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The Letters of
**EMILY
DICKINSON**

Wm. Austin

EDITED BY

CRISTANNE MILLER
DOMHNALL MITCHELL

The Letters of Emily Dickinson

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EDITED BY

Cristanne Miller and
Domhnall Mitchell

THE BELKNAP PRESS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Cambridge, Massachusetts, and London, England

2024

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Printed in the United States of America

First printing

DESIGN BY ANNAMARIE MCMAHON WHY

Cover design: Design by Gabriele Wilson

9780674296633 (EPUB)

9780674296640 (PDF)

The Library of Congress has cataloged the printed edition as follows:

Names: Dickinson, Emily, 1830–1886, author. | Miller, Cristanne, editor. |
Mitchell, Domhnall, editor.

Title: The letters of Emily Dickinson / Emily Dickinson ; edited by
Cristanne Miller and Domhnall Mitchell.

Other titles: Correspondence. (Miller and Mitchell)

Description: Cambridge, Massachusetts ; London, England : The Belknap Press of Harvard
University Press, 2024. | Includes bibliographical references and index.

Identifiers: LCCN 2023030851 | ISBN 9780674982970 (cloth)

Subjects: LCSH: Dickinson, Emily, 1830–1886—Correspondence.

Classification: LCC PS1541.Z5 A4 2024 | DDC 811 / .4—dc23 / eng / 20230807

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2023030851>

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Abbreviations

AA	Amherst Academy
AC [date]	Amherst College, graduating class of [date]
ED	Emily Dickinson
RWF	Ralph W. Franklin
THJ	Thomas H. Johnson

Habitual Form of Address

Austin	William Austin Dickinson
Edward	Edward Dickinson (senior)
Elizabeth	Elizabeth Holland
Frances or Fanny	Frances Norcross
Gib or Gilbert	Thomas Gilbert Dickinson
Lavinia or Vinnie	Lavinia Norcross Dickinson
Louisa or Loo / Lou	Louisa Norcross (spelled Louise in JL)
Maggie	Maggie Maher
Mattie	Martha Dickinson and Martha Gilbert Smith
Ned	Edward Dickinson, son of Austin and Susan
Nellie	Lucy Cornelia Sweetser
Sarah	Sarah Tuckerman
Susan or Sue	Susan Gilbert Dickinson

Libraries and Institutions Holding Dickinson Papers

AAS	American Antiquarian Society
AC	Amherst College, Frost Library Special Collections
BPL	Boston Public Library Special Collections
Colby	Colby College Special Collections
H	Harvard University, Houghton Library
Jones	Jones Library, Special Collections, Amherst, MA

LOC	Library of Congress
Morgan	Morgan Library and Museum
Mount Holyoke	Mount Holyoke College, Williston Memorial Library
NYPL	New York Public Library Special Collections
P	Princeton University Library Robert H. Taylor Collection
RML	Rosenbach Museum and Library
Smith	Smith College, Neilson Library Special Collections
UVA	University of Virginia, Albert and Shirley Small Special Collections Library
Y	Yale University Libraries: Beinecke: Y Beinecke ED Collection Sterling Memorial Library: Y MSS & Archives

We list sources in libraries as they designate. B = box; F = folder. Two successive numbers separated by a period (NYPL 16.3) indicates box and folder. Amherst College, Frost Library, uses a single designator, except for photocopies, photostats, and transcripts: AC 57 or AC B12, F14 (photocopy). For Harvard University, Houghton Library, box numbers are followed by file numbers in parentheses: H MS Am 1118.2 (4). For Yale University, Sterling Memorial Library, 69.19, 55 indicates box 69, folder 19, page 55; MS496C = Mabel Loomis Todd papers.

Journals

AM	<i>Atlantic Monthly</i>
EDIS Bull	<i>Emily Dickinson International Society Bulletin</i>
EDJ	<i>Emily Dickinson Journal</i>
NEQ	<i>New England Quarterly</i>
SR	<i>Springfield Republican</i>

Sources, Including Editions of Letters and Poems

AM (1891)	Thomas Wentworth Higginson, "Emily Dickinson's Letters." <i>Atlantic Monthly</i> 68 (October 1891).
AM (1915)	Martha Dickinson Bianchi, "Selections from the Unpublished Letters of Emily Dickinson to Her Brother's Family: Chosen and Arranged by Her Niece." <i>Atlantic Monthly</i> 115 (January 1915).
AM (1927)	Margaret Higginson Barney, "Fragments from Emily Dickinson." <i>Atlantic Monthly</i> 136 (1927): 799–801.
<i>Amherst Alumni News</i> (1951)	"College Activities / Dickinson Letters." <i>Amherst Alumni News</i> 4, no. 1 (July 1951): 14.
<i>Amherst Graduates' Q</i> (1937)	Mary Adèle Allen, "The Boltwood House: Memories of Amherst Friends and Neighbors." <i>Amherst Graduates' Quarterly</i> 26, no. 4 (August 1937): 297–307.
BM	<i>Bolts of Melody: New Poems of Emily Dickinson</i> , edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1945.

- Boston Cooking-School Mag* Helen Knight Wyman, "Emily Dickinson as Cook and Poetess." *Boston Cooking-School Magazine* (June-July 1906): 14–15.
- Christian Union* T. W. Higginson, "An Open Portfolio." *Christian Union* 42 (September 1890): 392–393.
- Colby Library Q* Margaret Higginson Barney, "Two Notes from Emily Dickinson." *Colby Library Quarterly* 1, no. 15 (June 1946): 239–240.
- CP *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson, with an Introduction by Her Niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1924.
- Drum Beat* "These are the days when Birds come back –." *Drum Beat* (Brooklyn, NY), March 11, 1864.
- EDIS Bull* (1995) Polly Longworth, "'Upon Concluded Lives': New Letters of Emily Dickinson." *Emily Dickinson International Society Bulletin* 7, no. 1 (1995): 2–4.
- FF *Emily Dickinson Face to Face: Unpublished Letters with Notes and Reminiscences*, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1932.
- FN MacGregor Jenkins, *Emily Dickinson: Friend and Neighbor*. Boston: Little Brown, 1930.
- FP *Further Poems of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1929.
- Fr *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*, edited by R. W. Franklin. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1998. 3 vols.
- Franklin (1995) "Emily Dickinson to Abiah Root: Ten Reconstructed Letters," edited by R. W. Franklin. *Emily Dickinson Journal* 4, no. 1 (1995): 1–43.
- Home* *Emily Dickinson's Home: Letters of Edward Dickinson and His Family*, edited by Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1954.
- Indiana Quarterly* (1945) Frank Davidson, "Some Emily Dickinson Letters." *Indiana Quarterly for Bookmen* 1 (October 1945): 113–118.
- JL *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Thomas H. Johnson and Theodora Ward. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1958.
- L (1894) *Letters of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1894.
- L (1931) *Letters of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. New York: Harper, 1931.
- Leyda Jay Leyda. *The Years and Hours of Emily Dickinson*. 2 vols. New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1960.
- LH *Emily Dickinson's Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Gilbert Holland*, edited by Theodora Van Wagenen Ward. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1951.

- LL *The Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1924.
- Lyman Letters *The Lyman Letters: New Light on Emily Dickinson and Her Family*, edited by Richard B. Sewall. Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1965.
- M *Emily Dickinson's Poems: As She Preserved Them*, edited by Cristanne Miller. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2016.
- NEQ (1943) Helen H. Arnold, "'From the Garden We Have Not Seen': New Letters of Emily Dickinson." *New England Quarterly* 16, no. 3 (1943): 363–375.
- NEQ (1947) Millicent Todd Bingham, "Poems of Emily Dickinson: Hitherto Published Only in Part." *New England Quarterly* 20, no. 1 (1947): 3–50.
- NEQ (1955) Millicent Todd Bingham, "Prose Fragments of Emily Dickinson." *New England Quarterly* 28, no. 3 (1955): 291–318.
- Poems (1890) *Poems by Emily Dickinson*, edited by Two of Her Friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson. [First Series] Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1890.
- Poems (1891) *Poems by Emily Dickinson*, edited by Two of Her Friends, T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd. [Second Series]. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1891.
- Poems (1896) *Poems by Emily Dickinson*, edited by Two of Her Friends, T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd. [Third Series] Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1896.
- Poems (1955) *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*, edited by Thomas H. Johnson. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1955.
- Revelation *Emily Dickinson: A Revelation*, edited by Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1954.
- SH *The Single Hound: Poems of a Lifetime*, edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Little, Brown, 1914.
- Smith Alumnae Q (1954) Elizabeth Dickerman, "Portrait of Two Sisters, *Emily* and *Lavinia Dickinson*." *Smith Alumnae Quarterly* 45 (February 1954): 79.
- UP *Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1935.
- YUL Gazette (1931) E. E. Dickinson, "Two Unpublished Autograph Letters of Emily Dickinson." *Yale University Library Gazette* 6, no. 2 (1931): 42–43.

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The Letters of Emily Dickinson

Introduction

“All the letters I can write”

EMILY DICKINSON was a letter writer before she was a poet. Both the first and the final pieces of writing we have in her hand are letters. While the letters often embed poems and some consist entirely of a poem, they are also gems in their own genre. As Dickinson wrote to two correspondents, “a Letter is a joy of Earth – it is denied the Gods” (L1213, 1216).

There has been no new edition of Emily Dickinson’s letters in over sixty years. Yet since Thomas H. Johnson and Theodora Ward’s *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, published in 1958, at least eighty letters have been discovered or radically re-edited. Editorial standards have changed dramatically. And Dickinson scholarship has exploded. Scholars were still debating the significance of Dickinson’s oeuvre in the 1950s, but her position in the pantheon of great writers is now secure. Both the 1958 edition and ours begin with a letter from the eleven-year-old Emily Dickinson to her older brother Austin, composed in 1842.¹ Both conclude with a May 1886 note, “Called back,” sent to her Norcross cousins shortly before her death. Yet in this edition, the hundreds of messages representing the intervening forty-four years of her life—expanded, redated, and newly annotated—tell a richer and fuller story than has been available in previous editions.² In 1958, Johnson infamously proclaimed that Dickinson “did not live in history and held no view of it, past or current” (JL, xx). Yet as her newly annotated correspondence reveals, Dickinson was by no means an isolated, lonely, woman. She lived fully within the stream of events in her town, state, country, and times. This new edition of the letters will transform how we understand the narrative of Dickinson’s casual and profound relationships and her life as a poet.

This new edition of *The Letters of Emily Dickinson* combines under a single cover all 1,049 letters in the 1958 edition, together with the many letters discovered and published since 1958 but previously uncollected. It also contains a few letters that have never been published and several letters for which previously missing text

has been restored. Equally significant, this edition adds to the collection of her correspondence over 200 letter-poems that Dickinson circulated—that is, poems without prose accompaniment that contain a signature, an address, or both. Our edition overall presents 1,304 letters by Dickinson, as well as all of the extant letters that Dickinson received.³ These letters to the poet help to demonstrate that she was an engaged member of her community and world. While she did refuse to see most visitors as she became older, the correspondence reveals the extent to which many of her hours, during these years, were spent nursing family members or herself suffering ill health. In addition, they show that Dickinson maintained frequent contact with neighbors, friends, and family through messages and gifts. She also traveled more—until as late as 1865—and saw more people than popular writing about the poet claims.

Emily Dickinson was a great poet and a great letter writer. This edition will make it clearer than ever before how these two aspects of her artistry interweave. Her letters are provocative, philosophically engaging, personally moving, and sometimes boldly and wittily entertaining reading for all with an interest in this brilliant woman's life.

Dickinson's Communities

Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) lived within a network of complex, ongoing relationships that included people visiting or living with each other for weeks, months, or even years—as was typical in the nineteenth century. If relatives or friends needed housing, they were taken in. To give just a few examples, after her sister Lavinia's birth, Dickinson stayed with her mother's sister, Aunt Lavinia Norcross, for about a month; she stayed with the same aunt, and uncle Loring Norcross, for about a month in 1844 to recover from the death of Sophia Holland, a close friend and relative. Amherst Academy friend Jane Humphrey stayed with the Dickinsons, sharing Emily's bedroom, for the autumn semester in 1841. Edward Dickinson's sister, Elizabeth—known as Aunt Libbie—stayed with the Dickinsons as a teenager from April to May 1842, when Dickinson was eleven, and again for several months in 1844. And Dickinson lived with Louisa and Frances Norcross, younger maternal cousins, for around a year during two periods in 1864 and 1865; she was in Cambridge to undergo treatment for her eyes. Loo and Fanny also came frequently to Amherst, where they helped Emily and Lavinia during the annual Amherst College Commencement Dickinson reception.

Emily and Lavinia, or more frequently the Norcrosses, visited their second cousin, Eliza Coleman (Dudley) in Boston, Philadelphia, Middletown, CT, and Milwaukee—visits that continued until 1872, following Eliza's death and John Dudley's remarriage. Eliza's family had lived in Amherst until 1846, and Eliza visited the Dickinsons in August 1854, September 1856, and August 1860; Emily and Lavinia visited Eliza in Boston in September 1851, and again in Philadelphia, for two

weeks, in March 1855, on their way home from spending three weeks with their father, Edward, in Washington, DC, where he served as a congressional representative from Massachusetts. Cousins Anna and Clara Newman lived with Austin and his wife Susan Gilbert Dickinson for eleven years, after they were orphaned and became Edward's wards. Before her marriage to Austin, Susan was also a close friend of Emily's and was a frequent visitor to the Dickinson home. In an 1846 letter, Dickinson comments on this widespread hospitality: "I think there are more strangers in town than usual this winter. It would really be remarkable to call upon a lady who has not a sister, Niece or cousin spending the winter with her" (L9).

The Dickinson family was distinguished, and regularly hosted a wide circle of friends. Edward was a prominent lawyer, a representative to Congress, active in state government, and a trustee of Amherst College. Every year he entertained Amherst's august residents and visitors during the four to five days of the college's Commencement events, and his daughters presided as hosts—long after Emily had stopped seeing most guests or engaging in social calls. Austin was also a lawyer and active in local politics and institutions. Family friends included the editor of the *Springfield Republican*, Samuel Bowles; Josiah Holland, a popular novelist and poet and an influential literary editor; and Massachusetts Supreme Court Justice Otis Lord. John Long Graves stayed at the family home with Susan and Emily when her mother and Lavinia went to Washington, DC, in 1854. Bowles visited Austin and Susan frequently, occasionally spending a weekend at The Evergreens, their house on the property adjoining the Homestead. The Hollands were frequent guests, and also hosted Emily and Vinnie in Springfield, Massachusetts, in September 1853 and again the following year. The Jenkins family were regular guests at The Evergreens after they had moved to Pittsfield in 1877, when Jonathan Jenkins left the pastorate at Amherst's First Church. Austin also visited the Jenkins family in Pittsfield. Otis Lord was a frequent visitor, first at the Homestead and later at The Evergreens—accompanied by his wife or his Farley in-laws. Susan was famous locally for her lively cultural salons, which included guests such as Ralph Waldo Emerson and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Dickinson's circle of acquaintance was also notably prestigious. Her girlhood friends were intelligent and ambitious, often (like Emily and Lavinia) attending at least a year at a school for young women after leaving Amherst Academy.⁴ Amherst Academy friend Abby Wood and her husband Daniel Bliss were missionaries in Beirut, Lebanon, where Bliss founded what became the American University of Beirut. Emily Fowler Ford became a published poet. Although Dickinson and Helen Hunt Jackson were not girlhood friends, they had Amherst connections, and Helen visited Dickinson in 1860, 1876, and 1878. They also developed a significant correspondence. Dickinson refers to "Mrs Hunt's Poems" as "stronger than any written by Women since Mrs – Browning, with the exception of [George Eliot]" (L558), and Jackson expressed the wish to become Dickinson's literary executor (Jackson, September 5, 1884). Young men attending Amherst Academy

or the College—including several tutors who socialized with the sisters in the late 1840s and early 1850s—went on to Harvard, Yale, and other major universities, later becoming lawyers, ministers, writers, and politicians.

Dickinson also initiated correspondence with relatively famous people: among others, the Civil War colonel, abolitionist, author, and advocate of women's rights Thomas Wentworth Higginson; Reverend Edward Everett Hale—author, historian, and minister; Washington Gladden, pastor and critic; and Reverend Charles Wadsworth—regarded as the most eloquent preacher of his day. After receiving the customary contributor copy of *A Masque of Poets* from Roberts Brothers in Boston, Dickinson sent a personal note to the editor, Thomas Niles, starting a correspondence that continued from 1879 until 1885. Her Norcross cousins were friends of the sculptor Daniel Chester French. Samuel Bowles IV married Elizabeth Hoar, the daughter of a former US attorney general. Dickinson addressed her illustrious correspondents with the confidence of an equal—despite her initial posture of inferiority with Higginson. One can hardly regard as isolated a woman who conducted correspondence with this very impressive chosen Soul's "Society" ("The Soul selects her own Society" M 218, Fr409; never circulated).⁵

As this partial litany indicates, Dickinson belonged to a dense web of family and friends, with several people in and out of the Dickinson homes, even when they were not spending a night, or week, or years. Her letters to Austin, Vinnie, Loo and Fanny, and Susan are full of news about family, neighbors, and mutual friends. At the same time, she circulated among local shopkeepers, farmers, craftspeople, dressmakers, and the families of the Dickinsons' paid laborers. Our annotation recognizes the extent to which the Dickinsons were engaged with local residents of all classes. The 1958 edition acknowledges relatively few townspeople or women by their own names. In contrast, our annotation and biographical information in Dickinson's Correspondents and Others identify Dickinson's female correspondents in their own right: Elizabeth Holland is not "Mrs. Josiah Holland"; Adelaide Hills is not "Mrs. Henry Hills." It similarly includes, to the extent possible, names and family relationships of all Dickinson family paid laborers whose presence is noted in the letters. Dickinson's letters include repeated evidence of how involved some workers were in Dickinson family life. When Dickinson feared that Otis Lord was dying (May 1882), she reported that the Irish laborer Thomas Kelley, the brother-in-law of cherished servant Maggie Maher, came in the door "and I ran to his Blue Jacket and let my Heart break there – that was the warmest place. 'He will be better – Dont cry Miss Emily. I could not see you cry'" (L984)—she recounted him replying. Also in 1882, Dickinson wrote to Maggie when she had typhoid fever, telling her how "much" her absence and illness were "mourned" (L998).

