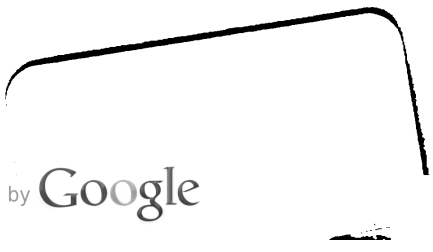
R. W. Emerson



Julen F. Bradford

JOURNALS
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1820–1872

VOL. VI

Waldo Emerson

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OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WITH ANNOTATIONS

EDITED BY

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

AND

WALDO EMERSON FORBES

1841–1844

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(*Continued*)

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JOURNAL

NANTASKET

WATERVILLE ADDRESS

LECTURES ON THE TIMES

JOURNAL XXXII

(Continued)

1841

(From Journal G)

[All page references to passages from the Journals used by Mr. Emerson in his published works are to the Centenary Edition, 1903–05.]

[During this year it is evident that Mr. Emerson's forces had ebbed, in spite of the gardening hours with his friend Henry Thoreau, and the change to the lonely hostelry on Nantasket Beach, whither he went to write his "Waterville Address," was important.

In Mr. Cabot's Memoir of Emerson he gives several letters written from Nantasket to Mr. Emerson's wife and friends with pleasant mention of that fortnight's sojourn.[1]]

1 On July 13 he wrote: —

Dear Lidian, . . . I find this place very good for me on many accounts. . . . I read and write, and have a scheme of my speech in my head. I read Plato, I swim, and be it known unto you I did verily catch with hook and line yesterday morning two haddocks, a cod, a flounder, and a pollock,

NANTASKET BEACH, *July* 10.

You shall not love beautiful objects ardently: you will not, if you are beautiful. He who is enamoured of a statue, a picture, a tune, or even of the stars and the ocean, finds in them some contrast to his own life. His own life is ugly, and he sickly prefers some marble Antinous or Cupid to the living images of his father and mother, and whole towns of his countrymen dwelling around him. But when a man's life is concordant with Nature, he will behold all that is most beautiful in the universe with a fraternal regard unsurprised.

(From loose sheet)

[The following, though undated, was evidently written in July at Nantasket.]

and a perch. . . . The sea is great, and reminds me all the time of Malta, Sicily, and my Mediterranean experiences, which are the most that I know of the ocean; for the sea is the same in summer all the world over. Nothing can be so bland and delicious as it is. I had fancied something austere and savage, a touch of iron in it, which it hardly makes good. I love the dear children and miss their prattle. Take great care of yourself, and send me immediate word that you are well and hope everything good. That hope shall the Infinite Benevolence always justify.

Your affectionate husband,

WALDO E.

We have two needs, Being and Organization. See how much pains we take here in Plato's dialogues to set in order the One Fact in two or three or four steps, and renew as oft as we can the pleasure, the eternal surprise of coming at the last fact, as children run up steps to jump down, or up a hill to coast down on sleds, or run far for one slide, or as we get fishing-tackle and go many miles to a watering-place to catch fish, and having caught one and learned the whole mystery, we still repeat the process for the same result, though perhaps the fish are thrown overboard at the last. The merchant plays the same game on 'Change, the card-lover at whist, — and what else does the scholar? He knows how the poetry, he knows how the novel or the demonstration will affect him, — no new result but the oldest of all, yet he still craves a new book and bathes himself anew with the plunge at the last. The young men here, this morning, who have tried all the six or seven things to be done, namely, the sail, the bowling-alley, the ride to Hull and to Cohasset, the bath, and the spyglass, they are in a rage just now to do something: these itching fingers, this short activity, these nerves, this plasticity or creativeness accompanies forever and ever the Profound Being.

And yet the secret is kept.

It is only known to Plato that we can do without Plato. Being costs me nothing. I need not be rich, nor pay taxes, nor leave home, nor buy books for that. It is the organizing that costs. And the moment I *am*, I despise city and the seashore, yes, earth and the galaxy also.

"When Nature is forsaken by her lord, be she ever so great, she doth not survive."— VEESHNOO SARMA.

Too feeble fall the impressions of our sense upon us to make us artists. Every touch should thrill: now 't is good for life, not for poetry. It seems as if every man ought to be so much an artist that he could report in conversation what has befallen him.

Aristotle defined Space as a certain immoveable vessel in which things were contained.

Every sensual pleasure is private and mortal: every spiritual action is public and generative.

The Church aërates my good neighbors and serves them as a somewhat stricter and finer ablution than a clean shirt or a bath or a sham-

pooing. The minister is a functionary and the meeting-house a functionary: they are one and, when they have spent all their week in private and selfish action, the Sunday reminds them of a need they have to stand again in social and public and ideal relations beyond neighborhood, — higher than the town-meeting — to their fellow men. They marry, and the minister who represents this high public, celebrates the fact; their child is baptized, and again they are published by his intervention. One of their family dies, he comes again, and the family go up publicly to the church to be publicised or churched in this official sympathy of mankind. It is all good as far as it goes. It is homage to the Ideal Church, which they have not: which the actual Church so foully misrepresents. But it is better so than nohow. These people have no fine arts, no literature, no great men to boswellize, no fine speculation to entertain their family board or their solitary toil with. Their talk is of oxen and pigs and hay and corn and apples. Whatsoever liberal aspirations they at any time have, whatsoever spiritual experiences, have looked this way, and the Church is their fact for such things. It has not been discredited in their eyes as books, lectures, or living men of genius have

been. It is still to them the accredited symbol of the religious Idea. The Church is not to be defended against any spiritualist clamoring for its reform, but against such as say it is expedient to shut it up and have none, this much may be said. It stands in the history of the present time as a high school for the civility and mansuetude of the people.[1] (I might prefer the Church of England or of Rome as the medium of those superior ablutions described above, only that I think the Unitarian Church, like the Lyceum, as yet an open and uncommitted organ, free to admit the ministrations of any inspired man that shall pass by: whilst the other churches are committed and will exclude him.)

I should add that, although this is the real account to be given of the church-going of the farmers and villagers, yet it is not known to them, only felt. Do you not suppose that it is some benefit to a young villager who comes out of the woods of New Hampshire to Boston and serves his apprenticeship in a shop, and now opens his own store, to hang up his name in bright gold letters a foot long? His father could not write his name: it is only lately that he could:

1 The passage in parentheses was written a day or two later, but referred to this place.

the name is mean and unknown: now the sun shines on it: all men, all women, fairest eyes read it. It is a fact in the great city. Perhaps he shall be successful and make it wider known: shall leave it greatly brightened to his son. His son may be head of a party: governor of the state: a poet: a powerful thinker: and send the knowledge of this name over the habitable earth. By all these suggestions, he is at least made responsible and thoughtful by this public relation of a seen and aërated name.

Let him modestly accept those hints of a more beautiful life which he meets with; how to do with few and easily gotten things: but let him seize with enthusiasm the opportunity of doing what he can, for the virtues are natural to each man and the talents are little perfections.

Let him hope infinitely with a patience as large as the sky.

Nothing is so young and untaught as time.

Cities of men are like the perpetual succession of shells on the beach.

This world is a palace whose walls are lined with mirrors.

[*Of a*] *Preacher.* "There he has been at it, as tight as he could spring for an hour and a half."

A vulgar man in leaving the eaves of his house has left the moral law and the gods. At Paris, at New Orleans he gives himself up to his appetite.

The theory of the Whig, carried out, requires that government should be paternal, and teach Paddy where is land, and how he should till it, that he may get bread. But the governments that now are, are improvident. The Spiritualist who goes for principles, and for the high and pure self, has none of this tenderness for individuals.

Do not waste yourself in rejection; do not bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good.

I take pleasure only in coming near to people. What avails any conversation but the sincere? Uncover thy face, uncover thy heart to me, be thou who thou may, and the purpose of purposes is answered to us both. We may well play

together, or eat or swim or travel or labor together, if this is the result: if this is not, all that we have accomplished together is naught. Is plain dealing the summit of human well-being? What serenity and independence proceed out of it! Then I have not lost the day: then I have not lived in vain. To be a lover with a lover, to be a god with a god, seems to be only this happiness, no more, namely, the being truer: with a broader and deeper Yes and No. Is this also a fortune, a felicity, coming by the grace of God, and not to be compassed by any effort or genius, when it does not descend on us like beauty or light? I cannot establish it with all, or with most, or with many; then I could be happy with all: no, but only with a few.

Travel, I think, consists really and spiritually in sounding all the stops of our instrument. If I have had a good indignation and a good complacency with my brother, if I have had reverence and compassion, had fine weather and good luck in my fishing excursion, and profound thought in my studies at home, seen a disaster well through, and wrought well in my garden, nor failed in my part at a banquet, then I have travelled, though all was within the limits of a

mile from my house. Domestication consists in the unique art of living in the fact, and not in the appearance. Who has learned to root himself in being, and wholly to cease from seeming, he is domestic, he is at the heart of Nature. He must be sustained by the sense of having labored, or nothing can yield him cheerfulness.

Facts. All is for thee; but thence results the inconvenience that all is against thee which thou dost not make thine own. Victory over things is the destiny of man; of course, until it be accomplished, it is the war and insult of things over him. He may have as much time as he pleases, as long as he likes to be a coward, and a disgraced person, so long as he may delay to fight, but there is no escape from the alternative. I may not read Schleiermacher or Plato, I may even rejoice that Germany and Greece are too far off in time and space than that they can insult over my ignorance of their works, I may even have a secret joy that the heroes and giants of intellectual labor, say, for instance, these very Platos and Schleiermachers are dead, and cannot taunt me with a look: my soul knows better: they are not dead, for the nature of things is alive, and that passes its fatal word to me that these

men shall yet meet me and shall yet tax me line for line, fact for fact, with all my pusillanimity.

All that we care for in a man is the tidings he gives us of our own faculty through the new conditions under which he exhibits the common soul. I would know how calm, how grand, how playful, how helpful, I can be.

Yet we care for individuals, not for the waste universality. It is the same ocean everywhere.[1] . . . So can Dante or Plato call the nations about them to hear what the Mind would say of those particulars which it happened to meet in their personality.

> Lobster-car, boat, or fish-basket,
> Peeps, noddies, old-squaws, or quail,—
> To Musketaquid what from Nantasket,
> What token of greeting and hail?
>
> We cannot send you our thunder,
> Pulse-beat of the sea on the shore,
> Nor our rainbow, the daughter of Wonder,
> Nor our rock, New England's front door.
>
> White pebbles from Nantasket beach
> Whereon to write the maiden's name,

1 The substance of what follows is in "The Method of Nature" (p. 205).

Shells, sea-eggs, sea-flowers, — could they teach
Thee the fair haunts from whence they came! [1]

Shall I write a sincerity or two? — I, who never write anything else, except dullness? And yet all truth is ever the new morn risen on noon. But I shall say that I think no persons whom I know could afford to live together on their merits. Some of us, or of them, could much better than others live together, but not by their power to command respect, but because of their easy, genial ways: that is, could live together by aid of their weakness and inferiority.

Understand that the history of modern improvements is good as matter of boast only for the twelve or twenty or two hundred who made them, not for those who adopted them and said We. The smallest sign of moral force in any

1 On the last day of July Mr. Emerson wrote to Carlyle, who in many letters was preaching Silence to him: —

"As usual at this season of the year, I, incorrigible, spouting Yankee, am writing an oration to deliver to the boys in one of our little Country Colleges. . . . You will say that I do not deserve the aid of any Muse. O, but if you knew how natural it is to me to run to those places! Besides, I am always lured on by the hope of saying something which shall stick by the good boys." (*Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. ii, Letter LXII.)

person countervails all the models in Quincy Hall. The inventor may indeed show his model as sign of a moral force of some sort, but not the user.

I only need to meet one agreeable person, boy or man or woman, to make my journey a happy one. But lately it has been my misfortune to meet young men with a certain impudence on their brow, and who speak and answer with that offensive assumption, that what I say I say to fill up the time, and not that I mean anything. Not so with that fair and noble boy, whom I saw at Nantasket, and whom all good auguries attend!

Ascending souls sing a pæan. We will not exhort, but study the natural history of souls, and congratulate one another on the admirable harmonies.

Rich, say you? Are you rich? how rich? rich enough to help anybody?[1] rich enough to suc-

1 This passage is essentially printed in "Manners" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 153, 154), but it so truly represents Mr. Emerson's human kindness and hospitality to souls in trouble that it is here given to offset the many theoretical utterances of impatience or of exclusion, which he entered in the Journal of this period when the mood was on him.

cor the friendless, the unfashionable, the eccentric, rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the travelling beggar with his written paper which recommends him to the charitable, the Italian foreigner with his few broken words of English, the ugly, lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or half-insane wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house, from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice that made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar but to refuse the claim? What is gentle but to allow it?

He is very young in his education who needs distinguished men in order to see grand traits. If there is grandeur in you, you will detect grandeur in laborers and washerwomen. And very fine relations are always established between a clear spirit and all the bystanders. Do you think there is no tie but your dollar between you and your landlord or your merchant? Have these made no distinction between their customers or guests?

Be calm, sit still in your chair, though the company be dull and unworthy. Are you not there? There then is the choir of your friends;

for subtle influences are always arriving at you from them, and you represent them, do you not? to all who stand here.

It is not a word, that "I am a gentleman and the king is no more," but is a fact expressed in every passage between the king and a gentleman.

With our faith that every man is a possessed person having that admirable Prompter at his ear, is it not a little superfluous to go about to reason with a person so advised?

We treat him as a detachment.

Do people expect the world to drop into their mouths like a peach.

I wish I could see a child go to school or a boy carrying a basket without a feeling of envy, but now I am so idle that everybody shames me.[1]

1 Mr. Emerson wrote to Mr. Ward at this time: —

"Is it the picture of the unbounded sea, or is it the lassitude of this Syrian summer, that more and more draws the cords of Will out of my thoughts, and leaves me nothing but perpetual acquiescence and perpetual thankfulness? . . . I find no emblems here that speak any other language than the sleep and abandonment of my woods and blueberry pastures at home. . . . Ah, my friend, I fear you will think it is to little purpose that I have for once forsaken my house and crept

Tropes. The metamorphosis of Nature shows itself in nothing more than this, that there is no word in our language that cannot become typical to us of Nature by giving it emphasis. The world is a Dancer; it is a Rosary; it is a Torrent; it is a Boat; a Mist; a Spider's Snare; it is what you will; and the metaphor will hold, and it will give the imagination keen pleasure. Swifter than light the world converts itself into that thing you name, and all things find their right place under this new and capricious classification. There is nothing small or mean to the soul. It derives as grand a joy from symbolizing the Godhead or his universe under the form of a moth or a gnat as of a Lord of Hosts. Must I call the heaven and the earth a maypole and country fair with booths, or an anthill, or an old coat, in order to give you the shock of pleasure which the imagination loves and the sense of spiritual greatness? Call it a blossom, a rod, a wreath of parsley, a tamarisk-crown, a cock, a

down hither to the water side, if I have not prevailed to get away from the old dreams. Well, these too have their golden side, and we are optimists when the sun shines. . . . You have been here? It is a sunny, breezy place with delicious afternoons and nights to such as can be delighted." (*Letters from Emerson to a Friend.*)

sparrow, the ear instantly hears and the spirit leaps to the trope.

The doctrine of Necessity or Destiny is the doctrine of Toleration, but every moment, whilst we think of this offending person that he is ridden by a devil and go to pity him, comes in our sensibility to persuade us that the person is the devil, then the poison works, the devil jumps on our neck, and back again wilder on the other: jumps from neck to neck, and the kingdom of hell comes in.

