson, Thoreau, or even with Alcott; yet at times Channing would make long visits to Hawthorne, in Concord, Salem, or Lenox. Hawthorne's habit was far more solitary than that of any others of the Concord brotherhood, who, in fact, were eminently social, while Hawthorne was rather a student than a companion of mankind in general; he was seldom at his ease with more than two or three persons at a time. Yet he had, as the others had, great capacity for friendship, and seldom broke off an intimacy once formed, as with Longfellow, Pierce, and Horatio Bridge. Channing was his faithful reader, while Emerson and Thoreau had no great fondness for his books in general, although admiring his delicacy of description. Hawthorne had no standard in the arts except the art of writing, in which he was a master,—a patient and exact workman, as Thoreau was, in a different style, and as Channing seldom was. But as a compensation, Channing had an appreciation of art, and of Nature as an artist, which none of the others had.

Channing had lived through three ages of life, literature, and art; knew personally Dr. Channing the divine (his uncle), Allston the painter (another uncle), Alcott, Emerson, the Danas, Horace Greeley, Longfellow, and most of the New England literati; had seen and heard Webster and Choate and the two Everetts, Alexander and Edward; had lived among the New Hampshire mountains and on the Illinois prairies; saw Chicago when it had but five thousand people, and Cincinnati when it was a literary center for Ohio and Kentucky; and was one of the most exact and appreciative observers of both nature and human nature. His comments thereon were peculiar, seldom expressing his whole mind in one series of remarks, but presenting view after view in a kind of mental kaleidoscope, as his fancy shifted the angle of combination. He was intended by fate for a painter, but did not live up to that intention; he became, however, what in one of his easy-flowing poems he calls himself, an "imaginary painter." He delighted in sketching character, and told me that Alexander Everett had a strange resemblance to Hawthorne, "if you only saw his back; he was taller, but had the same bulky and rolling gait; he was very strong-looking and had a knock-down appearance; he was also subject to moods and fits of depression, like Hawthorne; but the two had no acquaintance,—I don't suppose Everett ever saw Hawthorne."

There was, in fact, some acquaintance between them,—both being Democrats, as Edward Everett



and his brother-in-law, Nathan Hale, were not. "Alexander was two years older than his brother Edward, from whom he differed wholly in aspect, being dark and big, while Edward had light hair and was slender and elegant. There was this singular division in the Everett family,—Mrs. Nathan Hale, the mother of Edward and Charles Hale, being also dark, and communicating that complexion to her children."

Daniel Webster, one of the native New Hampshire products, made a deep impression on my friend. He had been a schoolmate of Webster's son Edward, who died young in the Mexican War. Of the father, Channing said: "Webster was the most self-absorbed person in his appearance that was ever seen in Boston; he walked along quite unconscious of everything about him, as if meditating some great problem of the law,—and I suppose he was. He could concentrate his mind upon a single point; and so he could win his important cases, involving many thousand dollars, though he would have four or five lawyers against him."

In Channing's view there was a certain resemblance to Webster in Hawthorne's head, though the statesman had a firmer and more erect and massive aspect.

"Webster was a very superior-looking person; when he went to England, they were astonished at him; never had they seen such eyes as he had; several Englishmen wrote striking descriptions of his appearance (alluding to Carlyle's, Kenyon's, etc.). He referred everything to himself, as others of

his family did; but instead of seeming self-conscious, he was the most unconscious person." I said there were things at variance with that theory, —for instance, he was too fond of dress, and his house at Marshfield was full of mirrors and portraits of himself. "That was for the sake of forms; he was a great formalist. In one of his great law-cases, Mr. Webster seemed in a semi-dream; I thought him half asleep, for he had his eyes almost closed, and was in a heavy state, taking little notice of what went on in court. William Dehon, a brisk young man, sat near him and furnished him with law-books, and papers, and acted as if he were there to keep Webster awake. There were three judges on the bench, probably Judge Shaw and two others, one on each side of him; they watched Webster closely, for it would not do to neglect what he might say; he, on the contrary, appeared to take no account of other persons; as if his mind was anywhere but there. I fancied he was thinking what his next political move should be. He was a remarkable man to look at,—far other than the ordinary run of men; I suppose the most remarkable American in his aspect that ever was seen. But he was heavy,—a great animal, involved in his own dreams, and paying little attention to what went on around him." In this, too, there was something like Webster in Hawthorne, who has given in his "Great Stone Face," one of the most searching portraits of Webster.

One evening in May, 1897, Channing began to speak of Hawthorne again; he inquired if I had

read his daughter Rose's "Memoirs of Hawthorne." I said yes, and spoke of Hawthorne's characterization of S. G. Goodrich in a letter to Elizabeth Peabody in 1857,—that "he fed and fattened on better brains than his own." "Hawthorne," said Channing, "had not the means of living" (his favorite phrase for pecuniary independence) "when he made up his mind very early to be an author; therefore he was ready to work for any man who would employ him; Goodrich was the one who found him first, and so he worked long and diligently for Goodrich. Several of the Peter Parley series were written by Hawthorne, and a great many tales and sketches in the "Token" which he afterwards collected into the "Twice Told Tales" and "Mosses." I said there were several of his "Token" contributions which he did not include; perhaps he forgot them.

No, he never forgot anything; it was not his way. They were not good enough to be republished; many of them were poorly written, just for the money he got for them. Hawthorne did not seem to value what he wrote very much; but he had the power to make books like the "House of Seven Gables," and the "Scarlet Letter," which showed an original talent such as very few Americans had. Mr. Emerson did not think so; he never read Hawthorne,—I don't suppose he read a line of him; that was his way; he only read the books that gave him something, and that was not the case with Hawthorne's. He made a great reading of Goethe,—more than fifty volumes,—read them all, even the books that most do not read; also he read Varnhagen von Ense, and Rahel, and the women in whom

Goethe took an interest,—Von Arnim, too; but not Bettine much,—she did not interest him. I seldom heard him say anything about American writers; there were not many who could give him original things, unlike what he had every day,—that was what he wanted. Mr. Emerson was superior to other men; he was three or four men in one.

I inherited Thoreau's river-boat from Hawthorne, and kept it in repair for some years before it went to pieces. It was mended for me at one time by the wise blacksmith, Farrar, grandfather of the New York sculptor, Frank Elwell, who was brought up by his grandfather, and learned to be a good smith before he studied art in Concord or in Europe. Mr. Farrar was an inventive but very silent man, with a vein of mysticism or superstition, and was fond, like the rest of us, of roaming in the pastures and woods. We who rambled thus habitually (Emerson, Thoreau, etc.) were known as "The Walkers," but neither Hawthorne nor Mr. Alcott belonged to our fraternity. This was singular, considering how closely Hawthorne observed, and how well he described nature; but he was a singular man. His business was writing, and he pursued it with much industry and persistency. His son Julian looks like his father, but does not resemble him in mind.

He was apt to be silent, and did not seem interested in aught but his own thoughts. The only person I ever heard him speak of with affection was his classmate, Horatio Bridge, often mentioned in his "Note-Book," which Mrs. Hawthorne edited, and I suppose, connected its fragments together by remarks of her own. When I read it the style did not seem to be exactly Hawthorne's. He wrote a small hand, and stood at his high desk, or sat on a tall stool to make his entries. Probably he did not wish to have the sedentary habit, which he had heard was unwholesome. He had no habits. His friend Bridge took

the MS. of the "Mosses from an Old Manse" to the publishers, Wiley & Putnam, in New York, and made the arrangements for its publication.

When a custom-house officer at Salem, where a good part of the commerce was with the Guinea Coast, and the Pingrees used to send out new rum for the negroes there, Hawthorne would go about the casks on the pier with a test glass for spirits, and drop it into each cask, to prove its quality; he told me "he was determined the niggers should have good strong rum." At the Salem custom-house there were aged officials whom I have seen sitting out in the open air, as described humorously in the "Scarlet Letter." The Salem people resented this; but probably it had not occurred to Hawthorne that it would give offence; he was not likely to have thought of it.

Qualifying what he had said about Emerson's not reading Hawthorne, C. added that Emerson once admitted to him that he could not read the "Scarlet Letter" and other books by Hawthorne,—"they were too pathetic; Emerson could not get along with anything so pathetic. There was, to be sure, a good deal of misery in Hawthorne, and that was the source of his pathos." But in writing to Mrs. Sanborn (June 18, 1864), a few weeks after his death, Channing said:

My poor Hawthorne! the dearest, sweetest, kindest of all human creatures to me. I loved him as one loves a pet. He was all love and sweetness and dearness to me. Where is all that now?

I once quoted Hawthorne's jest upon Alcott—the "Sage of Apple Slump," whom he had long be-

fore seriously pictured in his "Hall of Fantasy." In a mood no less serious, Alcott, after Hawthorne had died, gave this verdict upon him:

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"Hawthorne had eyes for facts, and the skill to deal with them as only poets can. Perhaps he loved England too well to be quite just to his native land; he seemed as good an Old Englishman as New. I fancied him ever regretting that he was transplanted, and unwilling to fix his roots in our soil. If his themes were American, his treatment of them was foreign, and their selection posthumous. He stood apart, having no stake in contemporary affairs; and though calling himself a Democrat, he sympathized, apparently, more warmly with the Absolutism of the old countries. His democracy seemed an idealism, the fruit of his temperament rather than his choice. He had not full faith in the people, and he feared Republicanism because it had. I believe he never appeared at the polls during his life. He was an observer and critic of his times; never taking a responsible part, even while holding official positions under Government. In all this I think he was true to his convictions; an honest man, if no patriot."

Hawthorne would have made a pleasing idyll of what Mrs. Pratt told me in 1892. When I asked her to give me an account of the birthday of Beth, at Fruitlands, when everything in that anticipated Eden promised peace and joy, she wrote me from Boston, where she was then living, September 21, as follows:

"I have copied from my Fruitlands diary my account of the birthday celebration, with the Ode Father wrote for that occasion. I am trying to recall the names of those present, but remember

distinctly Christopher Greene, of whom I was very fond, Sam Larned and Mr. Hecker.\* Mr. Palmer was the old farmer who plowed and afterward owned the sacred soil—plowing with a yoke of cattle, (a cow and an ox)—and when starving on the apple-and-bread diet of the disciples, would retire to drink milk in the barn. Others were Mr. Bowers, who ate raw beans and grain, Abraham the Hermit (Wood Abraham) and Miss Page, our teacher, of whom you have heard many queer stories.