Austin considered his sisters, especially Emily, responsible for keeping him current on family and town news when he was away from home. In 1851, she wittily accounted for her truncated news, writing that "Vinnie tells me she has detailed

the news – she reserved the deaths for me . . . In accordance with her wishes, I acquaint you with the decease of your aged friend – Dea Kingsbury – He had no disease that we know of, but gradually went out” (L54). Letters to other family and to close friends are also full of references to births, deaths, circuses, fires, the quality of weekly sermons, and local scandals. At other times, Dickinson’s letters are diplomatic or ambassadorial—greeting new arrivals to town (Charlotte Field in July 1884—whom she probably never saw). She bid farewell to acquaintances: the “Amherst heart is plain and whole and permanent and warm,” she wrote in July 1885 to Joseph Chickering, who was moving to Vermont (L1253). And she welcomed the return of others—for example, “dear Mrs Mack, the Angel of Childhood,” whom she both wrote and saw in September 1884 (L1186). The Macks had purchased part of the ancestral Dickinson Homestead and shared it with the Dickinsons until financial exigency caused Edward first to sell out his half of the house and later to move his family to a smaller house on West Street, where they lived for fifteen years. In 1855, Edward repurchased the Homestead, and the twenty-five-year-old Emily, with her family, moved back to Main Street. She commented wryly in a letter to Elizabeth Holland: “They say that ‘home is where the heart is.’ I think it is where the house is, and the adjacent buildings” (L186).

By the end of her life, Dickinson was writing brief but intensively affectionate notes to many people. In 1884, she wrote to thirty-four correspondents, sending eighty-six letters: twenty-five expressed thanks, fourteen were notes with a gift of flowers or food, and eight expressed condolence or congratulations. In all, forty-seven missives explicitly indicated exchange or close attention to the events of another’s life. Some of these notes are profound, some playful, some very short, and some long. While she may not have seen some of these correspondents, or seen them only rarely, Dickinson understood friendship and repeatedly showed herself to be a loving friend. Many of her later letters communicated, in effect, “I care about you”; or “I appreciate that you are caring for me.” In April 1885, she wrote to Sarah Tuckerman, “Morning without you is a dwindled Dawn” (L1237, see Figure 11). Throughout her life, Dickinson maintained a fabric of intimacy with immediate and extended family, neighbors, and friends.

New Material

Dickinson was known in her community as a poet, and she sent well over 500 poems or parts of poems to correspondents across her lifetime, often sending the same lines to more than one person. Some of these poems contained no prose accompaniment and are now known as “letter-poems.” Johnson and Ward include twenty-four such missives; this edition includes an additional 214, significantly expanding our sense of the extent to which poetry functioned as communication for Dickinson. The inclusion of Dickinson’s letter-poems differentiates this edition dramatically from the 1958 edition, and from most others.⁶

Dickinson's letter-poems are typically signed and often addressed—sometimes playfully, as when she calls Austin by the nickname “Oliver” (L739) or signs herself “Easter” to Susan (L815), or “America” to Mabel Loomis Todd (L1254). Letter-poems were sent most often to Susan and other family members, but friends also received letter-poems: Samuel Bowles, Josiah and Elizabeth Holland, Maria Whitney, and Sarah Tuckerman, among others. More often, Dickinson embedded poems, or a stanza or lines of a poem, in letters—sometimes adding only a line or two of prose, and in other cases including lines from more than one poem in a single letter. To a few friends and acquaintances, she attached poems as enclosures—first and most famously to Higginson, when she responded to his *Atlantic Monthly* essay “Letter to a Young Contributor” (L337). Enclosures also went to Helen Hunt Jackson, Thomas Niles, and others. Dickinson quoted poems by other writers; sometimes sent a poem to one correspondent as verse and to another lineated as prose; and at times wrote passages in intermittent or continuous metered prose—that is, prose with the metrical rhythms of verse, and sometimes even rhyme, but lineated as prose. In one form or another, the rhythms of poetry recur throughout her letter writing.

Dickinson's practice of sending poems to friends may have been encouraged by her youthful participation in sending valentines. In the nineteenth and well into the twentieth century, valentines were often delivered by hand (hence unaddressed) and unsigned, or signed cryptically; one was to guess at the identity of one's admirer. Dickinson's early valentines are more often in prose or metered prose than verse. On February 17, 1848, she wrote to Austin from Mount Holyoke Female Seminary: “I suppose you have written a few & received a quantity of Valentines this week.” Admitting that she had so far received none, Dickinson continued: “I entreat you to tell [my friend Thomas] I am pining for a Valentine”—underlining Thomas's name four times (L22). She addressed a letter to William Cowper Dickinson on “Valentine morn” in 1849, describing his valentine to her as a “little condescending, & sarcastic” (L28). The first extant valentine sent by Dickinson is from 1850, perhaps to George Gould, beginning in metered prose “Magnum bonum, ‘harum scarum,’ zounds et zounds, et war alarum” (L34). She sent her first original verse (extant) valentine the same year, unaddressed and unsigned, to Elbridge Gridley Bowdoin, beginning “Awake ye muses nine” (L35); it is not included in Johnson and Ward's edition.⁷

With the exception of valentines, we include circulated poems only if they have either an address or a signature, characteristics marking them as letters rather than enclosures. Because of the complex informality of Dickinson's correspondence, however, there are a few exceptions to this rule. For example, for the sake of consistency, we include a poem inexplicably printed in the 1958 *Letters* although it is unsigned, unaddressed, and unsent (L1155). Unsigned letter-poems with an erased address are included, where provenance indicates the recipient. Dickinson also signs several letter-poems and letters with an extended line where she typically

placed her signature. A singular exception occurs with “From Us she wandered now, a Year –” (L412, unsigned and unaddressed), which we believe she sent to her uncle Joel Warren Norcross. Johnson speculates in an October 1959 letter to a Lehigh University librarian that this “letter poem” may have been written in May 1863 and refers to “the only death of moment” to Dickinson around that time, namely that of Lamira Norcross; it was sent “at the time of an anniversary” (Lehigh Digital Collection 818.4 D553fr 1863). Franklin, in contrast, states categorically that this copy of the poem “did not mark . . . the first anniversary of ED’s ‘Aunt Mira,’” presumably because he dates it early 1864—more than a year after Lamira’s May 1862 death (Fr794n). We concur with Johnson about the referent and the recipient, and feel it is important to correct this record, given the previous omission of Dickinson missives to an uncle whom she wrote over the course of thirty years, and in particular to include for her warm response to his wife’s death. The occasion marked might be that of Mira and Joel’s tenth wedding anniversary (January 1864), which would correspond with Franklin’s date, while also alluding to Mira’s death a metaphorical “Year” earlier. Where Johnson and Ward include only one letter to Joel (a boisterous and affectionate letter in 1850), our edition includes four: the 1850 letter; a recently recovered 1862 letter Dickinson wrote to her “sorrowing Uncle” (L340); this letter-poem; and a brief draft from 1883, previously identified as to “Alfred Norcross?” (L1041, JL800).

When Dickinson sent a signed letter-poem to more than one person—for example, “Not all die early, dying young –” to Josiah Holland and to Susan—we include only that sent to one recipient (the first—if that chronology is clear). Again, there is an exception: Dickinson sent “Further in Summer than the Birds –” as a letter-poem to Gertrude Vanderbilt in 1865 and then an almost entirely revised version as a letter-poem to Todd in 1883 (L464, L1103); Dickinson likewise sent this poem as an enclosure to Higginson, embedded in a letter to Niles, and in some form to the Norcrosses (lost).⁸

In this edition, we also provide previously omitted material for several letters. Mabel Loomis Todd performed an extraordinary service to Dickinson scholarship when, in the early 1890s, after having already coedited two volumes of Dickinson’s poems with Higginson, she began collecting letters.⁹ Without her effort, many of the letters now extant would undoubtedly have been destroyed or lost. It was the custom in the nineteenth-century United States to destroy correspondence after the author’s or the recipient’s death, and hundreds of Dickinson’s letters have been irrevocably lost in this way. Several friends reported having burned letters from the poet, as documented by Jay Leyda. We include two letters to Elizabeth Seelye, whose husband Julius was inaugurated as president of Amherst College in 1877; the family noted having burned seventy-five Dickinson poems they received. Cousin William Hawley Dickinson’s wife Ellen (to whom we print one letter) reported having destroyed “a considerable number” sent to William. Novelist and playwright Frances Hodgson Burnett reported that when she was visiting

Austin and Susan in Amherst in May 1880, “there was brought to me from Miss Emily Dickenson [sic] a strange wonderful little poem lying on a bed of exquisite heartsease in a box”—perhaps another letter-poem lost, sent with a May basket (H Ms Am 1118.98 [50]).

There is ample evidence that in most regards Todd was a meticulous and trustworthy transcriber of Dickinson’s handwriting—especially in her transcriptions of the poems. Producing *The Letters of Emily Dickinson*, however, has illuminated the extent to which Todd’s editorial alterations departed from her own and others’ transcriptions—more extensively than previously known. This work has resulted in our recovery of material that is recorded in transcriptions but has never been published.

The most egregious example of Todd’s omissions from existing transcriptions occurs in Dickinson’s correspondence with Louisa and Frances Norcross. The Norcross cousins agreed to share Dickinson’s correspondence with Todd, but they would not allow her to see the letters; instead, Frances sent Todd her transcriptions, stating that she had omitted anything she and Louisa thought too personal for publication. Many of these transcriptions are preserved at Yale as part of Todd’s printer copy for her 1894 *Letters*. Todd marked material for omission from these transcriptions, adding ellipses where she canceled Frances’s text. Todd implied, and it has long been assumed, that the ellipses were Frances’s. Influentially, Richard B. Sewall stated in his *Life of Emily Dickinson* that Frances “heavily censored” the transcriptions she sent Todd, making “many excisions”; he adds, “One would give much to know what the ellipses (which are theirs) contained” (Sewall, *Life*, 628, 627). These ellipses, however, are Todd’s.

There seems to be no pattern to what Todd omits from this correspondence—sometimes a word, sometimes a phrase or sentence, sometimes more. Once she omits reference to Dickinson doing housework: on July 27, 1872, Dickinson wrote that Maggie Maher prepared her relative, “Little Irish Maggie,” for burial: “Our Maggie is helping her mother put her in the cradle, [omitted text: and I am washing the dishes for her]” (L569). A more notable excision occurs in early February 1863, shortly after the death of the Norcross cousins’ father: “Austin, whom Lou and Fanny might not think so thoughtful, tells how their mother and father were all the relatives he had who cared for him, a boy, and such as he could do for their little girls, would be gladly done. S_ says ‘Lou and Fanny are alone’ with a lower tone, and Vinnie and I reply ‘no.’ Sweet that some know better” (L372). Todd transcribed this letter from (lost) text Frances sent, then canceled from her own transcription the passage above. Moreover, she canceled the letter “S” (at “S says”) with three lines, writing in its place “he.” Todd’s editing omits a slightly derogatory comment about Austin (already her lover for over a decade by the time she was preparing the 1894 *Letters*) and disguises a reference to Susan. Such editing suggests that at least some of the erasures and alterations on other letter manuscripts deleting reference to Susan are Todd’s. Some missing text has been

restored from Frances's transcripts but not collected as such; Habegger restores several passages, including this one (*My Wars Are Laid Away*, 396n). As this example indicates, even when there is no extant Norcross transcript, Todd sometimes canceled words or passages from her own transcriptions, substituting ellipses.

Because Frances did not use ellipses to note where she omitted text, her transcriptions do not reveal what, if anything, she omitted from the letters they received. In her transcription of a December 20, 1859, letter (L244), Frances noted: "(I have omitted some things about mother who was then alive)"—but she does not mark where such omission occurs. She marked another letter as "unfinished" (L323). Most of her transcriptions, however, include no notes to Todd, and no ellipses. Our restoration of text Todd omits brings us closer to Dickinson's original letters to her cousins, even if those letters are still not complete.

Frances also sent Todd seven pages of excerpts taken from various letters—not noting where she might skip from one letter to another and providing no dates. All but two of those pages have been lost. Todd retranscribed these excerpts, following a different order from Frances's. Because some excerpts are extant only in Frances's hand and several others only in Todd's, it is impossible to know whether together they constitute everything initially sent to Todd. Like Frances, we use a horizontal line, not ellipses, between excerpts. Similarly, although Frances's transcriptions include embedded poems, she also sent Todd transcriptions of some poems without indicating whether Dickinson sent them as enclosures, embedded poems, or letter-poems, and she sent a list of first lines of poems, probably not transcribing them because they had already been printed in 1890 or 1891.

Remarkably, Todd similarly excised text from other transcriptions, again substituting ellipses for canceled text she, or someone else, had transcribed. Such omissions occur in correspondence to Elizabeth Holland and Maria Whitney, as well as in single letters to Elizabeth Carmichael, Charles Clark, Sally Jenkins, and Dickinson's Aunt Kate (Catharine Sweetser). These transcripts, like those of letters to the Norcrosses, are available in Todd's 1894 printer copy. This document provides a pristine record of Todd's editorial decisions. With editorial pencil, she changed double quotation marks to single, altered other punctuation and spelling (for example, often adding hyphens to words); excised text, substituting ellipses; and added or omitted paragraphing. For an example of such editorial marking, see Figure 8.

Restoring text omitted from Dickinson correspondence since 1894 is critical to Dickinson biography and scholarship—even where the omissions themselves seem innocuous. We do not mark restored text as such to preserve the flow of the letter, but our annotations indicate which letters include previously omitted text. In several Norcross transcripts, the top edge of the page has been cut off, resulting in the loss of one row of print in Frances's hand on the top of the verso side. These few missing words are recoverable from Todd's transcription of the verso page and are identified in our edition within square brackets. These letters are identified as

transcribed by Norcross (not Norcross and Todd) on the assumption that the small number of words Todd provides are accurate. Such editorial scissoring at the top of a transcribed page also occurs on letters to Perez Cowan, the Clark brothers, Elizabeth Carmichael, and Sarah Tuckerman, but rarely involves loss of text.

The Abiah Root correspondence constitutes another instance of complicated editorial excision. For the letters not available in MS, Todd transcribed what was made available to her. The printer copy for these letters largely consists of Todd's complete transcription pages, but when Todd wanted to excise material from this correspondence she cut it out of her transcriptions rather than canceling it. She then pasted the sections she wanted to retain onto blank sheets, indicating nothing about the extent or content of the excisions. The cut-out sections of this correspondence are now housed at Amherst College, whereas the printer copy is at Yale. Thus, a full reconstruction of some Abiah Root letters requires the editor to piece together materials held at two different institutions. Ralph W. Franklin reconstructed the mutilated letters in 1995, and we have proofed his work against the materials at both libraries. As he notes, the sections that Todd excised reveal a witty teenaged Dickinson, who describes her life and acquaintances more uninhibitedly than previous renditions of this correspondence reveal.

A third instance of text previously uncollected occurs with Dickinson's correspondence to Joseph Bardwell Lyman—a friend of all three Dickinson siblings. Richard B. Sewall published the few passages Lyman transcribed from what was evidently a yearslong and active exchange of letters, representing them as Lyman had—either as “snatches” of prose or as quoted to his then fiancée Laura Baker (*Lyman Letters*). Neither Lyman nor Sewall provide more than vague dates for any passage. We include these nine passages, now dated from 1848 to about 1870. Lyman died in 1872, and all holographs of this correspondence were destroyed.

This volume also includes all extant letters written to the poet and a few significant letters written about her. After her sister's death, Lavinia destroyed the correspondence Dickinson had received. Some letters remain, however, because Dickinson used their verso side to draft poems or other letters, or because they could be recovered from other sources. For example, we include the only extant letter from Edward Dickinson, written to his daughter in 1854, and one from Luke Sweetser to Dickinson in 1876. Even if a letter is incomplete, we include what remains of it—for example, 1881 and 1882 partial letters from Maggie Maher and Adelaide Hills. Several letters from Higginson, Jackson, Thomas Niles, and Susan survive. Like Johnson and Ward, we also print Higginson's two lengthy messages to his wife about his first meeting with Dickinson. The 1958 *Letters* includes some of these documents, often in annotation or as explanatory commentary, but does not print them chronologically, as Dickinson would have received them. All such letters are listed in the Index of Letters to and about Dickinson; they are not assigned a number because they are not by Dickinson.

Dating the Letters

Redating Dickinson's letters and letter-poems also marks a radical change in our presentation of documents. Some dates have long been secure: for example, in the early letters to which Dickinson assigns a date, or when retained envelopes contain postmarks. When there is a postmark, we take it as the date of the letter unless Dickinson indicates that she is writing a day or even two before posting. We know, for example, that Dickinson frequently wrote correspondence on Sundays. Some letters were endorsed by the receiver—at times with a precise date, at others with a season and year. Sarah Tuckerman, for example, consistently endorsed the letters she received from Dickinson, even if they were only one line long. Yet many letters in the Johnson and Ward edition, and even more poems dated by Franklin, are identified only by year, or season and year. A collection of letters that proceeds chronologically, however, requires greater precision than a year to establish a likely sequence of correspondence. Our redating, together with our annotation, indicates that Dickinson was writing in response to local and world events and to the visits of her friends, and we attempt to recreate that sequence of response.

Ebenezer Snell's remarkable record of weather patterns in Amherst—not available to Johnson and Ward—provides contextual evidence for dating, as do databases such as *America's Historical Newspapers*, and Vinnie's and Austin's diaries. Thanks to the Snell records and the Williston Seminary catalogue for that year, we have redated a letter to Austin previously printed as "Autumn 1844" to October 14, 1844. A letter to Emily Fowler Ford, previously dated "about 1851" and placed first in that year's correspondence, we redate to December 11, 1851, thanks to the Snell records and to Vinnie's extensive record of visits between Fowler (Ford) and the Dickinson sisters (L66). In 1876 Dickinson wrote to Abigail Cooper mentioning a fire that destroyed much of the Palmer block. Previously dated "about 1876," we have dated this letter "about March 13, 1876," since the *Amherst Record* dates the fire as March 13 (L662). Johnson dates the letter containing "Title divine – is mine!" sent to Samuel Bowles as "early 1862"; Franklin suggests "about 1861." We date this letter "spring 1861," because of the record of Bowles's visits to Amherst (L289).¹⁰ Dickinson often sent notes to correspondents when they were visiting next door, or when a family member was going to visit them—as Austin frequently visited his friend Bowles in Springfield or the Jenkins family in Pittsfield. Consequently, many letters can be dated according to Dickinson's opportunity to send them by hand rather than through the post. In some years, we redate or reposition more than half of the letters and letter-poems in our sequence.

While all our dating is consistent with the evidence of Dickinson's various hands—from rough drafts to her presentation hand, over decades—we ground our dating decisions on additional information. Because Dickinson wrote so often

about plants, birds, bees, and other insects, we attend to the typical New England season of bloom for arbutus, apple blossoms, or roses, and to migratory patterns. Dickinson was remarkably attentive to the world she lived in, and much of her correspondence was occasional. Even if a poem was composed months or years earlier, her sending it to a particular person is likely to respond to something immediate—whether a weather event or event in a correspondent's life or in the world. In assigning a placement or date to the letters, we consider their sequential relationship to known occasions. We also consider them holistically, in relation to the narrative of relationships illuminated by other letters.

Such holistic dating can affect the sequence of even well-known letters, for example, the exchange between Emily and Susan on "Safe in their Alabaster Chambers," which is presented in the 1958 edition under a single entry (JL238). Dating this exchange requires recognizing Susan's anxiety about giving birth to her first son. Edward (Ned) was born June 19, 1861. Samuel Bowles visited the Evergreens a day or two earlier. In 1859, Dickinson had bound "Safe in their Alabaster Chambers" into a fascicle booklet, but there is no evidence she sent it to Susan at the time. She did send it to Susan sometime before Bowles arrived, and Susan apparently gave it to him. He in turn dated the poem according to the time of his visit, "June 1861," when he published it in the *Springfield Republican*, in 1862.