The Age. What is the reason to be given for this extreme attraction which persons have for us but that they are the Age?[1] Well, now we have some fine figures in the great group and many who promise to be fine. I think the nobility of the company or period is always to be estimated from the depth of the ideas. Here is great variety and great richness of mysticism. . . . But how many mysticisms of alchemy, magic, second sight and the like, can a grand genius like Leibnitz, Newton, or Milton dispose of amongst his shining parts, and be never the worse?

1 The passage thus beginning is found in "Lecture on the Times" (*Nature, Addresses, etc.*, p. 262).

Motley assemblage on the planet; no conspiring as in an anthill. Every one his own huckster to the ruin of the rest, for aught he cares. In perspective one may find symmetry, and unconscious furtherance. . . .

As soon as a man gets his suction-hose down into the great deep he belongs to no age, but is eternal man. And as soon as there is elevation of thought we leave the Times.

I will add to the portrait of Osman that he was never interrupted by success: he had never to look after his fame and his compliments, his claps and editions. In very sooth shall I not say that one of the wisest men I have known was one who began life as fool, at least, with a settled reputation of being underwitted?

> "To me men are for what they are,
> They wear no masks for me."

When I was praised I lost my time, for instantly I turned round to look at the work I had thought slightly of, and that day I made nothing new.

The dissipation of praise, the dissipation of newspapers, and of evening parties.

It is the blue sky for background that makes the fine building.

Ideal. I think there are better things to be said for the conservative side than have yet been said. Certainly the *onus* of proving somewhat striking and grand should be with the Idealist. His defects are the strength of the man of the world.

Nothing but God can root out God. The whole contest between the Present and the Past is one between the Divinity entering and the Divinity departing. Napoleon said that he had always noticed that Providence favored the heaviest battalion.

Optimates. Elizabeth Hoar says that the fine young people break off all their flowers and leave none to ripen to fruit. So we have fine letters and a too imaginative and intellectual period, but no deep and well adapted character.

Scholar. We all know enough to be endless writers. Those who have written best are not those who have known most, but those to whom writing was natural and necessary.

Let us answer a book of ink with a book of flesh and blood.

All writing comes by the grace of God.

Character. I do not wish to appear at one time great, at another small, but to be of a stellar and undiminishable light.

Superlative. The greatest wit, the most space. It is the little wit that is always in extremes and sees no alternative but revelry or daggers.

Scale. We are to each other results. As your perception or sensibility is exalted, you see the genesis of my action and of my thought, you see me in my debt and fountains, and to your eye instead of a little pond of the water of life I am a rivulet fed by rills from every plain and height in nature and antiquity and deriving a remote origin from the foundation of all things.

August 22.

Measure is a virtue which society always appreciates, and it is hard to excuse the want of it.[1] . . .

Society may well value measure, for all its law and order is nothing else. There is a combat of opposite instincts and a golden mean, that is Right. What is the argument for marriage but this? What for a church, a state, or any existing

1 The substance of what follows is found in "Manners" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 139).

institution, but just this — We must have a mean?

Genius unsettles everything. It is fixed (is it?) that after the reflective age arrives there can be no quite rustic and united man born. Yes, quite fixed. Ah, this unlucky Shakspeare! and ah, this hybrid Goethe! Make a new rule, my dear, can you not? and to-morrow Genius shall stamp on it with his starry sandal.

"Then it is very easy to write as Mr. Pericles writes. Why, I have been reading the books he read before he wrote his Dialogue, and I have traced him in them all and know where he got the things you most admire." Yes, and the turnip grows in the same soil with the strawberry; knows all the nourishment that it gets, and feeds on the very same itself; yet is a turnip still.

All histories, all times, equally furnish examples of the spiritual economy; so does every kitchen and hen-coop. But I may choose then to use those which have got themselves well written. The annals of Poland would be as good to a philosopher as those of Greece, but these last are well composed.

Portableness. The meaner the type by which a spiritual law is expressed, the more pungent it is, and the more lasting in the memories of men, just as we value most the smallest box or case in which any needful utensil can be carried.

The telescope is a screen: that is all. "And when Adam heard the voice of the Lord God in the garden he hid himself."

"Remember to be sober and *to be disposed to believe;* for these are the nerves of wisdom." The reformer affirms the tendency, the law. Vulgar people show much acuteness in stating exceptions. He is not careful to answer them or to show that they are only exceptions. Enough for him that he has an advocate in their consciences also declaring the law. They ought, instead of cavilling, to arm his hands, to thank him in the name of mankind, to see that he is the friend of humanity against their foolish brawling.

Humoring. I weary of dealing with people, each cased in his several insanity. Here is a fine person with wonderful gifts, but mad as the rest, and madder, and, by reason of his great genius,

which he can use as weapon too, harder to deal with. I would gladly stand to him in relation of a benefactor as screen and defence to me, thereby having him at some advantage and on my own terms — that so his frenzy may not annoy me. I know well that this wish is not great but small, is mere apology for not treating him frankly and manlike: but I am not large man enough to treat him firmly and unsympathetically as a patient, and, if treated equally and sympathetically as sane, his disease makes him the worst of bores.

Quarrels are not composed on their own grounds, but only by the growth of the character which subverts their place and memory. We form in the life of a new idea new relations to all persons; we have become new persons and do not inherit the wars or the friendships of that person we were.

"If the misunderstanding could be healed, it would not have existed," added L.[1]

Unity. Ἓν καὶ πᾶν.[2] Nature is too thin a screen: the glory of the One breaks through everywhere.[3]

1 Lidian?

2 One, yet all.

3 This sentence, first written in the Journal of 1837, is

I remember, when a child, in the pew on Sundays amusing myself with saying over common words as "black," "white," "board," etc., twenty or thirty times, until the word lost all meaning and fixedness, and I began to doubt which was the right name for the thing, when I saw that neither had any natural relation, but all were arbitrary. It was a child's first lesson in Idealism.

August 27.

How noble in secret are the men who have never stooped nor betrayed their faith! The two or three rusty, perchance wearisome, souls, who could never bring themselves to the smallest composition with society, rise with grandeur in the background like statues of the gods, whilst we listen in the dusty crowd to the adroit flattery and literary politics of those who stoop a little. If these also had stooped a little, then had we no examples, our ideas had been all unexecuted: we had been alone with the mind. The solitary hours — who are their favorites? Who cares for the summer fruit, the "sopsavines" that are early ripe by help of the worm at the core? Give me the winter apple, the rus-

printed in "The Preacher" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 223).

settin and pippin, cured and sweetened by all the heat and all the frost of the year.

In regard to H—— I suppose we all feel alike that we care very little what he says, provided only that he says it well. What he establishes with so much ingenuity to-day, we know he will demolish with equal ingenuity to-morrow, not valuing any position or any principle, but only the tactics or method of the fight. Intellectual play is his delight, the question is indifferent. He is a warrior, and so only there be war, he is not scrupulous on which side his aid is wanted. In his oration there was universal attack, chivalry all round the field, but he cut up all so fast and with right good will that he left himself no ground to stand on; universal offence, but no power of retreat or resistance in him, so that we agreed it was a triumphant success for his troop, but no sincerity, a devastation and no home. It was the profoundness of superficiality, the most universal and triumphant seeming. The sentence which began with an attack on the conservatives ended with a blow at the reformers: the first clause was applauded by one party, and the other party had their revenge and gave their applause before the period was closed.

It is not to be denied that the pious youth who in his closet espouses some rude and harsh reform, such as Anti-slavery or the abstinence from animal food, lays himself open to the witty attacks of the intellectual man; is partial; and apt to magnify his own: yes, and the prostrate penitent also, he is not comprehensive, he is not philosophical in those tears and groans. Yet I feel that under him and his partiality and exclusiveness is the earth and sea and all that in them is, and the axis around which the eternal universe revolves passes through his body there where he stands, while the outcast that affects to pity his narrowness and chains is a wanderer, free as the unloved and the unloving are free and independent of the state, just as bachelors and beggars are homeless, companionless, useless. The heart detects immediately, whether the head find it out or not, whether you exist for purposes of exhibition or are holden by all the force of God to the place you occupy and the thing you do. This abuse of the conservative to win the reformer, and abuse of the reformer to win the conserver, may deceive the head, but not the heart. The heart knows that it is the fear and love of Beacon Street which got this bottle-green flesh-fly, and that only the

love and the terror of the Eternal God begets the Angel which it waiteth for.

There is no depth to the intellectual pleasure which this speculation gives. But let in one of those men of love in the shade there, whom you affect to compassionate, and you shall feel instantly how shallow all this entertainment was, for he shall exercise your affection as well as your thought, and confront you with the realities that analyze Heaven and Hell.

Long ago I said, I have every inch of my merits allowed me, and was sad because my success was more than I deserved, — sad for others who had less. Now the beam trembles, and I see with some bitterness the slender claims I can make on fortune and the inevitable parsimony with which they will be answered.

Robin went to the house of his uncle, who was a clergyman, to assist him in the care of his private scholars. The boys were nearly or quite as old as he and they played together on the ice and in the field. One day the uncle was gone all day and the lady with whom they boarded called on Robin to say grace at dinner. Robin was at his wits' end; he laughed, he looked grave, he

said something, nobody knew what, and then laughed again, as if to indemnify himself with the boys for assuming one moment the cant of a man. And yet at home perhaps Robin had often said grace at dinner.[1]

The woman spoken of to-day who finds beauty in every household work is right. And why not beauty in the Sunday church? I never wonder that the people like to go thither. I am interested in every shoe that goes into the meeting-house.

Yes, love relieves us of all timidities and superstitious fears by the most confident, mutual prophecy of each other: so that it is suicidal to this extent, that it can do without interviews, which once it existed for.

[Here follows much that is printed in "Manners" (*Essays*, Second Series).]

Character is the one counterpoise to all artificial, or say rather surface distinctions. Let a man be self-reposed and he shames a whole

1 A reminiscence, no doubt, of the time just before he entered college, when Mr. Emerson was allowed by his uncle, Rev. Samuel Ripley, to assist in his private school at Waltham.

court, a whole city, who are not so. Do not care for society, and you put it away into your pocket.

I saw a young man who had a rare gift for pulpit eloquence: his whole constitution seemed to qualify him for that office, and to see and hear him produced an effect like a strain of music: not what he said, but the pleasing efflux of the spirit of the man through his sentences and gesture, suggested a thousand things, and I enjoyed it as I do a painting or poetry, and said to myself, "Here is creation again." I was touched and taken out of my numbness and unbelief, and wished to go out and speak and write all things. After months I heard the favored youth speak again. Perhaps I was critical, perhaps he was cold. But too much praise I fancied had hurt him, had given to his flowing gesture the slightest possible fixedness; to his glowing rhetoric an artful return. It was later in the season, yet the plant was all in flower still, and no signs of fruit. Could the flowers be barren, or was an artificial stimulus kept upon the plant to convert all the leaves and fruit-buds to flowers? We love young bachelors and maidens, but not old bachelors and old maids. It seemed to me that I had seen before an example of the finest graces of youthful eloquence, hardened by

the habit of haranguing, into grimace. It seemed that if, instead of the certainty of a throng of admirers, the youth had felt assured every Sunday that he spoke to hunger and debt, to lone women and poor boys, to grief, and to the friends of some sick or insane or felonious person, he would have lopped some of these redundant flowers, and given us with all the rest one or two plain and portable propositions. Praise is not so safe as austere exactors, and of all teachers of eloquence the best is a man's own penitence and shame.

There are some public persons born not for privacy, but for publicity, who are dull and even silly in a *tête-à-tête*, but the moment they are called to preside, the form dilates, the senatorial teeth appear, the eye brightens, a certain majesty sits on the shoulders, and they have a wit and happy deliverance you should never have found in them in the closet.

August 31.

I know not why Landor should have so few readers. His book seems to me as original in its form as in its substance. He has no dramatic, no epic power, but he makes sentences, which, though not gravitation and electricity, is still

vegetation. After twenty years I still read his strange dialogues with pleasure, not only sentences, but, page after page, the whole discourse.[1] . . .

I value a book which like this or Montaigne proves the existence of a literary world. What boundless leisure, what original jurisdiction, what new heavens and new earth! The old constellations have set, new and brighter have arisen: we have eaten lotus, we have tasted nectar. O that the dream might last! There is no man in this age who so truly belongs to this dispensation as Landor. To the performer this appears luxury; well, when he has quite got his new views through, when he sees how he can mend the old house, we will quit this entertainment. Until then, leave us the land where Horace and Ovid, Erasmus and Scaliger, Izaak Walton and Ben Jonson, Dryden and Pope had their whole existence.

> "In the afternoon we came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

But consider, O Reformers, ere you denounce the House of Fame and the land whose intoxi-

1 Almost the whole of what follows was used by Mr. Emerson in the *Dial* paper, "Walter Savage Landor," printed in *Natural History of Intellect*.

cations Homer and Milton, Plato and Shakspeare have partaken, that a shade of uncertainty still hangs over all that is actual. Alas, that I must hint to you that poverty is not an unmixed good; that labor may easily exceed. The sons of the rich have finer forms and in some respects a better organization than the sons of the laborer. The Irish population in our towns is the most laborious, but neither the most moral nor the most intelligent: the experience of the colleagues of Brook Farm was unanimous, "We have no thoughts."

He who serves some, shall be served by some: he who serves all, shall be served by all.[1]

When we quarrel, O then we wish we had always kept our appetites in rein, that we might speak so coolly and majestically from unquestionable heights of character.

Black and White Art. The sibyl[2] treats every person with some art, flatters them, respects popular prejudices, accuses rum and slavery, and

1 He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.
— *Poems*, "The Celestial Love."

2 Probably his Aunt Mary.

so appears cunning. The little boy who walks with me to the woods, has no design in his questions, the question which is asked in his mind he articulates to me, — over him, over me, — we exist in an element of awe and singleness. Not all children do so. Some have a fraud under their tongue before they can speak plain. But the art of the artist, how differs that from the art of sin? He too has a design on us, but it is not for his benefit, but for ours. That which first charms him and still charms him, he endeavors to convey, so that it shall work on us its legitimate effect. That is worship still.

Well for us that we cannot make good apologies. If I had skill that way, I should spend much of my time at that. Not being able, I leave it with Nature, who makes the best; meantime I am doing something new, which crowns the apology.

Whitewashing. We embellish involuntarily all stories, facts, and persons. In Nature there is no emphasis. By detaching and reciting a fact, we already have added emphasis to it and begun to give a wrong impression, which is inflamed by the new point given every time it is told. All

persons exist to society by some shining trait of beauty or utility they have. We borrow the proportions of the man from that one fine feature we see, and finish the portrait symmetrically, which is false; for the rest of his body is small or deformed.

Concord Fight. I had occasion, in 1835, to inquire for the facts that befel on the Nineteenth April, 1775. Doctor Ripley carried me to Abel Davis and Jonas Buttrick and Master Blood. The Doctor carried in his mind what he wished them to testify, and extorted, where he could, their assent to his forewritten History. I, who had no theory, was anxious to get at their recollections, but could learn little. Blood's impression plainly was that there was no great courage exhibited, except by a few. I suppose we know how brave they were by considering how the present inhabitants would behave in the like emergency. No history is true but that which is always true. It is plain that there is little of "*the two o'clock in the morning courage*" which, Napoleon said, he had known few to possess.

These thoughts of which the Universe is the celebration are, no doubt, as readily and thor-

oughly denoted in the nature and habits of animals and in those of plants as in men. The words dog and snake and crocodile are very significant to us.

At Cambridge, the last Wednesday, I met twenty members of my college class and spent the day with them. Governor Kent of Maine presided, Upham, Quincy, Lowell, Gardner, Loring, Gorham, Motte, Wood, Blood, Cheney, Withington, Bulfinch, Reed, Burton, Stetson, Lane, Angier, Hilliard, Farnsworth, Dexter, Emerson. It was strange how fast the company returned to their old relation, and the whole mass of college nonsense came back in a flood. They all associated perfectly, were an unit for the day — men who now never meet. Each resumed his old place. The change in them was really very little in twenty years, although every man present was married, and all but one fathers. I too resumed my old place and found myself as of old a spectator rather than a fellow. I drank a great deal of wine (for me) with the wish to raise my spirits to the pitch of good fellowship, but wine produced on me its old effect, and I grew graver with every glass. Indignation and eloquence will excite me, but wine does not.