*The Journal.*

*“Fruitlands, June 24, 1843:* This was Lizzie’s birthday. I rose before 5 o’clock and went with Louisa and Willy Lane to the Grove, where we fixed a little pinetree in the ground and hung all our presents on it. Mother gave her a silk thread-case, Louisa a pincushion, I a fan, Willy a book, and Abby (May) a little pitcher. I made for each of us an oak-leaf wreath. After breakfast we all, except Wood Abraham, marched to the wood. Mr. Lane carried his violin and played, and we all sung first. Then Father read a Parable, and an Ode which he wrote himself. Here are some verses of it:

Here in the Grove  
With those we love,  
In the cool shade,  
Near mead and glade,  
The trees among, with leaves o’erhung,  
On sylvan plat, on forest mat,

\*Better known as Father Hecker.

We take our seat  
 By meadows sweet,  
 While all around  
 Outswells the sound  
 Our happy hearts repeat.  
 The Sun his fires  
 Not yet inspires to kindled ires ;  
 But all around is calm and clear,  
 And all breathes peace around us here ;  
 Along the grass and brake,  
 And where the cattle slake  
 Their thirst, as glides  
 Adown its sloping sides,  
 In ceaseless fret,  
 The purling rivulet ;  
 Now let the springing Maize  
 Join in the rivulet's note,  
 As hymning forth our praise  
 From every willing throat  
 Our holiest song we raise.  
 Hither we all repair.  
 Our hope and love to bear,  
     In rustic state to celebrate  
 Midst this refulgent Whole,  
 The joyful advent of an angel soul,  
     That twice four years ago  
     Our mundane life to know,  
 A presence to our eyes  
 Descended from the upper skies ;  
 Before us stands arrayed  
 In garments of a maid,  
 Unstained and pure her soul  
 As when she left the Whole ;  
     And close that treasure keep,  
     That in thy heart doth sleep !



Mind what the Spirit saith,  
And plight thereto thy faith,  
My very dear Elizabeth!

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“Father then asked us what flower we would give Lizzie? I said, ‘A Rose, the emblem of love.’ Father chose the Rose also. Louisa said, ‘A Lily of the Valley, for innocence.’ Mother said she should give her a Forget-me-not, for remembrance; Christy Greene said ‘Arbutus for perseverance;’ and Mr. Lane gave her a piece of moss, meaning humility. Lizzie looked at her presents and seemed much pleased. Mr. Lane wrote some poetry too—

*To Elizabeth.*

Of all the year the sunniest day  
Appointed for thy birth,  
Is emblem of thy longest stay  
With us upon the earth.  
Now drest in flowers  
The merry Hours,  
Fill up the day and night;  
May thy whole life  
Exempt from strife,  
Shine forth as calm and bright!”

These simple verses and frugal offerings were typical of the souls that participated in the mid-summer rites. Christopher Greene, here mentioned, had this power of inspiring love in children. Anna Walker, at the age of fourteen, had been his pupil in Mrs. Winslow’s endowed school at Tyngsboro; always regarded him as her best teacher, and

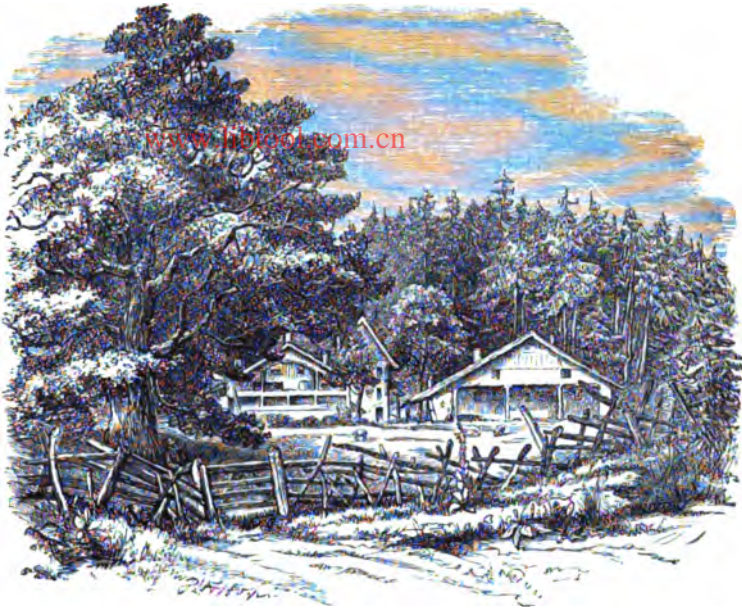
cherished for him a constant affection. He was afterwards at the head of a school in Milton, where Harrison Blake, Thoreau's friend, was one of the teachers, who there began his long correspondence with Thoreau.

## CHAPTER XXIII

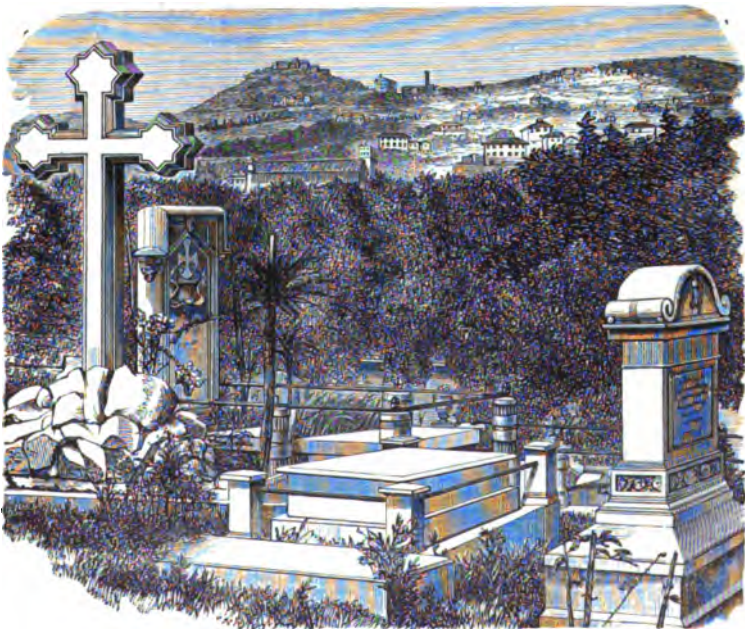
### *Theodore Parker and Emerson*

**F**IFTY years ago the name of Theodore Parker was more widely known in America than that of Emerson, especially among the classes that busied themselves more with theology and politics than with literature and philosophy. He died forty-nine years ago, and the great upheaval immediately following his death in May, 1860, gradually weakened, and almost effaced that strong impression his masculine character and serviceable learning had made on the generation just before the Civil War. During twenty years of his life he was closely associated with Emerson in thoughts and social movements, without being intimately connected with the Emersonian circle. Parker had his own circle, a wide and varied collection of men and women in all parts of the world, but particularly in Boston, where his pastorate was for some fifteen years. To that city his friends or their letters came, from all directions, to sympathize in his preaching and the numerous agitations in which he joined, while retaining, like Emerson, his special function in each movement where he took part. He was seven years younger than Emerson, and was born at Lexing-

ton, on his father's farm, along a by-road, five or six miles only from the corner in Concord where Emerson set up his household gods in 1835. Parker, at that date, was twenty-five, and was studying at Cambridge in the Unitarian Divinity School where, three years later, Emerson uttered those thrilling words which disturbed the religious peace of Cambridge and Boston for years,—the Divinity School discourse of 1838. But six years earlier, Parker had sojourned in Concord, before Emerson was much heard of except as an eloquent preacher at the North End of Boston. At the age of nineteen, young Parker, who was fitting himself for Harvard College, where he never graduated, taught for a winter one of the half-dozen district schools in Concord's broad township of meadow, woodland, and sandy plain. This was in 1829. Nearly eight years later he aspired to the vacant place of assistant-pastor in Concord, where the aged Dr. Ripley still held the pulpit, but was aided by a young colleague. Rev. Hersey Goodwin, the father of the eminent Greek professor, William Watson Goodwin (who was born at Concord), had held the place for some years, but had died, and Parker preached a few sermons as candidate. The choice of the parish fell to another clergyman, Mr. Frost, and Parker, after preaching in Barnstable, Greenfield, and several other parishes, was ordained at West Roxbury in June, 1837,—John Quincy Adams, ex-President and then Congressman, being a delegate from Quincy to the ordaining Council. Parker had already be-



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**GRAVE OF PARKER, AT FLORENCE**

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come acquainted with Emerson, who still preached occasionally, and he heard Emerson's lectures in Boston when he could. He joined Dr. Channing's circle of "Friends of Progress," and not long after, the so-called "Transcendental Club," of which the beginnings are a little in doubt, but which seems to have originated about the time of college Commencement, when certain Harvard graduates came together for a few days, and decided to meet oftener and discuss serious topics. Alcott, Emerson, Mr. Hedge, Parker, Dr. Francis, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, his kinsman, Samuel Ripley of Waltham, with his accomplished wife, W. H. Channing, and others met at this club, and Parker in his Journals of 1837-38 and 1840-42 mentions its meetings. *The Dial* was one of its outgrowths, and Brook Farm was another. Parker at West Roxbury was within a mile or two of that Arcadia.

He had been preaching at West Roxbury a year, and more, when Emerson gave his Divinity School Address on a Sunday evening, July 15, 1838. In his Journal for that day, now in my possession, he wrote:

After (as usual) preaching, Sunday-schooling, teachers'-meeting, etc., wife and I went over to Brookline, took M. A. and proceeded to Cambridge to hear the valedictory sermon by Mr. Emerson. In this he surpassed himself as much as he surpasses others in a general way. I shall give no abstract,—so beautiful, so just, so true, and terribly sublime was his picture of the faults of the Church in its present position. My soul is roused; and

this week I shall write the long-meditated sermon on the state of the Church and the duties of these times.