Susan was worried about giving birth—for good reason, given the high rate of infant and maternal mortality at the time. Her own older sister Mary Gilbert Learned had died in 1850, after giving birth to her first child. In the only extant note responding to Ned's birth, Dickinson expresses a playfully worded but selfish implied envy of the fact that the child will absorb Susan's attention. Rather than volunteering to help the new mother, she writes that she would "come" to her sister-in-law's side only if "you could shut him up / In a Coffee Cup, / Or tie him to a pin / Till I got in"—that is, she'd come if Susan could put the baby aside, "shut" or "tie" him up (L298). There is no record of correspondence between the two for several weeks following this witty but hardly congratulatory or sympathetic note. Next in the sequence of their extant correspondence, we think, comes the apologetic unrhymed letter-poem: "Could I – then – shut the door – / Lest my beseeching face – at last – / Rejected – be – of Her?" (L301), suggesting that Dickinson by this point does want to play a supportive role. She would not "shut the door" on her beloved sister-in-law in a time of need, and she acknowledges that she might also at times need Susan's comfort. This is followed by a note from Susan acknowledging that Dickinson may have "suffered" herself during the summer and mentioning her own "sorrow that I never uncover" (S. Dickinson, late summer 1861).

In autumn 1861, Dickinson sent a second version of "Safe in their Alabaster Chambers," with its equally conciliatory brief note: "Perhaps this verse would please you better – Sue –" (L305). Susan then responded quickly, via "Pony Express" (S. Dickinson, autumn 1861)—and the intimacy of their correspondence

fully continues, or resumes. Our new placement of “Could I – then – shut the door” and Susan’s note on suffering relies on understanding Susan’s situation as a new mother and Dickinson’s initial lackluster response to Ned’s birth—factors not typically considered in presenting the exchange regarding “Safe in their Alabaster Chambers,” or how it may have functioned in their relationship, beyond the fact of Susan’s responses to Dickinson’s composition.¹¹

Dickinson frequently sent messages on anniversaries—remembering the death of a friend’s parent, a birth date, a major historical event, or participating in an annual exchange. For example, she wrote Sarah Tuckerman annually throughout the 1880s around New Year’s Day, and an 1871 letter implies that Dickinson wrote yearly thanks to the Norcrosses for the “annual candy” (L551). When other factors support it, we occasionally place (or date) a previously vaguely dated letter at the time of an anniversary. Susan’s birthday, December 19, for example, occasions several specific birthday greetings, and we place other affectionate or celebratory messages to her at about that time.

In 1858, Dickinson began including a number of letter-poems among her correspondence. Our redating of the letters, especially in relation to these previously omitted letter-poems, provides both new information and a far more comprehensive sense of the narrative of Dickinson’s life, as she interweaves prose and poetic responses to the world around her—from daily weather patterns to the birds and flowers she observed in her garden or in rambles through the local meadows and woods, to events of national and international significance. Her increasingly mature ways of responding to national tragedy and individual, personal loss also take various forms. The letters repeatedly reveal a family member and friend capable of a broad emotional range of reflections from day to day. One note may express thanks for a gift, another sorrow at the death of a friend’s child or parent, and a third may exult in some high drama of weather, or commingling of bee and flower. Together with updated and more historically contextual annotation, this new sequence of circulated messages reveals the loving and sober complexities of Dickinson’s writing.

Annotation

The contours of Dickinson’s life are now well known. Consequently, our annotations include only information necessary for the appreciation of the letter at hand. We identify people mentioned for the first time, with information relevant to that letter, but we trust readers will avail themselves of the biographical information in Dickinson’s *Correspondents and Others*. Dickinson’s letters are filled with quotations, allusions, and even parodies of verses, songs, idioms, literary works, and scripture. We identify what is not obvious, giving both highbrow and lowbrow references: Dickinson quotes from the Bible, Shakespeare, the Brownings, Longfellow, and other major writers but also from local newspapers and popular songs.

Travel dates, weather patterns, and local events are mentioned only to clarify our dating or a letter's internal reference. And, although we know such decisions are controversial, we identify whether people mentioned are Irish or African American—as are a good many people the Dickinsons interacted with. Identifying the racial and ethnic identity of people in Dickinson's life seems potentially more helpful than not doing so.

Dickinson expected that her correspondents were reading the news and contemporary literature. She refers to recently published or serialized stories and books and to national or international events assuming her readers will understand her allusions. We have been able to date several letters because of such references, for example, to fire in Wisconsin, presidential elections or an assassination, and speeches by international statesmen. Material alluded to from the *Atlantic Monthly* we date slightly before the date of publication, since nineteenth-century journals were available a week or two before their official date—for example, late April for an issue dated May 1860 (L263). When a name is reduced to an initial, the missing information appears in annotation, where you may read, for example, that “D = John Dudley.” More frequent and obvious abbreviations are not filled in: A = Austin; V = Vinnie; F and L stand for Frances and Louisa, also referred to as Fanny and Loo (or Lou), or Loolie. First names are used for family members and a few very close friends (Elizabeth Holland, Sarah Tuckerman). We give surnames after marriage in parentheses until that event, for example, Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), later Susan Gilbert Dickinson. Nicknames are included in the address line when the nickname is a typical mode of address: Martha (“Mattie”) Gilbert Smith.

For each letter, we list the source of its initial complete publication—or in the cases where we are restoring omitted text, the most complete publication before our own. If, for example, the 1958 *Letters* prints part of a letter but a more complete version than earlier printings, we list publication as the JL number followed by “Omitted text restored.” “Unpublished” indicates that a letter has never to our knowledge appeared in print. Source information is provided for every manuscript, transcript, and photostat—in the vast majority of cases also our source text. For a handful of late letters, Johnson or another editor (e.g., MacGregor Jenkins) had access to manuscripts in private collections inaccessible to us; in those cases, we take the listed publication as our source copy.

The assumed norm is that Dickinson wrote in ink; we indicate only if she instead used pencil. We do not attempt to reproduce the visual appearance or affect of a letter. Therefore, we do not describe handwriting flourishes, unusual spacing, or a letter's textual condition, unless a mutilation requires explanation. We do describe the marvelous but rare occasions when Dickinson draws on or attaches cutouts to a letter—as in L731 to Elizabeth Holland, where she pastes newspaper clippings of a star and crescent and of leaning tombstones to a letter-poem, “She laid her docile Crescent down” (Figure 1). Such creative additions, we judge, contribute to a letter's contents. We keep cross-references to other letters to a

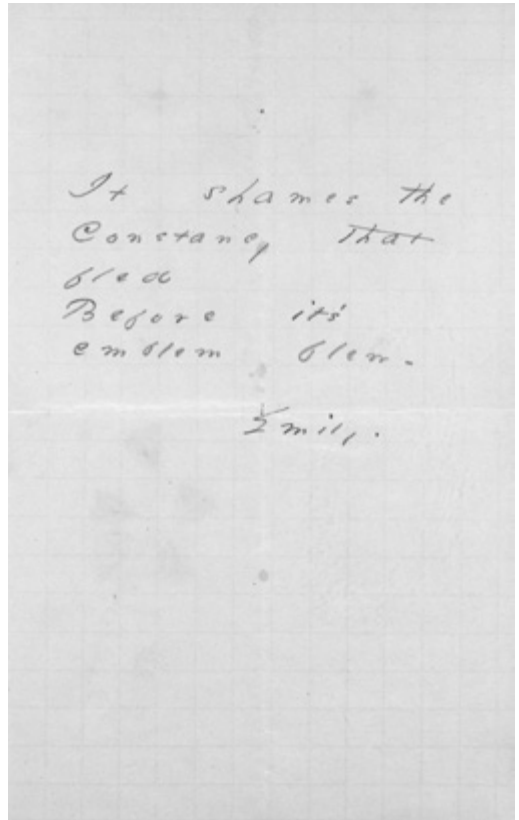
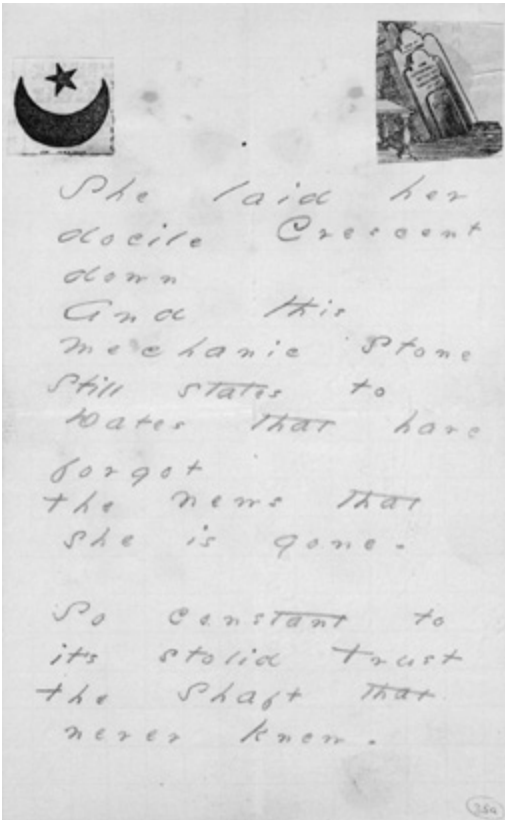


Figure 1 (a and b). To Elizabeth Holland about 1877, letter-poem “She laid her docile Crescent down” with two newspaper cutouts pasted onto the page (H MS Am 1118.2 [35a]).

Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

minimum, but we do indicate literary and biblical texts that Dickinson quotes repeatedly. We also note when Dickinson repeats a striking description nearly verbatim in another letter. Miscellaneous Writings includes a few prose texts that are not letters or Writing Notes—for example, a recipe for Kate’s Do-nuts—that Dickinson apparently kept among her papers. Additionally, it contains a list of texts by others that Dickinson copied out and retained, for example, by Emerson and by George Herbert.

The aforementioned Dickinson’s Correspondents and Others provides brief biographical information and a list of letters received by each recipient, designated by year and number in our volume. Key to *The Letters of Emily Dickinson* (1958) provides Johnson and Ward letter and prose fragment (PF) numbers as they correspond to numbers in this volume.

Writing Notes

Our editorial presentation also differs significantly from that of the 1958 *Letters* in our treatment of Dickinson's many retained pieces of writing. Johnson and Ward refer to these writings as prose fragments. Except for the previously unpublished second fragment of WN60, our edition's Writing Notes do not include new material but a reconception of the material so radical as to alter our understanding of Dickinson's writing process.

Like Johnson and Ward, we regard several retained scraps or pages as drafts or draft notes, especially those with explicit or implicitly clear addressees. For example, the drafts to Lord are not addressed, but she wrote to no one else in the same fashion between 1880 and 1883. These passages, marked as prose fragments in Johnson and Ward, are here printed as letters or have been moved to the annotation for the relevant letters. The 1958 *Letters* also designates some abandoned letters as prose fragments. When these are signed and written in presentation hand, we print them as unsent letters. In contrast to Johnson and Ward, however, we regard most of Dickinson's retained notes as precisely that: notes. Like most poets, Dickinson recorded phrases or passages that she imagined she might use at some later point, whether in letters or a poem. We call these passages "writing notes" and group them together.

Dickinson's retention of this material is significant, as documented especially by her occasionally copying several notes onto a single page, drawing lines between them precisely as she did between poems copied to preserve among her fascicle booklets or as folded sheets. As this practice suggests, these are not stray "fragments." They are notes Dickinson deliberately retained, gathered in an unconstructed notebook, in content much like the more formal notebooks that many poets keep today. Johnson and Ward make these passages seem fragmentary by printing them without acknowledgment that they were written sequentially on a single page; they number the passages in Figure 2 as PF 110, 72, 80, 111, and 89. Unlike Johnson and Ward, we follow Dickinson's order of presentation. Moreover, often Dickinson records a related phrase or passage on each side of her page. We combine these as a single "Note," marking recto and verso sides. Because of this combination and for the other reasons listed above, what Johnson and Ward present as 124 prose fragments we present as 87 writing notes.

These passages were recorded on a variety of kinds of paper, from full stationery sheets to torn or cut scraps of paper or envelopes. Marta Werner has edited these late writings in print and digitally, giving detailed description of the paper on which they were written and presenting them in facsimile.¹² Because the great majority of the retained notes are from late in her life, we hypothesize that in her younger years she discarded notes after she had used them—just as she discarded drafts of poems once she had copied them in clean hand on folded sheets of stationery.

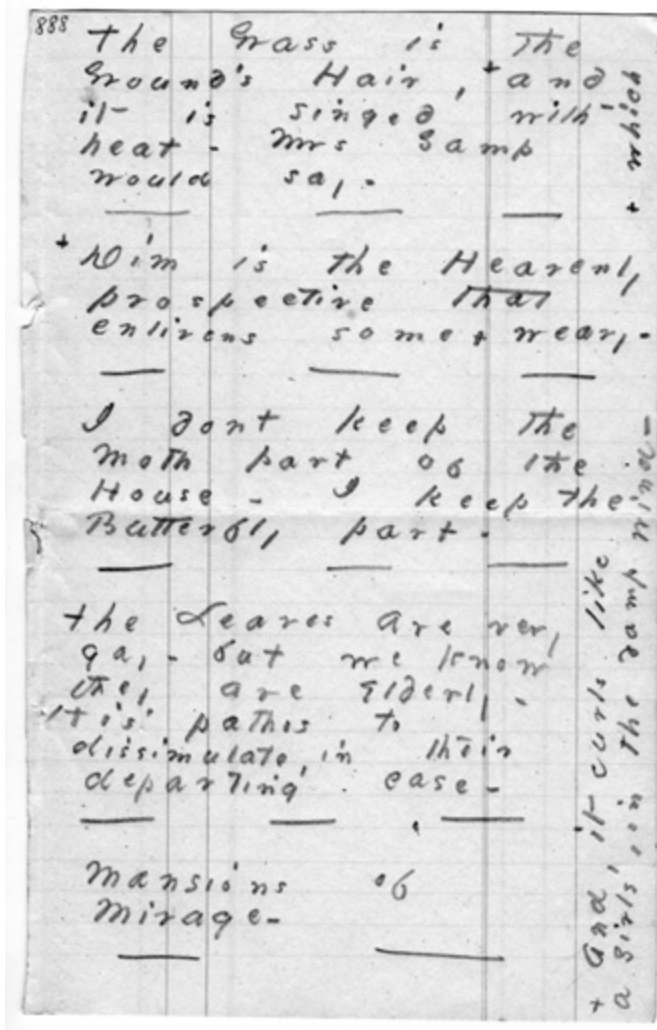


Figure 2. Writing notes, individual notes separated by drawn lines; mid to late 1870s (AC 888).

Emily Dickinson Collection, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, Amherst, Massachusetts.

For years, Dickinson collected and preserved felicitous or profound phrases or passages to which she may have wanted to return, independent of letter drafts to specific correspondents or other immediate use in prose or poetry. This indicates that her process of composition in both genres may have been similar at its earliest stages: a retained metaphor or sequence of language might serve as the germ

of a letter, or it might linger in her workshop until a letter seemed just right to house it, just as a poem might begin with a resonant phrase. Because many of the letters Dickinson wrote were never saved, we cannot know how many of these writing notes were used in letters no longer extant. While she had a remarkable memory—never, apparently, sending the same poem twice to a correspondent, unless intentionally—she also seems to have relied on this note-keeping system for retaining language that pleased her. At the age of twenty-four, she wrote to Austin that “This is truly extempore . . . I have no notes in my pocket” (L169), indicating that even in the 1850s Dickinson was storing “notes” for further use. The line between letter drafts and writing notes can be fine. One of the earliest of her retained pieces of writing probably dates from early 1850: “With the sincere spite of / a Woman” appears on a clean page of stationery, folded as if to contain an oval object that has left its indentation on the page (L37). We call this an unsent letter, since it seems to have an intended addressee and “a Woman” functions as a signature; writing notes do not have these characteristics. Writing notes, in contrast, often resonate powerfully, as potentially appropriate in multiple circumstances: for example, “Eve gave ^left^ her pretty Gowns to the Trees – but they dont ^wont^ always wear them A sufficing enchanting wardrobe –” (WN33, recto and verso), or “Common Sense is almost as omniscient as God –” (WN26).

Condition of Manuscripts

In working with historical documents, three kinds of mutilation give typical cause for concern. First, accidental damage. Second, intentional mutilation. Third, repair or preservation efforts that create inadvertent damage to the materials. Of the first and third, there has been surprisingly little, given that all Dickinson’s papers are over 140 years old and many are much older. Of the second, Dickinson’s letters provide a spectacular instance—even beyond the destruction of many letters and Todd’s cutting up of Abiah Root transcripts already mentioned.

Many letters Dickinson wrote to Austin during the early 1850s contain erasures, all having to do with mention of Susan Gilbert, whom Austin would marry July 1, 1856. It is unknown who performed the erasures—perhaps Austin, perhaps Austin’s devoted lover, Todd. Dickinson’s letters to Austin were frequently in pencil. Erased pencil is exceedingly difficult to reconstruct—unlike erased ink. Some erasures, however, were incomplete: “Sue” and “Susie” are often still legible. Sometimes a pronoun is mutilated: an “s” is erased to make “she” into “he” or “er” is erased so that “her” can be overwritten to read “him.” At other times entire passages are erased, or cut out. In an instance of related mutilation, a copy Dickinson retained of the poem “One Sister have I in the house –,” sent to Susan as a birthday greeting in 1858, has its text thoroughly canceled, with one part cut away. Although these mutilations stop for the most part in letters written after Austin and Susan mar-

ried, perhaps because Austin had returned to Amherst and Dickinson was not writing him, there are some later instances—for example, the 1858 poem and in an 1865 letter to Lavinia (L455).

In this edition, erased words are placed in italics, with beginning and ending bullet points: for example, •*Sue*•. Editorial comments relating to erasure or other textual conditions are placed in square brackets and italics: [*three lines missing*]. Write-overs—where, for example, “hers” becomes “his”—are both marked like other erasures in the text and described in the annotation when the mutilation may be unclear. We supply an erased word only if we can be sure of its legibility.

The libraries housing Dickinson’s letters are exemplars of stewardship. There have been, however, some private instances of mutilation. Susan’s daughter and Dickinson editor Martha Dickinson Bianchi occasionally cut signatures off of manuscripts in her possession to give as gifts to friends; she also inserted autograph letters or poems into published books or frames. Others also framed letters. A recently recovered letter owned by the *Atlantic Monthly* was framed and hung on their office walls for years (L697). More dramatically, another recently recovered letter was laminated by its owner, making it impossible to examine the paper or ink for authenticity (L979). Some owners and sellers generously removed the manuscripts from frames for our perusal.