One poor man came whom fortune had not favored, and we carried round a hat, and collected one hundred and fifteen dollars for him in two minutes.

Almost all these were prosperous men, but there was something sad and affecting in their prosperity. Very easy it was to see that each owed his success to some one trait or talent not supported by his other properties. There is no symmetry in great men of the first or of the tenth class. Often the division of talents is very minute. One man can pronounce well; another has a voice like a bell and the "orotund tone." Edward Everett's beautiful elocution and rhetoric had charms for the dull. I remember Charles Jarvis in my class, who said "he did not care what the subject was; he would hear him lecture on Hebrew or Persian."

There is this pleasure in a class meeting. Each has been thoroughly measured and known to the other as a boy, and they are not to be imposed upon by later circumstances and acquisitions. One is a governor of a state, one is a president of a college, one is president of a senate, two or three are bank presidents. They have removed from New Hampshire or from Massachusetts or from Vermont into the State where they live. Well,

all these are imposing facts in the new neighborhood, in the imaginations of the young men among whom they come; but not for us. When they come into the presence of either of their old mates, off goes every disguise, and the boy meets the boy as of old. This was ludicrously illustrated in the good story Wood told us of his visit to Moody in his office among his clients at Bangor. "How are you, Moody?" with a slap on the back. — "How do you do, sir?" with a stare and a civil but formal bow. "Sir, you have the advantage of me." — "Yes, and I mean to keep it. But I am in no hurry. Go on with your business. I will sit here and look at this newspaper until your client is gone." M. looked up every now and then from his bond and his bondsman, but could not recollect the stranger. By and by they were left alone. "Well," said Wood, "and you have not found me out?" — "Hell!" cried Moody, with the utmost prolongation of accent, "it's Wood!"

What you owe to me — you will vary the phrase — but I shall still recognize my thought. But what you say from the same idea, will have to me also the expected unexpectedness which belongs to every new work of Nature.

Amongst us only the face is well alive: the trunk and limbs have an inferior and subsidiary life, seeming to be only supporters to the head. The head is finished, the body only blocked. Now and then in a Southerner we see a body which is also alive, as in young Eustis. So is it with our manners and letters.

A beautiful woman varies her dress with her mood, as our lovely Walden Pond wears a new weather each time I see it, and all are so comely that I can prefer none. But there must be agreement between the mood and the dress. Vain and forgotten are the fine things if there is no holiday in the eye.

Tropes. Every gardener can change his flowers and leaves into fruit and so is the genius that today can upheave and balance and toss every object in Nature for his metaphor, capable in his next manifestation of playing such a game with his hands instead of his brain. An instinctive suspicion that this may befal, seems to have crept into the mind of men. What would happen to us who live on the surface, if this fellow in some new transmigration should have acquired power to do what he now delights to say? He must be watched.

For me, what I may call the autumnal style of Montaigne keeps all its old attraction.

Your reading you may use in conversation, but your writing should stop with your own thought.

The whole history of Sparta seems to be a picture or text of self-reliance.

Waldo's diplomacy in giving account of Ellen's loud cries declares that she put her foot into his sandhouse, and got pushed.

Democracy. Caius Gracchus, Plutarch says, first among the Romans turned himself in addressing the people from facing the senate-house, as was usual, and faced the Forum.

The trumpet-like lowing of a cow — what does that speak to in me? Not to my understanding. No. Yet somewhat in me hears and loves it well.

I am glad to have guests who can entertain each other, and if I cannot find a second guest in our narrow village to keep the first in play, then I would have pictures, statues, an observ-

atory and telescope, a garden, — somewhat that can bear the brunt of the stranger's arrival and allow me to play a second part and be a guest in my own house. But when the friend shall come, then the smallest closet in my house is wide enough for our entertainment.

Has not Pedantry been defined, a transference of the language of one district of thought or action to another district, not in the way of rhetoric, but from a bigoted belief that it is intrinsically preferable? I remember some remark of Coleridge that is tantamount to this. I easily see that the spirit of life finds equal exercise in war, in chemistry, or in poetry. I see the law of Nature equally exemplified in bar-room and in a saloon of philosophers. I get instruction and the opportunities of my genius indifferently in all places, companies and pursuits, so only that there be antagonism. Yet there would be the greatest practical inconvenience, if, because the same law appears indifferently in all, we should bring the philosophers of the bar-room and of the saloon together. Like to like.

[Here follows most of the matter printed in the first two pages of "Character" (*Essays*, Second Series).]

Character is that reserved force which acts only by *Presence*, and not by visible or analysable methods. Samuel Hoar accomplishes everything by the aid of this weapon, not by talent, not by eloquence, not by magnetism. We feel that the largest part of the man has never yet been brought into action. As modern warfare is war of posts and not of battles, so these victories are by demonstration of superiority and not by conflict.

If one should go into State Street or much lower places, he would find that the battle there also is fought and won by the same grand agents.[1] . . .

Lord Bacon's method in his books is of the Understanding, but his sentences are lighted by Ideas.

The fame of Burns also is too great for the facts.

Lotus-eaters. I suppose there is no more abandoned epicure or opium-eater than I. I taste every hour of these autumn days. Every light from the sky, every shadow on the earth, ministers to my pleasure. I love this gas. I grudge to move or

1 Here follow other sentences printed in "Character."

to labor or to change my book or to will, lest I should disturb the sweet dream.

Our people are easily pleased: but I wonder to see how rare is any deviation from the routine. . . . If Mr. and Mrs. Wigglesworth go to walk with their family in the mornings they are the speculation of Boston.

The moment is all. The boys like to have their swing of peaches once in the season, and it suffices them; or of plums, or cherries. We like to be rested; we like to be thoroughly tired by labor; I sit on a stone and look at the pond and feel that having basked in a nature so vast and splendid I can afford to decease, and yet the antecedent generations have not quite lost their labor. "In the heat of the battle Pericles smiled on me, and passed on to another detachment." [1]

I find a few passages in my biography noticeable. But it is the present state of mind which selects those anecdotes, and the selection characterizes the state of mind. All the passages will in turn be brought out.

1 Quoted from Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*.

Dr. Osgood said of P's sermon that it was patty cake.

In history the soul spreads itself, enormous, eccentric and allows no rash inductions. The men who evince the force of the moral sentiment and of genius are not normal, canonical people, but wild and Ishmaelitish — Cromwells, Napoleons, Shakspeares, and the like.

The fine doctrine of *availableness* which gave the Whig party John Tyler for their President reaches into the politics of every parish and school district.

In Plutarch's Life of Demosthenes it is quoted from the philosopher that through all his orations runs one idea, that Virtue secures its own success.

Dandies of Moral Sentiment. I, credulous, listened to his fine sentiment and wondered what must be the life of which the ornaments were so costly: and coming again, he lived there no longer: he was now such a tradesman as other tradesmen are, and he recognized my face with patronage and pity.

The fancies of the boy exceed a hundredfold the fruitions of the man.

(From E)

September.

A poet is very rare. I spoke the other day to Ellery's ambition and said, Think that in so many millions, perhaps there is not another one whose thought can flow into music. Will you not do what you are created to do? . . . But Ellery, though he has fine glances and a poetry that is like an exquisite nerve communicating by thrills, yet is a very imperfect artist, and, as it now seems, will never finish anything. He does not even like to distinguish between what is good and what is not, in his verses, would fain have it all pass for good,—for the best,—and claim inspiration for the worst lines. But he is very good company, with his taste, and his cool, hard, sensible behaviour, yet with the capacity of melting to emotion, or of wakening to the most genial mirth. It is no affectation in him to talk of politics, of knives and forks, or of sanded floors, if you will; indeed, the conversation always begins low down, and, at the least faltering or excess on the high keys, instantly returns to the weather, the Concord Reading Room, and Mr. Rice's shop. Now and

then something appears that gives you to pause and think. First, I ask myself if it is real, or only a flitting shade of thought, spoken before it was half realized; then, if it sometimes appears, as it does, that there is in him a wonderful respect for mere humours of the mind, for very gentle and delicate courses of behaviour, then I am tempted to ask if the poet will not be too expensive to the man; whether the man can afford such costly self-denials and finenesses to the poet. But his feeling, as his poetry, only runs in veins, and he is, much of the time, a very common and unedifying sort of person.

(From G)

September 4.

Rightly says Elizabeth, that we do not like to hear our authors censured, for we love them by sympathy as well as for cause, and do not wish to have a reason put in the mouth of their enemies. It is excellent criticism and I will write it into my piece.

September 11.

The Poet, The Maker. It is much to write sentences: it is more to add method, and write out the spirit of your life symmetrically. Of all the persons who read good books and converse about

them, the greater part are content to say, I was pleased; or I was displeased; it made me active or inactive; and rarely does one eliminate [1] and express the peculiar quality of that life which the book awoke in him. So rare is a general reflection. But to arrange many general reflections in their natural order so that I shall have one homogeneous piece, a *Lycidas*, an *Allegro*, a *Penseroso*, a *Hamlet*, a *Macbeth*, a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, — this continuity is for the great. The wonderful men are wonderful hereby. The observations that Pythagoras made respecting sound and music are not in themselves unusually acute; but he goes on: adds fact to fact, makes two steps, three, or even four, and every additional step counts a thousand years to his fame.

September 12.

Osman said that when he went a-berrying the devil got into the blueberries and tempted him to eat a bellyful, but if he came to a spring of water he would wash his hands and mouth and promise himself that he would eat no more. Instantly the devil would come to him again in the shape of larger and fairer berriers than any he had

1 It is a curious fact that in many places Mr. Emerson uses *eliminate* as meaning *to separate for use* instead of *to get rid of*.

yet found, and if he still passed them by, he would bring him blackberries, and if that would not serve, then grapes. He said, of one thing he was persuaded, that wisdom and berries grew on the same bushes, but that only one could ever be plucked at one time.[1]

Optimates. Sir, said Heavenborn, the amount of labor you have spent on that piece is disgraceful. For me, not even my industry shall violate my sentiment. I will sit down in that corner and perish, unless I am commanded by the universe to rise and work.

And what became of Heavenborn? What a pragmatical question! Nothing to tell of: yet I suppose the new spirit that animates this crop of young philosophers, and perhaps the fine weather at this very hour, this thoughtful autumnal air, may be some of his work, since he is now, as we say, dead.

Osman. Our low and flat experiences have no right to speak of what is sacred. Out of a true reverence, which is all the good we have left us, we do not recognize the existence of God and Nature, but do what we can to exterminate them

1 Compare the little poem "Berrying" (*Poems*, p. 41).

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it. Can I not play the game with these counters as well as with those? with land and money as well as with brown bread and serge? A good wrestler does not need the costume of the ring, and it is only indifferent writers who are so hard to be suited with a pen.

"I will not sign any petition that Mr. D. may hold his office: he and his party have been doing all they could to destroy my business, and drive me to saw wood for a living, and now he may saw wood himself," said my neighbor the manufacturer. And that is the repute in which "the solid part of the community" hold labor. To such men no wonder that the fact of George Ripley's association should appear wonderful, men of the highest cultivation leaving their libraries and going out in blue frocks and cowhide boots into the barnyard and peat-bog. They think it a freak, but when they find it lasting, and that the plans of years are based on it, they revise their own positions. Antony and Cleopatra, and old King George III drest themselves in kersey and went out *incogniti*.

Jones Very told George Bradford that "he valued his poems, not because they were his, but because they were not."

"The Transcendentalists do not err in excess, but in defect, if I understand the case. They do not hold wild dreams for realities: the vision is deeper, broader, more spiritual than they have seen. They do not believe with too strong faith: their faith is too dim of sight, too feeble of grasp, too wanting in certainty." (Rev.) Thomas T. Stone's letter to M. M. E., June, 1841.

September 21.

Dr. Ripley died this morning.[1] The fall of this oak of ninety years makes some sensation in the forest, old and doomed as it was. He has identified himself with the forms at least of the old church of the New England Puritans, his nature was eminently loyal, not in the least adventurous or democratical; and his whole being leaned backward on the departed, so that he seemed one of the rear-guard of this great camp and army which have filled the world with fame, and with him passes out of sight almost the last banner and guidon flag of a mighty epoch. For

1 Mr. Emerson's interesting account of his good and hospitable step-grandfather, who had always welcomed him and his mother and brothers to the ancestral home, is printed in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, but most of what is printed there is here omitted.

these Puritans, however in our last days they have declined into ritualists, solemnized the hey-day of their strength by the planting and the liberating of America.

Great, grim, earnest men, I belong by natural affinity to other thoughts and schools than yours, but my affection hovers respectfully about your retiring footprints, your unpainted churches, strict platforms, and sad offices; the iron-gray deacon and the wearisome prayer rich with the diction of ages.

Well, the new is only the seed of the old. What is this abolition and non-resistance and temperance but the continuation of Puritanism, though it operate inevitably the destruction of the church in which it grew, as the new is always making the old superfluous? . . . He was a punctual fulfiller of all duties. What order, what prudence! No waste, and no stint, always open-handed; just and generous. My little boy, a week ago, carried him a peach in a calabash, but the calabash brought home two pears. I carried him melons in a basket, but the basket came home with apples. He subscribed to all charities; he was the most public-spirited citizen in this town. He gave the land for the monument. He knew the value of a dollar as

well as another man. Yet he always sold cheaper than any other man. . . .

> "Woe that the linden and the vine should bloom
> And a just man be gathered to the tomb."

But out of his own ground he was not good for aught. To talk with the insane he was as mad as they; to speculate with the thoughtful and the haters of forms he was lost and foolish. . . . Credulous and opinionative, a great browbeater of the poor old fathers who still survived from the Nineteenth of April in order to make them testify to his history as he had written it. A man of no enthusiasm, no sentiment. His horror at the doctrine of non-resistance was amusing. . . .

He was a man very easy to read, for his whole life and conversation was consistent and transparent. . . . In college, F. King told me from Governor Gore, who was the Doctor's classmate, he was called "Holy Ripley," perhaps in derision, perhaps in sadness, and now in his old age when all the antique Hebraism and customs are going to pieces, it is fit he too should depart, most fit that in the fall of laws a loyal man should die.

Shall I not say in general of him, that, given

his constitution, his life was harmonious and perfect?

His body is a handsome and noble spectacle. My mother was moved just now to call it "the beauty of the dead." He looks like a sachem fallen in the forest, or rather like "a warrior taking his rest with his martial cloak around him." I carried Waldo to see him, and he testified neither repulsion nor surprise, but only the quietest curiosity. He was ninety years old the last May, yet this face has the tension and resolution of vigorous manhood. He has been a very temperate man. A man is but a little thing in the midst of these great objects of Nature, the mountains, the clouds, and the cope of the horizon, and the globes of heaven, yet a man by moral quality may abolish all thoughts of magnitude and in his manners equal the majesty of the world.

September 28.

Temperament. Every man, no doubt, is eloquent once in his life. The only difference betwixt us is that we boil at different degrees of the thermometer. This man is brought to the boiling-point by the excitement of conversation in the parlor; that man requires the additional caloric of a large meeting, a public debate; and

a third needs an antagonist, or a great indignation; a fourth must have a revolution; and a fifth nothing less than the grandeur of absolute Ideas, the splendors of Heaven and Hell, the vastness of truth and love.

The whole state of society of course depends on that law of the soul which all must read sooner or later, — as I am, so I see; my state for the time must always get represented in my companion's nuptial, mercantile, or municipal, as well as in my face and my fortunes.