In the controversy that followed Parker ranked himself on Emerson's side, though not at first very prominent, nor perhaps entirely settled in his own mind on some of the profound questions raised by Emerson. Meanwhile the backward and the bigoted among the Unitarian clergy were in a state of agitation, alarm and anger. Soon they began to make use of the *Boston Advertiser*, a daily newspaper of high pretensions to learning, prudence, and respectability, as a vehicle of attack on the Concord mystic. Parker began to take notice of these attacks in his journal, and inserted there from the *Advertiser* what he terms "a strange article." It contained this passage, which it soon appeared was written by Prof. Andrews Norton, who had for some years taught theology in the Divinity School:

There is a strange state of things existing about us in the literary and religious world, of which none of the larger periodicals has yet taken notice. It is the result of that restless craving for notoriety and excitement, which, in one way or another, is keeping our community in a perpetual stir. It has shown itself particularly since that foolish woman, Miss Martineau, was among us, and stimulated the vanity of her flatterers by loading them in return with the copper coin of her praise,—which they easily believed was as good as gold. She was accustomed to talk about her "mission," as if she were a special dispensation of Providence; and they, too, thought they



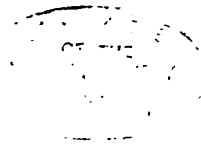


**THE MEETING HOUSE AT WEST ROXBURY**



**HOUSE OF GEO. R. RUSSELL, WEST ROXBURY**

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must all have their missions, and began to "vaticinate," as one of their number has expressed it.

But though her genial warmth may have caused the new school to bud and bloom, it was not planted by her. It owes its origin in part to ill-understood notions, obtained by blundering through the crabbed and disgusting obscurity of some of the worst German speculatists,—which notions, however, have been received by most of its disciples at second hand, through an interpreter. The atheist Shelley has been quoted and commended in a professedly religious work called the *Western Messenger*; but he is not, we conceive, to be reckoned among the patriarchs of the sect. This honor is due to that hasher-up of German metaphysics, the Frenchman Cousin; and of late that hyper-Germanized Englishman, Carlyle, has been the great object of admiration and model of style. Cousin and Carlyle, indeed, seem to have been transformed into idols to be publicly worshiped, the former for his philosophy, and the latter both for his philosophy and his fine writing; while the veiled image of the German pantheist, Schleiermacher, is kept in the sanctuary. . . .

To produce a more striking effect, our common language is abused, antic tricks are played with it; inversions, exclamations, anomalous combinations of words, unmeaning but coarse and violent metaphors abound,—and withal a strong infusion of German barbarisms. Such is the style of Carlyle, *a writer of some talent*; for his great deficiency is not in this respect, but in good sense, good taste, and soundness of principle. . . . Carlyle as an original might be tolerated, if one could forget his admirers and imitators.

The state of things described might seem a matter of no great concern, a mere insurrection of folly,—a sort of Jack Cade rebellion, which, in the nature of things, must

soon be put down,—were it not gathering confidence from neglect, and had not proceeded to attack principles which are the foundation of human society and human happiness. “Silly women” it has been said, and silly young men it is to be feared, have been drawn away from their Christian faith, if not divorced from all that can properly be called religion.

Professor Norton then proceeded to attack Emerson’s Address as the great example of all this mischief, and to reprove all and sundry whom he thought responsible for it. He returned to the charge, with a long article denouncing the “atheist Shelley,” and ascribing to James Freeman Clarke the publication of an apology for him in the *Western Messenger* which Clarke was known to edit, and in which he had printed one or two of Emerson’s poems. It is now hard to believe that a good and learned, though rather narrowly learned man, could have made such an exhibition of himself. A wiser conservative (said to be Theophilus Parsons) took exceptions to Norton’s blast of a trumpet, saying, among other things:

The tone of this article is so harsh that in many passages it seems but the outbreak of indignant contempt. It charges the objects of its rebuke with arrogance, and makes the charge with very little manifestation of humility. And while it accuses them of ignorance, it speaks of distinguished Europeans in a way which makes us ask with wonder how the writer could have formed such opinions? . . . If he wished to arrest the evil he deploras, to help the “silly women” and “silly young men” about

whom the fascinations of the charmer are gathering,—if he wrote in kindness and not in anger,—then he has not written wisely. . . . He seems to identify the school which he attacks with all inquiry,—all progress; when he objects that it is rhapsodical, incoherent, ignorant, and presuming, he seems to feel that all this is expressed by calling it *new*. This is to be regretted, not merely because it is a mistake, but because it is precisely *the* mistake which the favorers of Mr. Emerson beg their opponents to make.

Professor Norton again turned his attention to James Freeman Clarke and “the atheist Shelley.” What he wrote in the *Advertiser* years ago sounds odd enough now:

Of Shelley perhaps many readers have heard but little, for his works are not popular, and never can become so till religion and morality are empty names. He was an atheist and a bitter infidel, and his conduct answered to his principles.

During the year following this address and its ensuing controversy, Parker’s *Journal* has frequent entries concerning Emerson and his circle. Thus the new Club met, May 8, 1839, at Doctor Bartol’s in Boston, and Parker says:

We had a very pleasant meeting, C. Stetson, F. H. Hedge, Alcott, Emerson, J. L. Russell, George Ripley, Bartol, and myself. The subject discussed was Property. It was doubted whether Property would always continue to be. Mr. Alcott thought it was not based on an instinct of the soul. Hedge seemed of the same opinion, but was

rather guarded in his expressions. His views, however, differed much, I thought, from those he expressed in that grand discourse delivered last Fourth of July. Upon the whole, very little was to-day elicited upon this subject. The old foundation of Property stands secure. There will always be Property, doubtless; but it may be distributed in a wiser way, I fancy. Now it is a sharpener of the intellect; then it may be also of the moral powers. Alcott said a good deal, but *invita Minerva*, I thought.

The following Sunday Parker exchanged pulpits with Dr. N. L. Frothingham, brother-in-law of Edward Everett, then Governor of Massachusetts, who had a pew in Dr. Frothingham's church in Chauncey Place. The Governor was present, and Parker was rather discomposed by him, saying in his Journal: "I don't like to preach before this Governor. There he sat looking cold and statuesque, as if hewn of marble. I could not bear to look at him,—it quite discomposed me." A few weeks later he meets a very different person,—not for the first time. June 17th he writes: "Saw Miss Fuller also; pleasantly disappointed in her,—no scoffing to-day. Her sister [Ellen] is truly lovely,—apparently a lover of the flowers." This was the sister who married Ellery Channing. By the middle of July, 1839, the anniversary of the Divinity School had come round, and Professor Norton tried to counteract the Emersonian heresy by a discourse of his own before a similar audience. The graduating class was small—only six; the Dean was Dr. Palfrey. Parker writes:

The Dean appeared with his six,—like the scriptural “Captain of Six” with *his* six. As a hen clucks equally with one chick or a dozen “pledges,” so there was no less ado about this little class than at Andover, when fourscore are made ministers by a speech. The exercises I thought decidedly inferior. Moore’s part was good,—nothing more. Eustis’s remarkably fine,—full of spirit, life, and independence,—his subject “Independence in the Ministry.” It contained some Emersonianisms, which were obvious. Their style of thought and expression was decidedly unlike the rest of his fabric. Expressions like this occurred: “To kick out behind is not a good way of getting forward, for man or horse.” He thinks the minister ought to support himself by his trade, not by preaching. This piece produced a curious effect upon the Rabbis. The Dean covered his face with his hand and never looked up; his fine, large forehead becoming blacker and blacker till the very end. President Quincy was awake during the whole of the performance. Mr. Henry Ware had, we are told, tried to persuade F. L. Eustis to read some other piece. E. insisted on this or none; but had no special desire to read any piece. McKown, whom I count the best scholar, has relinquished the profession (I think Kant has unsettled him); so he did not perform his part.

This George Moore was a Concord youth, the son of Emerson’s next neighbor, Abel Moore, whom Emerson in a fine passage called “Captain Hardy,” and on whose land stood the cottage in which Channing and Ellen Fuller began their housekeeping, near Emerson’s garden, in 1848. Mr. Eustis became a son-in-law of Dr. Channing, but did not long preach. Neither did his college

classmate, Harrison Blake, who was at the Divinity School when Emerson spoke, and was long the devoted friend, correspondent, and editor of Thoreau.

A few days later came a call from Margaret Fuller, who had taken up her residence at Jamaica Plain, near Parker. He says of her: "She has outgrown Carlyle; thinks him inferior to Coleridge. I doubt this much. She says Coleridge will live and Carlyle be forgot. I am glad she has outgrown him,—I wish the world had. Miss Fuller is a critic, not a creator,—not a *vates*, I fear. Certainly she is a prodigious woman, though she puts herself upon her genius a little too much. She is not a good analyst, not a philosopher." He contrasted her with Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who called some days after. Of her he said:

She is a woman of most astonishing powers; has a many-sidedness and a largeness of soul quite unusual; rare qualities of head and heart. I never before knew just with what class to place her; now I see she is a Boswell. Her office is to inquire and answer, "What did they say?" "What are the facts?" A good analyst of character, a free spirit, kind, generous, noble. She has an artistic gift also. She may well be called the "narrative Miss Peabody."

In August, 1839, Bronson Alcott, then hesitating between Boston and Concord, came out to see Parker, who says of him: "He came before noon and stayed till night, full of talk. He does not like the name 'Christian' because it represents the false no less than the true; not that the Christianity



of Christ has anything false in it,—but as it is understood.”

I think that he desires to make a new advance; that he will eventually give up Christianity altogether, as Christ did Mosaism, and take some new measures. But they will not succeed, for Christianity has not yet lived its life, as Mosaism then had done; nor has Mr. Alcott the proper skill needed for the work. He cannot translate his thought into the language of the people,—at least, not without offending them. He says Dr. Channing is a politician, and Garrison also. This is true of both, though in a different sense. Garrison has one idea; he, as a politician, wishes to see it actualized. But Dr. Channing wishes legislation made humane and even divine; then will all partial evil be ended.

And now among these New Lights came one of another school, who afterwards made himself conspicuous as the encomiast of two French emperors,—John S. C. Abbott. He called one August day, with his wife, on Parker, who says: “I am always glad to see them. He seems a man truly devout; says he finds few who live a divine life. He thinks the greater part of the Christian community are utterly dead to religion. He doubts Waldo Emerson is a Christian, or a man who can be saved; distrusts all forms of piety except one technical form.”