Where we do not have autograph copies of letters, we typically have only a single transcription. In a few cases, however, more than one transcript is extant and they are not identical. For example, most letters to the Hollands are extant as manuscripts. For others, transcripts are available both at Yale, in Todd’s hand, and at the Houghton Library, typed for Ward’s edition of letters to the Hollands (*Emily Dickinson’s Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Gilbert Holland*). We use the Todd transcriptions as our source text. Kate (Catherine Scott) Anthon’s letters are also extant in two transcriptions, both made by Anthon—one sent to Susan (at Harvard) and the other to Todd (housed at Amherst). There are some differences between the transcriptions, including different commentary—as noted in our annotation—and one cannot say which is more reliable since both stem from the same hand. We use the copies sent to Susan as our source copy.

We do not print as letter-poems anything from the list made by Frances Norcross of poems they received because without holographs or specific transcriptions we cannot know how Dickinson sent these poems. Likewise, we do not include transcriptions of poems made by Susan from lost manuscripts. Susan transcribed several poems, concluding each either with “E” (a signature Dickinson rarely uses) or with “Emily.” Neither Franklin nor Hart and Smith include this material as sent to Susan; we also do not regard them as sent, hence not as letter-poems. Lavinia passed on many manuscripts to Susan after Dickinson’s death. For a list of these transcriptions, see “Writings by Susan Dickinson” at the *Dickinson Electronic Archives*.

Drafts

While Johnson and Ward and Franklin claim Dickinson drafted many or most of her letters, in fact there are relatively few extant drafts and they are mostly to a handful of correspondents. Letters to Otis Lord exist only as drafts. A few drafts exist for letters to Jackson and Higginson—suggesting that perhaps she drafted letters to her most professional literary correspondents. What have been called the three “Master” letters exist only in draft, but we do not know if they were ever intended to be sent or even if they were written with a particular correspondent in mind.¹³

Because there is no evidence for a general practice of drafting, it seems to us misleading to refer to every letter text remaining in Dickinson’s possession as a draft. Her papers include several partial or completed letters in presentation hand, but we cannot know the circumstances of their writing or abandonment, or whether versions of these letters were in fact sent. A spelling error or slip of the pen might have been a reason to abandon a letter—although a few mailed letters include cancellations. Others may have been abandoned because the message no longer felt relevant. In such cases, the retained document would not be a “draft.” Dickinson apparently kept some written-on pages in order to use the reverse side for other writing purposes. Some retained pages contain no more than “Dear friend” or “Dear Friends, I bring you so” (AC 826). One page, provocatively, contains only the word “Sloth” (see *Miscellaneous Writings*).

This edition includes abandoned, unsent letters if they contain an address or signature, or both, and are written in presentation hand. Most extant drafts vary minimally from a sent letter, in which case we mention the draft in annotation. If the draft does differ significantly, we quote it, or its relevant parts, in annotation. In all letters, we indicate text Dickinson has canceled with strike-through (~~word~~), and her interlineation with carets: ^word^. We do not distinguish between interlineations above or below Dickinson’s row of script. Write-overs are presented as ~~word~~^word^. In a “Master” letter from spring 1858, Dickinson interlineated over canceled words: “I cannot ~~talk~~ ^stay^ any ~~more~~ ^longer^” (L192). In 1861, she wrote over “his” with “your”: “awake in ~~his~~^your^ likeness” (L282). We do not note Dickinson’s write-over of individual letters in a word, a phenomenon in many letters. Unlike most abandoned letters, Dickinson’s drafts typically contain multiple instances of canceled or alternative wording.

Presentation and Standardization

We have newly transcribed every letter from its original autograph or from the transcript closest to a missing original. Occasionally we have had to rely on a digital copy, mostly when manuscripts have gone into private collections not made accessible to us. If the source closest to Dickinson’s autograph is a transcript, we

copy verbatim from the transcript. We do not “correct” it, even when we can be fairly certain how a transcriber (for example, Todd) would alter Dickinson’s spelling or punctuation—in contrast, for example, to Franklin’s practice in editing the mutilated Root letters. Our order of fidelity to transcriptions for a missing manuscript is: 1) transcription by letter recipient; 2) Todd’s printer copy; 3) her 1894 *Letters*—if the printer copy page is no longer extant; 4) Johnson and Ward, or Franklin. Our principle is to follow the transcription closest to the original manuscript. Each transcribed letter is marked with the name of the transcriber, if known, alerting readers to the possibility that elements of the letter may have been altered by that transcriber’s practice. Because Todd employed various transcribers, we cannot always be certain of the transcribing hand in her 1894 printer copy.

As editors, we strive to follow Dickinson’s idiosyncrasies of writing. While this is an issue to some extent in editorial interpretation of Dickinson’s handwriting, which evolved over the decades, it has been an even more active source of debate in relation to her punctuation. As over one hundred years of Dickinson scholarship and several gifted editors have demonstrated, it is often not possible to know with certainty whether a particular punctuation mark was intended by Dickinson as a comma, a period, or a dash. The material conditions of her writing surfaces and implements, whether she wrote sitting at a desk or in a different posture, and even the temperature of a room could affect her writing out of a word, or punctuation mark. Moreover, nineteenth-century conventions of punctuation changed during her lifetime.¹⁴ Throughout her life, Dickinson sometimes used reverse commas (that is commas that slant to the right rather than the left), as did other members of her family and friends—for example, Vinnie, in a letter of June 1851 to Austin. During the periods of her eye treatment in 1864 and 1865, and again after 1878, Dickinson wrote almost exclusively in pencil. The point of a pencil, broader than that of an ink pen, produced marks that might be either sliding periods or dashes. And from the mid-1870s, Dickinson frequently made accent-like marks as dots over the letter “i” or following her signature at the end of a letter, and as punctuation within or at the end of a sentence. These might be dashes, periods, or even commas—depending on where they appear in relation to her row of script. Higginson used a similar accent-like mark in his letters.

Dickinson did not draw her punctuation. She wrote quickly, and she was inconsistent about how she made various marks, even within a single letter. This is common to all who write frequently by hand. It was even more common in the early and mid-nineteenth century, when punctuation was less standardized than it had become by the end of the century. There is no single correct interpretation of Dickinson’s many and varied punctuation marks. We attend to the patterns of Dickinson’s handwriting within the broad range of her practices—for example, we call short straight lines written on the line of print at the end of a syntactic unit “periods,” and longer and higher straight lines “dashes.” Similarly, we attend to patterns in the shape and spacing of her alphabetical letters and words over the

decades, understanding that certain features may mark a missive as having been written around or after particular dates but, in isolation from other factors, cannot determine a letter's composition by month or, in the case of her draft hand, even a specific year.

Spelling was also fluid in the nineteenth century, including of proper names. "Emily" intermittently spelled her name "Emilie" between 1848 and 1861. In several early letters, she spells Vinnie as "Viny." Louisa Norcross's name is represented on some records as "Louise," leading Johnson and Ward to the (we believe) misrepresentation of her name. Dickinson occasionally misspells the names of acquaintances—but even census and legal records are at times inconsistent as to the spelling of first and family names.

Use of apostrophes was just as inconsistent. The contraction "it's" (it is) was often spelled without an apostrophe, and in Dickinson's writing and that of some of her contemporaries, the homophonic pronoun "its" typically acquired an apostrophe. Apostrophes were also placed variously for other contractions, or not used at all: as in can't / cant; didn't / did'nt; th'o / tho.' When Dickinson's placement of an apostrophe is ambiguous, we assume grammatical spelling. As with punctuation, we follow Dickinson's spelling throughout, without assuming there is interpretive significance to whether she, by twenty-first-century standards, misspells or mis-punctuates. If she omits a closing quotation mark or parenthesis, we add it within square brackets, using the same technique for words or parts of a word missing because of manuscript damage. Occasionally we supply a word Dickinson has omitted in brackets, but only if we feel clarity demands the insertion. Otherwise, we have preserved infelicities and idiosyncrasies—including Dickinson's repetition of words (for example, "that that" in L1187). We include some information about typographical errors or a misspelling in annotation to avoid the use of "[sic]," while reassuring readers that the error is not our own. In her early letters, she often doubles punctuation and uses other erratic punctuation and spelling.

Paragraphs were a fairly recent development in writing conventions—and Dickinson used few in her earliest letters. Later, to mark a paragraph or a new poetic line, she used lateral breaks at the end of a row of script. We mark a new paragraph when she has left a lateral space sufficient for the word beginning her next sentence, not when a change of topic might suggest a break. Periodically, Dickinson used other techniques to mark a new paragraph: in a December 1862 letter to Samuel Bowles, she used a midline lateral space three times—that is, she ended one sentence a word or two into a new row of print, then left about half the row blank and began a new sentence near the page's other margin.

Conventions for signing letters were different in Dickinson's day from ours. Nineteenth-century letter writers often used formal signatures, except within the family or for extreme intimacy. For example, several letters Dickinson wrote to Abiah Root during her teenage years express "love" for her "Ever dear, Abiah" but conclude "Your aff. Emily E. Dickinson" (March 1847, L15), or "Your aff. Sister.

Emily. E. Dickinson" (January 1848, L20). On November 2, 1847, she signed a letter to Austin as "Your aff Sister. Emily." but signed the postscript "Emily. E. Dickinson." (L17). With some correspondences, notably with Sarah Tuckerman, there are similar instances of formality in letters otherwise characterized by intimacy—from "Emily" in 1875 (L635, 639), from "E. Dickinson" (L744) in 1877, to "Emily, With love" (L1032) or, in her penultimate letter to Tuckerman (mid-October 1885), "Tenderly, Emily" (L1276). Formal signature, however, did not for Dickinson or her contemporaries necessarily denote emotional distance. Even in an 1875 letter to a friend, Dickinson signed "With love, E. Dickinson" (L645, to Olive Coit Stearns). In other letters, Dickinson playfully signed herself with the names of fictional characters or famous people, such as the "Marchioness" (L310—from Dickens's *The Old Curiosity Shop*) and the landscape painter Thomas "Cole" (L246), and she signs an 1879 letter-poem on "Time's wily Chargers" to Ned with the names of their horses: "Dick" and "Jim" (L827). Starting in the mid-1870s, she sometimes replaced her signature with a line drawn below and to the right of the script in the line above—for example, to Abigail Cooper about 1875 (L650) or frequently to Mary Channing and Thomas Higginson. As late as 1885, she used such a line to sign a note to Mabel Loomis Todd (L1247).

Standardization in this edition, primarily of spacing and information placement, has been restricted to formal presentation of the letters. We standardize the length of her dashes, using the n-dash as closest to her typical mark. We also standardize the placement of Dickinson's letter address ("Dear ____"), although we maintain her practice when she makes no line break between salutation and the beginning of the letter. We take a similar approach to closings: when her closing and signature appear together on one line, or both immediately following the final text of a letter, we follow her practice. Otherwise, we standardize spacing of her signature—which she typically indented to the right. Postscripts are standardized in part: when Dickinson moves from one page of a letter to the next in writing postscripts, we make a new paragraph marker, unless she is continuing a sentence. For example, she may start a PS on the left margin of page 1 and continue it midsentence in the left margin of page 2, or upside down in the header space of page 1. If she leaves vertical space between postscripts, we represent them as paragraphs. We use the symbol ○ to indicate a poem stanza break when it occurs at the foot of a page.

Dickinson's own inscribed times or dates of writing appear flush right; italicized dates in the addressee-information line are ours. If Dickinson is writing from somewhere besides Amherst and does not note it herself, we put the location from which she writes in square brackets, flush right: for example, [Cambridge] during the months she is undergoing eye-treatment there. If a letter is in draft or transcribed, this information precedes the letter text so there can be no misinterpretation of the material presented. Anything not marked as transcribed by a particular person is transcribed by the editors.

Dickinson frequently asked others to address or post a letter for her, as indicated in correspondence with the Hollands, who posted her letters to Wadsworth, and with neighbors Luke Sweetser and George Montague; the former addressed and posted several of Dickinson's letters for her up until around 1876, when Montague assumed this service. Vinnie posted several letters to Charles Clark from "Brat & Palmer," not the Amherst post office. Dickinson asked Samuel Bowles IV to post a letter for her to William S. Jackson after his wife Helen's death. There seems to be no single reason why Dickinson made these requests, nor are they explained by general conventions of nineteenth-century practice.

"A Joy of Earth"

Dickinson's letters illuminate much about the nineteenth century as well as about her own life. For her, and for her contemporaries, letters were often the sole means of communication between those at a distance from one another—in a world without telephones, computers, cars, airplanes, or even widespread train lines. For Dickinson, letters were perhaps particularly important as she ceased traveling and saw fewer acquaintances. "Now health looks so beautiful," Dickinson wrote to Fanny Norcross in 1862, "the tritest 'How do you do' is living with meaning" (L323). Her next letter to both the Norcross sisters (L330) was about the death of Frazar Stearns at the battle of Newbern, North Carolina. It is easy to forget how significant the topics of health and life expectancy were in Dickinson's writing: Helen Hunt Jackson and Emily Fowler Ford both lost their mothers early; Dickinson's relation and friend Sophia Holland died in 1844, when Dickinson was thirteen; Susan feared death with each childbirth. Dickinson's letters refer frequently to her mother's health and later to her own: one letter is the first "since I left my pillow" (L927); another marks the process of its composition as "I step from my pillow to thank you" (L1294). Just as Dickinson engaged in consoling others, she was active in expressing thanks for the ways others concerned themselves for her: in 1873 she wrote to Susan, "Sue makes sick Days so sweet, we almost hate our health" (L580).

The looming presence of war, deaths of family and friends, and lingering illnesses charge even the most routine communications with significance. Yet again and again, Dickinson finds ways of formulating her delight in being alive. "I find ecstasy in living – the mere sense of living is joy enough," she said to Higginson in 1870 (Higginson to Mary Higginson, August 16, 1870). The gift of a jar of honey is made extraordinary by the accompanying note, dated about July 4, 1876, which says only "The Founders of Honey have no names –" (L672). Especially in her later years, Dickinson emerges as a great writer of prose as well as poetry, that is, a writer for whom letters in part suspend the distinction between poetry and prose. In 1886, Dickinson concluded a brief note to Susan in metered prose: "How tenderly I thank you [for "the Supper"]. I often hope you are better – Beneath the Alps the Danube runs," signing herself with a pun: "Deeply, Emily" (L1282).

This new edition of Dickinson's letters offers successive and sustained glimpses into an extraordinary artist at work—daily, weekly, monthly, seasonally, whether composing on fragments of paper in short intense bursts or writing a long letter to a dear friend. Dickinson moved easily between condensed, imagistic phrasing; metered prose; passages of poetry; and more informational communication, acknowledging events in the world and events of emotional importance in the lives around her. The recipients of these distinctive messages retained them not only as keepsakes of those events and the connections between them, but for their own beauty or power. To Sarah Tuckerman in 1885, Dickinson wrote that morning is quickened “toward all celestial things by Crows I heard this Morning – Accept a loving Caw from a nameless friend.” She then signed herself “Selah,” a word that occurs frequently at the end of biblical verse, in Psalms and Habakkuk (L1237; see Figure 11). Tuckerman would have known, of course, that the letter was from Dickinson. Who else could have sent such a lovely morning greeting, dismissing it playfully as a raucous “Caw”? In 1862, Eudocia Flynt noted in her diary, “Had a letter from Emily Dickinson!!!!” (L343). Reading Dickinson's letters may move us all to exclamation marks.

Notes

1. William Austin Dickinson is referred to as Austin throughout. See Abbreviations, Habitual Form of Address.

2. For a list of previous publications of Dickinson's letters, see the *Emily Dickinson Archive*; for a list of other texts cited here, see the Selected Bibliography.

3. This number does not indicate all letters sent. Many of Dickinson's letters were destroyed without transcription; the Norcross transcripts of letter fragments do not indicate how many letters they are drawn from; and we cannot know which drafts or abandoned letters remaining among Dickinson's papers were in fact sent. See the section New Material in this Introduction for explanation of the letter-poems we include.

4. Although the records are incomplete, Dickinson attended Amherst Academy from at least 1840 until 1847, then attended Mount Holyoke Female Seminary from September 1847 until August 1848. Vinnie attended Amherst Academy from 1841 until 1850. She attended Ipswich Female Academy for the academic year ending November 1850.

5. All poems are identified by page number in the Miller (M) edition and by poem number in the Franklin (Fr) edition.

6. *Open Me Carefully: Emily Dickinson's Intimate Letters to Susan Huntington Dickinson* also includes Dickinson's letter-poems to Susan, although the editors, Ellen Louise Hart and Martha Nell Smith, claim that Dickinson did not distinguish poetry from prose in her letters after the late 1850s. In contrast, we find that Dickinson made this distinction and follow her practice of lineating poetry as such. *Open Me Carefully* was influential in its presentation of Dickinson's relationship with Susan and in Dickinson manuscript criticism.

7. Perhaps in 1852 Dickinson wrote a verse valentine, “Sic transit gloria mundi” (M 696, Fr2), but no manuscript of it exists, and the information about who received it is unclear. Eudocia Converse (Flynt) copied it in her 1848–1852 diary, but the diary is missing. Jay Leyda claims that the poem was sent to a friend of Converse’s. William Howland received the poem, perhaps while visiting the Dickinsons—primarily Vinnie—two weeks before the poem was printed in the *Springfield Daily Republican* (February 20, 1852), but there is no evidence that it was given to him by Dickinson herself, especially given his apparent interest in Vinnie. Additionally, an unnamed woman wrote to Higginson in 1895 that she had been given a copy of this poem some years before 1852. Because we have this poem only second- or thirdhand, with no reliable information about to whom it was sent or given, and when, we do not include it.

8. Dickinson also frequently sent a poem both embedded in a letter and as a letter-poem; in such cases we include both, except with “The Clock strikes one,” which she embeds in full in two letters (L1044, L1161) as well as sending to Sarah Tuckerman as a letter-poem. We do not include the letter-poem.

9. By 1894, Todd and Higginson had produced *Poems* (1890) and *Poems* (1891). Lavinia reports that Mary Bowles suggested Todd edit her sister’s letters, in a February 1894 letter to Elizabeth and Samuel Bowles IV (AC, Bowles-Hoar Family Papers, Series 4, B6, F43).

10. For information on Bowles’s visits as chronicled in his letters, see Leyda, *The Years and Hours of Emily Dickinson*; Habegger, *My Wars Are Laid Away in Books* and “An Annotated Calendar of Samuel Bowles’s Letters to Austin and Susan Dickinson”; and Himmelhoch and Patterson, “The Dating of Emily Dickinson’s Letters to the Bowles Family.”

11. See *Open Me Carefully* for an order of presentation different from ours and from Johnson’s.

12. Werner’s Radical Scatters website and *Emily Dickinson’s Open Folios* are especially important in their presentation of this material, although some readers may be more familiar with her and Jen Bervin’s recent publication, *The Gorgeous Nothings: Emily Dickinson’s Envelope Poems*.

13. Marta Werner refers to a cluster of “Master” documents, arguing that Dickinson uses poems and letters around this concept as a creative stimulus (*Writing in Time*).