"A new friend is like new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure." (Ecclesiasticus ix, 10.)

(From H)

"One avenue was shaded from thine eyes
Through which I wandered to eternal truth."

Acquiescence, patience, have a large part to play. The plenty of the poorest place is too great, — the harvest cannot be gathered. The thought that I think excludes me from all other thoughts. Culture is to cherish a great susceptibility, to turn the man into eyes, but as the eye can see only that which is eye-form, or of

its own state, we tumble on our walls in every part of the universe, and must take such luck as we find, and be thankful. Let us deserve to see. Too feeble and faint fall the impressions of Nature on the sense. Let us not dull them by intemperance and sleep. Too partially we utter them again: the symbols in which I had hoped to convey a universal sense are rejected as partial. What remains but to acquiesce in the faith that by not lying, nor being angry, we shall at last acquire the voice and language of a man.

Sun and moon are the tablets on which the name and fame of the good are inscribed.

Nature is a silent man.

It would be well if at our schools some course of lessons in Idealism were given by way of showing each good Whig the gunpowder train which lies under the ground on which he stands so firmly. Let him know that he speaks to ghosts and phantasms, let him distinguish between a true man and a ghost.

"We do not wake up every morning at four to write what all the world thinks," said the good German.

The Inevitableness of the new Spirit is the grand fact, and that no man lays to heart, or sees how the hope and palladium of mankind is there; but one blushes and timidly insinuates palliating circumstances, and one jeers at the foible or absurdity of some of its advocates, — but on comes the God to confirm and to destroy, to work through us if we be willing, to crush us if we resist. No great cause is ever defended on its merits.

If I should take the sum of the Annual Registers, of the Red Books, of the Scientific Associations, of the Lloyds' Lists, and Bicknell's Reporters, I should not get the Age which this pine wood speaks of.

Boston. Natural History Society; Athenæum and Galleries; Lowell Institute; Lyceum; Mechanics' Fair; Cambridge College; Father Taylor; Statehouse; Faneuil Hall; Bookshops; Tremont Theatre.

Men. Taylor, Webster, Bancroft, Frothingham, Reed, Ward.[1]

There is a great destiny which comes in with

1 Rev. Edward Taylor, Rev. Nathaniel L. Frothingham, Sampson Reed, the Swedenborgian, and Samuel Gray Ward.

this as with every age, which is colossal in its traits, terrible in its strength, which cannot be tamed, or criticised, or subdued. It is shared by every man and woman of the time, for it is by it they live. As a vast, solid phalanx the generation comes on, they have the same features, and their pattern is new in the world. All wear the same expression, but it is that which they do not detect in each other. It is this one life which ponders in the philosophers, which drudges in the laborers, which basks in the poets, which dilates in the love of the women. Fear not but this is full of romance, the wildest sea, or mountain, or desert—life is not more instinct with aboriginal force. This is that which inspires every new exertion that is made. It is this which makes life sweet to them; this which the ambitious seek power that they may control; this they wish to be rich that they may buy; when they marry, it is out of love of this; when they study, it is this which they pore after, and would read, or would write. It is new in the universe, it is the attraction of time: it is the wonder of the Infinite: this is the last painting of the Creator: calm and perfect it lies on the brow of the enormous Eternity, and if, in the superior recesses of Nature there be any abode for perma-

nent spectators, what is there they would study but this, — the cumulative result, the new morning with all its dews, rich with the spoils of all foregoing time? Is there not something droll to see the first-born of this age ignorant of the deep, prophetic charm that makes the individual nothing; interrupting the awe and gladness of the time with their officious lamentations that they are critical, and know too much? Are they not torn up in a whirlwind, — borne by its force, they know not whence, they know not whither, yet settling their robes and faces in the moment they fly by me with this self-crimination of *ennui?* If ever anybody had found out how so much as a rye-straw is made! Feeble persons are occupied with themselves, — with what they have knowingly done, and what they propose to do, and they talk much hereof with modesty and fear. The strong persons look at themselves as facts, in which the involuntary part is so much as to fill all their wonder, and leave them no countenance to say anything of what is so trivial as their private thinking and doing. I can well speak of myself as a figure in a panorama so absorbing.

The whole game at which the philosopher busies himself every day, year in, year out, is to

find the upper and the under side of every block in his way. Nothing so large and nothing so thin but it has two sides, and when he has seen the outside, he turns it over to see the other face. We never tire of this game, because ever a slight shudder of astonishment pervades us at the exhibition of the other side of the button, — at the contrast of the two sides. The head and the tail are called in the language of philosophy *Finite* and *Infinite*. Visible and Spiritual, Relative and Absolute, Apparent and Eternal, and many more fine names.

The Poet. I was astonished one morning by tidings that Genius had appeared in a youth who sat near me at table.[1] . . .

It is strange how fast *Experience* and *Idea*, the wonderful twins, the Castor and Pollux of our firmament, change places; one rises and the other instantaneously sets. To-day and for a hundred days Experience has been in the ascendant, and Idea has lurked about the life merely to enhance sensation, the firework-maker, master of the revels, and hired poet of

1 Here follows the imaginary story told in "The Poet" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 10).

the powers that be: but in a moment a revolution! the dream displaces the working day and working world, and they are now the dream and this the reality. All the old landmarks are swept away in a flood, and geography and history, the laws and manners, aim and method of society are as fugitive as the colors which chase each other when we close our eyes. All experience has become mere language now. Idea drags it now, a chained poet, to adorn and sing his triumph.

Chilmark. Sir, I have your note for a small debt, can you pay it to-day?

Hyannis. Far otherwise: perhaps you have brought me money.

Chil. No.

Hy. I contracted that debt when I bought and sold; now I protest against the market. The word *pay* is immoral.

Chil. "It is best to be off wi' the old love,
Before ye be on wi' the new."

In Berlin it was publicly reported at the tea-tables that Fichte had declared his disbelief in the existence of Heinrich Schlossen, who was worth two hundred thousand thalers. Nay, it

was currently whispered that he did not credit the existence of Madame Fichte.

I stood one day in the Court House talking with Luther Lawrence when the sheriff introduced through the crowd a number of women who were witnesses in the trial that was pending. As they filed rapidly through the crowd, Mr. Lawrence said, "There go the light troops!" Neither Plato, Mahomet, nor Goethe have said a severer thing on our fair Eve. Yet the old lawyer did not mean to be satanic. The ridicule lies in the misplacement of our good Angel, in the violence of direction with which this string of maids and matrons are coming with hot heads to testify what gossip they know about Mr. Gulliver or Mrs. Veal, — being quite dislodged from that shrine of sanctity, sentiment, and solitude in which they make courts and forums appear absurd.[1] . . .

I remember Edward Taylor's indignation at the kind admonitions of Dr. P. The right answer is, 'My friend, a man can neither be praised nor insulted.'

1 Here follow sentences printed in "Character" (*Essays*, Second Series).

On rolls the old world, and these fugitive colors of political opinion, like doves' neck lustres, chase each other over the wide encampments of mankind, Whig, Tory; Pro- and Anti-slavery; Catholic, Protestant; the clamor lasts for some time, but the persons who make it change; the mob remains, the persons who compose it change every moment. The world hears what both parties say and swear, accepts both statements, and takes the line of conduct recommended by neither, but a diagonal line of advance which partakes of both courses.

Aster solidagineus or *solidago bicolor*.[1]

1 Many of the botanical names used by Mr. Emerson are not to be found in Gray's Botany. His manual probably was Dr. Jacob Bigelow's book on the plants in the neighbourhood of Boston.

Scattered through this Journal are notes of flowers or birds probably pointed out by Mr. Thoreau as Nature's Calendar. Compare in "May Day" the lines: —

> Ah! well I mind the Calendar,
> Faithful through a thousand years,
> Of the painted race of flowers,
> Exact to days, exact to hours,
> Counted on the spacious dial
> The broidered zodiac girds, etc.
>
> *Poems*, p. 176.

The Poet. The Idealist at least should be free of envy; for every poet is only a ray of his wit, and every beauty is his own beauty reflected. He is ever a guest in his own house and his house is the biggest possible.

Exaggeration is a law of Nature. As we have not given a peck of apples or potatoes, until we have heaped the measure, so Nature sends no creature, no man into the world without adding a small excess of his proper quality.[1] . . . Every sentence hath some falsehood of exaggeration in it. For the infinite diffuseness refuses to be epigrammatized, the world to be shut in a word. The thought being spoken in a sentence becomes by mere detachment falsely emphatic.

G. W. Tyler patronizes Providence.[2] . . . The Whig party in the Universe concedes that the Radical enunciates the primal law, but makes no allowance for friction, and this omission makes their whole doctrine impertinent. The Whig assumes sickness, and his social frame is a hospi-

1 Then follows a passage thus beginning in "Nature" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 184, 185).

2 Here follow sentences printed in "The Conservative" on the absence of long sight and elevation of purpose among the Whigs (*Nature, Addresses, etc.*, p. 319).

tal, his total legislation is for the present distress, — a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and pap-spoon, swallowing pills and herb-tea. Whig preaching, Whig poetry, Whig philosophy, Whig marriages. No rough, truth-telling Miltons, Rousseaus.

Blue Heron, loon, and sheldrake come to Fairhaven Pond; raccoon and otter to Walden.

The merchant will not allow a book in the counting-house, suspects every taste and tendency but that for goods, has no conversation, no thought but cotton, qualities of cotton, and its advance or fall a penny or a farthing. What a cramping of the form in wooden cap, wooden belt, and wooden shoes, is this, and how should not the negro be more a man than one of these victims? — the negro, who, if low and imperfect in organization, is yet no wooden sink, but a wild cedar swamp, rich with all vegetation of grass and moss and confervæ and ferns and flags, with rains and sunshine; mists and moonlight, birds and insects filling its wilderness with life and promise.

It is plain that none should be rich but those who understand it. Cushings and Perkinses

ought to be rich, who incline to subscribe to college and railroad, to endow Athenæums, and open public gardens, and buy and exhibit pictures, liberalities which very good and industrious men, who have earned their money a penny or a shilling at a time, would never think of. Yet what are rich men for? It is a most unnecessarily large and cumbrous apparatus for anybody who has not a genius for it to produce no other result than the most simple contrivance of an acre and a cabin.

Every nation, to emerge from barbarism, must have a foreign impulse, a graft on the wild stock, and every man must. He may go to college for it, or to conversation, or to affairs, or to the successes and mortifications of his private biography, war, politics, fishing, or love, — some antagonism he must have as projectile force to balance his centripetence.

Master Cheney [1] says there is the eight-rowed corn, and the twelve-rowed, and the brindled, and the Badger corn, and the Canada corn, and the sweet, and the white, and the Missouri.

1 An old schoolmaster turned farmer, in Concord, father of Mr. Emerson's friend and classmate, John Milton Cheney.

Fifty pounds to the bushel makes corn merchantable, and he weighed a bushel of the Bigelow (?) corn and there were seventy pounds. O Master Cheney! I catch the tune in your talk, and see well that you have no need of poetry. I see its silver thread gleaming in your homespun. You do not break off your flowers. You plough your crops in.

G. W. Tyler[1] came here with all his rattle. The attributes of God, he said, were two, power and risibility. It was the duty of every pious man, he said, to keep up the hoax the best he could, and so to patronize Whiggism, Piety, and Providence, and wherever he saw anything that would help keep the people in order, schools or churches, or poetry, or what-not, he must cry Hist-a-boy! and urge the game on. It was like Eli Robbins's[2] theory of amusements. He sleeps four hours, from three to seven. He outwitted Mr. Greenleaf in the courts. He practised medicine somewhere in the barracks, and, at St. Johns, having in a freak called himself a Free-will Bap-

1 George Washington Tyler. Part of this passage is used in "The Conservative," p. 322.

2 Perhaps one of Mr. Emerson's friendly hearers when he filled the pulpit at East Lexington.

tist, he was immediately carried off to preach at a meeting, which he did for fifty-five minutes, and left the audience in tears, and got up a revival. A pound and a half of coffee to a pint of water, he drinks every night, of the thickness of molasses, and when he had headache, he piled a peck of ice on his head, by means of an iron hoop.

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

The philosopher sat with his face to the East until cobwebs were spun over the brim of his pot of porridge. Intemperance is the only vulgarity.

Inaptitude. I will never wonder at Mr. Pickens, who said "he would not go to Mr. R——'s church until the interesting times were quite over" (i.e., until the ordination and personal topics were exhausted). People's personality, their biography, their brother and sister, uncle and aunt, are sadly in the way.

The novel of *De Clifford* gave me to think of aristocracy. I should like to have this and *Pericles and Aspasia* circulate freely in this country as lessons in the beauty of behavior which

we greatly need, — lessons on personal merit and manners; but this book is superstitious and has no conception of the despotic power of character.[1] . . . But, in Miss Edgeworth, and in this story of *De Clifford*, the hero in the crisis speaks with the utmost spirit and nature, and so the scene is blood-warm, and does your heart good.

This hold we have on the selfish man, that he always values consequences, reputation, or after-clap of some sort; but the benevolent man never looks so far. Let the self-seeker be never so sharp, this unlucky trick of Nature is sharper than he, and has him on the hip. False connections have some good in them. All our solitudes yield a precious fruit, and this is the most remarkable of all our solitudes. I value the tenderness of a stern nature more than all the tenderness of the susceptible. When such a one is moved, the tears are precious. The only bribe the "community" has for us, is that it permits the association of friends without any compromise on any part, as our other hospitalities do not. We see now sundry persons whose slowness of friendship makes it plain that life is not

1 Here follows a passage printed in "Manners" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 148).

long enough, with its rare opportunities, that we and they should ever be anything valuable to each other. They are constitutionally good and great, yet only by living in the house with them for years, could we realize the promise we read in their eye. They now are only the Lord's pledge to us that worth exists, and will somewhere be available to us. What has life more to offer me than assurance?

I can forgive anything to a deep nature, for they outlive all their foibles and pedantries, and are just as good ten years hence and much better. Strange it is so hard to find good ones: the profound nature will have a savage rudeness, the delicate one will be shallow or have a great crack running through it, and so every piece has a flaw. I suppose that, if I should see all the gentry of England pass in review, I should find no gentleman and no lady.[1] . . . It must be genius which takes that direction [i.e., friendship]: it must be not courteous, but courtesy; not tasteful, but taste; not gilt, but gold. O men of buckram and women of blonde, is civilization buckram and is gentleness blonde?

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Manners" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 147, 148).

Sarah Alden Ripley is a bright foreigner: she signalizes herself among the figures of this masquerade. I do not hope when I see her to gain anything, any thought: she is choked, too, by the multitude of all her riches, Greek and German, Biot and Bichat, chemistry and philosophy. All this is bright obstruction. But capable she is of high and calm intelligence, and of putting all the facts, all life aloof, as we sometimes have done. But when she does not, and only has a tumultuous time, it is time well wasted. I think her worth throwing time away upon.

Eupatorium, white and red.

I see only two or three persons and allow them all their room: they spread themselves at large to the horizon. If I looked at many, as you do, or compared these habitually with others, these would look less. Yet are they not entitled to this magnificence? Is it not their own? And is not munificence the only insight?

We cannot rectify marriage, because it would introduce such carnage into our social relations, and it seems the most rabid Radical is a good Whig in relation to the theory of marriage.

Yet perhaps we can see how the facts stand in Heaven. Woman hides her form from the eyes of men in our world: they cannot, she rightly thinks, be trusted. In a right state the love of one, which each man carried in his heart, should protect all women from his eyes as by an impenetrable veil of indifference. The love of one should make him indifferent to all others, or rather their protector and saintly friend, as if for her sake. But now there is in the eyes of all men a certain evil light, a vague desire which attaches them to the forms of many women, whilst their affections fasten on some one. Their natural eye is not fixed into coincidence with their spiritual eye.