The famous *Dial* appeared the next summer (July, 1840), edited by Margaret Fuller and George Ripley,—Emerson at first declining the task, but writing the preface, and contributing

largely from first to last. So did Parker until he went abroad in 1843; when he returned, *The Dial* had died of starvation. The numbers that sold best and were soonest out of print were two containing popular sermons of Parker's. He proved to have what he denied to Alcott, the power to translate his thought into the language of the people without offending them. Before going to Germany he had read Goethe thoroughly, and among the other books, Goethe's alleged "Correspondence with a Child," published by the famous Bettina von Arnim. In the summer of 1839, he thus commented on it in his Journal:

Read Goethe's "Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde,"—an astounding book,—beginning middling, and ending a mystery. What did the creature wish of Goethe? Not to be his wife,—for he had one, at least, at the time. His wife writes one letter to Bettina, such as you might fancy,—still and precise, without feeling. Bettina is one of the queerest of girls, as well as one of the wisest and deepest and highest. She was superior to Goethe, that is quite plain; so the old fox, aware of that fact, desires to get out of her all that he could be wrung from her in the shape of letters,—he in the meantime giving nothing by way of return. His selfishness was never more apparent, I fancy, than in this. Goethe used her, as he used all that came in his way.

Five years after this (May 28, 1844) Parker, being in Berlin, delivered his letters of introduction for Savigny, Baur, and Von Humboldt, and called on Bettina. He thus describes the interview:

A little woman, about sixty. She must once have been handsome; her face is full of expression, her smile beautiful. Hand quite long, only the nails were long and dirty; her attire shabby, the room a little disarranged. I gave the letter to the porter. Presently she came; said she did not speak English. I went in. Saw a gentleman there rather vulgar-looking, from forty-five to fifty (his name I did not catch in the introduction), with a blue coat and metal buttons, a great patch of court-plaster on his forehead. They were sitting, or had been, on a little sofa, at a table, taking coffee; I also took a cup. Soon we talked about Mrs. Edward Robinson and Dr. R., who, she said, looked like a *Menschenfresser* (ogre). Mrs. R. was very *geistreich*; she wondered at the union; asked if Mrs. Robinson was happy in America,—if Robinson had a great renown? still insisting that he was a *Menschenfresser*. I told her in explanation of the marriage that all of that class loved women, and so must have a wife. She said, "He is *tyrannisch*"; asked if the men did not tyrannize over the women in America? I told her no, but the tyranny was on the other side. She showed me a letter from Mrs. L. M. Child, and her "Letters from New York," which she said she should not read; she could not read English with pleasure, and now reads almost nothing.

She has many letters from all parts; was pleased when I told her that her books were much read in America. I told her also of G nderode. She showed me a great mass of criticisms in a scrap-book, of which she complained that they did not understand her,—though they all were favorable notices. She had forgotten Miss Fuller (though she remembered her at length), and the books, but had never read them. She showed me a volume of her letters, just printed but not published; her earliest letters, when she was but fifteen. The volume (*Clemens Brentano's*

*Lauberkranze*, etc., Charlottenburg bei Egbert Baier, 1844) contains letters that passed between her and her brother. She dedicates it to Prince Waldemar, sends a copy to the King, of course to the Censure,—for it may be prohibited! Another volume is to follow. She said she once printed a book that was forbidden,—suppressed! and another book has met with much hostility from the ministers, who have tried to pass a law that shall yet crush it; but this the King refuses to sanction.

She spoke with great freedom about the King; told me that at Aachen in a certain company some one proposed the King's health,—the company hissed down the proposal, and threw the man out of the window! She thinks him a tyrant; spoke of the affairs of Silesia; said that 70,000 men were there suffering for want, almost in a state of famishing. Still there was bread enough in the land,—but the rich landholders crushed the people, and the King did them no good. He was religious; built a cathedral that cost a million thalers, and served God in that way. She read me four or five pages of a book that she is publishing about Silesia, in which she says that the Bible speaks of two Paradises; one is Yenseits, the other is certainly *not* the Province of Silesia. (Frederick II. called Silesia his Paradise.) Then she tells how the serpent has come in; the *Schlangenmutter* (namely, the Government), and the *Schlangenbrud* (namely, the officials); that the *Menschenmutter* has eaten the apple, and hence the *Menschenbrud* are in a sad condition. The serpent has deceived them there; they eat neither of the Tree of Life nor the Tree of Knowledge; the rich keep them from one, the Government from the other. They are like to be obliged to come upon the *Schlangenbrud* for their diet! How the Government will welcome such a book it is not difficult to see.

She had complained there is no courage in Deutschland. I told her if the men lacked it she had enough; that she had the courage of a Jewish prophet, and the inspiration of a Christian apostle. She said she was not Christian, but heathen; she prayed to Jupiter. I told her that was nothing; there was but one God, whose name was neither Jupiter nor Jehovah; and He took each true prayer. Then she said she was no Christian. I asked, "Have you no respect for Christ?" "None for his *person*, for he had done more harm to the world than any other man." But that was not his fault; for many years his name has been a *Beil* (axe) with which the bigots have beheaded the liberals; a name in virtue of which the worst tyranny has been carried on. I found, however, that for the man, Jesus of Nazareth, and for all the great doctrines of religion she had the greatest respect. I told her there was, to my thinking, but one religion; that was *being good* and *doing good*. She said Yes; but doing good was not vulgar charity, but lifting up the fallen, and helping forward the *Entwickelung der Menschheit* (Development of Man).

I stayed an hour and a half, and a most animated time we had. Her English is about as bad as my German. Yet she had the exceeding generosity to try to talk English.

As the "new Journal" goes on towards its birth in July, 1840, Parker hints some of the encouragements and difficulties, and copies some of the verses of his friends, Christopher Cranch and John Dwight, which were to appear in the first number. He also copies some "Lines" ascribed to Emerson, which were never acknowledged by him. They are plain and homely, with nothing of the oracular tone, which soon began to characterize every poem

of the Concord sage; but for the chance that they may have been one of his earlier pieces, before the philosophic maturity of his mind, they may be quoted.

*Summer Scenes in New England*

“ I love the woodlands dark and deep;  
 An herd of cows; a flock of sheep;  
 I love the grass; I love the sky;  
 I love the waving field of rye.  
 But most of all I love the swain  
 Who drives the herd and sows the grain.  
 I love to hear his manly feet  
 Salute the ground with wholesome beat;  
 I love to hear his evening song,  
 As tired of toil he strolls along:  
 I sit with reapers 'neath the tree,  
 And many a joyful talk have we.

“ When the late sun comes up the sky,  
 And fresh with dew the meadows lie,  
 How sweetly sings the Bob-o-link  
 His cheerful note with chink, chink, chink;  
 And every wren from out the bush,  
 Red Robin, Blackbird, and Brown Thrush,  
 Welcome the rising of the sun  
 In notes that sparkle as they run.  
 How gladly then for comely girls  
 In honey hoods and fairy curls,  
 I tread the forest and the fields  
 To cull the flowers that Nature yields.”

*The Dial* disappeared in 1844; in December,

1847, appeared its successor, the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, which was the special organ of Parker, as the earlier quarterly had been of Emerson and his Concord friends. These hardly contributed to the new venture, except that Emerson wrote its prefatory note of seven pages, just as he was getting ready for his European tour of 1847-48. Its first three numbers came out in Boston, while he was in England and France, lecturing, dining, and watching the new French Revolution in Paris, with Lamartine in a position of power. But Parker printed in this quarterly his papers on Dr. Channing, John Quincy Adams, Prescott the historian, and Emerson himself; and Lowell here first reviewed Thoreau in his *Week*, and with more geniality than he ever displayed on that sore subject afterward. Parker's review of Emerson has noticeable merits, and utters his constant admiration; yet is faulty in its appreciation of Emerson's verse. But of the man and the thinker Parker gave a just account; even as Emerson did of Parker in his funeral eulogy of May, 1860. Parker said, ten years before:

Emerson leaves you tranquil, resolved on noble manhood, fearless of the consequences. His position is a striking one. Eminently a child of Christianity and of the American idea, he is out of the Church and out of the State. Reproached as an idler, he is active as the sun, and pours out his radiant truth on lyceums at Chelmsford, at Lowell, and all over the land. Such is the beauty of his speech, such the majesty of his ideas, and such the im-

pression which his whole character makes on men, that they lend him everywhere their ears, and thousands bless his manly thoughts.

<sup>e.3.</sup> My own acquaintance with Parker began in 1852, eight years after his interview with Bettina. Our relation soon became very intimate; I heard him on all convenient occasions, and was very much at his house in Exeter Place, to which I carried John Brown in 1857, as already mentioned. He made me one of his executors, along with John Manly and Fred May, one of the sons of Deacon May, the uncle of Mrs. Alcott, and of Parker's dear friend, Rev. S. J. May of Syracuse, N. Y. He informed me privately that I was to take charge as literary executor, of the publication of his MSS. after his death; and so I was ready to do in 1860. But the will left that matter formally to Mrs. Parker, who soon intimated that she would choose Joseph Lyman, who had become intimate with Parker in his last years, and who desired to undertake the work. A controversy had sprung up in the last year of his invalid life between the Apthorps and some other friends of Parker, who objected to Mr. Lyman's choice of John Weiss as his biographer, and refused to allow him the use of their letters from Parker, very numerous and intimate. These friends were earnest that I should assert my claim as executor, against the choice of Mrs. Parker, who had broken with Miss F. P. Cobbe, Parker's best friend and editor among the English, and a dear friend also of the Ap-



thorps. I could not endure the thought of a public quarrel over the fresh grave of Parker, and declined to be any party to it,—hoping better from the work of Lyman and Weiss than others did.