14. In 1848 autograph albums belonging to Harriette Haile and Mary Stevens, Dickinson’s signature and that of her cousin Emily Lavinia Norcross offer an example of mid-nineteenth-century punctuation conventions: they write “Emily. L. Norcross.” and “Emily. E. Dickinson.” in the Haile album, and “Emily L. Norcross.” and “Emily. E. Dickinson.” in the Stevens. Mount Holyoke College Archives and Special Collections: Haile, Harriette C., Autograph album, 1848. RG 27.1 (LD 7096.6 1848 Haile); Stevens, Mary M., Autograph album, 1845–1895. RG 19 (LD 7092.8 Stevens).

Letters

1.

To Austin Dickinson, April 18, 1842

Amherst, Mass, April 18.th 1842

My dear Brother

as Father was going to Northampton and thought of coming over to see you I thought I would improve the opportunity and write you a few lines – We miss you very much indeed you cannot think how odd it seems without you there was always such a Hurrah wherever you was I miss My bedfellow very much for it is rare that I can get any now for Aunt Elisabeth is afraid to sleep alone and Vinnie has to sleep with her but I have the privilege of looking under the bed every night which I improve as you may suppose the Hens get along nicely the chickens grow very fast I am afraid they will be so large that you cannot perceive them with the naked Eye when you get home the yellow hen is coming off with a brood of chickens we found a hens nest with four Eggs in it I took out three and brought them in the next day I went to see if there had been any laid and there had not been any laid and the one that was there had gone so I suppose a skonk had been there or else a hen In the shape of a skonk and I dont know which – the Hens lay finely William gets two a day at his house we 5 or 6 a day here there Is one Creeper that lays on the ground the nests are so high that they cannot reach them from the ground I Expect we shall have to make some ladders for them to get up on William found the hen and Rooster after you went away that you could not find we received your letter Friday morning and very glad we were to get it you must write oftener to us the temperance dinner went off very well the other day all the Folks Except Lavinia and I there were over a Hundred there the students thought the dinner too cheap the tickets were a half a dollar a piece and so they are going to have a supper tomorrow Evening which I suppose will be very genteel Mr Jones has found in looking at his policy that his insurance is 8 thousand dollars instead

of 6 which makes him feel a great deal better than he did at first Mr Wilson and his wife took tea here the other night they are going to move wednesday – they have made out to get one of the Mt pleasant Buildings to its place of destination which is a matter of great rejoicing to the public it was really was Enough to make ones Eyes ache and I am glad it has got out of sight and hearing too – there are going to be great fixing up I expect in those buildings we are all very well and hope you are the same – we have very pleasant weather now Mr Whipple has come and we expect Miss Humphrey tomorrow – Aunt Montague – has – been saying you would cry before the week was out Cousin Zebina had a fit the other day and bit his tongue into – as you say it is a rainy day and I can think of – Nothing more to say – I shall Expect an answer to my letter soon Charles Richardson has got back and is in Mr Pitkins store Sabra is not running after him at all she had not seen him when I last saw her which was Saturday I suppose she would send her respects to you if she knew I was going to write to you – I must now close – all send a great deal of love to you and hope you are getting along well and – Enjoy your self –
your affectionate Sister Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L53). Publication: JL1. | ED wrote “Amherst” as place of composition; her aunt Elizabeth (sometimes spelled “Elisabeth”) Dickinson added the date. During April–May 1842, Elizabeth stayed with the Dickinsons, turning nineteen on May 29. Austin left for Williston Seminary for the spring term, just before his thirteenth birthday. | The Jones Cotton Factory in North Amherst was destroyed by fire on the morning of April 5, 1842, with estimated damages of between six and eight thousand dollars. | Sabra was the twelve-year-old daughter of Sabra and Albin Howe, and a fellow student at AA. William Ward Whipple (AC 1841) was principal 1841–42; Helen Humphrey was preceptress, head of the Female Department, for the year ending 1843, and sister of ED’s classmate Jane. Aunt Montague = Irene (Dickinson) Montague. Charles Richardson was enrolled at AA, 1841–42. Pitkins = Solomon Pitkin.

2.

To Austin Dickinson, May 1, 1842

Amherst May 1 1842

My dear Brother

as it was Sunday Afternoon and all the folks gone to meeting Except – mother and myself I thought I would improve the opportunity and write you a few lines – we are all very well – but very lonely without you – I am glad you took the Latin lexicon – if it can be of any use to [you] because I have had good luck in borrowing one – your Clothes came – safe by Mr Preaver and we were very glad to hear that you were well and in good spirits – the hens get along nicely – we brought in 9 Eggs yesterday – we generally get about 7 a day Mrs – Washburn was very much pleased with the Eggs mother sent her – the other day Francis brought your

Rooster home and the other 2 went to fighting him while I was gone to School – mother happened to look out of the window and she saw him laying on the ground – he was most dead – but she and Aunt Elisabeth went right out and took him up and put him in a Coop and he is nearly well now – while he is shut up the other Roosters – will come around and insult him in Every possible way by Crowing right in his Ears – and then they will jump up on the Coop and Crow there as if they – wanted to show that he was Completely in their power and they could treat him as they chose – Aunt Elisabeth said she wished their throats would split and then they could insult him no longer – I had an opportunity to write to Jane Humphrey which I improved and wrote her a short note as I had not time to write a long one the Man who was going to carry them having but a short time to stay in Amherst – I can think of nothing more to say but that that we shall all be glad when you come home again – a great deal of love from all to you if you could I wish you – would send Sabra a paper she would be so pleased with it – I want you to answer this letter as soon as you can – our garden is not made yet – our trees are all very full of blossoms now and – they look very handsome – your Clothes that you sent home are all in good order – for you to put on – John Wheelock has been very sick and still continues to be so – though he is not as bad now as he was I do not think – Pa says he saw Mr Armsby here to Meeting to day – I like Miss Humphrey very much as a teacher – I recite to her in all My Studies Except Latin – the Horse is not very well and is staying at Mr Frinks to be taken care of till he is better I can think of nothing more to say now –

your affectionate Sister Emily

ps – we expect Grandpa Norcross and Uncle William up here this week – Sabra Howe has had a handsome present of a gold ring from Charles Richardson – She dont seem to care much about him but he hangs on to her – and will not let go his hold – in hopes I suppose she will come back to him which she does not seem inclined to do I will put in her respects because I know she would send them if she knew I was a going to write –

2a

Amherst, Mass. May 2nd 1842.

My dear Austin,

I have yielded to Emily's solicitations to write you a few words. I am not in the habit of writing to gentlemen more than once if I do not receive an answer,– however I will not censure you, for not writing me – I know you are busy, as examination is so near – hope to see you next week Wednesday – I do not know of any news to tell you – except that three of your hens strayed away to Major Kellogg's – and were brought home by Henry Howe to-day – after an absence of several

days.. Eggs are very abundant – 11 were brought in to-day.. The lattice-work & grape-arbor have been painted to-day – Mr Howe is having his house painted – Col Smith's house is just finished – this street is fast improving – come home as soon as you can for we are lonesome. Accept much love from your

affectionate aunt,

excuse all haste for it is late –

Elizabeth

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L54). Publication: JL2. | ED writes “that that we shall all be glad.” In a few letters of this period, ED makes marks at the right edge of the page, as though to indicate that she is continuing; these do not seem to be dashes or any other mark of punctuation. | Edward B. Prevear was a merchant in Amherst and Northampton until 1849, which enabled him to carry messages. Harriet Williams Parsons Washburn was principal of the Female Seminary in Amherst, destroyed by fire in 1838. John Wheelock attended AA, 1846–47. Lauren Armsby (AC 1842) served in the Congregational Church. Henry Frink (not Frinks) operated a stagecoach until 1845, then became deputy sheriff. Major James Kellogg was an Amherst town assessor and manufacturer and father of Emeline; they lived next door to the Dickinsons until the latter moved in 1855. Henry Howe is Sabra's brother. Colonel Horace Smith lived near the West Center District School that ED briefly attended before attending AA.

3.

To Jane Humphrey, May 11, 1842

Amherst May 12 1842 __

My dear Jane

I have been looking for a letter from you this long time but not receiving any I plucked up all the remaining courage that I had left and determined to make one more effort to write you a few lines – I want to see you very much for I have got a great deal to tell you about school matters – and besides you are one of my dear friends – Sabra has had a beautiful ring given to her by Charles you know who as well as I do – the Examination at Easthampton is today – and Austin is coming home tonight – Father is sick with the Rheumatism and can not go but Mother has gone with somebody else – it is very unpleasant today – it showers most all the time – your sister is very well indeed – I believe she has gone to South hadley this afternoon – I miss you more and more every day, in my study in play at home indeed every where I miss my beloved Jane. I wish you would write to me – I should think more of it than of a mine of gold – when you write me I wish you would write me a great long letter and tell me all the news that you know of – all your friends send a great deal of love to you Austin and William Washburn send their respects to you – this Afternoon is Wednesday and so of course there was speaking and Composition – there was one young man who read a Composition the subject

was, think twice before you speak – he was describing the reasons why any one should do so – one was – if a young gentleman – offered a young lady his arm and he had a dog who had no tail and he boarded at the tavern think twice before you speak – another is if a young gentleman knows a young lady who he thinks nature has formed to perfection let him remember that roses conceal thorns he is the silliest creature that ever lived I think – I told him, that I thought he had better think twice before he spoke – what good times we used to have jumping into bed when you slept with me. I do wish you would come to Amherst and make me a great long visit – how do you get along in Latin – I am in the class that you used to be in in Latin, besides Latin I study History and Botany I like the school very much indeed – your Sister sends a great deal of love to all your folks and to Every one she knows there – My Plants grow beautifully – you know that Elegant old Rooster that Austin thought so much of – the others fight him and killed him – answer this letter as soon as you can. I can think of nothing more to say now yours

affectionately

Emily

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 17.1. Publication: JL3. Postmark: Amherst May 12 MS. | On the envelope, someone wrote: “My very dear Friend, I know that you are thinking of m[e] (if thinking of me at all) as a very negligent.” Jane stayed with the Dickinsons during the autumn 1841 term, sharing a bedroom with ED. William Parsons Washburn was enrolled at AA, 1840–1843, and studied briefly at Williston around the same time as Austin.

4.

To Austin Dickinson, October 14, 1844

Monday, A. M.

Dear brother Austin

As Mr Baker was going directly to where you are I thought I would write a line to inform you that if it is pleasant day after tomorrow we are all coming over to see you, but you must not think too much of our coming as it may rain and spoil all our plans. however if it is not pleasant so that we do not come over father says that you may come home on Saturday, and if we do not come he will make some arrangement for you to come and write you about it.

I attend singing school. Mr Woodman has a very fine one Sunday evenings and has quite a large school. I presume you will want to go when you return home. We had a very severe frost here last night and the ground was frozen – hard. We all had our noses nipped a little. the Ladys Society meets at our house tomorrow and I expect we shall have a very pleasant meeting. If you was at home it would be perfectly sure. we wish much to hear from you, and if you have time I wish you would write a line and send by Mr Baker.

Mother wishes if your stockings are any of them thin, that you should do them up in a little bundle & send them by Mr Baker. Accept much love from us all.
your affectionate sister E

If we dont come Wednesday we may Thursday if not father will write you.

Note: AC 550. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | Osmyn Baker was a lawyer and friend of Edward's. George Sullivan Woodman was AC 1846.

5.

To Abiah Root, February 23, 1845

Transcribed Todd
Amherst, Feb. 23. 1845.

Dear Abiah

After receiving the smittings of conscience for a long time, I have at length succeeded in stifling the voice of that faithful monitor – by a promise of a long letter to you, so leave everything and sit down prepared for a long siege in the shape of a bundle of nonsense from friend E. I received your note by Sabra for which you have my hearty thanks. I intended to write you by Sabra, but as usual she went off in a hurry and I had no time, and I thought as all the other girls wrote you, my letter if I wrote one, would seem no smarter than anybody else, and you know I hate to be common. There, haven't I made a fine lot of excuses for not writing you. I also received your paper last week Friday. How exceedingly witty it was. The one about the little boy who was fearful of [] out before he went to [] was so sharp I was afraid of cutting off some of my fingers. Don't think of the Bookmark dear A I keep your lock of hair as precious as gold and a great deal more so. I often look at it when I go to my little lot of treasures and wish the owner of that glossy lock were here. Old Time wags on pretty much as usual, at Amherst, and I know of nothing that has occurred to break the silence; however, the reduction of the postage has excited my risibles somewhat. Only think!!! We can send a letter before long for 5 little coppers only filled with the thoughts and advice of dear friends. But I will not get into a philosophizing strain just yet. There is time enough for that upon another page of this mammoth sheet. I presume by this time you are thirsting for some news from friends S. T., A. W., H. M. and S. P. They are all well and happy for aught I know. Sarah Tracy alias Virgil is as consistent and calm and lovely as ever. Abby goes to school and is storing her mind with knowledge as the bee sip the nectar from the flowers. Hatty is making fun as usual, and Sabra []. Sarah S[] groweth up like the green [] the []. Mr. [around twelve lines missing] Your beau ideal Davenport I have not seen lately. I presume he was changed into a star some night while gazing at them and placed in the constellation Orion between Bellatrix and Betelgeux. I doubt not if he was here he would wish to be kindly remembered to you.

What delightful weather we have had for a week. It seems more like smiling May crowned with flowers than cold, arctic February wading through snow-drifts. I have heard some sweet little birds sing but I fear we shall have more cold weather and their little bills will be frozen up before their songs are finished. My plants look beautifully. Old King Frost has not had the pleasure of snatching any of them in his cold embrace as yet, and I hope will not. Our little pussy has made out to live. I believe you know what a fatality attends our little kittys all of them, having had 6 die one right after the other. Do you love your little niece Julia as well as ever? Your soliloquy on the year that is past and gone was not unheeded by me. Would that we might spend the year which is now fleeting so swiftly by to better advantage than the one which we have not the power to recall. Now I know you will laugh and say I wonder what makes Emily so sentimental. But I don't care if you do, for I shant hear you. What are you doing this winter. I am about everything. I am now working a pair of slippers to adorn my father's feet. I wish you would come and help me finish them. Sabra Howe has gone to Baltimore to stay several months or a year. Anna Tyler is [] on the single []. Jane Gridley struts as badly as ever. Although it is late in the day I am going to wish you a happy New Year, not but what I think your New Year will pass just as happily without it, but to make a little return for your kind wish which so far in a good many respects has been granted, probably because you wished that it might be so. Have you heard anything from L. Newton. I had a paper from her a few days ago. She was well and sent much love to all her friends. I suppose you consider yourself one and as such will take some of this article to yourself. Don't you wish Jane Kim [] would come back. I can't bear to think she is so far away. I have sent her a letter and a catalogue since she went away, and I don't know whether she ever received them or not as I [] of her friends have heard from her except to know that she reached there in safety and was very well. I am trying to think of some news to inform you of and while I write the fire burns which is a very natural inference as it is a chilly, uncomfortable day. I go to singing school Sabbath evenings to improve my voice as a matter of [], & have the pleasure of a glimpse at nearly all the [] and [] in the town. Don't you envy me? I have seen nothing of Jane Brigham since last term. I presume she is at her old lodgings in Prescott. Mary Snell has a little sister which they think of calling Ellena. Is n't it a beautiful name? I do wish 'Biah you would come and make me a long visit. If you will I will entertain you to the best of my abilitys, which you know are neither few nor small. Why can't you persuade your father and mother to let you come here to school next term, and keep me company as I am going. Miss J. G. I presume you can guess who I mean is going to finish her education next summer. The finishing stroke is to be put on at Newton. She will then have learnt all that we poor foot travelers are toiling up the hill of knowledge to acquire. Wonderful thought! Her horse has carried her along so swiftly that she has nearly gained the summit

and we are plodding along on foot after her. Well said and sufficient this. We'll finish an education sometime won't we? You may then be Plato and I will be Socrates provided you won't be wiser than I am. Lavinia just now interrupted my flow of thought by saying give my love to Abiah. I presume you will be glad to have some one break off this epistle. All the girls send much love to you. And please accept a large share for yourself from your beloved Emily E Dickinson.

I hope this letter won't be broken open. If it is folks will wonder who has got so much nonsense to tell, won't they.

Do write me soon and a huge letter too may it be, much more so than mine.

I hope the little dove will bear the letter safely. *[drawing of a hand]* Don't laugh at that clumsy hand. Give my love to all inquiring friends. I have so many in S I fear you will be troubled to give them all the particulars respecting my health. You know I always mean what I say.

Please send me a copy of that Romance you was writing at Amherst. I am in a fever to read it. I expect it will be against my Whig feelings.

My best love to Abiah.

Harriette Merrill.

Dear A. E. says I may write my name, so I will not tell you how glad I was to read your long letter, & will answer it soon. You are a nice girl, but take care you become not a vender of flattery.

Sarah S. T.

My dear Abiah. Emily has been so very generous to leave me all this room. I am half a mind to cross her letter with my scribbling. Would you? She said I might write my name, so here it is with love.

Anna N. Tyler.

You are partial not to write to me occasionally as well as to the rest of them. "Do I want you to." Do not criticize this long letter, nor get tired picking it out. I mean my portion.

Not Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.14, 3–8 & AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995). | Empty square brackets in the text indicate words or passages that Mabel Loomis Todd apparently could not read; we follow Todd's TS. Todd's L. Newton = Luthera Norton. | Postscripts are presumably written by ED's friends: Abby = Abby Wood. Abiah, Luthera Norton, Jane Kingman, Jane L. Gridley, Sabra Howe, Anna N. Tyler, and Abby were friends of ED at AA. James Davenport was at AA, 1840–41. Harriet (Hattie) Merrill and Sarah Tracy were also friends but are not listed in the AA catalogue. Both left Amherst around May 1845.

6.

To Abiah Root, May 7, 1845

Transcribed Todd
Amherst. May 7. 1845.

Dear Abiah.