Spiræa tomentosa.

Why do I write another line, since my best friends assure me that in every line I repeat myself? Yet the God must be obeyed even to ridicule. The criticism of the public is, as I have often noted, much in advance of its invention. The ear is not to be cheated. A continuous effect cannot be produced by discontinuous thought, and when the eye cannot detect the juncture of the skilful mosaic, the spirit is apprised of dis-

union simply by the failure to affect the spirit. This other thing I will also concede, — that the man Fingal [1] is rather too swiftly plastic, or, shall I say, works more in the spirit of a cabinet-maker, than of an architect. The thought which strikes him as great and Dantesque, and opens an abyss, he instantly presents to another transformed into a chamber or a neat parlor, and degrades ideas.

I told Henry Thoreau that his freedom is in the form, but he does not disclose new matter. I am very familiar with all his thoughts, — they are my own quite originally drest. But if the question be, what new ideas has he thrown into circulation, he has not yet told what that is which he was created to say. I said to him what I often feel, I only know three persons who seem to me fully to see this law of reciprocity or compensation, — himself, Alcott, and myself: and 't is odd that we should all be neighbors, for in the wide land or the wide earth I do not know another who seems to have it as deeply and originally as these three Gothamites.

Poetry. But now of poetry I would say, that when I go out into the fields in a still sultry day,

1 Himself, or some other?

in a still sultry humor, I do perceive that the finest rhythms and cadences of poetry are yet unfound, and that in that purer state which glimmers before us, rhythms of a faery and dream-like music shall enchant us, compared with which the finest measures of English poetry are psalm-tunes. I think now that the very finest and sweetest closes and falls are not in our metres, but in the measures of eloquence, which have greater variety and richness than verse. . . . Now, alas, we know something too much about our poetry, — we are not part and parcel of it: it does not descend like a foreign conqueror from an unexpected quarter of the horizon upon us, carry us away with our flocks and herds into a strange and appalling captivity, to make us, at a later period, adopted children of the Great King, and, in the end, to disclose to us that he was our real parent, and this realm and palace is really our native country. Yet I please myself with thinking that there may yet be somewhere such elation of heart, such continuity of thought, that a man shall see the little sun and moon whisk about, making day and night, making month and month, without heed, in the grandeur of his absorption. Now we know not only when it is day, and when night, but we hear the

dinner-bell ring with the most laudable punctuality. I am not such a fool but that I taste the joy which comes from a new and prodigious person, from Dante, from Rabelais, from Piranesi, flinging wide to me the doors of new modes of existence, and even if I should intimate by a premature nod my too economical perception of the old thrum, that the basis of this joy is at last the instinct, that I am only let into my own estate, that the poet and his book and his story are only fictions and semblances in which my thought is pleased to dress itself, I do not the less yield myself to the keen delight of difference and newness.

I think that the importance of fine scenery is usually greatly exaggerated, for the astonishing part of every landscape is the meeting of the sky and the earth.[1] . . .

A man in black came in while I spoke and my countenance fell. Then I said, Surely I see that the Swedenborgian finds a sweetness in his church and is enveloped by it in a love and society that haunts him by night and by day, but if the Uni-

1 The rest of this passage, and also the one about "the cool, disengaged air" of natural objects which follows, are printed in "Nature" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 176 and p. 183).

tarian is invited to go out and preach to Unitarians at Peoria, Illinois, I see no question so fit or inevitable as that he should ask whether they will pay the expense of his journey and maintain him well.[1] . . .

In good society, — say among the angels in Heaven, — is not everything spoken by indirection and nothing quite straight as it befel?[2]

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane, in which I have seen with interest a natural object.[3] . . . At least these things are not drenched in our personalities and village ambition, pay no tax, own no City Bank stock, and need not engage their wood to be sawed. And yet whilst they rescue me from my village, I know that they attract me for somewhat which they symbolize:

1 Here follow long passages which occur in "The Transcendentalist" (*Nature, Addresses, etc.*, pp. 352–354).

2 When visitors, young or old, came with their questions to Mr. Emerson, he never gave categorical answers, but looking beside the questioner, spoke the thought that suggested itself, as Thoreau said, "Listening behind me for my wit," and thus showed new proportions to the problem and set the visitor thinking anew.

3 A sentence or two here is printed in "Nature" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 172).

that they are not foreign as they seem, but related. Wait a little, and I shall see the return even of this remote and hyperbolic curve.

Margaret Fuller talked of ballads, and our love for them: strange that we should so value the wild man, the Ishmaelite, and his slogan, claymore, and tomahawk rhymes, and yet every step we take, everything we do, is to tame him. It is like Farley's pioneer hatred of civilization, and absconding from it to cut down trees all winter and comfort himself that he was preparing for civilization! Margaret does not think, she says, in the woods, only "finds herself expressed."

One of my stories promised above to embody the history of the times — 'A Life and Times' — should be that of little Edward Webster, who asked his father one day, after grace had been said at dinner, "Who would say *wis-wis* at dinner when he should be gone to Washington?"

Another of like import in the Chapter of Religion would be Lieutenant Bliss's reply to me when I asked him if they had morning prayers at West Point as at a college? He said, "We have *reveille* beat, which is the same thing."

Of the best jokes of these days is that told of

poor Bokum, that when he went to hire a horse and chaise at a stable in Cambridge, and the man inquired whether he should put in a buffalo? "My God! no," cried the astonished German, "put in a horse!"

I value Shakspeare, yes, as a Metaphysician, and admire the unspoken logic which upholds the structure of Iago, Macbeth, Antony, and the rest. Is it the real poverty at the bottom of all this seeming affluence, the headlong speed with which in London, Paris, and Cochin China, each seeing soul comes straight through all the thin masquerade on the old fact, is it thè disgust at this indigence of Nature which makes these raging livers like Napoleon, Timour, Byron, Trelawney, and John Quincy Adams drive their steed so hard, in the fury of living to forget the *soupe maigre* of life? . . .

It is a bad fact that our editors fancy they have a right to call on Daniel Webster to resign his office, or, much more, resign his opinion and accept theirs. That is the madness of party. I account it a good sign, indicative of public virtue in the Whigs, that there are so many opinions among them, and that they are not organized and drilled.

There are two directions in which souls move: one is trust, religion, consent to be nothing for eternity, entranced waiting, the worship of Ideas: the other is activity, the busybody, the following of that practical talent which we have, in the belief that what is so natural, easy, and pleasant to us and desirable to others will surely lead us out safely:[1] in this direction lies usefulness, comfort, society, low power of all sorts. The other is solitary, grand, secular. I see not but these diverge from every moment, and that either may be chosen. When I was in college John L. Gardiner said one day that "he had serious thoughts of becoming religious next week, but perhaps he should join the Porcellians." It is no joke: I have often thought the same thing. Whether does Love reconcile these two divergencies? for it is certain that every impulse of that sentiment exalts, and yet it brings all practical power into play. Here I am in a dark corner again. We have no one example of the poetic life realized, therefore all we say seems bloated. If life is sad and do not content us, if the heavens are brass, and rain no sweet thoughts on us, and especially

1 Compare a similar passage in *Natural History of Intellect*, p. 56, in which, however, "the education of the man" takes the place of Trust here.

we have nothing to say to shipwrecked and self-tormenting and young-old people, let us hold our tongues. . . . And if to my soul the day does not seem dark, nor the cause lost, why should I use such ruinous courtesy as to concede that God has failed, because the plain colors or the storm-suit of grey clouds in which the day is drest, do not please the rash fancy of my companions? Patience and truth, patience with our own frosts and negations, and few words must serve. . . . If our sleeps are long, if our flights are short, if we are not plumed and painted like orioles and Birds of Paradise, but like sparrows and plebeian birds, if our taste and training are earthen, let that fact be humbly and happily borne with. The wise God beholds that also with complacency. Wine and honey are good, but so are rice and meal. Perhaps all that is not performance is preparation, or performance that shall be.

October 8.

Exclusives. The close communion Baptists have a crowded communion: the open communion Unitarians have an empty table. If you wish to fill your house, make the door so narrow that a fat man cannot get in, and you shall be sure to be crammed with company.

The "Champion of England" is never called on until what new boxer has appeared has beaten all others who have met him in the ring. Then the existing "Champion" must appear, or forfeit his dignity and his pension. So the wise man need never trouble himself about the writings of the philosophers of the day until they have hit the white, and come within his bolt.

> "O golden lads and lasses must,
> Like chimney sweepers come to dust."

Riches. Few may be trusted to speak of wealth. Quicksilver is our gauge of temperature of air and water, clay is our pyrometer, silver our photometer, feathers our electrometer, catgut our hygrometer, — but what is our meter of man, our anthropometer? Poverty is the mercury. Wealth seems the state of man.

The view taken of Transcendentalism in State Street is that it threatens to invalidate contracts.

Plutarch's heroes are my friends and relatives.

As we drive it, the artist is in some degree sacrificed. Michel Angelo, to paint Sistine fres-

coes, must lose for a time the power to read without holding the book over his head, and Doctor Herschel, to keep his eyes for nocturnal observation, must shield them from daylight.

Thomas H. Benton's speeches, and the Protocols of Vienna and St. Petersburg are as much in the circuit of to-day's Universe — have got to be accounted for as are the most vital and beautiful appearance; and the theory of Heaven and Earth can be equally established on the lowest and the highest fact. The permissive as much characterises God as the beloved.

As I looked at the Madonnas and Magdalens in the Athenæum, I saw that for the most part the painter seemed to draw from models, and from such beauties, therefore, as models are likely to be, flesh and color and emotion; but from lordly, intellectual, spiritual beauties, "the great seraphic lords and cherubim" of the sex, no sign but in Raphaels. Yet two or three Greek women, clear, serene, and organically noble as any forms which remain to us on vase or temple, adorn my group and picture of life. And we demand that character shall have nothing muddy

or turbid, but shall be transparent, — sublime as God pleases, but not eccentric.

Saturday, *October* 9.

Hippomachus knew a good wrestler by his gait in the street, and an old stager like myself will recognize the subtle Harlequin in his most uncouth frocks, in an Olmsted stove, in a horned ox, in a parliamentary speech, or a bushel of cranberries.

Hurrah for the camera obscura! the less we are, the better we look.

Books, — yes, if worst comes to worst: but not yet. A cup of tea, or a cup of wrath, or a good book will kindle the tinderbox. The poultry must have gravel or egg shells, the swallow and bluebird must have a thread or a wisp of straw for his nest. Have you got the whole beaver, before you have seen his amphibious house? The man is only half himself. Let me see the other half, namely, his expression. Strange, strange, we value this half the most. We worship expressors; we forgive every crime to them. Full expression is very rare. Music, sculpture, painting, poetry, speech, action, war, trade, manufacture is expres-

sion. A portrait is this translation of the thing into a new language. What passion all men have to see it done for themselves or others. Now see how small is the list of memorable expressions by book, picture, house, or institution, after so many millions have panted under the Idea!

Elizabeth Hoar consecrates. I have no friend whom I more wish to be immortal than she, an influence I cannot spare, but must always have at hand for recourse. When Margaret mentioned "an expression of unbroken purity," I said, "That is hers." M. replied, "Yes, but she knows." I answer, — Know or know not, the impression she makes is that her part is taken, she has joined herself irrevocably to the sanctities, — to the Muses, and the Gods. Others suggest often that they still balance; their genius draws them to happiness; they contemplate experiment; they have not abdicated the power of election. Opium and honey, the dagger and madness, they like should still lie there in the background, as shadows and possibilities. But Elizabeth's mind is made up, and she has soared into another firmament, and these exist not for her. Bonaparte did not like ideologists: Elizabeth is no poet, but her holiness is substantive and must

be felt, like the heat of a stove, or the gravity of a stone: and Bonaparte would respect her.

Life. Is identity tedious? Not if we can see to the life. That always stupefies us with sweet astonishment. A million times since the sun rose have the words "I thank you" been spoken. Yet are they just as graceful and musical in my ear when spoken with living emotion as if now first coined.

Riches. People say law, but they mean wealth.

Genius. The observations of talent are punctures; but, of genius, shafts which unite at the bottom of the mine. But ah! this scud of opinions.

Hope. We sit chatting here in the dark, but do we not all know that the sun will yet again shine, and we shall depart each to our work? God will resolve all doubts, fill all measures.

I would have my book read as I have read my favorite books, not with explosion and astonishment, a marvel and a rocket, but a friendly

ELIZABETH HOAR

and agreeable influence stealing like the scent of a flower, or the sight of a new landscape on a traveller. I neither wish to be hated and defied by such as I startle, nor to be kissed and hugged by the young whose thoughts I stimulate.

Partridge berry, white alder or *Prinos.*

The sum of life ought to be valuable when the fractions and particles are so sweet.

The Daguerreotype is good for its authenticity. No man quarrels with his shadow, nor will he with his miniature when the sun was the painter. Here is no interference, and the distortions are not the blunders of an artist, but only those of motion, imperfect light, and the like.

October 12.

I would that I could, I know afar off that I cannot, give the lights and shades, the hopes and outlooks that come to me in these strange, cold-warm, attractive-repelling conversations with Margaret, whom I always admire, most revere when I nearest see, and sometimes love, — yet whom I freeze, and who freezes me to silence, when we seem to promise to come nearest.[1]

1 See Cabot's *Memoir of Emerson*, pp. 275–279.

October 14.

(From a loose sheet in G)

It is not the proposition, but the tone that signifies. Is it a man that speaks, or the mimic of a man? Universal Whiggery is tame and weak. Every proclamation, dinner-speech, report of victory, or protest against the government it publishes betrays its thin and watery blood. It is never serene nor angry nor formidable, neither cool nor red hot. Instead of having its own aims passionately in view, it cants about the policy of a Washington and a Jefferson. It speaks to expectation, and not the torrent of its wishes and needs, waits for its antagonist to speak that it may have something to oppose, and, failing that, having nothing to say, is happy to hurrah. What business have Washington or Jefferson in this age? . . . They lived in the greenness and timidity of the political experiment. The kitten's eyes were not yet opened. They shocked their contemporaries with their daring wisdom: have you not something which would have shocked *them?* If not, be silent, for others have.

Passion, appetite, seem to have self-reliance and reality; but Whiggery is a great fear.

(From H)

I saw in Boston Fanny Elssler in the ballet of *Nathalie*. She must show, I suppose, the whole compass of her instrument, and add to her softest graces of motion or "the wisdom of her feet," the feats of the rope-dancer and tumbler: and perhaps on the whole the beauty of the exhibition is enhanced by this that is strong and strange, as when she stands erect on the extremities of her toes or on one toe, or "performs the impossible" in attitude. But the chief beauty is in the extreme grace of her movement, the variety and nature of her attitude, the winning fun and spirit of all her little coquetries, the beautiful erectness of her body, and the freedom and determination which she can so easily assume, and, what struck me much, the air of perfect sympathy with the house, and that mixture of deference and conscious superiority which puts her in perfect spirits and equality to her part. When she courtesies, her sweet and slow and prolonged salaam which descends and still descends whilst the curtain falls, until she seems to have invented new depths of grace and condescension, — she earns well the profusion of bouquets of flowers which are hurled on to the stage.

As to the morals, as it is called, of this exhibi-

tion, that lies wholly with the spectator. The basis of this exhibition, like that of every human talent, is moral, is the sport and triumph of health or the virtue of organization. Her charm for the house is that she dances for them or they dance in her, not being (fault of some defect in their forms and educations) able to dance themselves. We must be expressed. Hence all the cheer and exhilaration which the spectacle imparts and the intimate property which each beholder feels in the dancer, and the joy with which he hears good anecdotes of her spirit and her benevolence. They know that such surpassing grace must rest on some occult foundations of inward harmony.