Mr. Lyman, though a good friend to the Parkers, proved to have no talent for editing, and, after many delays brought little to pass. Mrs. Parker worked industriously and spent thousands of dollars in having Parker's large correspondence copied, but, with a singular lack of foresight, she destroyed most of the originals in Parker's difficult handwriting. Consequently, Weiss's "Life and Letters," printed in England, had countless errors of the press, which could not all be corrected, because the text had been lost. Mrs. Parker, with all her amiability, quarreled with Weiss as well as with Miss Cobbe and others, and was so dissatisfied with the big biography, which had been very costly, and sold but little, that she engaged Octavius Frothingham to write a new one. This is free from the objections against Weiss's two volumes, which blazed with indiscretions and were not without mistakes of fact; and the second biography will be the standard for Parker's life and opinions. Finally, after thwarting most of the hopes of her husband's best friends by the delays and mistakes in a task for which she was not fitted, Mrs. Parker, with no previous notice to me, bequeathed by her will the whole mass of extant copyrights, manuscripts, printed papers, etc., to me, when it was too late to bring the matter before the world, and with no fund to meet the cost of so doing. I am

still the owner of this material, have granted the use of it freely to editors and biographers of Parker, and finally, to a committee acting for the American Unitarian Association, which is now bringing out a uniform edition of such of Parker's works, published or unpublished, as this committee, of which I am a member, shall choose to give the world. The first volume which appeared in this series was so disfigured with errors of typography and editing, that it had to be in part reprinted; the later volumes are now in more careful editorial hands.

The Journals, from which I have quoted above, are to go ultimately to the Boston Public Library. They came into my hands from Mrs. Parker's executors with many erasures, by whom made I cannot say; but they still contain passages that cannot be discreetly submitted to general inspection in a great library.

Of Parker's talents and character I have often written in prefaces and elsewhere. He was a sincere and gifted reformer, more learned than Luther or Calvin or Knox, and more technically a logician and philosopher than Emerson or Alcott. His warm feelings made him less impartial as biographer and historian than several of his contemporaries; but his wide reading and his capacious memory gave him the advantage over all of them. In the pulpit, on the lecture platform, and at political meetings, his eloquence was masterly, and he convinced his hearers more permanently than the graceful Phillips or the humorous, but less sincere



THEODORE PARKER  
THE GREAT AMERICAN PREACHER  
BORN AT LEXINGTON MASSACHUSETTS  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
AUGUST 24 1800  
DIED AT FLORENCE ITALY  
MAY 10 1860

HIS NAME IS ENGRAVED IN MARBLE  
HIS VERTUES IN THE HEARTS OF THOSE HE  
HELPED TO FREE FROM SLAVERY  
AND SEPERATION

STORY'S PARKER MONUMENT, FLORENCE

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Beecher. In private he was the most friendly and sympathetic of men, and had myriads of friends who seldom or never saw his Socratic face.

I have quoted what Parker, early in his career, said of Miss Peabody. She was an early votary of Transcendentalism, to which she came naturally through her intimacy with Dr. Channing, of whom she was for a time an amanuensis. I knew her well for years, and in my house on the Sudbury Road, which I sold in 1868, on my removal to Springfield for four years, I was a next-door neighbor while she lived with her sister, Mrs. Horace Mann. She formed ties with all the Concord authors, and was not only a reporter of Dr. Channing's thoughts, but also made the first record of Alcott's noteworthy Temple School in Boston. She did not wholly approve of his theory of education, having one or more of her own; and there were points of difference between her and Mrs. Alcott, which sometimes marred their friendship. She had great mental activity, many friends in all the circles of New England, and among the exiles whom European revolutions and conspiracies cast on our shores at intervals for fifty years. At one time she was the publisher of the *Dial*; it was issued from her circulating library in West street, Boston, which was also her brother, Dr. Peabody's, homeopathic apothecary shop. As years went on, the limits of fact and imagining in her active brain became confused,—this gave a certain tinge to the portrait of her which Alcott drew in his book of Sonnets, here quoted:

"Daughter of Memory! who her watch doth keep  
 O'er dark Oblivion's land of shade and dream,  
 Peers down into the realm of ancient Sleep,  
 Where Thought uprises with a sudden gleam  
 And lights the devious path 'twixt Be and Seem;  
 Mythologist! that dost thy legend steep  
 Plenteously with opiate and anodyne,  
 Inweaving fact with fable, line with line,  
 Entangling anecdote and episode,  
 Mindful of all that all men meant or said,—  
 We follow pleased thy labyrinthine road,  
 By Ariadne's skein and lesson led:  
 For thou hast wrought so excellently well,  
 Thou drop'st more casual truth than sages tell."

In the year 1848, while Thoreau was editing the *Dial* for Emerson, as already stated, and before the Fruitlands experiment of Alcott and Lane was begun near Still River, Miss Peabody thus wrote to the pencil-making Thoreau:

Boston, Feb. 26, 1848.

My Dear Sir:

I understand you have begun to print the *Dial*, and I am very glad of it on one account, viz., that if it gets out early enough to go to England by the steamer of the first of the month (April) it does not have to wait another month, as was the case with the last number. But I meant to have had as a first article a letter to the "Friends of the *Dial*," somewhat like the rough draft I enclose, and was waiting Mr. Emerson's arrival to consult him about the name of it. I have now written to him at New York on the subject and told him my whys and wherefores.

The regular income of the *Dial* does not pay the cost of its printing and paper; there are readers enough to support it if they would only subscribe; and they will subscribe if they are convinced that only by doing so can they secure its continuance. He will probably write you on the subject.

I want to ask a favor of you. It is to forward me a small phial of that black-lead dust which is to be found, as Dr. C. T. Jackson tells me, at a certain lead-pencil manufactory in Concord; and to send it to me by the first opportunity. I want lead in this fine dust to use in a chemical experiment.

Respectfully yours,  
E. P. PEABODY.

P. S. I hope you have got your money from Bradbury & Soden. I have done all I could about it. Will you drop the enclosed letter for Mrs. Hawthorne into the Post Office?

*Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, Concord.*

Mrs. Hawthorne was passing her first winter at the Old Manse, and watching her husband skate with Emerson on the winding river near by. The "certain lead-pencil manufactory" was that of John Thoreau & Sons in Concord and Acton, where Henry made thousands of good pencils after 1850 to pay for the printing of his first book, the "Week."

Like her sister, Mrs Mann, Miss Peabody was a true lover of the poor, and seldom have I known persons to whom, as by instinct, there gravitated whatever was defeated or unfortunate, more certainly than to these sisters. The same might be

said of Mrs. Alcott, who contracted the fever which, when transmitted to her daughter Beth, caused that child's death by a lingering illness, by attendance on the fever of a poor, neglected woman at Walpole, N. H., where the Alcotts were living in 1856-57.

Like Mr. Alcott's, Miss Peabody's life-work was originally education,—now in this form, now in that, but always with the noblest ideal of what education is. She had derived this ideal from the spiritual surroundings of her youth in Boston, at that fortunate period when Dr. Channing, Alcott, the Emersons, Dr. Howe, Horace Mann, the Everetts, Eliots, Quincys, Charles Sumner, and so many more, citizens or public teachers, were all in their own way seeking to promote a broader, more profound culture. She joined with enthusiasm in Alcott's school at the Masonic Temple, and wrote its first record for publication. That school failed, but it pointed the way to nearly all the improvement since made in the discipline of young children. Even the Kindergarten, which Miss Peabody did much to introduce in America, is little more than a systematic rendering of Alcott's principles in the Temple School. And Miss Alcott in her years of trial, before she found her place in literature, was a "kindergartener" in one of Miss Peabody's Boston ventures.

Parker had a fancy for prediction, and in a letter to Dr. Fuster, a worthy Viennese professor, exiled for republicanism, June 17, 1856, he wrote:



To-day is the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Things look much like a civil war again. You may hear the *Kanon* a second time, and again be *Feld-Kaplan*, with your sword by your side. I wish there might be a different solution of our troubles; but I often fear we must wipe out this spot in blood. Both of the old political parties are grown quite useless. Is there virtue enough in the people to correct the vices of the government? I never doubted it, nor do not now. Frémont will be nominated to-morrow. I think he will be elected; then the trouble is settled peacefully. If he is not elected, then the Union goes to pieces in five years,—not without blood. It is strange that men are not yet wise enough to settle difficulties without fighting.

Here was a mixture of wisdom and error in Parker's mind; the future does not let itself be mapped out so precisely. But in the general prediction Parker was thoroughly sagacious. In the same letter he sends to Fuster news of Desor, the Swiss naturalist, of whom some account is given in the volume of Parker's Centenary edition lately issued by G. W. Cooke for the Unitarian Association, closing with that final satire of Parker's, printed first by Desor at Combe Varin in Switzerland, in the summer of 1859,—the last that Parker lived to see.

He died in Florence, May 10, 1860, and his grave monument is from a design by the sculptor Story. I contributed the \$50 which paid for its carriage from Rome, and its setting up.

Long before I ever heard of Parker,—indeed, while I was in my cradle at Hampton Falls, he, at

the age of 22, was writing these two letters to former friends at Lexington, two brothers named Huntington, and describing incidents in that rural township:

1. *To the Fellow-Pupil.* (1832)

Watertown, 24 August,

Dear Friend:

I received your letter of the 14th inst. in due season, and am rejoiced to find that you have not forgotten Lexington, and that your Brother is still alive and well; for reports have formerly circulated among us that he had fallen a victim to the Yellow Fever at Natchez. I have frequently heard my acquaintance in this place speak of your brother whose decease you mention in your last; he taught a school last winter in a neighboring town, and was much esteemed as a good instructor and an excellent man. But he is gone. I too, dear friend, have felt, and keenly, the afflictive rod. Since our attendance at school, a brother, a brother-in-law, and lastly a sister, have gone the way of all the earth. The latter was but a few years above my own age, and had been married but one year, one week and one day. You have five brothers and three sisters; I have but two brothers and as many sisters, who, with myself, alone remain of a family of eleven children. The Lord giveth and taketh away, but we can answer, "Blessed be his name!"

You say you are engaged in farming. After leaving your brother's school at Lexington, I re-engaged in the same honorable occupation, and taught a common school for four successive winters, during which time I studied laboriously. In 1830 I entered the Freshman class at Cambridge, without having devoted any other time to study than hours stolen from slumber, after having per-

with scanty encouragement. The good character of the school has been declining ever since your departure & now we may expect its own extinction by the Commission. But we have a Lycæum in Leip. but like but it tottles on the brink of ruin, & will probably soon hasten to the magazine of "things exploded". ~~Some~~ Lycæums are established in almost all the neighbouring towns, & in most debates are selected on the same evenings with the Lectures. In Walden we have both a Lycæum & a debating Society, but the standard of education is not very elevated among us.