It seems almost an age since I have seen you, & it is indeed an age for friends to be separated. I was delighted to receive a paper from you & I also was much pleased with the news it contained especially that you are taking lessons on the Piny as you always call it. But remember not to get on ahead of me. Father intends to have a Piano very soon. How happy I shall be when I have one of my own. Old Father Time has wrought many changes here since your last short visit. Miss Sarah Thurston and Miss Nancy More have both taken the marriage vows upon themselves. Dr. Hitchcock has moved into his new house & Mr. Tyler across the way from our house has moved into President Hitchcock's old house. Mr. Colman is going to move into Mr. Tyler's former house, but the worst thing Old Time has done here is he has walked so fast as to overtake Hatty Merrill and carry her to Hartford on last week Saturday. I was so vexed with him for it that I ran after him & made out to get near enough to him to put some salt on his tail when he fled and left me to run home alone. Abby Wood, Sarah Gray and I are left all [*few lines missing*] Viny went to Boston this morning with father to be gone a fortnight, & I am left alone in all my glory. I suppose she has got there before this time & is probably staring with mouth & eyes wide open at the wonders of the city. I have been to walk tonight and got some very choice wild flowers. I wish you had some of them. Viny and I both go to school this term. We have a very fine school. There are 63 scholars. I have four studies. They are Mental Philosophy, Geology, Latin and Botany. How large they sound, don't they? I don't believe you have such big studies. Abby Wood & I sit together, and have real nice times. There is just room enough at our table for you and Hatty Merrill. How I wish you were both here this moment. I had a newspaper as large as life from Miss Adams our dear teacher. She sent me a beautiful little bunch of pressed flowers which I value very much as they were from her. How happy we all were together that term we went to Miss Adams. I wish it might be so again, but I never expect it. I have had two letters from L since her mother died. She is keeping house now. She says they have a good girl & get along very well, though she misses her mother very much. I pity her very much she must be so lonely without her mother. I don't know of any news in particular to tell you, except that Emeline Kellogg is preparing to go away to school. Jane Gridley, Miss Gridley I should have said has gone to Norton to school. Martha Gilbert still lives and moves and has her being pretty much as ever. My plants look finely now. I am going to send you a little geranium leaf in this letter which you must press for me. Have you made you an Herbarium yet. I hope you will if you have not, it would be such a treasure to you; most all the girls are making one. If you do perhaps I can make some additions to it from flowers growing around here. How do you enjoy your school this term? Are the

teachers as pleasant as our old school teachers. I expect you have a great many prim, starched up young ladies there, who I doubt not are perfect models of propriety & good behavior. If they are, don't let your free spirit be chained by them. I don't know as there [are] any in school of this stamp. But there most always are a few, whom the teachers look up to & regard as their satellites. I am growing handsome very fast indeed. I expect I shall be the Belle of Amherst when I reach my 17th year. I don't doubt that I shall have perfect crowds of admirers at that age. Then how I shall delight to make them await my bidding, and with what delight shall I witness their suspense while I make my final decision. But away with my nonsense. I have written one composition this term, and I need not assure you it was exceedingly edifying to myself as well as everybody else. Don't you want to see it. I really wish you could have a chance. We are obliged to write Compositions once in a fortnight, and select a piece to read from some interesting book the week that we don't write compositions.

We really have some most charming young women in school this term. I sha'n't call them anything but women, for women they are in every sense of the word. I must describe one, and while I describe her I wish Imagination who is ever present with you to make a little picture of this self-same young lady in your mind and by her aid see if you cannot conceive how she looks. Well to begin. She is exceedingly tall, slim & crooked. Her face is about the size and possessed of the commodities of a nut-shell. Her eyes are like cats – two green glass bottles which are set in her head and don't fit, hair is the color of a dark brown wooden bowl mother has to chop meat in – her teeth resemble shovels, especially the two front ones which protrude out of her mouth at an angle of 45 degrees perhaps, her voice resembles the piping of a school-boy's whistle, though perhaps not so much melody in it as the above named instrument. Then just imagine her as she is and a huge string of gold beads encircling her neck, and don't she present a lively picture, and then she is so bustling, she is always whizzing about and whenever I come in contact with her I really think I am in a hornet's nest. I can't help thinking every time I see this singular piece of humanity of Shakespeare's description of a Tempest in a Teapot. But I must not laugh about her, for I verily believe she has a good heart, and that is the principal thing now days. Don't you hope I shall become wiser in the company of such virtuosos. It would certainly be desirable. Have you noticed how beautifully the trees look now. They seem to be completely covered with fragrant blossoms. Sarah and Abby both send their best love to you, also Sabra. Sarah wishes you to write to her soon without waiting to hear from her first, and Abby wishes the same. You must excuse me, Biah for not writing this letter in order to have reached you on last Wednesday, but I had so many things to do for Viny as she was going away, that very much against my wishes I deferred writing you until now, but forgive and forget Dear Abiah and I will promise to do better in future. Do write me soon, and let it be a long long letter, and when you can't get time to write send

a paper so as to let me know you think of me still though we are separated by hill and stream. All the girls send much love to you. Don't forget to let me receive a letter from you soon. If you can by the last of next week or the first of week after. I can say no more now as my paper is all filled up. Your affectionate friend Emily E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.14, 9–18 & AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995); additional text restored. | L=Luthera Norton, whose mother died March 1845. Sarah Gray=Sarah S. Tracy.

7.

To Abiah Root, August 3, 1845

Sabbath Eve.

Dear Abiah

I have now sit down to write you a long. long. letter. My writing apparatus is upon a stand before me, and all things are ready. I have no flowers before me as you had to inspire you. But then you know I can imagine myself inspired by them and perhaps that will do as well. You cannot imagine how delighted I was to receive your letter. It was so full – & everything in it was interesting to me because it came from you. I presume you did not doubt my gratitude for it, on account of my delaying so long to answer it for you know I have had no leisure for anything. When I tell you that our term has been 16 weeks long & that I have had 4 studys & taken Music lessons you can imagine a little. how my time has been taken up lately. I will try to be more punctual in such matters for the future. How are you now. I am very sorry to hear that you are unable to remain in your school on account of your health. it must be such a disappointment to you. But I presume you are enjoying yourself much to be at home again. You asked me in your last letter if Old Father Time wagged on in Amherst pretty much as ever. For my part I see no particular change in his movements unless it be that he goes on a swifter pace than formerly. and that he wields his sickle more stern than ever. How do you like taking music lessons. I presume you are delighted with it. I am taking lessons this term. of Aunt Selby who is spending the summer with us. I never enjoyed myself more than I have this summer. For we have had such a delightful school and such pleasant tea[c]hers, and besides I have had a piano of my own. Our Examination is to come off next week on Monday. I wish you could be here at that time. Why cant you come. If you will – You can come and practice on my piano as much as you wish to. I am already gasping in view of our examination. and although I am determined not to dread it I know it is so foolish. yet in spite of my heroic resolutions. I cannot avoid a few misgivings when I think of those tall. stern. trustees. and when I know that I shall lose my character if I dont recite as precise as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But what matter will that be a

hundred years hence. I will distress you no longer with my fears, for you know well enough what they are without my entering into any explanations. Are you practicing now you are at home. I hope you are, for if you are not you would be likely to forget what you learnt. I want very much to hear you play. I have the same Instruction book that you have, Bertini. and I am getting along in it very well. Aunt Selby says she shant let me have many tunes now for she wants I should get over in the book a good ways first. Oh Abiah. If Sarah Tracy. Hatty. and yourself were only here this summer what times we should have. I wish if we cant be together all the time that we could meet once in a while at least. I wish you would all come to our house and then Abby come too and such times as we should have would be a caution. I want to see you all so much. that it seems as if I could not wait. Have you heard anything from Miss Adams Our dear teacher. I have not – I sent her a paper about 3 weeks ago – but I have received no answer. and therefore I do not know where she is now. How much I would give to see her once more, but I am afraid I never shall. She is so far away. You asked me in your letter to tell you all the news worth telling and though there is not much yet I will endeavor to think of everything that will be news to you. In the first place. Mrs Jones and Mrs S Mack have both of them a little daughter. Very promising Children I understand. I dont doubt if they live they will be ornaments to society. I think they are both to be considered as embryos of future usefulness. Mrs. Washburn. Mack has now two grand daughters. Isnt she to be envied. Sabra Howe and J Gridley have both returned home. I do not see as they have altered much. They have both been attending school, and have now come to honor us poor Country folks with their presence a little while. Dont you think we ought to feel highly honored by such condescension. Jane will not return to Norton again. But Sabra will go back to Baltimore in the course of a few weeks probably to spend some time. Emeline Kellogg is expected home from school in a short time. Martha Gilbert looks and appears just as she ever did. Your Protege, Nancy Cutler is well and attending school. and Abby and I are plodding over our books pretty much as ever. Have you heard from – Hatty or Sarah, lately. I have received one paper from Sarah and a note from Hatty since I last wrote you. They were both well and happy. I do not understand your hints in regard to Abby taking so much interest in Deacon Macks family. Now Sarah is absent. I take it William is the member of the family whom you allude to. But I did not know as Abby had any partiality for him. That William is a smart boy. However as you did not mean to insinuate I will make no more comments on him. except to add that I think he will make a devoted husband. Dont you. I am sorry that you are laying up Hattys sins against her. I think you had better heap coals of fire upon her head by writing to her constantly until you get an answer. I have some patience with these – School Marms. They have so many trials. I hope you will decide to blot out her iniquities against her. I dont know about this Mr Eastcott giving you concert tickets. I think for my part it looks rather suspicious. He is a young man I

suppose. These Music teachers are always such high souled beings that I think they would exactly suit your fancy. My Garden looks beautifully now. I wish you could see it. I would send you a boquet if I could get a good opportunity. My House plants look very finely now. You wished me to give you some account of Sabra Palmer. She is attending school this term & studying Latin & Algebra. She is very well and happy and sends much love to you. All the girls send much love to you. and wish you to write to them. I have been working a beautiful book mark to give to one of our school girls. Perhaps you have seen it. It is an arrow with a beautiful wreath around it. Have you been working any lately. I get but very little time to work now days, there are so many other things to be done ~~now~~ days. Have you altered any since I have seen you. Isnt it a funny question for one friend to ask another. I havnt altered any – I don't think except that I have my hair done up and that makes me look different. I can imagine just how you look now. I wonder what you are doing this moment. I have got an idea that you are knitting edging. Are you. Wont you tell me when you answer my letter whether I guessed right or not. Have you got any Forget me not in your garden this summer. I am going to send you as a present in my letter next time. I am pressing some for all the girls and it is not dry yet. You gave me a compliment in your letter in regard to me being a faithful correspondent. I must say I think I deserve it. I have been learning several beautiful pieces lately. The Grave of Bonaparte is one. Lancers Quick Step. Wood up. and Maiden Weep no more. which is a sweet little song. I wish much to see you and hear you play. I hope you will come to A. before long. Why cant you pass Commencement here. I do wish you would. Do write me often – and tell me all the news, and I will be sure to answer your letters in better season than this one. I have looked my letter over and find I have written nothing worth reading. However you must excuse it on the plea that I have written in great haste – Dont look at the writing and dont let any one see the letter.

I want you should keep the seal and whenever you look at it you can think that I am looking at you at the same time.

Accept much love

from your aff friend Emily E D.

Give my love to all inquiring friends – Am I not safe enough in saying this – Abby in particular sends love to you and wishes you to write her.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L55). Publication: JL7. Postmark: Amherst Aug 4. | “Aunt” Ann Selby was a niece of Sarah Vaill (Mrs. Joel) Norcross, ED’s step-grandmother. William = William Parsons Washburn, whose mother Harriet had married David Mack. Mrs. Jones’s “little daughter” = Augusta Thayer Jones, born July 5, 1845. | “The Grave of Bonaparte,” “The Lancer’s Quick Step,” “Wood Up, a Quick Step,” and “Louisville March and Quick Step” were popular tunes; only the first is in ED’s bound volume of sheet music.

8.

*To Abiah Root, September 25, 1845**Transcribed Todd*

Thursday, September 26. 1845.

Dearest Abiah,

As I just glanced at the clock and saw how smoothly the little hands glide over the surface I could scarcely believe that those self-same little hands had eloped with so many of my precious moments since I received your affectionate letter, and it was still harder for me to believe that I who am always boasting of being so faithful a correspondent, should have been guilty of negligence in so long delaying to answer it. I was very unwell at the time I received your letter & unable to busy myself about anything. Consequently I was down-spirited and I give you all the credit of restoring me to health. At any rate, you may have your share. It really seemed to give me new life to receive your letter, for when I am rather low-spirited nothing seems to cheer me so much as a letter from a friend. At every word I read I seemed to feel new strength & have now regained my usual health and spirits. I am very glad to hear that you are better than you have been, & I hope in future Disease will not be as neighborly as he has been – heretofore to either of us. I long to see you, Dear A. and speak with you face to face, but so long as a bodily interview is denied us we must make letters answer, though it is hard for friends to be separated. I really believe you would have been frightened to have heard me scold when Sabra informed me that you had decided not to visit Amherst this fall. But as I could find no one upon whom to vent my spleen for your decision I thought it best to be calm & therefore have at length resigned myself to my cruel fate, though with not a very good grace. I think you do well to inquire whether anything has been heard from Hatty Merrill. Abby Wood and myself have each received a paper & note from her since she left. Mrs. Merrill has received 1 paper from her and that is all. I have written her two letters, sent her two papers & a package containing a very handsome book mark since I have received anything from her. I really don't know what has become of her, unless Procrastination has carried her off. I think that must be the case. I really can't help thinking she has forgotten the many happy hours we spent together, and though I try to banish the idea from my mind, for it is painful to me, I am afraid she has forgotten us, but I hope not. I think you have given quite a novel description of the wedding. Are you quite sure Mr. F. the minister told them to stand up and he would ty them in a great bow knot. But I beg pardon for speaking so lightly of so solemn a ceremony. You asked me in your letter if I did not think you partial in your admiration of Miss Helen H. ditto Mrs. Palmer. I answer Not in the least. She was universally beloved in Amherst. She made us quite a visit in June and we regretted more than ever that she was going where we could not see her as often as we had been accustomed. She seemed very happy in her prospects, and seemed to think distance nothing in comparison to a home with the one of her choice. I hope she will be happy, and of course she will. I wished much to see her once more, but was denied the privilege. I think

she must be missed much in Southwick, & her mother and sisters must be very lonely without her. Did you visit the friend whom you spoke of in your letter, the following week, & How did you find her. I hope better. I thought of you as perfectly happy all that week. You know you gave me permission in your letter to imagine you in a state of felicity. You asked me if I was attending school now. I am not. Mother thinks me not able to confine myself to school this term. She had rather I would exercise, and I can assure you I get plenty of that article by staying at home, I am going to learn to make bread tomorrow. So you may imagine me with my sleeves rolled up mixing Flour, Milk, Saleratus &c. with a deal of grace. I advise you if you don't know how to make the staff of life to learn without dispatch. I think I could keep house very comfortably if I knew how to cook. But as long as I don't, my knowledge of housekeeping is about of as much use as faith without works, which you know we are told is dead. Excuse my quoting from Scripture Dear A for it was so handy in this case I couldn't get along very well without it. Since I wrote you last, the summer is past and gone, and Autumn with the sere and yellow leaf is already upon us. I never knew the time to pass so swiftly, it seems to me, as the past summer. I really think some one must have oiled his chariot wheels for I don't recollect of hearing him pass, and I am sure I should if something had not prevented his chariot wheels from creaking as usual. But I will not expatiate upon him any longer for I know it is wicked to trifle with so revered a personage, and I fear he will make me a call in person to inquire as to the remarks which I have made concerning him. Therefore I will let him alone for the present. Abby Wood our particular friend, and the only particular friend among the girls, is well and sends much love to you. She is going to write you soon. She keeps me company at home this term, her aunt thinks it not best for her to attend school so steadily as she has done, and so we are both laid by for awhile. Abby had a letter from Sarah Gray two or three weeks since. She was well and happy and sent much love to all her friends. I think if there is one in the world, who deserves to be happy, that one is Sarah. She is a noble girl, and I love her much. I shall write her soon, and tell her what has been going on here since she left. How are you getting on with your music? Well, I hope and trust. I am taking lessons and am getting along very well, and now I have a piano, I am very happy. I feel much honored at having even a doll named for me. I believe I shall have to give it a silver cup, as that is the custom among old ladys when a child is named for them. I received a letter from L Norton a few days ago who now lives in Worcester, formerly lived in Amherst. She lost her mother last spring & I have had two letters from her since. She seems to feel very lonely, now her mother is dead, and thinks were she only alive it would be all she would ask. I pity her much, for she loved her mother devotedly and she feels her loss very keenly. Have you any flowers now. I have had a beautiful flower garden this summer. But they are nearly gone now. It is very cold tonight and I mean to pick the prettiest ones before I go to bed, and cheat Jack Frost of so many of the

treasures he calculates to rob tonight – Won't it be a capital idea to put him at defiance, for once at least, if no more. I would love to send you a Boquet if I had an opportunity, and you could press it and write under it, The last flowers of summer. Wouldn't it be poetical, and you know that is what young ladies aim to be now-a-days. I had nearly forgotten to mention that Sabra Howe has been spending most of her time in Baltimore, with an uncle and aunt for the last year. She came home 3 or 4 weeks ago to make a visit, & is going to return week after next for a year if nothing happens to prevent. I should think her mother would wish her at home, some of the time with her. But she seems to think it best for Sabra to acquire her education away from home. I expect I have altered a good deal since I have seen you Dear A. I have grown tall a good deal, and wear my golden tresses done up in a net cap. Modesty, you know, forbids me to mention whether my personal appearance has altered. I leave that for others to judge. But my [word omitted] has not changed, nor will it in time to come. I shall always remain the same old sixpence, [few words missing] much love to you, and wants much to hear from you.

Do write me soon, for as I cannot see you, I must hear from you often, very often. I suppose you will return to Springfield to school before long. I really wish I was going too. But as our dear teacher Miss Adams used to say, if wishes were horses, then beggars might ride. So I will wish no longer, but be content to stay where I am placed. Sabra, Viny Abby and all the girls send much love to you. I can say no more now, as it is after 10, and every body has gone to bed but me. Don't forget your aff. friend Emily E. D.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.14, 31–38 & AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995). | Todd writes "Very(?)" for "Viny" and "Gray" for "Tracy." Mrs. Merrill = Orinda Merrill, Hattie's grandmother. ED alludes to 1 James 2:17: "faith, if it hath not works, is dead," and to *Macbeth*, "My way of life / Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf." The "staff of life" is associated with the Bible but is not a quotation.

9.

To Abiah Root, January 12, 1846

Transcribed Todd
Amherst, Jan. 12, 1846.