But over and above her genius for dancing are the incidental vices of this individual, her own false taste or her meretricious arts to please the groundlings and which must displease the judicious. The immorality the immoral will see; the very immoral will see that only; the pure will not heed it, — for it is not obtrusive, — perhaps will not see it at all. I should not think of danger to young women stepping with their father or brother out of happy and guarded parlors into this theatre to return in a few hours to the same; but I can easily suppose that it is not

the safest resort for college boys who have left metaphysics, conic sections, or Tacitus to see these tripping satin slippers, and they may not forget this graceful, silvery swimmer when they have retreated again to their baccalaureate cells.

It is a great satisfaction to see the best in each kind, and as a good student of the world, I desire to let pass nothing that is excellent in its own kind unseen, unheard.

In town I also heard some admirable music. It seemed, as I groped for the meaning, as if I were hearing a history of the adventures of fairy knights, — some Wace, or Monstrelet, or Froissart, was telling, in a language which I very imperfectly understood, the most minute and laughable particulars of the tournaments and loves and quarrels and religion and tears and fate of airy adventurers, small as moths, fine as light, swifter than shadows, — and these anecdotes were illustrated with all sorts of mimicry and scene-painting, all fun and humor and grief, and, now and then, the very persons described broke in and answered and danced and fought and sung for themselves.

I saw Webster on the street, — but he was changed since I saw him last, — black as a thun-

der-cloud, and careworn; the anxiety that withers this generation among the young and thinking class had crept up also into the great lawyer's chair, and too plainly, too plainly he was one of us. I did not wonder that he depressed his eyes when he saw me, and would not meet my face. The cankerworms have crawled to the topmost bough of the wild elm and swing down from that. No wonder the elm is a little uneasy.

WATER

The water understands
Civilization well —
It wets my foot, but prettily;
It chills my life, but wittily;
It is not disconcerted,
It is not broken-hearted.
Well used, it decketh joy,
Adorneth, doubleth joy.
Ill used, it will destroy;
In perfect time and measure
With a face of golden pleasure
Elegantly destroy.

On the great Rarity of good Expressions. Fanny Elssler is a good expression. She can say in her language what her neighbors cannot say in theirs.

Part of the reason why Elssler is so bewitch-

ing to the gay people is, that they are pinched and restrained by the decorums of city life, and she shows them freedom. They walk through their cotillions in Papanti's assemblies, but Fanny's arms, head and body dance as well as her feet, and they are greatly refreshed to see.

I rode to town with some insane people: the worst of such company is that they always bite you, and then you run mad also.

The aim of aristocracy is to secure the ends of good sense and beauty without vulgarity, or deformity of any kind, but they use a very operose method. What an apparatus of means to secure a little conversation.[1] . . .

It would give me no pleasure to sit in your house, it would give me none to be caressed by you, so long as this infernal infantry [fine clothes, dinners, and servants] hinder me from that dear and spiritual conversation that I desire. There will come a time when these obstructions, arising from I know not what cause, will pass away; if it is a poorness of spirit in me, I shall be warmed with the wine of God, and

1 The passage beginning thus is printed in "Nature" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 190).

shall walk with a firmer step; if it is some unreasonable demand in you, experience will have reduced your terms to the level of practicability. The tone, the tone is all. . . .

In writing, the casting moment is of greatest importance, just as it avails not in Daguerre portraits that you have the very man before you, if his expression has escaped.

October 21.

Yet is it not ridiculous, this that we do in this languid idle trick that we have gradually fallen into of writing and writing without end? After a day of humiliation and stripes, if I can write it down, I am straightway relieved and can sleep well. After a day of joy, the beating heart is calmed again by the diary. If grace is given me by all angels and I pray, if then I can catch one ejaculation of humility or hope and set it down in syllables, devotion is at an end.

When the great man comes, he will have that social strength which Doctor Kirkland or Doctor Franklin or Robert Burns had, and will so engage us to the moment that we shall not suspect his greatness until late afterward in some dull hour we shall say, I am enlarged: how dull

was I! Is not of late my horizon wider and new? This man! this man! whence came he!

One thing more. As the solar system moves forward in the heavens, certain stars open before us, and certain stars close up behind us. So is man's life.[1] . . .

October 22.

Would Jesus be received at Almacks? Would the manners of Adam and Eve be admired at the Thuilleries? In the lonely woods I remember London, and think I should like to be initiated in the exclusive circles. There are two ways: one, to conquer them and go as Attila to Rome, or as Napoleon married into the House of Austria: it has this condition that it be of the greatest kind, such conquest as grand genius makes, and so the individual demonstrates his natural aristocracy, best of the best.[2] . . . It must hold its place subject to this condition of refreshing instantly old merits with new ones or making its first stroke one of those strokes for empire which perpetuates position. . . .

1 In this and the next pages, passages are omitted which are printed in the "Lecture on the Times" (*Nature, Addresses, etc.*, pp. 264–267).

2 Here occurs the long passage printed in "Manners" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 143, 144).

Fashion is a large region and reaches from the precincts of Heaven to the purlieus of Hell. Mr. Philip Sidney is the presiding deity.

Inhumanity. You come into this company meanly. How so? We have come for the love of seeing each other and of conversing together. You have come to give us things which are written already in your note-books (and when you have told them, you are spent). The best of our talk is invented here, and we go hence greater than we came by so much life as we have awakened in each other; but you, when your quiver is emptied, must sit dumb and careful the rest of the evening. Everything you say makes you poorer, and everything we say makes us richer: you go home, when the company breaks up, forlorn: we go home (without a thought on ourselves) full of happiness to pleasant dreams.

To be sure there is a class of discreet citizens like secret-keeping men, good providers for their households, whom you know where to find: but do not measure by their law this wild influence which I found, to be sure, in space and time, but knew at once it could not be there imprisoned; a nature that lay enormous, indefinite, hastening every moment out of all limitation and to be

treated like oxygen and hydrogen, of a diffusive, universal, irrevocable elasticity. He could keep no secret, he could keep no property, he could keep no law but his own.

Margaret is "a being of unsettled rank in the universe." So proud and presumptuous, yet so meek; so worldly and artificial and with keenest sense and taste for all pleasures of luxurious society, yet living more than any other for long periods in a trance of religious sentiment; a person who, according to her own account of herself, expects everything for herself from the Universe.

October 23.

Milton describes religion in his time as leaving the tradesman when he goes into his shop to meet him again when he comes out. . . . In so pure a church as the Swedenborgian I cannot help feeling the neglect which leaves holiness out of trade. These omissions damn the church.[1]

We forget in taking up a contemporary book that we see the house that is building and not the

1 The passage thus beginning and much that is omitted below are printed in the "Lecture on the Times" (*Nature, Addresses, etc.*, pp. 273–275).

house that is built. A glance at my own manuscripts might teach me that all my poems are unfinished, heaps of sketches but no masterpiece, yet when I open a printed volume of poems I look imperatively for art.

I think Society has the highest interest in seeing that this movement called the Transcendental is no boys' play or girls' play, but has an interest very near and dear to him; that it has a necessary place in history, is a Fact not to be overlooked, not possibly to be prevented, and, however discredited to the heedless and to the moderate and conservative persons by the foibles or inadequacy of those who partake the movement, yet is it the pledge and the herald of all that is dear to the human heart, grand and inspiring to human faith.

I think the genius of this age more philosophical than any other has been, righter in its aims, truer, with less fear, less fable, less mixture of any sort.

October 24.

Permanence is the nobility of human beings. We love that lover whose gayest love-song, whose fieriest engagement of romantic devotion is made good by all the days of all the years of strenuous

long-suffering, ever-renewing benefit. The old Count said to the old Countess of Ilchester, "I know that wherever thou goest, thou wilt both trust and honor me, and thou knowest that wherever I am, I shall honor thee."

We read either for antagonism or for confirmation. It matters not which way the book works on us, whether to contradict and enrage, or to edify and inspire. "Bubb Dodington" is of the first class, which I read to-day. A good indignation brings out all one's powers.

Everybody, old men, young women, boys, play the doctor with me and prescribe for me. They always did so.

Life in Boston; A play in two acts. Youth and Age. Toys, dancing school, *sets*, parties, picture-galleries, sleigh-rides, Nahant, Saratoga Springs, lectures, concerts, — *sets* through them all; solitude and poetry, friendship, *ennui*, desolation, decline, meanness; plausibility, old age, death.

In the republic must always happen what happened here, that the steamboats and stages and hotels vote one way and the nation votes the other:

and it seems to every meeting of readers and writers as if it were intolerable that Broad Street Paddies and bar-room politicians, the sots and loafers and all manner of ragged and unclean and foul-mouthed persons without a dollar in their pocket should control the property of the country and make the lawgiver and the law. But is that any more than their share whilst you hold property selfishly? They are opposed to you: yes, but first you are opposed to them: they, to be sure, malevolently, menacingly, with songs and rowdies and mobs; you cunningly, plausibly, and well-bred; you cheat and they strike; you sleep and eat at their expense; they vote and threaten and sometimes throw stones, at yours.

Were you ever daguerrotyped, O immortal man? And did you look with all vigor at the lens of the camera, or rather, by the direction of the operator, at the brass peg a little below it, to give the picture the full benefit of your expanded and flashing eye? and in your zeal not to blur the image, did you keep every finger in its place with such energy that your hands became clenched as for fight or despair, and in your resolution to keep your face still, did you feel every muscle becoming every moment more rigid; the brows

contracted into a Tartarean frown, and the eyes fixed as they are fixed in a fit, in madness, or in death? And when, at last you are relieved of your dismal duties, did you find the curtain drawn perfectly, and the coat perfectly, and the hands true, clenched for combat, and the shape of the face and head? — but, unhappily, the total expression escaped from the face and the portrait of a mask instead of a man? Could you not by grasping it very tight hold the stream of a river, or of a small brook, and prevent it from flowing?

I told Garrison that I thought he must be a very young man, or his time hang very heavy on his hands, who can afford to think much and talk much about the foibles of his neighbors, or '*denounce*,' and play 'the son of thunder' as he called it. I am one who believe all times to be pretty much alike, and yet I sympathize so keenly with this. We want to be expressed, yet you take from us war, that great opportunity which allowed the accumulations of electricity to stream off from both poles, the positive and the negative, — well, now you take from us our cup of alcohol, as before you took our cup of wrath. We had become canting moths of peace,

our helm was a skillet, and now we must become temperance water-sops. You take away, but what do you give? Mr. Jefts has been preached into tipping up his barrel of rum into the brook, but day after to-morrow when he wakes up cold and poor, will he feel that he has somewhat for somewhat! No, this is mere thieving. . . . If I could lift him by happy violence into a religious beatitude, or into a Socratic trance and imparadise him in ideas, or into the pursuit of human beauty, a divine lover, then should I have greatly more than indemnified him for what I have taken. I should not take; he would put away, or rather ascend out of this litter and sty, in which he had rolled, to go up clothed and in his right mind into the assembly and conversation of men. I fight in my fashion, but you, O Paddies and roarers, must not fight in yours. I drink my tea and coffee, but as for you and your cups, here is the pledge and the Temperance Society. I walk on Sundays, and read Aristophanes and Rabelais in church hours: but for you, Go to church. Good vent or bad we must have for our nature. . . . Make love a crime, and we shall have lust. If you cannot contrive to raise us up to the love of science and make brute matter our antagonist which we shall have joy in handling, mastering,

penetrating, condensing to adamant, dissolving to light, then we must brawl, carouse, gamble, or go to bull-fights. If we can get no full demonstration of our heart and mind, we feel wronged and incarcerated: the philosophers and divines we shall hate most, as the upper turnkeys. We wish to take the gas which allows us to break through your wearisome proprieties, to plant the foot, to set the teeth, to fling abroad the arms, and dance and sing.

[Here follow many passages printed in "The Transcendentalist," and the "Lecture on the Times."]

Society ought to be forgiven if it do not love its rude unmaskers. The Council of Trent did not love Father Paul Sarpi. "But I show you," says the philosopher, "the leprosy which is covered by these gay coats." "Well, I had rather see the handsome mask than the unhandsome skin," replies Beacon Street. Do you not know that this is a masquerade? Did you suppose I took these harlequins for the kings and queens, the gods and goddesses they represent? I am not such a child. There is a terrific skepticism at the bottom of the determined conservers.

The Rhine of our Divinity School has strangely lost itself in the sands. A man enters the Divinity School, but knows not what shall befall him there, or where he shall come out of its tortuous track. Some reappear in trade, some in the navy, some in Swedenborg chapels, some in landscape painting.

Confide to the end in spiritual, and not in carnal weapons. It needs not to fight the battle of anti-slavery on the question of the seat in the cars: the doctrine advances every day among all people that a high chair, a platform, a strip of gold lace, a sword, a title, is not to protect an individual; but himself alone, his ability, his knowledge, his character. A clown, an idiot, may sit next him: he is begirt with an army of guards in the faculties and influences of his spirit: how can they contaminate him? Presently a man will commonly put his pride in sitting in low seats, in mean dress, in mean company, with mulattoes and blacks; and the legislature or the anti-slavery society will not need to interfere.

"What are you doing, Zeke?" said Judge Webster to his eldest boy.

"Nothing."

"What are you doing, Daniel?"

"Helping Zeke."

A tolerably correct account of most of our activity to-day.

It seems to me sometimes that we get our education ended a little too quick in this country. As soon as we have learned to read and write and cipher, we are dismissed from school and we set up for ourselves. We are writers and leaders of opinion and we write away without check of any kind, play whatsoever mad prank, indulge whatever spleen, or oddity, or obstinacy, comes into our dear head, and even feed our complacency thereon, and thus fine wits come to nothing, as good horses spoil themselves by running away and straining themselves. I cannot help seeing that Doctor Channing would have been a much greater writer had he found a strict tribunal of writers, a graduated intellectual empire established in the land, and knew that bad logic would not pass, and that the most severe exaction was to be made on all who enter these lists. Now, if a man can write a paragraph for a newspaper, next year he writes what he calls a history, and reckons himself a classic incontinently, nor will his contemporaries in critical Journal or Review question his claims. It is

very easy to reach the degree of culture that prevails around us; very hard to pass it, and Doctor Channing, had he found Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Lamb around him, would as easily have been severe with himself and risen a degree higher as he has stood where he is. I mean, of course, a genuine intellectual tribunal, not a literary junto of Edinburgh wits, or dull conventions of Quarterly or Gentleman's Reviews. Somebody offers to teach me mathematics. I would fain learn. The man is right. I wish that the writers of this country would begin where they now end their culture.

Are the writers, then, to be reproached with writing to the English public? No, but to be congratulated. It shows they oversee their own, and propose to themselves the best existing standard.

Our Contemporaries. As Charles said, we have one set. It takes time to learn their names and allow for their humors so as to draw the most advantage from them. We all know the same stories, have read the same books, know the same politics, churches, geniuses, felons, bores, hoaxes, gossip, so that there is nothing to explain, but we can fall into conversation very

quickly and get and give such information by the road as we want without needing to collect lexicons and dragomans when we wish to ask the way to the next village.

October 28.

Good not to let the Conscience sleep, but to keep it irritated by the presence and reiterated action of reforms and ideas.

Ellen H. asks "whether Reform is not always in bad taste?" Oh no, the poet, the saint are not only elegant, but elegance. It is only the half poet, the half saint, who disgust. Thus now, the saint in us proposes, but the sinner in us executes so lamely. But who can be misled who trusts to a thought? That profound deep whereunto it leads is the Heaven of Heavens. On that pillow, softer than darkness, he that falls can never be bruised.

I told C. and M. that Aunt Mary was no easy flute, but a quite national and clanlike instrument; a bagpipe, for instance, from which none but a native Highlandman could draw music.

I sometimes fancy that the bitterness and prosaic side of our condition only obtrude in

our conversation, or attempt to paint our portrait to another. Silent and alone, I have no such sad, unredeemed side.