My School has now been in existence but 18 weeks, yet I have 24 Scholars, which seems to bid fair unto future prosperity. I instruct in the Latin, Greek, French & Spanish Languages. Algebra & such other  Sciences as are usually taught in our country Academies. I have two scholars preparing for the University & others just commencing the Language.

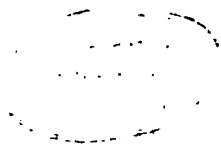
My own education, since attending at your School, has been pursued in private & alone. I have read all the Greek & Roman authors used at Cambridge, & many more, in Geometry & Algebra, & have used the Cambridge course. This has been effected without the assistance of any Teacher. I have likewise obtained considerable knowledge of the Spanish & French Languages, & a smattering of the German, which I intend, to pursue still farther. I shall mention with great pleasure, that our friends at Leip. that I have heard from you, is when I last saw some of them, they requested me to make inquiry.

I remain your friend & former pupil  
P. H. Parker

P.S. & this day complete my 22 years.  
Walden 24 August, 1832.

PARKER'S LETTER TO HUNTINGTON

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formed a day's labor at farming. I did not join the class, but continued to work, and in the ensuing winter completed my fourth period of teaching a district school. Then I engaged as an assistant in a private academy in Boston, where I remained upwards of a year; and as a further remove I came to Watertown, where I at present remain.

2. *To W. P. Huntington, a Former Teacher.\**

Dear Friend and Instructor:

It is long since we have met, but the recollection of the days spent under your instruction still lives in revered remembrance. I am rejoiced to hear of your welfare, since we have felt much anxiety on your account.

You enquire of Lexington Academy. You probably know that it did not flourish under Mr. Russell. Mr. Hagar succeeded him, with similar success. The building stood unoccupied nearly a year. Mr. Houghton, a graduate (*as he says*) of the Vermont colleges, next occupied it, and with tolerable success. He had at one time about 50 scholars, but they were principally little boys,—scholars well suited to his capacity for instruction. He, too, has gone, and a Mr. Whitney, a graduate of Cambridge, has taken his place and meets with scanty encouragement. The good character of the school has been declining ever since your departure, and now we may express its condition by the Roman *Fuit*.

We have a Lyceum in Lexington, but it totters on the brink of ruin and will probably soon hasten to that magazine of "things exploded"—the Moon. Lyceums are established in almost all the neighboring towns, and in most Debates are conducted on the same evenings with the

\* W. P. Huntington graduated at Harvard, 1824, and died 1865.

Lectures. In Watertown we have both a Lyceum and a debating society; but the standard of education is not very elevated among us.

My School has now been in existence but 18 weeks, yet I have 24 scholars, which seems to bid fair as to future prospects. I instruct in the *Latin, Greek, French, and Spanish Languages, Algebra*, and such other *sciences* as are usually taught in country academies. I have four scholars preparing for the University, and others just commencing the Languages.

My own education since attendance at your school [in 1827] has been pursued in *private* and *alone*. I have read all the Greek and Roman authors used at Cambridge, and many more; in Geometry and Algebra I have used the Cambridge course. This has been effected without the *assistance of any Teacher*. I have likewise obtained considerable knowledge of the Spanish and French Languages, and a *smattering* of the German, which I *intend* to pursue still farther.

I shall mention with great pleasure to *our* friends at Lexington that I have heard from you, as when I last saw some of them they requested me to make inquiry. I remain your friend and former pupil.

THEO. PARKER.

P. S. I this day complete my 22nd year.

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The name of the brother of the teacher does not appear in this sheet, but Parker inquires for his cousins, Eleazar and Lynde Huntington. His brother William had been at the South, and in after life was a physician. Of his other pupils at Lexington Academy, Parker adds in the letter 1: "Your old schoolmate Glover (Dr. L. J. Glover, died in 1856), will graduate the ensuing Commencement. Casey entered Brown University, but quitted after the second term, and is now studying medicine. Asa Adams has become an actor. . . . The Misses Phinney still remain at Lexington, having plenty of Beaux, but no Fellows. Miss Mullikin has married a young man who lives near."



**MRS. BROAD'S HOUSE AND SCHOOLHOUSE**



**THE WEST ROXBURY PARSONAGE**

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This letter has not been printed elsewhere, I believe; and it gives a glimpse at the progress of those studies that were never intermitted, so long as Parker could hold a book, or hear reading. His learning was vast and methodical; not so exact as that of narrower scholars, nor so enlivened by elegance as was the discriminate reading in fewer languages of Emerson and Thoreau. He had a turn for verse translation, and often composed original verse, highly expressive of feeling, sometimes of thought, but not entitling him, save in a few examples, to the name of poet. His Sonnets are often fine. I found two such in a pencil note-book written before 1850, and I sent one of them, in 1889, for publication by C. H. Crandall in his "Representative Sonnets by American Poets." The other, never yet printed, is this:

Thee, loved One, do the rocks and woodlands sing,  
And Thee the Pine-tree waves with in the snow;  
I see thy face in earliest flowers of Spring,  
And feel thy kindness in the Summer's glow;  
And wander where I will, I only know  
That Thou art with me still, and thy great heart  
Stands, a green pine-tree in the waste of snow,  
Whereto I flee, and hold myself apart  
From all the wintry bitterness of Time:  
For in thy presence I again am warm,  
Nor fear the tempest in Life's stormy clime,  
But unafraid confront the wildest storm:  
For Thee the winter and the tempests sing,  
And through the snow I feel the violets spring.

*The Concord Lyceum, Dr. Channing, and Others*

**I**N our evening conversations during the ten years that Ellery Channing, a nephew of the great preacher of the same name, lived with me, by an open fire in my grandfather Leavitt's Franklin stove, I heard much about that uncle and his times. He had died in Lenox the year (1842) before my first visit to Boston; but I knew the three Williams, his nephews, and his brother, Dr. Walter Channing, who practiced medicine all his days in Boston, after studying at Edinburgh. Of the Boston clergyman, his nephew said, "He was the most gentle, soft, religious person,—very different from his contemporary Unitarians, the cultivated merchants of Boston who made a circle by themselves, caring nothing for anti-slavery, or the other reform movements, in which Dr. Channing had a deep concern. He must have spoken at the Concord Lyceum long before I came here, as Edward Everett and other Bostonians did occasionally. He also preached here now and then, exchanging pulpits with Dr. Ripley." It is but recently, since Channing's death in 1901, that I have been impressed with the failure of the biographers of our Concord authors to consult an abundant source of information in our own vil-

lage,—the records of the Concord Lyceum. This ancient institution, founded as a debating society eighty years ago, and still meeting every winter in the Town Hall, has reckoned among its lecturers all our local authors except, Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott, and Mrs. Jane Austin (a first cousin of Professor Goodwin of Harvard, and still a popular novelist). Emerson and his brother Charles spoke there more than a hundred times,—Charles three or four times, and Waldo the rest. Thoreau gave nearly twenty lectures, and was for some years an active “curator” or secretary, for the promotion of lectures. In one of his pages, some sixty years ago, he says: “How much might be done for a town with \$100! I myself have provided a select course of twenty-five lectures for a winter, together with room, fuel, and lights, for that sum,—which was no inconsiderable benefit to every inhabitant.” I had the curiosity to look up this matter, and found it was in the winter 1842-3 that these lectures were given,—and surely a more noteworthy list of speakers could hardly be found in any city course. They were Emerson (three), George Bancroft, Theodore Parker, Horace Greeley, O. A. Brownson (an early friend of Thoreau), Dr. Charles T. Jackson (the chemist and geologist, Mrs. Emerson’s brother), Henry Giles, Dr. E. H. Chapin, then of Charlestown, afterward of New York; Dr. Edward Jarvis, James Freeman Clarke, Thoreau himself, Wendell Phillips, James Richardson, Thoreau’s classmate; Charles Lane, the English friend of Alcott, then resident in Concord before

going to found the community at Fruitlands; E. W. Bull, then busy inventing the far-famed Concord grape, and half a dozen speakers of less fame.

Thoreau's money account of that winter stands on a page of the Lyceum records. He received and accounted for \$109.20, but he left a balance of \$9.20 in the treasury. For the lecture-room, lighted and warmed, he paid \$31.25; to Messrs. Bancroft, Brownson, Giles, and Jackson he paid \$10 each; to Dr. Chapin \$8; to Mr. Parker \$3; to Emerson, Phillips, Greeley, and himself nothing. Many of the lecturers were entertained for the night at Emerson's house, others by the Thoreaus, by Squire Hoar, Mrs. Brooks, and other hospitable people. Phillips lectured just before Christmas, 1842, much to the chagrin of some of the town magnates, who did not wish to have emancipation discussed in their village forum. In years before this date Emerson had given single lectures and courses in this forum,—always gratuitously; in 1834-5 on "The Study of Natural History," "The Study of Biography,"—on Martin Luther and Michael Angelo; in 1837 six lectures on "Human Culture," in 1839 seven lectures in one course, in 1840 nine lectures. Thoreau gave chapters from his own books first as lectures,—in 1843 his "Raleigh," in 1845 one on "Concord River," in 1849 on "White Beans" and "Walden," and in 1847, while still living in his hermitage at Walden, he lectured two weeks in succession on "The History of Myself," the MS. of which afterwards made a

considerable part of "Walden." Even Ellery Channing gave one lecture in this Lyceum in 1852,—his thoughts on "Society."

Of Emerson lecturing elsewhere, Marston Watson told me this:

You should have seen Emerson when he first came from Europe in 1833, reading in our Plymouth Lyceum his lectures on Italy, like a good boy,—religion and philosophy being tabooed. The poor man hardly knew what to preach about for awhile,—but preach he must. He never failed to read everything he wrote, from the first, in Plymouth; especially after he began to feel the attraction of Miss Jackson. Fortunately for us he had several very strong friends in Plymouth from the earliest period. I heard everything. I was twelve years old when he first appeared above our horizon. The first time I remember him in my father's house was in 1832, when my nephew, William Goodwin (Professor Goodwin of Harvard now) was a baby.