A. – my dear,

Since I received your precious letter another year has commenced its course, & the old year has gone never to return. How sad it makes one feel to sit down quietly and think of the flight of the old year, and the unceremonious obtrusion of the new year upon our notice. How many things we have omitted to do which might have cheered a human heart, or whispered hope in the ear of the sorrowful, and how many things have we done over which the dark mantle of regret will ever

fall. How many good resolutions did I make at the commencement of the year now flown, merely to break them and to feel more than ever convinced of the weakness of my own resolutions. The New Year's day was unusually gloomy to me, I know not why, and perhaps for that reason a host of unpleasant reflections forced themselves upon me which I found not easy to throw off. But I will no longer sentimentalize upon the past for I cannot recall it. I will, after inquiring for the health of my dear Abiah, relapse into a more lively strain. I can hardly have patience to write, for I have not seen you for so long that I have worlds of things to tell you and my pen is not swift enough to answer my purpose at all. However I will try to make it communicate as much information as possible and wait to see your own dear self once more before I relate all my thoughts which have come and gone since I last saw you. I suppose from your letter that you are enjoying yourself finely this winter at Miss C's school. I would give a great deal if I was there with you. I don't go to school this winter except to a recitation in German. Mr. Coleman has a very large class and father thought I might never have another opportunity to study it. It takes about an hour and a half to recite. Then I take music lessons and practice 2 hours in a day and besides these two I have a large stand of plants to cultivate. This is the principal round of my occupation this winter. Abby stays at home & I must stay to keep her company you know. I have just seen a funeral procession go by of a negro baby, so if my ideas are rather dark you need not marvel. Since I last wrote you there have [been] a number of changes in Amherst. In the first place Mr. David Parsons has taken a wife to be the solace of his old age. She is a very superior lady. She has been a widow this number of years. Mr. P. found her in Hartford. She has a daughter about 20 years old, who is going to set up a dress maker's shop here. I am glad he has got a good wife to take care of his children. A. Tayler has gone to Bradford to school for a year. Mr. and Mrs. Carter have moved to Boston and their little charge, Lily Baker, has gone to Ashfield to live. Mr. Baker has gone to Northampton to live. Mr. Holland has been to the west, & brought home a niece just Sophia's age whom he has adopted as his daughter in Sophia's place. She resembles Sophia very much & Mr. Holland seems happier than he has for this long while before. Jane Houghton has gone to the south this winter to remain until her sister comes home. Martha Gilbert has gone to Pittsfield to school. Dr. Gridley has gone representative to Boston, this winter. I believe now that I have told the principal things which have taken place here since I wrote you last. Some persons have moved into town and some moved out. I think there are more strangers than usual in town this winter. It would really be remarkable to call upon a lady who has not a sister, Niece or cousin spending the winter with her. The Ladies Sewing Circle is very large this winter. I do not go though most of the girls near my age do. Mother thinks it not best for me to go into society so soon. They met at our house last time, and it was as much as we could do to wait on them as there are about 50 who attend. They had a sale

the eve before New Year's, so that all might purchase presents for their friends could have the privilege of so doing, and they had a fine time.

Oh! Did you hang up your stocking Christmas. Old Santa Claus was very polite to me the last Christmas. I hung up my stocking on the bedpost as usual. I had a Perfume Bag and a bottle of Otto of Rose to go with it. A sheet of music, a china mug with Forget me not upon it from Sarah Sears, who by the way is as handsome, entertaining and as fine a Piano player as in former times, a Toilet cushion, a watch case, a Fortune teller, and an amaranthine stock of Pin cushions and Needlebooks which in ingenuity and art would rival the works of Scripture Dorcas. I found abundance of candy in my stocking which I do not think has had the anticipated effect upon my disposition, in case it was to sweeten it, also two hearts at the bottom of all which I thought looked rather ominous, but I will not enter into any more details for they take up more room than I can spare. Haven't we had delightful weather for a week or two. It seems as if Old Winter had forgotten himself. Don't you believe he is absent minded. It has been bad weather for colds, however. I have had a severe cold for a few days and can sympathize with you, though I have been delivered from a stiff neck. I think you must belong to the tribe of Israel for you know in the bible the prophet calls them a stiff-necked generation. I have lately come to the conclusion that I am Eve, alias Mrs. Adam. You know there is no account of her death in the bible, and why am not I Eve. If you find any statements which you think likely to prove the truth of the case I wish you would send them to me without delay.

Have you heard a word from H. Merrill or S. Tracy. I consider them lost sheep. I send them a paper every week on Monday but I never get one in return. I am almost a mind to take a hand car and go around to hunt them up. I can't think that they have forgotten us, and I know of no reason unless they are sick why they should delay so long to show any signs of remembrance. Do write me soon a very long letter, and tell me all about your school and yourself too. Your affectionate friend Emily E. Dickinson.

Viny wishes not to be forgotten in her share of love.

Now if you don't answer this letter soon I shall – I shall do something dreadful. So if you wish to save me the commission of some terrible deed you must write me very soon. Are you not coming to Amherst this winter. I wish father would let me go down to Springfield to see you – and then we could talk over old times. I suppose you are getting along finely in music. I had forgotten to ask after your adorable Mr. Eastcott. There are a number of additions to the society of girls my age this winter. Mrs. S. Mack has a cousin staying with her, a very pretty girl. Emily Fowler has a cousin with her, Kate Hand by name, a very fine scholar. Then there is a Mrs. Sawtelle spending the winter here whose husband is at Washington, who has a daughter Henrietta who attends school. But I would give more to have Harriet Sarah and yourself back than all the new comers. How is your friend

Elizabeth Smith this winter. I hope better, though this season is bad for persons who are consumptive.

You cannot think how delighted I was to receive your letter. I had almost feared you had forgotten me. I carried it up to Abby's the same day that I received it.

Abby sends a great deal of love to you and says she shall write you very soon. Nancy Cutler too sends a great deal of love to you and wants much to hear from you. Why do you not ride over to A. this beautiful sleighing. I should be delighted to see you.

Sabra is well and sends much love to you, or would if she knew I was writing.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.14, 39–48; AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995). | Miss C = Campbell. The "negro baby" died January 9, the seven-month-old child of Charles Wilson. Parsons = jeweler and watch-maker, son and grandson of ministers with the same name. | Todd writes "Taylor" for "Tyler": Anna N. Tyler graduated from Bradford Academy of Young Ladies in 1847. Martha Gilbert attended the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute. Sarah Anne Sears was at AA, 1846–1847. Henrietta is the daughter of Elizabeth Lyman Sawtelle and her husband Cullen, who was representative for Maine in Congress (1845–47). Dr. Timothy Jones Gridley, from Amherst, was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

10.

To Abiah Root, January 31, 1846

Saturday eve. 1846.

Dear Abiah.

I fear you have thought me very long in answering your affectionate letter and especially considering the circumstances under which you wrote. But I am sure if you could have looked in upon me Dear A. since I received your letter you would heartily forgive me for my long delay.

I was delighted to receive an answer to my own so soon. Under any other circumstances I should have answered your letter sooner. But I feared lest in the unsettled state of your mind in regard to which choice you should make I might say something which might turn your attention from so all important a subject. I shed many tears over your letter – the last part of it. I hoped and still I feared for you. I have had the same feelings myself Dear A. I was almost persuaded to be a christian. I thought I never again could be thoughtless and worldly. and I can say that I never enjoyed such perfect peace and happiness as the short time in which I felt I had found my savior. But I soon forgot my morning prayer or else it was irksome to me. One by one my old habits returned and I cared less for religion than ever. I have longed to hear from you – to know what decision you have made. I hope you are a christian for I feel it is impossible for any one to be happy without a treasure in heaven. I feel that I shall never be happy without I love christ.

When I am most happy there is a sting in every enjoyment. I find no rose without a thorn. There is an aching void in my heart which I am convinced the world never can fill. I am far from being thoughtless upon the subject of religion. I continually hear christ saying to me Daughter give me thine heart. Probably you have made your decision long before this time. Perhaps you have exchanged the fleeting pleasures of time for a crown of immortality. Perhaps the shining company above have tuned their golden harps to the song of one more reclaimed sinner. I hope at sometime the heavenly gates will be opened to receive me and The angels will consent to call me sister. I am continually putting off becoming a christian. Evil voices lisp in my ear. There is yet time enough. I feel that every day I live I sin more and more in closing my heart to the offers of mercy which are presented to me freely. Last winter there was a revival here. The meetings were thronged by people old and young. It seemed as if those who sneered loudest at serious things were soonest brought to see their power and to make christ their portion. It was really wonderful to see how near heaven came to sinful mortals. Many who felt there was nothing in religion determined to go once & see if there was anything in it and they were melted at once.

Perhaps you will not beleive it Dear A. but I attended none of the meetings last winter. I felt that I was so easily excited that I might again be deceived and I dared not trust myself. Many conversed with me seriously and affectionately and I was almost inclined to yield to the claims of He who is greater than I. How ungrateful I am to live along day by day upon christs bounty and still be in a state of enmity to him & his cause.

Does not Eternity appear dreadful to you. I often get thinking of it and it seems so dark to me that I almost wish there was no Eternity.

To think that we must forever live and never cease to be. It seems as if Death which all so dread because it launches us upon an unknown world would be a relief to so endless a state of existence. I dont know why it is but it does not seem to me that I shall ever cease to live on earth. I cannot imagine with the farthest stretch of my imagination my own death scene. It does not seem to me that I shall ever close my eyes in death. I cannot realize that that the grave will be my last home.. that friends will weep over my coffin ~~weep~~ and that my name will be mentioned as one who has ceased to be among the haunts of the living and it will be wondered where my disembodied spirit has flown. I cannot realize that the friends I have seen pass from my sight in the prime of their days like dew before the sun will not again walk the streets and act their parts in the great drama of life, nor can I realize that when I again meet them it will be in another & a far different world from this. I hope we shall be acquitted at the bar of God. and shall receive the welcome, Well done Good & faithful Servants., enter ye into the Joy of your Lord. I wonder if we shall know each other in heaven and whether we shall be a chosen band as we are here. I am inclined to beleive that we shall – and that our love will be purer in heaven than on earth. I feel that life is short and time fleeting. and that I ought now to make my peace with my maker. I hope the golden opportunity is

not far hence when my heart will willingly yield itself to christ, and that my sins will be all blotted out of the book of remembrance. Perhaps before the close of the year now swiftly upon the wing some one of our number will be summoned to the Judgment seat above – and I hope we may not be separated when the final decision is made, for how sad would it be for one of our number to go to the dark realms of wo, where is the never dying worm and the fire which no water can quench. and how happy if we may be one unbroken company in heaven. I carried your letter to Abby and she perused it with the same feelings as myself. and we wished together that you might choose that better part which shall not be taken from you. Abby sends much love to you and many wishes for your happiness both temporal and eternal. She hopes to hear from you soon. very soon, and Abby and I shall be in a state of suspense until we hear from you & know what choice you have made or whether you have ceased to think of serious things. Do write me very soon and tell me all about yourself & your feelings and do forgive me for so long neglecting to answer your letter. Although I am not a christian still I feel deeply the importance of attending to the subject before it is too late. Your aff friend, Emily E. D.

I am delighted to think you are coming here to school next summer.. and what delightful times we shall have to be together again as in the days that are past.

We have had a Donation Party here since I received your last letter. Mr & Mrs. Colton. had some very valuable presents from their friends. I went with Abby. Maria. in the evening and had a very pleasant time. The next day the children all met & A & myself. went to help take care of them –

Sabra is well and sends much love to you. She says that she has owed you a letter this long while and shall write you soon as she has time. S. goes to school and finds little time for anything except her studys. Your Uncles family are all well. Please excuse those blots on the first page of my letter. as they [are] Austins work. and accidental.

Also excuse the writing for I have written in great haste.

I have 4 other letters to answer now. But I have written you first –

I can hardly wait for spring to come, for I so long to see you. It seems to me I shall be almost perfectly happy to see you again.

Have you heard anything yet from Harriet and Sarah. I have not, and I hardly know what to think of it. Miss H. Merrill says she has not heard from Harriet but once since she went away.

I shall write them both soon. Viny sends her love to you and says she shall be very glad to see you back again as shall all the rest of us. Dont fail to answer the letter soon. Yours. Emily E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L56). Publication: JL10. Postmark: Amherst Ms Feb 2; ED's "Saturday eve." The letter was posted on Monday. | Some words were deciphered from under ink blots on the page. Reverend A. M. Colton was the minister of the First Church of Amherst, which

the Dickinsons attended. Congregations held donation parties to help support their minister and his family. Colton presided over revivals in Amherst in 1831, 1844–45, and 1850. Miss H. Merrill = Hattie's aunt. ED quotes loosely from Matthew 25:21.

11.

To Abiah Root, March 28, 1846

Amherst. March. 28. 1846.

Dearest Abiah

It is Sabbath eve. All is still around me & I feel in a mood to answer your affectionate letter. I am alone before my little writing desk. & wishing I could write news to you as joyful as your letter to me contained. I am alone with God. & my mind is filled with many solemn thoughts. which crowd themselves upon me with an irresistible force. I think of Dear Sarah & yourself as the only two out of our circle of five who have found a Saviour. I shed many a tear & gave many a serious thought to your letter & wished that I had found the peace which has been given to you. I had a melancholy pleasure in comparing your present feelings with what mine once were, but are no more. I think of the perfect happiness I experienced while I felt I was an heir of heaven as of a delightful dream, out of which the Evil one bid me wake & again return to the world & its pleasures. Would that I had not listened to his winning words! The few short moments in which I loved my Saviour I would not now exchange for a thousand worlds like this. It was then my greatest pleasure to commune alone with the great God & to feel that he would listen to my prayers. I determined to devote my whole life to his service & desired that all might taste of the stream of living water from which I cooled my thirst. But the world allured me & in an unguarded moment I listened to her syren voice. From that moment I seemed to lose my interest in heavenly things by degrees. Prayer in which I had taken such delight became a task & the small circle who met for prayer missed me from their number. Friends reasoned with me & told me of the danger I was in of grieving away the Holy Spirit of God. I felt my danger & was alarmed in view of it, but I had rambled too far to return & ever since my heart has been growing harder & more distant from the truth & now I have bitterly to lament my folly. & also my own indifferent state at the present time.

I feel that I am sailing upon the brink of an awful precipice. from which I cannot escape & over which I fear my tiny boat will soon glide if I do not receive help from above. There is now a revival in College & many hearts have given way to the Claims of God. What if it should extend to the village church & your friends A. & E. feel its influence. Would that it might be so.

Although I feel sad that one should be taken and the others left – yet it is with joy that Abby and I peruse your letter & read your decision in favor of Christ & though we are not in the fold yet I hope when the great shepherd at the last day

separates the sheep from the goats we may hear his voice & be with the lambs upon the right hand of God. I know that I ought now to give myself away to God & spend the springtime of life in his service for it seems to me a mockery to spend life's summer & autumn in the service of mammon & when the world no longer charms us, "When our eyes are dull of seeing & our ears of hearing, when the silver cord is loosed & the golden bowl broken" to yield our hearts, because we are afraid to do otherwise & give to God the miserable recompense of a sick bed for all his kindness to us. Surely it is a fearful thing to live & a very fearful thing to die & give up our account to the supreme ruler for all our sinful deeds & thoughts upon this probationary term of existence.

I feel when I seriously reflect upon such things as Dr Young when he exclaimed. O! what a miracle to man is man –

Yesterday as I sat by the north window the funeral train entered the open gate of the church yard, following the remains of Judge Dickinson's wife to her long home. His wife has borne a long sickness of two or three years without a murmur. She relied wholly upon the arm of God & he did not forsake her. She is now with the redeemed in heaven & with the savior she has so long loved according to all human probability. I sincerely sympathise with you Dear. A. in the loss of your friend E. Smith. Although I had never seen her, yet I loved her from your account of her & because she was your friend. I was in hopes I might at sometime meet her but God has ordained otherwise & I shall never see her except as a spirit above. I do not recollect ever hearing you speak of her religious views but I hope her treasure was in heaven. What a blow to the fond hopes of her parents & friends must her early death be. I have never lost but one friend near my age & with whom my thoughts & her own were the same. It was before you came to Amherst.

My friend was Sophia Holland. She was too lovely for earth & she was transplanted from earth to heaven. I visited her often in sickness & watched over her bed. But at length Reason fled and the physician forbid any but the nurse to go into her room. Then it seemed to me I should die too if I could not be permitted to watch over her or even to look at her face. At length the doctor said she must die & allowed me to look at her a moment through the open door. I took off my shoes and stole softly to the sick room.

There she lay mild & beautiful as in health & her pale features lit up with an unearthly – smile. I looked as long as friends would permit & when they told me I must look no longer. I let them lead me away. I shed no tear. for my heart was too full to weep, but after she was laid in her coffin & I felt I could not call her back again I gave way to a fixed melancholy.

I told no none the cause of my grief, though it was gnawing at my very heart strings. I was not well & I went to Boston & stayed a month & my health improved so that my spirits were better. I trust she is now in heaven & though I shall never forget her, yet I shall meet her in heaven.

I know what your feelings must have been at her death, & rejoice that you have consolation from on high to bear it with submission. Your aff. Emily E. Dickinson –

Please not let. S. or any one see this letter. It is only for you.

I carried your letter to Abby, & we read it together. I shall show it to no one else. of course, as I never show any of the letters of the ‘five’ to any one but Abby as she is one of them.

You ask me to excuse the freedom of your letter Dear A.

I think all things should be free with friends, & therefore there is nothing to excuse. Do write me a long letter soon. & be sure & come home with Sabra. for I cannot wait any longer to see you.

I really envy Sabra the pleasure of seeing you so soon. & should not allow her to have any of you, did she not promise me faithfully to bring you home with her. Sabra says you have a new Piano & I rejoice with you that you have one. Viny says, give my love to Biah. as she always calls you & all the girls send much love to you. Now as a last warning, Dear. A. Dont forget to come home with Sabra for it would so bitterly dissappoint us if you should not come.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L57). Publication: JL11. | The “five” are ED, Abiah Root, Abby Wood, Harriet Merrill, and Sarah Tracy. Rebecca Dickinson and Elizabeth Smith died March 25 and March 7; Sophia Holland, April 29. After Sophia’s death, ED went to stay for about a month with her Aunt Lavinia Norcross in Boston, returning in June. | ED quotes loosely from the Bible, Matthew 13:15 and Ecclesiastes 12:6, and from Edward Young’s *Night Thoughts*.

12.

To Abiah Root, June 26, 1846

*Transcribed Todd
Friday Eve. 1846*

My dear Abiah.

Though it is a long time since I received your affectionate epistle yet when I give you my reasons for my long delay I know you will freely forgive & forget all past offences.

It seems to me that Time has never flown so swiftly with me as it has the last spring. I have been busy every minute & not only so, but hurried all the time. So you may imagine that I have not had a spare moment, much though my heart has longed for it, to commune with an absent friend. You cannot imagine how cruelly you disappointed Abby & I in not coming to visit us the last spring. We charged Sabra when she visited you at Feeding Hills, not to return without you & we could hardly speak peaceably to her when she returned alone. I anticipated more than I can express in seeing you & it seemed as if I could not wait to press

you to my arms. Why did you not come, dear A. Sabra did not give any reason for your staying away, only that you could not come, which did not at all satisfy A & myself. We had been planning a great many pleasure excursions – & a great deal of enjoyment against your arrival. Abby was to have you at her house part of the time, I the other part, & Sabra was to have you – – – how much? Not at all!!

Was not that a contrivance? But now you are out of our reach, & we have no hope of you at present. Was not your going to Norwich very sudden, & how long do you intend to stay there? Mrs Palmer told me you was not well at all when you left, & I am very anxious to hear a word from you as soon as possible. I presume you will be wondering by this time what I am doing to be in so much haste as I have declared myself to be. Well, I will tell you. I am fitting to go to South Hadley Seminary & expect if my health is good to enter that institution a year from next fall. Are you not astonished to hear such news? You cannot imagine how much I am anticipating in entering there. It has been in my thought by day & my dreams by night ever since I heard of S. H. Seminary. I fear I am anticipating too much & that some freak of fortune may overturn all my airy schemes for future happiness. But it is my nature always to anticipate more than I realize. I am now in school going over the Junior studies as I wish to enter the Middle Class. Have you not heard that Miss Adams – dear Miss Adams, is here this term. Oh! you cannot imagine how natural it seems to see her happy face in school once more. But it needs Harriet Sarah & your own dear self to complete the ancient picture. I hope we shall get you all back again before Miss Adams goes away again. Have you yet heard a word from that prodigal – Hatty Merrill. I have not, & I begin to think she has entirely forgotten us. I cannot bear to think she has forgotten the many happy hours we used to pass together in each other's society. I hear from Sarah once in a long while.