Remove two miles, if you suffer from the influences of Fashion.[1] . . .

Why should I still postpone my existence and not take the ground to which I already feel that I am at last entitled? Why do I suffer a reference to others, and to *such* others, to keep me out of that which is most mine? Because, dear friend, it is as yet a thought, and not yet a spirit. You have not quite served up to it.

A foundation and cellar are good when one is going to build a house, but what is a foundation without a house but an offence to the eye and a stumbling-block to the feet?[2] Sensation is good as the organ, the servant, the body of the Soul, but a world of sensations is a world of men without heads. Once they dined, that they might pray and praise, and so dining the function itself was prayer and praise: now they

1 The rest of this paragraph is printed in "Manners" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 152, 153).

2 This passage is the conclusion of one printed in "Nature" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 191, 192).

dine that they may dine again, and pray and praise (as they call it) in order that they may dine. Hence the appearance — which everywhere strikes the eye of an aimless society, an aimless nation, an aimless world. The earth is sick with that sickness. The man was made for activity, and action to any end has some health and pleasure for him.

Calculation, if that would only go far enough, would go for enthusiasm too. We only ask arithmetic to go on, not to stop and bolt, and the conclusions of the broker and of the poet shall be one. We are not Manichæans, not believers in two hostile principles, but we think evil arises from disproportion, interruption, mistake of means for end. Is Transcendentalism so bad? And is there a Christian, or a civilian, a lawyer, a naturalist, or a physician so bold as not to rely at last on Transcendental truths? He dares not say it, the blind man.

We can well enough discuss this topic with any one because we believe we are all too deeply implicated for any man to give himself airs and talk down to the rest.[1] . . .

1 Here follow passages printed in the "Lecture on the Times" with regard to uncharitable philanthropy.

"*Donde hai tu pigliato tante coglionerie?*" And where did you pick up all this heap of fripperies, Messer Lodovico Ariosto? said the duke to the poet. "Here in your court, your Highness," he replied. I own that all my universal pictures are nothing but very private sketches; that I live in a small village, and am obliged to guess at the composition of society from very few and very obscure specimens, and to tell Revolutions of France by anecdotes, etc., etc. Yet I supposed myself borne out in my confidence that each individual stands for a class by my own experience. Few as I have seen, I could do with fewer, and I shrink from seeing thousands when in fifteen or twenty I have already many duplicates.

We are very near to greatness: one step and we are safe: can we not take the leap?

Daguerre. The strangeness of the discovery is that Daguerre should have known that a picture was there when he could not see any. When the plate is taken from the camera, it appears just as when it was put there spotless silver: it is then laid over steaming mercury and the picture comes out.

'T is certain that the Daguerreotype is the true Republican style of painting. The artist

stands aside and lets you paint yourself. If you make an ill head, not he but yourself are responsible, and so people who go Daguerreotyping have a pretty solemn time. They come home confessing and lamenting their sins. A Daguerreotype Institute is as good as a national Fast.[1]

False valuations are not in Nature; a pound of water in the ocean tempest or in the landflood has no more momentum than in a midsummer pond.[2] . . .

We are equal to something, if it is only silence, waiting, and dying. Let us do that. The piece must have shades too. When the musicians are learning their first scores, every one wishes to scream, and country orchestras usually have a reasonable volume of voice. Afterwards, they learn to be still and to sing underparts. Perhaps we may trust the Composer of our great music to give us voice when our aid is needed,

1 Though the beautiful sun-portraits of Daguerre's invention always appealed to Mr. Emerson's imagination, he hated to sit himself; said that his pictures showed that he was "no subject for art, but looked like a pirate."

2 The rest of the passage is in "Character" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 101).

and to apply the bellows to other stops when we should mar the harmony. . . .

Do what you can, and the world will feel you: speak what you must, and only that, and the echoes will ring with music.

There is so much *ennui* that I am persuaded if any sign could appear in Nature of decay, imperfect chemistry, or the like, men are very ready to believe that the best age is gone. But the youth of Nature which astounds the imagination repudiates the thought.

There are three wants which can never be satisfied: that of the traveller, who says, "*Anywhere but here*"; that of the rich who wants *something more*; and that of the sick who wants *something different*.

The willing or acquiescent are certainly better candidates for that idea which is creating the new world than the recalcitrating.

Steam should be solid.

Every man somewhere solid.

Poor men at six hours, six weeks, six months, six years.

Scholars should not carry their memories to balls.

Do you not believe that advertisements are given you continually of that which most imports you to know; but you, in the din and buzz of the senses, do not regard the vision? Miracles are continually occurring in the privatest spiritual experience which the man heeds not in his headlong partisan fury to celebrate and assert the miracles of the Church. By attention and obedience to the heavenly vision he would bring his perception to a finer delicacy.

Why Cupid did not assault the Muses may be found in Rabelais, 3d vol., p. 25.

October 30.

On this wonderful day when Heaven and Earth seem to glow with magnificence, and all the wealth of all the elements is put under contribution to make the world fine, as if Nature would indulge her offspring, it seemed ungrateful to hide in the house. Are there not dull days enough in the year for you to write and read in, that you should waste this glittering season when Florida and Cuba seem to have left their seats and come to

visit us, with all their shining Hours, and almost we expect to see the jasmine and the cactus burst from the ground instead of these last gentians and asters which have loitered to attend this latter glory of the year? All insects are out, all birds come forth,—the very cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great thoughts, and Egypt and India look from their eyes.[1]

"How dare I go to a person who will look at me only as a psychological fact?" said the thread-woman of G. R., and said well. But alas, that this awe which the writers inspire should prove at last to be so ill-founded! They ought to inspire most reverence when seen, and when they can thunder so loud at a distance not cheep so small in the chamber. "Ah! if they knew John as well as I!" said Mrs. M—— Good Paul whose letter was so mighty, and whose bodily presence mean and contemptible, has too many imitators.

The Age. Shelley is wholly unaffecting to me. I was born a little too soon: but his power is so

1 This passage, although much of it appears in the opening page of the essay "Nature" (in the Second Series), is preserved because of the freshness and beauty of its expression on *the day of the experience.*

manifest over a large class of the best persons, that he is not to be overlooked.

There are tests enough of character if we really dare to apply them. Are you setting your expectation of happiness on any circumstance or event not within your control?

Vagueness of Character. I overheard Jove one day talking of destroying the Earth.[1] . . .

Soldier. Can one nowadays see a soldier without a slight feeling—the slightest possible—of the ridiculous?

The spiritual measure of inspiration is the depth of the thought: How deep?—how great its power to agitate and lift me? and never, *Who* said it? But the world answers, "Paul was inspired," and would crave a space and indulgence for him in my consciousness. I reply, I do not know the man. It makes then a claim for Jesus. But the great soul says, He shall not come in, no man shall come in, how amiable, how holy soever.

1 Here follows the fable with which "Manners" concludes (*Essays*, Second Series).

Skepticism esteems ignorance organic and irremovable, believes in the existence of pure malignity, believes in a poor decayed God who does what he can to keep down the nuisances, and to keep the world going for our day. It believes the actual to be necessary; it argues habitually from the exception instead of the rule; and, if it went to the legitimate extreme, the earth would smell with suicide.

To believe in luck, if it were not a solecism so to use the word *believe*, is skepticism.

Sickness also has its hero and brilliant vindication. Fontenelle, born feeble, a puny delicate creature, by care and nursing was preserved for a hundred years to be the delight of France and of Europe—laid up, they said, like a vase of porcelain in a cabinet and railed up and guarded to hold the softest and most volatile of perfumes. Mr. Pope also was born sick and a cripple, yet by care and study of these facts, and engaging, wherever he went, nursing and rubbing from the domestics, he lived long and enjoyed much and gave others much to enjoy.

Dandies of Moral Sentiment. Our contemporaries do not always contemporize us, but

now one is continually surprised to find some stranger, who has been educated in the most different manner, dreaming the same dream.

We like all the better to see some graceful youth, free and beautiful as a palm or a pine tree, who hears with curiosity and intelligence our theory of the world and has his own, and does not hiss with our hiss, but only has the same mother-tongue.

Yet do not mistake a fine tulip for good timber. Do not fancy when you have vivacity and innocence and the charm of youthful manners, and have got for the time the ear of such an one to the gravest themes, do not rely on this polite and facile stripling as on a native and hereditary scholar. The newcomer for the moment casts all merits into eclipse, and the heart gives itself so gladly to the hope of indefinite and paradisaical times at hand. But none can adhere but the men that are born of that idea which they express.

But there are ways of anticipating Time. Always this cry of "Time, Time; give us time: men are not ready for it," means deficiency of spiritual force. Time is an inverse measure of the amount of spirit. If you are sure of your truth, if you are sure of yourself, you ascend now

into eternity; you have already arrived at that, and that *takes place* with you which other men promise themselves.

In poetry we say we require the miracle. The bee flies among the flowers and gets mint and marjoram, and generates a new product which is not mint or marjoram but honey: and the chemist mixes hydrogen and oxygen to yield a new product which is not hydrogen or oxygen but water: and the poet listens to all conversations and receives all objects of Nature to give back, not them, but a new and perfect and radiant whole.

We concede, O Miss P.,[1] there is a difference between the spirit in which these poor men struggling to emancipate themselves from the yoke of a traditional worship, and crying out in their sorrow and hope, speak at the Chardon Street Convention, and the spirit in which he who is long already free from these fears turns

1 Miss Peabody? Apparently Miss Elizabeth Peabody had been troubled by Mr. Emerson's notice in the *Dial* of the Convention held in Boston the previous year, by the assembled friends of Universal Reform, as unsympathetic and holding of well-meaning people up to ridicule. (See *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 371–377.

back and knowingly shoots sarcasms at the old and venerated names.

"*That Influence which every Strong Mind has over a Weak One.*" You believe in magnetism, in new and preternatural powers, powers contrary to all experience, and do you not think then that Cæsar in irons can shuffle off the irons?[1] . . .

The new vegetable is always made out of the materials of the decomposed vegetable, and the triumph of thought to-day is over the ruin of some old triumph of thought. I saw a man who religiously burned his Bible and other books: and yet the publication of the Bible and Milton and the rest was the same act, namely, the burning of the then books of the world which had also once been a cremation of more.

Our American geography is so large that the noisy make no noise. Whoever hears of the American army? or of the formidable Sophomores who are said to rebel in our colleges? or of the Law Students, or the Medical Students, or of any other local village incendiaries who,

1 Here follows the passage printed in "Character" (pp. 94, 95).

when we were young, filled whole neighborhoods with alarm? The American Government is fast becoming quite as innocent.

What can be affirmed of magnetisable subjects? To-day, seen unaffected, they are larvæ; they are so low and earthy and bestial, they bark and neigh, a good man or a poet is repelled who goes near them, as if they would one day be his executioners. But to-morrow, a great spirit chances to approach them in a happy and unsuspected way, and they receive his light and influence into all the channels of their being and are filled with him, enriched and ennobled by this virtue, they are godlike, and he too is twice himself. Straightway the earth seems to have emerged from the primal curse and a new day has dawned.

Great causes are never tried, assaulted, or defended on their merits: they need so long perspective, and the habits of the race are marked with so strong a tendency to particulars. The stake is Europe or Asia, and the battle is for some contemptible village or dog-hutch. A man shares the new light that irradiates the world and promises the establishment of the Kingdom of

Heaven,—and ends with champing unleavened bread or devoting himself to the nourishment of a beard, or making a fool of himself about his hat or his shoes. A man is furnished with this superb case of instruments, the senses, and perceptive and executive faculties, and they betray him every day. He transfers his allegiance from Instinct and God to this adroit little committee. A man is an exaggerator. In every conversation see how the main end is still lost sight of by all but the best, and with slight apology or none, a digression made to a creaking door or a buzzing fly. What heavenly eloquence could hold the ear of an audience if a child cried! A man with a truth to express is caught by the beauty of his own words and ends with being a rhymester or critic. And Genius is sacrificed to talent every day.

[Here follows the passage about Osman, the ideal man, and the broad hospitality to persons half-crazed with poor reforms which is printed in the last pages of "Manners."]

November 10.

Genius is very well, but it is enveloped and undermined by Wonder. The last fact is still

Astonishment, — mute, bottomless, boundless, endless wonder. When we meet an intelligent soul, all that we wish to ask him — phrase it how we will — is, 'Brother have you wondered? Have you seen the Fact?' To come out from a forest in which we have always lived, unexpectedly on the ocean, startles us, for it is a symbol of this. . . .

Originality. All originality is relative.[1]

The young people complain that everything around them must be denied, and therefore, if feeble, it takes all their strength to deny, before they can begin to lead their own life. Aunt Betsey and Uncle Gulliver insist on their respect to this Sabbath and that Rollin's History or Fragment Society or some other school, or charity, or morning call, which, to preserve their integrity, they resist.[2]

Nature never troubles herself with the difficulty which Language finds in expressing her.

1 The passage beginning thus is printed in "Shakspeare" (*Representative Men*, pp. 198, 199).

2 The long passage beginning thus is, with slight variations, printed in "The Transcendentalist" (pp. 356, 357).

Man begets man who begets man, heedless of the world of contradictions which the metaphysician finds in this cotemporaneous procession of body, soul, and mind.

Is Character an educated will? "But bad thoughts," said M., "Who could dare to uncover all the thoughts of a single hour?" Indeed! is it so bad? I own that to a witness worse than myself and less intelligent, I should not willingly put a window into my breast, but to a witness more intelligent and virtuous than I, or to one precisely as intelligent and well intentioned, I have no objection to uncover my heart.

Certainly the progress of character is in that direction, namely, to introduce Beauty, the order of Beauty, into that invisible and private world of my thoughts, and make them public and heavenly in their discipline. It is a part of friendship with me to carry its courtesies and sacred boundaries into my silent solitude, and not confound distinctions in my fancy which I respect in my reason.

November 13.

Originality. The great majority of men are not original, for they are not primary, have not assumed their own vows, but are secondaries, —

grow up and grow old in seeming and following; and when they die they occupy themselves to the last with what others will think, and whether Mr. A and Mr. B will go to their funeral. The poet has pierced the shows and come out on the wonder which envelopes all: more, he has conspired with the high cause and felt the holy glee with which man detects the ultimate oneness of the Seer and the spectacle. . . .

As to the *Miracle*, too, of Poetry. There is truly but one miracle, the perpetual fact of Being and Becoming, the ceaseless saliency, the transit from the Vast to the particular, which miracle, one and the same, has for its most universal name the word *God*. Take one or two or three steps where you will, from any fact in Nature or Art, and you come out full on this fact; as you may penetrate the forest in any direction and go straight on, you will come to the sea. But all the particulars of the poet's merit, his sweetest rhythms, the subtlest thoughts, the richest images, if you could pass into his consciousness, or rather if you could exalt his consciousness, would class themselves in the common chemistry of thought, and obey the laws of the cheapest mental combinations.

In every moment and action and passion, you must be a man, must be a whole Olympus of gods. I surprised you, O Waldo Emerson, yesterday eve hurrying up one page and down another of a little book of some Menzel, panting and straining after the sense of some mob, better or worse, of German authors. I thought you had known better. Adhere, sit fast, lie low.

Anti-Transcendentalists. Yet we must not blame those who make the outcry against these refiners. It comes from one of two causes: either an instinctive fear that this philosophy threatens property and sensual comfort; or a distrust of the sincerity and virtue of persons who preach an impracticable elevation of life.

If from the first, it is a good sign, an eulogy of the innovators which should encourage them. And let them not be too anxious to show how their new world is to realize itself to men, but know that, as the Lord liveth, it shall be well with them who obey a spiritual law.