There was Goethe's "intermaxillary bone,"—I think Emerson was more proud of that than of anything else; and he was always more proud of his science than his poetry. Emerson and Thoreau both addressed our Plymouth congregation in Leyden Hall on Sunday mornings in 1852—an enterprise I undertook about that time. I find among the other distinguished men who there addressed us the names of Alcott, Phillips, Garrison, Edmund Quincy, Ellery Channing, Wentworth Higginson, Jones Very (my Greek tutor in college), Wasson, W. H. Hurlbut, Adin Ballou, Dr. W. F. Channing, Sam Johnson, C. L. Remond, and others. About that time Thoreau made a thorough survey of "Hillside" [Mr. Wat-

son's estate], Mr. Alcott and I carrying the chains. We spent some memorable days in the operation, and I have the surveys, and Thoreau's receipt in full, which I prize highly.

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Channing added to this account as follows:

“ I heard Mr. Emerson give a course of lectures on Science at the Masonic Temple on Tremont Street,—one of the first courses ever delivered in Boston by an able man.” I said: “ Yes, he gave one lecture on the *Jardin des Plantes* of Paris, in November, 1833, soon after his return from Europe; its nominal subject was ‘ The Uses of Natural History,’ and it was the opening lecture of a course before the Boston Society of Natural History.” “ There was one lecture on Mineralogy, one on Botany, and one on Geology, I believe,—I may not have heard them all.” [In fact, the first lecture had to do with Botany; the second, on “ The Relation of Man to the Globe,” given in December, 1833, must have dealt both with Geology and Mineralogy; and a third lecture, in January, 1834, before the Mechanics’ Institute, on “ Water,” must have dealt with Chemistry. In May, 1834, he gave the annual address before the Natural History Society, taking “ The Naturalist ” as his subject,—the place of natural history in a scheme of general education.] “ It was odd that Mr. Emerson should be asked to lecture on Science, who was never a scientific man.”

I said: “ The details of science were foreign to



**MARSTON WATSON, 1887**



**DANIEL RICKETSON, 1887**

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him,—he would not ‘lose himself in nomenclature,’ as he said in one of these early discourses,—but he understood the great principles of all science, and knew how to state them.” Channing said: “He made brilliant quotations in those lectures, and got along with that. They were given in the plainest of all halls at the Temple,—holding perhaps seven hundred persons, with white pine benches, unpainted, and arranged one row above another, and so steep that if you fell off you would roll down to the bottom.”

Channing told me, more than once, that Emerson took his short style from Dr. Channing, but carried it farther.

He wrote with much more point, and I think was never excelled nor equalled in English. He used to copy from his journals when writing a lecture,—a large, flowing hand, and as he wrote, sitting in his rocking-chair in the study, he would throw the pages on the floor. Several volumes might be made up from the unpublished parts of his journals; and a very good volume of his prose selections,—for these he copied into the journals, and he read a great deal. Many of his quotations he printed; but there were a great many more. In this mode of writing—from the journals—Mr. Thoreau imitated him; and yet there was no such thing as conscious imitation in Thoreau. His handwriting, too, had such a resemblance to Mr. Emerson’s that I could hardly tell them apart. This was very strange, for Henry Thoreau never imitated anybody; there was nothing but originality in him, as I know from my many hours with him. In my walks with Emerson,—not less than a thousand,—I seldom heard him mention a person by name; he had singular appellations

for Thoreau and others, and avoided their personal one. Thoreau had much the same habit. Dr. Channing was the most modest, diffident, retiring person in the world; all the favor he found, and all the fame he had did not make the least change in him; he was the gentlest of beings,—a gentleman, truly. But a great sermonizer; he used to scold me, and I stood in such dread of him! When I came back from the West I stopped at Lenox, and there, to my horror, was Dr. Channing; he lectured me solemnly for coming back to Boston, after all the cost that had been incurred in sending me out to live in a log-cabin on the Illinois prairie,—here I was back in Boston again, or soon would be. I was the most irregular of persons, he said,—in fact, I was a sinner, and he did not love sinners,—he loved the saints, like himself. I thought I might stop in Lenox and see the Sedgwicks,—but there was Dr. Channing under my nose!

One of the earliest friends of Ellery Channing, Samuel Gray Ward, (whose only son, Thomas Wren Ward, was fitted by me for Harvard College) had taken the greatest interest in Channing's poetic genius, and paid the cost of publishing his first volume of verse in 1843. In reprinting several of the pieces in that volume, after Channing's death, I found by the manuscripts that a particular sonnet in the next volume (of 1847),—IV. in "Poems of the Heart",—was meant for Mr. Ward, and reproached him for a coldness in friendship. I reprinted it, with a few changes found in the MS. and added a versified explanation of this coldness, which probably I had better left in oblivion, where Channing left it. This publication,

however, had the good effect of drawing from Mr. Ward, then 84 years old, a letter, throwing light on the attachment and the caprices of Channing. Mr. Ward had built a villa at Lenox a few years after the interview between Channing and his uncle, above mentioned; and it was on a visit to Mr. Ward at Lenox that the sonnet in question was written. Having sent to Mr. Ward in New Jersey the new volume in 1902, I received from him this acknowledgment:

“WEST END, MONMOUTH, N. J., June 9, 1902.

“*My dear Mr. Sanborn:*

“I found the ‘Poems’ on my arrival here last week. Those in the first half the volume I knew by heart. Many of the others were new to me, comprising the two which I conclude refer to me, as I know no one else they could mean. (Pp. 117-18). If so, as you justly say, ‘any estrangement was on the poet’s side.’ It is sad to find that after twelve years of friendship he could so speak of me; but it was characteristic.

“From the earliest days of our intimacy I became aware that while he was intensely sensitive as to what was due to him from others, he was color-blind as to any obligations to them on his part. He was born so. It was the crack that ruined his life, made him so solitary, and seriously impaired his work. I soon made up my mind that, to keep his friendship, I must not give myself up to any such exclusive personal feeling as was his for me.

“Until he met Emerson, I never heard of his having any personal friend but me, and no one ever appreciated his genius more fully than I did then. Naturally he idealized me. When he went to the West (1839) he used to write me the wildest letters of devotion and gratitude;

to which I never attempted to respond on the same plane. I could only admire his genius, and try my best to serve him—the most impossible of mortals to help! though you found out the way to do so. I could not have held my ground as I did but that circumstances kept us apart most of the time, and when we met it was always on the old footing.

This characteristic of his was not called out in his intercourse with Emerson and his Concord friends. While they acknowledged his genius and enjoyed his society, in their long walks, it was a purely intellectual relation, with no ground for exclusiveness. Concord was his paradise. I did my best to keep him on the same terms with me, but always failed. He could be intensely jealous. When in 1840 I wrote him of my engagement, instead of congratulations, he wrote back his bitter lament that now I should have no place or need for him in my affections. Fortunately, my wife's happy disposition and friendliness banished these visions, and there was a new lease of friendship for another half-dozen years.

“After his marriage (1842) he and Ellen paid us more than one visit together of which I found lately the most enthusiastic record in his letters. After I built in Lenox (not before 1845), in which year my house there was finished, they paid us another visit and a very happy one; and after they left, Ellen wrote to my wife that Ellery wanted to give up everything else and come to live in the farm-house, our nearest neighboring dwelling. Here was the peril I had hitherto successfully conjured—that of being left alone with Ellery in full sight, in an isolated place, two miles from Lenox, when he would be and sought to be, thrown on me for all his society. Knowing him and knowing myself as I did, I felt it would be fatal to the relation that had gone on so long without a break. While he had

but one range of interests—Nature and Poetry and books—I had other intimate friends, and a whole society of excellent people, not one of whom would appreciate him or he them. I was occupied all day long in pursuits that took up most of my time and thoughts; and I had the vision of long winter months on the ‘bleak hillside,’ while we made long absences to the cities; and the utter solitude which I knew would be insupportable to him, as it was afterwards to Hawthorne in the same ‘Red Cottage,’ which seemed to possess such fascination for eccentrics.

“My wife replied to Ellen Channing, begging them to consider all the sides involved in such a move. I do not remember in what terms, but whatever she wrote could only have been with perfect kindness and delicacy; and we heard no more of it. How deep this disappointment sunk, and how he felt about me appears only now in the poem. All the world knows of Hawthorne’s disastrous experiment there, and how it led to the estrangement between his family and the Tappans, who leased my house when we went to live in Boston in 1850.”

Mrs. Tappan was Channing’s old friend of Curzon’s Mill and the Artichoke River, Caroline Sturgis. What Channing thought of Lenox as a winter abode, has already appeared in his letter inviting Hawthorne to Concord. Mr. Ward’s statement is an interesting and just one. Both he and his wife, Anna Barker of New Orleans, a particular friend of Margaret Fuller, were persons of great refinement and delicacy; and it was Mr. Ward, in 1840, who introduced Channing to Emerson, long desirous of knowing this “New Poet.” He outlived both Emerson and

Channing, dying in the winter of 1907-08, upward of 90 years old. He had graduated at Harvard in 1836, a year before Thoreau, and was a Junior there in 1834 when Ellery Channing entered. His son, Thomas Wren Ward, was in the class of 1867, with my brother Joseph, but did not take his degree. He was the only one of my pupils except my brother, who lived with me.

In reply to some questions concerning his cousins, the Danas of Cambridge, and his friends, the Clarkes of Boston and Chicago (brothers and only sister of Dr. James Freeman Clarke), Channing told me that Richard Henry Dana, Sr., was a first cousin of his father, Dr. Walter Channing. The second R. H. Dana was three years older than Channing, but they were often together as boys and young men. William Evarts, the distinguished lawyer of New York, was born in Boston (Pinckney Street) and at school with Ellery Channing. He also was a friend of R. H. Dana, Jr. In August, 1834, young Dana, then nineteen, left college and went to sea before the mast, as a common sailor, in the brig *Pilgrim*; was gone two years, and wrote the famous book describing his experiences. Channing said: "I was with William Evarts at Mr. Dana's house in Cambridge, between Ellery Street and the corner where Main and Harvard Streets come together, when Richard Dana was getting permission to go on his voyage; it was a hard thing to accomplish, his father being opposed to it; but he did finally go." Before Dana returned in 1836, I suppose Channing had

decided to go to the West; but he did not actually go until 1839, when he was in his twenty-first year. At that time the mother of J. F. Clarke was living with her sons, Samuel, Abraham, William, and Thomas, in or near Chicago; the sons had followed the father's occupation of apothecary, but joined with it speculation in land, first at Chicago and afterward at Milwaukee. William remained an apothecary, but Thomas became eminent as a civil engineer.