If from the second,—why, perhaps the world is in the right, and the reformer is not sound. There is an instinct about this too. It is in vain that you gild gold and whiten snow in your preaching, if, when I see you, I do not look

through your pure eye into a society of angels and angelic thoughts within.

No man can write anything who does not think that what he writes is for the time the history of the world,[1] . . . or do anything well who does not suppose his work to be of greatest importance. My work may be of none, but I must not think it of none, or I shall not do it with impunity.

Whoso does what he thinks mean, is mean.

How finely we are told in the Hebrew story that the anger of the Lord was kindled against David because he had made a census of the people. Philosophy also takes an inventory of her possessions: and an inventory is of pride: it is the negative state. But Poetry is always affirmative, and Prayer is affirmative.

How much of life is affirmative? How many dare show their whole hand? For the most part we hide, and parry as we can the inquisition of each other.

I am for preserving all those religious writings which were in their origin poetic, ecstatic

1 See "Nature" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 189).

expressions which the first user of did not know what he said, but they were spoken through him and from above, not from his level; things which seemed a happy casualty, but which were no more random than the human race are a random formation. "It is necessary," says Iamblichus, "that ancient prayers, like sacred *asyla*, should be preserved invariably the same, neither taking anything from them nor adding anything to them which is elsewhere derived."

This is the reason, doubtless, why Homer declares that Jove loved the Ethiopians. And Iamblichus in answer to the query, "Why of significant names we prefer such as are barbaric to our own?" says, among other reasons: "Barbarous names have much emphasis, great conciseness, and less ambiguity, variety, and multitude"; and then afterwards: "But the Barbarians are stable in their manners, and firmly continue to employ the same words. Hence they are dear to the gods, and proffer words which are grateful to them." And the ancients spoke of the Egyptians and Chaldæans as "sacred nations."

Now the words "God," "Grace," "Prayer," "Heaven," "Hell," are these barbarous and sacred words, to which we must still return,

whenever we would speak an ecstatic and universal sense? There are objections to them, no doubt, for academical use, but when the professor's gown is taken off, Man will come back to them.

The granite comes to the surface and towers into the highest mountains, and if we could dig down we should find it below all the superficial strata.[1] . . .

The question of Property wants seers. . . . The staunchest Whig and the poorest philosopher are all on the Property side, all abettors of the present abuse, all either owners or enviers: no man is on the other side, no man can give us any insight into the remedy, no man deserves to be heard against Property; only Love, only an Idea, is on the right side against Property as we hold it.

Good scholar, what are you for but for hospitality to every new thought of your time? Have you property, have you leisure, have you accomplishments and the eye of command, you

1 The long passage thus beginning is found in the "Lecture on the Times" (*Nature, Addresses, etc.*, pp. 289, 290).

shall be the Mæcenas of every new thought, every untried project that proceeds from good will and honest seeking. The newspapers, of course, will defame what is noble, and what are you for but to withstand the newspapers and all the other tongues of to-day? You do not hold of to-day, but of an age, as the rapt and truly great man holds of all ages or of Eternity. If you defer to the newspaper, where is the scholar?

Hints, fragments, scintillations of men enough and more than enough, but men valiant and who can execute the project they learned of no man, but which was born with them, there are none. Perfect and execute yourself an Orson, if Orson; a Valentine, if Valentine. Let us see at least a good Orson, and know the best and worst of that.

(From H)

November 18.

Queenie's[1] dream of the statue so beautiful that the blooming child who was in the room looked pale and sallow beside it, and of the speech of the statue, which was not quite speech either, but something better, which seemed at

1 So Mr. Emerson often called his wife.

last identical with the thing itself spoken of. It described to the fair girl who sat by, and whose face became flushed with her earnest attention, — life and being; — and then, by a few slight movements of the head and body, it gave the most forcible picture of decay and death and corruption, and then became all radiant again with the signs of resurrection. I thought it a just description of that Eloquence to which we are all entitled — are we not? — which shall be no idle tale, but the suffering of the action, and the action it describes. That shall make intent and privileged hearers.

The blue vault silver-lined with hills of snow.

(From G)

November 22.

Edith.[1] There came into the house a young maiden, but she seemed to be more than a thousand years old. She came into the house naked and helpless, but she had for her defence more than the strength of millions. She brought into the day the manners of the Night.

[On the second day of December, Mr. Emerson began his course of lectures on "The

1 His second daughter.

Times," in the Masonic Temple in Boston: I, The "Introductory," is printed in the first volume of the Works as "Lecture on the Times"; II, "The Conservative"; III, "The Poet" (much of the matter is in "Poetry and Imagination," in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*); IV, "The Transcendentalist"; V, "Manners"; VI, "Character"; VII, "Relation to Nature"; VIII, "Prospects."]

(From J)

Robin Hood. Little John asks Robin "Where shall we take? Where shall we leave? Where shall we rob and beat and bind?" Robin says: —

"Look ye do no husband harm
That tilleth with his plough.

"These bishops and these archbishops
Ye shall them beat and bind;
The high sheriff of Nottingham,
Him holde in your mind."

When Jones Very was in Concord, he said to me, "I always felt when I heard you speak or read your writings that you saw the truth better than others, yet I felt that your spirit was not quite right. It was as if a vein of colder

air blew across me." He seemed to expect from me a full acknowledgment of his mission and a participation of the same. Seeing this, I asked him if he did not see that my thoughts and my position were constitutional, that it would be false and impossible for me to say his things or try to occupy his ground as for him to usurp mine? After some frank and full explanation, he conceded this. When I met him afterwards one evening at my lecture in Boston, I invited him to go home to Mr. Adams's with me and sleep, which he did. He slept in the chamber adjoining mine. Early the next day, in the grey dawn, he came into my room and talked whilst I dressed. He said, "When I was at Concord I tried to say you were also right; but the spirit said, you were not right. It is just as if I should say, It is not morning; but the morning says, It is the morning."

"Use what language you will," he said, "you can never say anything but what you are."

All writing is by the grace of God. People do not deserve to have good writing, they are so pleased with bad. In these sentences that you show me, I can find no beauty, for I see death in every clause and every word. There is a fossil

or a mummy character which pervades this book. The best sepulchres, the vastest catacombs, Thebes and Cairo, Pyramids, are sepulchres to me. I like gardens and nurseries. Give me initiative, spermatic, prophesying, man-making words.

I am probably all the better spectator that I am so indifferent an actor. Some who hear or read my reports misjudged me as being a good actor in the scene which I could so well describe; but, when they came to talk with me, even those who fancied they strictly sympathized with me found I was dumb for them as well as for others. In this, both I and they must be passive and acquiescent, and take our fortune. And now that I have said it, I shall not suffer again from this misadventure.

It is never worth while to worry people with your contritions.[1] We shed our follies and absurdities as fast as the rosebugs drop off in July and leave the apple tree which they so threatened. Nothing dies so fast as a fault and the memory of a fault. I am awkward, sour, saturnine, lump-

1 This sentence occurs in "Character" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 98).

ish, pedantic, and thoroughly disagreeable and oppressive to the people around me. Yet if I am born to write a few good sentences or verses, these shall endure, and my disgraces utterly perish out of memory.

Woman should not be expected to write, or fight, or build, or compose scores; she does all by inspiring man to do all. The poet finds her eyes anticipating all his ode, the sculptor his god, the architect his house. She looks at it. She is the requiring genius.

We ask to be self-sustained, nothing less.[1]

The rude reformer rose from his bed of moss and dry leaves, gnawed his roots and drank water, and went to Boston. There he met fair maidens who smiled kindly on him, then gentle mothers with their babes at their breasts who told them how much love they bore them and how they were perplexed in their daily walk. What! he said, and this on rich, embroidered carpets, with fine marbles and costly woods![2]

1 The rest of the passage is in "Gifts" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 162).

2 This long passage with some additions — the reformer appearing as Friar Bernard — is found in "The Conserva-

And yet Raphael's picture is bold and beautiful, affirming, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and every thought of mine which I naturally and happily speak. Let me not be witty, but only faithful and bold and happy, and I put all Nature in the wrong.

We lose time in trying to be like others, accusing ourselves because we are not like others. If something surprises us from our propriety, we act well and strong, because we lose in our fright the recollection of others.

Those who defend the establishment are less than it. Those who speak from a thought must always be greater than any actual fact. I see behind the Whig no mighty matter, nothing but a very trite fact of his land titles and certificates of stock. But through the eyes of the theorist stares at me a formidable, gigantic spirit who will not undo if I bid him, who has much more to say and do than he has yet told, and who can do great things with the same facility as little.

In the feudal table the humblest retainer sat in the company of his lord, and so had some indemnity for his thraldom in the education he derived from the spectacle of the wit, the grace, and the valor of his superiors.

Mr. Frost [1] thought that there would not be many of these recusants who declared against the state, etc. I told him he was like the good man of Noah's neighbors who said, "Go to thunder with your old ark! I don't think there'll be much of a shower."

Osman. Seemed to me that I had the keeping of a secret too great to be confided to one man; that a divine man dwelt near me in a hollow tree.

A Dandy, *Godelureau* [2] in French, a favorite word with Napoleon. Napoleon was calm, serious, and well calculated to stand the gaze of millions: and d'Abrantès describes the splendor of his smile.

And cakes by female hands wrought artfully,
Well steep'd in the liquid of the gold-wing'd bee.

PLUTARCH.

Atque ego peccati vellem modo conscius essem;
Aequo animo poenam qui meruere ferunt.

OVID, *Amor* 2, VII, 11.

1 The Unitarian clergyman of Concord.

2 This word, of uncertain origin, means, according to Littré, Delight of the Ladies.

Historians of reform are not necessarily lovers of reform among their contemporaries.

Among the powers of circumstance none so striking as the provocation of thought in particular companies. Every art may be learned for itself, as, e.g., that of composure and good behavior in all companies; but a better way is to be inspired by a sentiment which shall ennoble the behaviour without intention.

The man is yet to arise who eats angels' food; who, working for universal aims, finds himself fed, he knows not how, and clothed he knows not how, and yet it is done by his own hands. The squirrel hoards nuts, and the bee gathers honey, each without knowing what he does, and thus they are provided, without any degradation or selfishness. In the man, I should look to see it adorned, beyond this innocency, with conscious efforts for the general good.

Trees draw nineteen twentieths of their nourishment from their aërial roots, the leaves.

The *pis aller* of Romanism for Tieck, Winckelmann, Schlegel, Schelling, Montaigne, Dana, Coleridge-men.

Midsummer Night entertainment can easily seem to me profane and I shall do penance for having delighted in such toys: and Dante must shrink before a great life, and appear a permitted greatness.

To those who have been accustomed to lead, it is not quite indifferent to find their word or deed for the first time unimportant to society. Yet a human being always has the indemnity of acting religiously, and then he exchanges an *éclat* with the society of his town, for a reputation and weight with the society of the Universe.

Every word we speak is million-faced, or convertible to an indefinite number of applications. If it were not so, we could read no book. Your remark would only fit your case, not mine. And Dante, who described his circumstance, would be unintelligible now. But a thousand readers in a thousand different years shall read his story and find it a picture of their story by making, of course, a new application of every word.

All Bernardo's wit and study did not enable him to answer M. de Gullivere's question. As

it happened once, so it happened twenty times. M. de Gullivere asked pointedly of the scholar for information which he should certainly have supplied; but poor Bernardo always wondered that he should have failed to inform himself of just that particular fact. Afterwards he found that it was just the same with his actions: he was very able and very willing to do a thousand things: but the particular action which must now be done, he was not ready for: and so he played at cross-purposes with all men in this world. One thing more Bernardo remarked, and said as much to Xavier, — that he was convinced it was a chance and not a right that he had received the laurel of the Sorbonne: "For I," said he, "was not made by Nature for an original genius, but to take delight in the genius of others. I was made to read Virgil, and not to write Bucolics of my own; for always if I have anything to say, it clothes itself in the language of some poet or author I have been reading, or perhaps of one of my friends with whom I daily converse. The thought is not born sufficiently vigorous to clothe itself."

Credit, it seems, is to be abolished.[1] . . .

1 Most of what follows is printed in "Social Aims" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 84).

December 18.

We believe in the existence of matter, not because we can touch it or conceive of it, but because it agrees with ourselves, and the Universe does not jest with us, but is in earnest.

A man founding a reputation for benevolence on his expenditure! a great blunder.[1] . . .

How much one person sways us, we have so few. The presence or absence of Milton will very sensibly affect the result of human history: the presence or absence of Jesus, how greatly! Well, to-morrow a new man may be born, not indebted like Milton to the Old, and more entirely dedicated than he to the New, yet clothed like him with beauty.

As we take our stand on Necessity or on Ethics, shall we go for the Conservative or the Reformer?[2] . . . The view of Necessity is always good-tempered, permits wit and pleasantry. The view of Liberty is sour and dogmatical. Both

1 Here follows much that is printed in "Character" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 103).

2 Several following sentences are omitted, as printed in "The Conservative" (*Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. 301).

may be equally free of personal consideration. Wo unto me if I preach not the gospel.

I like the spontaneous persons of both classes: and those in the Conservative side have as much truth and progressive force as those on the Liberal.

Do not be so grand with your one objection. Do you think there is only one? If I should go out of church whenever I hear a false sentiment, I could never stay there five minutes.[1] . . .

According to Boehmen, the world was nothing else than the *relievo*, the print of a seal of an invisible world concealed in his own bosom. (See Penhoen, vol. i, p. 123.)

When, in our discontent with the pedantry of scholars, we prefer farmers, and when, suspecting their conservatism, we hearken after the hard words of drovers and Irishmen, this is only subjective or relative criticism, this is alkali to our acid, or shade to our too much sunshine; but abide with these, and you will presently find they are the same men you left. A coat has cheated you.

What a plague is this perplexity. We are so sharpsighted — that we are miserable and, as

1 Here follow sentences printed in "New England Reformers" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 262, 263).

E. H. says, can neither read Homer, nor not read him.

"Kepler's science was a strange alliance of that sublime science of antiquity which proceeded by inspiration with that modern science which measures, compares, analyses." (Penhoen.)

Leibnitz predicted the Zoöphytes; Kant predicted the asteroids; Newton the decomposition of the diamond; Swedenborg, Uranus. (Penhoen, vol. i, p. 159.)

They say that the mathematics leave the mind where they found it. What if life or experience should do the same?

Writing, also, is a knack and leaves the man where it found him. And Literature and Nature and Life.

All that a man hath will he give for his erect demeanor, that he may never more be ashamed, — society the measure. I go to you and I expand, and I go to another and I contract.

Look out of the window and it is Eternal Now. Look in faces of men and it varies every minute.

Monstrelet; Froissart, *Chronicles;* Ariosto; Rabelais;

Fra Paolo Sarpi; Kepler; Burton; Boehme (Behmen), *The Aurora;* Herrick; Izaak Walton;

Waller; Dryden; Locke; Leibnitz, *apud* Penhoen; Fontenelle; Rollin, *History;* Bentley; Thomas Hearne;

Pitt (Lord Chatham); Winckelmann, *History of Ancient Art;* Merck, *Correspondence with Goethe;* Laplace; Fox; William Pitt; Goethe; Burns;

Saint-Simon; Dodington; Duchesse d'Abrantès, *Mémoires, ou Souvenirs sur Napoléon, la Révolution,* etc.;

Canning; Shelley; Southey;

Schleiermacher; Schlegel; Tieck; Schelling; Menzel, *apud* George Ripley's *Specimens of Foreign Literature;* Ritter;

Sir William Edward Parry, *Arctic Voyages;* Charles Lamb, *Essays;*

Manzoni, *I Promessi Sposi;* Dr. Channing, *Milton* and *Napoleon;*

Carlyle, *Heroes and Hero Worship, French Revolution;* Nichol, *Architecture of the Heavens;* Miss Edgeworth, *Novels;*

Béranger, *Chansons;* George Sand, *Letters;*