Channing had much to say, in these talks, of my native State, New Hampshire, which he affected to consider much superior to Massachusetts, where he was born (in Boston, November 29, 1818), not only in the height of its mountains, but in the character of its people. One night in 1896 he was particularly vigorous in his remarks on this difference between the scenery of New Hampshire and the habits of its people, and those of Massachusetts. He had been speaking of the local feeling in Ohio,—"there is none in Massachusetts, except in Plymouth and a few places,"—and he went on to say:

There is no place where State pride is so strong as in New Hampshire; the people there know all about their local heroes, and remember them,—there are almost none in Massachusetts. Think how many generals there have been in that little State! Then there was Webster, who came down from New Hampshire—he could not have been produced in Massachusetts. The scenery, too, how fine it is! I used to go there every year, ages before I went to Monadnoc,—towards the White Hills, I mean. Meredith is the place where I first noticed the grand, soli-

tary scenery of New Hampshire,—the view from Red Hill, near Centre Harbor, over the smaller lakes,—nothing could be finer. I went before there was any railroad; never was in Concord, New Hampshire, in my life,—but used to go to Centre Harbor in the stage-coach, and then drive about the region on the top of the stage, with the driver telling stories and the most extraordinary jokes. Good horses, and a driver who knew more than anybody else,—young man, about twenty-five; it was good to get off early in the morning, when everything was fresh as sunrise. There was a very fine drive from Franconia, below the Notch, by the Flume, and among the Sandwich Hills, over to Fryeburg in Maine, and so down to Portland, over those level roads of Maine. Then Bartlett,—Oh Bartlett!—what a place that used to be! so sunny and green and silent; it is all changed now since the New York people began to come in, and you had to send word in advance that you wanted a room; that was so the last time I was there.

I have stayed in old Abel Crawford's house, too, not far from the Willey House, and not so very long after the destruction of the Willey family by an avalanche, in 1826. Oh, it was the loveliest region! the air seemed to be perfumed, and there was something so enlivening in it. I was never there in autumn—never when the leaves were falling. There is something native and original in the character of those New Hampshire people, which you never see in Massachusetts; why is it, Mr. Sanborn? Do you think living among those mountains, in that fresh, wild scenery, with so much hunting, has anything to do with it? The Massachusetts people have something narrow and small about them,—not the generous native strength of the New Hampshire people.



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**THE RIVER BANK AND SANBORN HOUSE**



**HOUSE OF F. B. SANBORN, CONCORD, 1882**

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As I am from New Hampshire, this looked a little like flattery; so I said: "There are mean persons everywhere; but no doubt the way of life in early New Hampshire, when the people had to encounter Indians, wild beasts, etc., and to care for themselves, without much oversight from parsons and squires, had something to do with those traits you mention."

Channing had noticed many things in those early trips to the mountain-land. "The forest came down to the edge of the road, and the great plague in summer was the black flies,—so bad that the men who worked on the roads always had fires burning to make a smudge to keep the flies away; but for that they would have been eaten up. There was good trout-fishing, and Dr. Bemis, a dentist in Boston, used to spend much time there, trout-fishing; he understood that perfectly." Bears were still shot now and then, and old Abel Crawford, who had some encounters with that brute, said "he did not like bear's meat—it made him feel the claws again, to eat it." Channing had never heard that rattlesnakes were eaten by Indians and frontiersmen, in the form of soup; but I read him from the campaign journal of Rev. Wm. Rogers, of Rhode Island, who went with General Sullivan's army against the Six Nations in 1779, as did my great-uncle, Lieut. Leavitt, this anecdote:

June 20th, the artillery soldiers killed two or three rattlesnakes, and made, as I understand, a good meal of them. Brant, the Indian half-breed, suffering from fever

and ague, the next spring (April, 1780), watching upon the southern side of a hill, where serpents usually crawl forth in the spring to bask in the sunshine, caught a rattlesnake, which was immediately made into a soup, and Brant ate it; a speedy cure was the consequence.

At least, Colonel Stone says this, in his "Life of Brant." All this was new to Channing, who said there was a prejudice against eating snakes,—no doubt the effect of imagination.

Finding my inmate so much pleased with New Hampshire, I would sometimes tell him the rural customs and furnishings of the people of Rockingham and Strafford counties, where I had lived or traveled in youth,—how my great-grandfather, a land-surveyor, often spending the night at the house of Captain Webster, Daniel's father, used to say that Mrs. Webster was the worst house-keeper he ever saw; and how I had seen two of this Benjamin Leavitt's daughters, one of them the mother of Senator Norris of Pittsfield, smoking pipes by the great fireplace in my mother's kitchen (their niece, whom they were visiting). He had seen something of this rural life, but chiefly in Illinois, where the conditions in 1840 were much ruder. At the request of my son, Victor Channing Sanborn (named in part for my friend), I had written a chapter for his "Sanborn Genealogy" on the New Hampshire way of life in the first half of the last century, and quoted that to Channing.

The garret of every farmhouse that I visited as a boy, before 1850, contained disused flax-wheels,

while in sheds and tool-houses I still saw the branks and hetchels for beating and combing flax, which even continued to be grown here and there. Every larger farmhouse had its loom for weaving the woolen yarn, spun in the chambers, into substantial cloth for winter wear, and the wool from which it was spun and woven was generally grown on the sheep kept for the farm, and washed before shearing in the nearest brook where a mill-race gave current enough to help the process. Often did I see this wool done up in linen sheets that had been woven years earlier on this same loom, and the bundles pinned up with thorns from the white-thorn tree in the sheep-pasture, in order to go to the carding-mill, to be returned in rolls for spinning.

To the same mill, oftentimes, the cloth went after weaving to be "fulled" and dyed; though sometimes the dying was done in the farmhouse, from logwood or butternut dyes, prepared by the fire in the great kitchen fireplace. Large spinning-wheels for wool-spinning were in all the houses, and on them was spun the yarn which made our winter socks, stockings and "buskins" (a knit gaiter coming to the knee, with strings of wood-chuck skin tied under the shoe); and these were generally knit at home by mothers, sisters, aunts and grandmothers. Carpets were not many in those days, seventy years ago, but many rugs and rag-mats, made by the same skillful fingers which knit our mittens, and as often sewed up the seams of our jackets and trousers, after they had been

cut out by the town tailor; unless, indeed, the town tailoress came for a day or two to make them; as also the town dressmaker came at other times to make the gowns and other garments of feminine use and adornment.

Even the boots and shoes were frequently made at home, either by the farmer himself, who had learned shoemaking and cobbling for rainy and snowy days, or else by a traveling shoemaker, who went from house to house with his kit. My own father for instance, in eastern New Hampshire, who had almost as many arts as a Stoic philosopher, and something of the same moral discipline, not only mended and sometimes made shoes, but made his own shoepegs and cobbler's wax, grafted trees, after making grafting wax, framed his own carts, harrows, etc., made ox-yokes and bar-posts, hewed timber, cut by himself, and did twenty other things for which now a specialist must serve.

The kitchen of the farmer, being such a workshop for men's and women's work, was a busy place on week days, and often through the evening, when work was pressing, as before Thanksgiving, when the poultry were to be killed and picked, and the pies to be made from apples raised in the orchard and pared and sliced by the kitchen fire of an evening. But there were hours of quiet and hospitality on Sundays or evenings, or odd days in winter, when the show-part of the house came into use. The parlor was then in request, with its nicely-kept furniture.

Unmarried daughters after the father's death,

were wont to have a portion of the house bequeathed to them for residence, which they sometimes occupied as separate tenements, but more often made part of the large family, for families then were much larger than now. They did the neighborly offices more than the mother of growing children could, and they had no small share in the breeding and training of children. A pronounced character of this class, once expatiating to Theodore Parker on their virtues and functions, said, "Why, Mr. Parker, without maiden aunts the world could not be peopled, sir!" They held their place in the affections of the young, though sometimes blamed by the thoughtless for too much interference with the pleasures of childhood.

In his long poem, *Eliot*, Channing had himself described an old red farmhouse in Canton, near Boston, which was a type in its parlor arrangements of several such houses where I played as a child:

"Our parlor kept its buffet, rarely opened;  
Much did I wonder at its glassy doors,  
And stacks of crockery sublimely piled,  
Hills of blue plates and teapots sere with age,  
And spoons, old silver, tiniest of that breed.

"It was a sacred place, and, save I whisked  
Sometimes a raisin or a seedcake thence,  
With furtive glance I scanned the curious spot.  
The curtains at the windows kept all dark,  
(Green paper was the compound); and the floor,  
Well scrubbed, showed its vacuities, content.

With modest subterfuge of mats, the work  
Of some brave aunt, industrious as a fly,  
And interwove of rags; yet such to me,  
I hardly dared intrude on them my shoe."

And now, having come full circle, and brought  
back my story to its point of departure, in the mem-  
ories of rural New England, I gladly please my  
readers in writing

**FINIS.**



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The remains <sup>me</sup> ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~of~~ ~~leaves~~, plough-  
 fields, deep furrows, hoeing, of corn-cake.  
 Everything ~~was~~ local, homey, rustic,  
 square, is his. He has never ridden on  
 the railroad; not he. He was in Britain  
 once, as a volunteer in the last war, of  
 has not gone to that place since.

~~He~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~country~~ ~~since~~ ~~he~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~  
 back; that ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~country~~ ~~man~~,  
 is the "Voice of the People."

~~But the~~ <sup>of</sup> the admirer ~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~land,~~  
Pitts, robins, bluebirds, pigeons. His  
discourse sets me dreaming of ~~many~~ <sup>birds</sup>  
in New Hampshire with a single robin  
in their range, - vales where new milk  
is plenty, sweet butter to be had, &  
a treat of maple syrup. Old New  
England is that art of which. Angels

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