Mrs! Deacon! Washburn! Mack! wrote to Sarah telling her that Miss Adams was here & inviting her to spend the summer here. But she wrote that they intended to have a family meeting this summer & her father wished her to remain with them this summer.

You know Sarah is an obedient daughter! & she preferred to gratify her father rather than to spend the summer with her friends in Amherst. Do write me soon, dear A. & a long letter may it be [*few words missing*] Your aff. Friend Emily E. D.

I send you a memento in the form of a pressed flower which you must keep.

A converted Jew has been lecturing here for the last week. His lectures were free & they were on the present condition of the Jews. Dr. Scudder a returned missionary is here now & he is lecturing also. Have you seen a beautiful piece of poetry which has been going through the papers lately? Are we almost there? is the title of it.

Abby sends bundles of love to you & wants you to write her as soon as possible & tell her what you [*passage missing*] I have two hours to practice daily now I am

in school. I have been learning a beautiful thing which I long to have you hear,
[*passage missing*]

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.14, 39–48, 49–53; AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995). | F. Hills = Feeding Hills. Harriet Parsons Mack was married previously to Royal Washburn, Sarah Tracy's uncle. Matthew A. Berk, author of *The History of the Jews from the Babylonian Captivity to the Present Time* (1842), lectured in Amherst on June 18, 21, and 22. Reverend John Scudder founded a mission in Madras, India, in 1836 and lectured in Amherst on June 26. Florence Vane's "Are we almost there" was printed in newspapers by 1833 and published as a song in 1845.

13.

To Abiah Root, September 8, 1846

Boston. Sep. 8. 1846.

My dear friend Abiah.

It is a long – long time since I received your welcome letter & it becomes me to sue for forgiveness, which I am sure your affectionate heart will not refuse to grant. But many & unforeseen circumstances have caused my long delay. My health was very poor all the latter part of spring & continued so through the summer. As you may have heard, Dear Miss Adams is teaching in Amherst & I was very anxious to attend the academy last term on that account & did go for 11 weeks, at the close of which I was so unwell as to be obliged to leave school. It cost me many a severe struggle to leave my studies & to be considered an invalid, but my health demanded a release from all care & I made the sacrifice. I had a severe cough for several weeks attended with a difficulty in my throat & general debility. I left school & did nothing for some time excepting to ride & roam in the fields. I have now entirely got rid of my cough & all other bad feelings & am quite well & strong. My health affected my spirits & I was quite down spirited for some time, but have with renewed health regained my usual flow of spirits. Father & mother thought a journey would be of service to me & accordingly I left home for Boston week before last. I had a delightful ride in the cars & am now quietly settled down, if there can be such a state in the city, I am visiting in my aunts family & am happy. Happy! Did I say? No, not happy, but contented. I have been here a fortnight to day & in that time I have both seen & heard a great many wonderful things. Perhaps you might like to know how I have spent the time here. I have been to Mount Auburn, to the Chinese Museum, to Bunker hill. I have attended 2 concerts. & 1. Horticultural exhibition. I have been upon the top of the State house & almost everywhere that you can imagine.

Have you ever been to Mount Auburn? If not you can form but slight conception – of the "City of the dead." It seems as if Nature had formed the spot with a distinct idea in view of its being a resting place for her children, where wearied

and disappointed they might stretch themselves beneath the spreading cypress & close their eyes “calmly as to a nights repose or flowers at set of sun.”

The Chinese Museum is a great curiosity. There are an endless variety of Wax figures made to resemble the Chinese & dressed in their costume. Also articles of chinese manufacture of an innumerable variety deck the rooms. Two of the Chinese go with this exhibition. One of them is a Professor of music in China & the other is teacher of a writing school at home. They were both wealthy & not obliged to labor. but they were also Opium eaters & fearing to continue the practice lest it destroyed their lives yet unable to break the “rigid chain of habit” in their own land They left their family’s & came to this country. They have now entirely overcome the practice. There is something peculiarly interesting to me in their self denial. The Musician played upon two of his instruments & accompanied them with his voice. It needed great command over my risible faculty to enable me to keep sober as this amateur was performing, yet he was so very polite to give us some of his native music that we could not do otherwise than to express ourselves highly edified with his performances. The Writing master is constantly occupied in writing the names of visitors who request it upon cards in the Chinese language – for which he charges. 12 ½ cts. apiece. He never fails to give his card besides to the person who wish it. I obtained one of his cards for Viny & myself & I consider them very precious. Are you still in Norwich & attending to music. I am not now taking lessons but I expect to when I return home.

Does it seem as though September had come? How swiftly Summer has fled & what report has it borne to heaven of misspent time & wasted hours? Eternity only will answer. The ceaseless flight of the seasons is to me a very solemn thought. & yet Why do we not strive to make a better improvement of them?

With how much emphasis the poet has said, “We take no note of Time but from its loss. T’were wise in man to give it then a tongue. Pay no moment but in just purchase of it’s worth. & what it’s worth ask death beds. They can tell. Part with it as with life reluctantly.” Then we have higher authority than that of man for the improvement of our time. For God has said. “Work while the day lasts for the night is coming in the which no man can work.” Let us strive together to part with time more reluctantly, to watch the pinions of the fleeting moment until they are dim in the distance & the new coming moment claims our attention. I am not unconcerned Dear A. upon the all important subject to which you have so frequently & so affectionately called my attention in your letters.

But I feel that I have not yet made my peace with God. I am still a stranger – to the delightful emotions which fill your heart. I have perfect confidence in God & his promises & yet I know not why. I feel that the world holds a predominant place in my affections. I do not feel that I could give up all for Christ, were I called to die. Pray for me Dear A. that I may yet enter into the kingdom, that there may be room left for me in the shining courts above. Why do you not come to Amherst? I long to see you once more, to clasp you in my arms & to tell you of many things

which have transpired since we parted. Do come & make me a long – long. visit this autumn. Will you not? There have been many changes in Amherst since you was there. Many who were then in their bloom have gone to their last account & “the mourners go about the streets.” Abby was in Athol when I left home on a visit to her mother & brothers. She is very well & as lovely as ever. She will write you soon. Abby & I talk much of the happy hours we used to spend together with yourself. Sarah. & Hatty Merrill. Oh! What would I give could we all meet again. Do write me soon Dear A & let it be a long – long letter. Dont forget!!!!!! Your aff. friend Emily. E. D.

Sabra Palmer was well the last time I saw her & she talked of going to Feeding Hills. She may be there now for ought I know. Do you not think it has been unusually hot the past summer. I have really suffered from the heat the last week. I think it remarkable that we should have such weather in September. There were over 100 deaths in Boston last week, a great many of them owing to the heat. Mr Taylor, Our old Teacher, was in Amherst at Commencement time. Oh! I do love Mr. Taylor. It seemed so like old times to meet Miss Adams & Mr Taylor together again.

I could hardly refrain from singing Auld Lang Syne. It seemed so very apropos. Have you forgotten the memorable ride we all took with Mr Taylor. “Long, Long, ago.”

I hear from Sarah Tracy quite often, but as to Hatty I will not ask you if you ever hear from her for it would oblige you to leave room in your next letter, to say. No: not a word. Sarah writes in very good spirits & I think she is very happy. I am so glad to think Sarah has so good a home & kind friends for she is every way worthy of them. How glad I should be to find you in A. when I return home. Dont you recollect it was the day I returned from Boston before that I first met you & introduced myself so unceremoniously?

Have you any flowers in Norwich? My garden looked finely when I left home. It is in Viny’s care during my absence. Austin entered college last Commencement. Only think !!!!! I have a brother who has the honor to be a Freshman.

Will you not promise me that you will come to Commencement when he graduates? Do! Please! Viny told me if I wrote you while I was gone to give her best love to you. I have altered very much since you was here. I am now very tall & wear long dresses near[l]y. Do you beleive we shall know each other when we meet. Dont forget to write soon. E.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L58). Publication: JL13. Postmark: Boston 10 Sept Norwich CT 14 Sept. Tiny diamond-shaped stamp attached, containing the legend “Till we meet.” | Jeremiah Taylor (AC 1843) was principal of AA, 1843–44. ED quotes from two contemporary poets: “Marco Bozaris” (1825) by Fitz-Greene Halleck and “Procrastination” (1833) by Lydia Howard Sigourney. “[T]he poet” = Edward Young, whose *Night Thoughts* she quotes. ED takes “the mourners go about the streets” from Ecclesiastes 12:5.

14.

*To Abiah Root, late autumn 1846**Transcribed Todd
Sabbath Eve. 1846.*

My dear Abiah.

When I last wrote you I was in Boston, where I spent a delightful visit of 4 weeks. I returned home about the middle of September in very good health & spirits, for which it seems to me I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the giver of all mercies. I expected to go into the Academy upon my return home, but as I stayed longer than I expected to & as the school had already commenced I made up my mind to remain at home during the fall term & pursue my studies the winter term which commences a week after Thanksgiving. I kept my good resolution for once in my life, and have been sewing, practicing upon the Piano, & assisting mother in household affairs. I am anticipating the commencement of the next term with a great deal of pleasure, for I have been an exile from school two terms on account of my health & you know what it is to "love school." Miss Adams is with us now, & will remain through the winter, & we have an excellent Principal in the person of Mr. Leonard Humphrey, who was the last valedictorian. We now have a fine school. I thank you a thousand times for your long and affectionate letter which I should have answered long before this if I could have found time to do so. I have commenced 5 or 6 letters before this, but something has occurred to interrupt me so that they have been consigned to my folio unfinished & by the time I would be ready to finish them everything that I have written seems so stale and out of date that I commence anew & a thousand chances to one this will share the same fate of its worthy & abused predecessors. I did really intend to follow your "good example" but I have had a great deal to do since I returned. I found a quantity of sewing waiting with open arms to embrace me, or rather for me to embrace it, & I could hardly give myself up to "nature's sweet restorer" for the ghosts of out of order garments crying for vengeance upon my defenceless head. However, I am happy to inform you, my dear friend, that I have nearly finished my sewing for winter, and will answer all the letters which you shall deem worthy to send so naughty a girl as myself, at short notice. Are you never coming to Amherst? You say in your last letter that you are coming in the spring, but your friends Abby & myself after discussing the matter at large have decided that if you have a spark of affection left in your heart for us you must come before. Why can you not come at Thanksgiving time, or at least after snow comes. Do come as soon as you can possibly & be sure that when you do come be it early or late you will find two warm friends ready to welcome you, by the names of Abby & Emily. Write soon, Your aff.

Emily E. D.

I have much to tell you of when I see you, & let that be speedy. Abby sends bushels of love to you, & also a note which I enclose. Have you yet heard from

Dear Harriet? I have not. Miss Merrill has written to Harriet & Frances inviting them to spend Thanksgiving. I need not tell you how much I wish to see her & learn the cause of her long silence. How I wish we could all meet at Thanksgiving time. How much we should have to say of the times that are gone. Write very soon.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.15, 62–65; AC Tr106: sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995).

15.

To Abiah Root, March 14, 1847

Sabbath eve. 1847.

Ever dear, Abiah:

I was delighted to receive your affectionate letter & to know that I was not quite forgotten & should have answered it speedily had I been able. The influenza has been very prevalent & severe here this winter & at the time your letter reached me, I was quite sick with it, so that I could scarcely sit up or do anything at all. My cold was very severe in my head at first, but after I had partly recovered from that, my cold settled upon my lungs & I had a hard cough for 3 or 4. weeks. I am happy to say that I am pretty well now & yours is the first letter which I have answered since I was sick. Surely you will forgive me this once!! I suppose that your term at Miss C's school is near its close, if it has not already closed. Our term in the academy has closed, we have spent our vacation of a fortnight & school has commenced again since you wrote me. I go this term & am studying, Algebra, Euclid, Ecc History & reviewing Arithmetic again, to be upon the safe side of things next autumn. We have a delightful school this term under the instruction of our former principals & Miss. R. Woodbridge – daughter of Rev. Dr. W. of Hadley, for preceptress. We all love her very much. Perhaps a slight description of her might be interesting to my dear A. – She is tall & rather slender, but finely proportioned, has a most witching pair of blue eyes – rich brown hair – delicate complexion – cheeks which vie with the opening rose bud – teeth like pearls – dimples which come & go like the ripples in yonder little merry brook – & then she is so affectionate & lovely. Forgive my glowing description, for you know I am always in love with my teachers. Yet, much as we love her, it seems lonely & strange without "Our dear Miss Adams." I suppose you know that she has left Amherst, not again to return as a teacher. It is indeed true, that she is to be married. Are you not astonished? Nothing was known, but that she was to return to the school, until a few days before she left for Syracuse, where she has gone to make her "wedding gear." She is to be married the first of next April, to a very respectable lawyer in Conway. Mass. She seemed to be very happy in anticipation of her future prospects & I hope she will realise all her fond hopes. I cannot bear to think that she will never more wield

the scepter, & sit upon the throne in our venerable schoolhouse & yet I am glad she is going to have a home of her own & a kind companion to take life's journey with her. I am delighted that she is to live so near us, for we can ride up & see her often. You cannot imagine how much I enjoyed your description of your Christmas fete at Miss Campbell's. How magnificent the "Christmas tree" must have been & what a grand time you must have had, so many of you.!!! Oh!!! I had a great many presents, Christmas, & New year's holidays – both. but we had no such celebration of the former which you describe.

Do you hear from Dear. Sarah & Harriet. I have heard nothing from either of them this age. I sent Hatty a paper the other day & hope it may remind her of old & I fear – forgotten friends. However time will decide. Mrs. Merrill has not heard a word since last fall & does not know why. She thinks Hatty is so busy that she cant get time to write any of us. But if so busy why does she not send us a paper ore speak of us when she writes her grandmother? There is a mystery about her silence to me. I hope she is happy &, but I will say no more of her till I see you "face to face" & we can "commune as a man communeth with his friend" one with another. I have one little note that Hatty wrote me soon after she went home, which I value as my own self. It is a precious communication & I will show it to you when you come. You see how much I am anticipating your visit to Amherst & you must not again dissappoint my fond expectations. Sabra told me the other day that her father was going to Michigan in May to bring on the widow & orphan child of your lamented "Cousin Albert" & that she had written you not to come until that time on account of their being alone at that time. Abby & I are talking constantly of your intended visit here & I expect we shall quarrel all the time when you really do come about who shall have the most of you. However I do not think we shall conduct quite as warlike as that. You must not think of staying less than a fortnight when you come for so long have we known each other only by symbols traced upon paper, that our words will be many & our intercourse full of affection for those of our number who are distant from us & of joy at our meeting.

Do write me soon – a long letter & tell me how soon you are coming & how long we can keep you when you come. Your aff. Emily E. Dickinson.

Abby desires to be particularly remembered to you & Viny also sends much love to "Biah". When Miss Adams went away she wished me to tell you when I saw or wrote you that she had been trying to answer your letter this long while & should as soon as she got time. I think that Abby – you & I had better write her a congratulatory letter after she arrives at her new home, telling her of our joy at her union with so worthy a man & giving her sundry bits of advice on the importance of her station & her household cares. What do you think of this idea? If it is your pleasure you will please to – signify it by the usual sign in your next letter. Let me hear from you very soon & I will answer speedily.



Figure 3. Daguerreotype of Emily Dickinson, c. 1847.

Emily Dickinson Collection, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, Amherst, Massachusetts.

Note: AC B2, F19 photostat. Publication: *L* (1931), with facsimile of last page. | The spring semester at AA began March 3; daughter of a Hadley minister, Rebecca Woodbridge was currently head of “the Female Department.” In the seventh sentence of the penultimate paragraph, ED writes “ore” for “or.”

16.

To Austin Dickinson, October 21, 1847

[Mount Holyoke Female Seminary]

Thursday noon.

My dear Brother. Austin.

I have not really a moment of time in which to write you & am taking time from “silent study hours,” but I am determined not to break my promise again & I generally carry my resolutions into effect. I watched you until you were out of sight Saturday evening & then went to my room & looked over my treasures & surely no miser ever counted his heaps of gold, with more satisfaction than I gazed upon the presents from home.

The cake – gingerbread – pie – & peaches are all devoured, but the – apples – chestnuts & grapes still remain & will I hope for some time. You may laugh if

you want to, in view of the little time in which so many of the good things have dissappeared but you must recollect that there are two instead of one to be fed & we have keen appetites over here. I cant tell you now how much good your visit did me. My cough is almost gone & my spirits have wonderfully lightened since then. I had a great mind to be homesick after you went home, but I concluded not to, & therefore gave up all homesick feelings. Was not that a wise determination? How have you all been at home since last week? I suppose nothing of serious importance has occurred, or I should have heard of it, before this time. I received a long letter from Mary. Warner, last evening & if you see her, please give my love to her & tell her I will answer it the first moment, I have to spare from school. By the way, there has been a Menagerie. here this week. Miss. Lyon. provided, "Daddy Hawks" as a beau, for all the Seminary girls, who wished to see the bears & monkeys, & your sister not caring to go, was obliged to decline the gallantry of said gentleman, which I fear I may never have another opportunity to avail myself of. The whole company stopped in front of the Seminary & played for about a quarter of an hour, for the purpose of getting custom in the afternoon I opine. Almost all the girls went & I enjoyed the solitude finely.

I want to know when you are coming to see me again, for I wish to see you as much as I did before. I went to see Miss Fiske. in her room yesterday & she read me, her letter from Sam & a right merry letter it was too. It sounded like him for all the world. I love Miss. Fiske. very much & think I shall love all the teachers. when I become better acquainted with them & find out their ways, which I can assure you are almost "past finding out." I had almost forgotten to tell you of a dream, which I dreamed, last night & I would like to have you turn Daniel & interpret it to me, or if you dont care about going through all the perils which he did I will allow you to interpret it without, provided you will try to tell no lies about it. Well, I dreamed a dream & Lo!!! Father had failed & mother said that "our rye field which she & I planted, was mortgaged to Seth Nims." I hope it is not true but do write soon & tell me for you know "I should expire with mortification" to have our rye field mortgaged, to say nothing of it's falling into the merciless hands of a loco!!! Wont you please to tell me when you answer my letter who the candidate for President is? I have been trying to find out ever since I came here & have not yet succeeded. I dont know anything more about affairs in the world, than if I was in a trance, & you must imagine with all your "Sophomoric discernment," that it is but little & very faint. Has the Mexican war terminated yet & how? Are we beat? Do you know of any nation about to besiege South Hadley? If so, do inform me of it, for I would be glad of a chance to escape, if we are to be stormed. I suppose Miss Lyon. would furnish us all with daggers & order us to fight for our lives, in case such perils should befall us.

Tell mother, that she was very thoughtful to inquire in regard to the welfare of my shoes. Emily has a shoe brush & plenty of blacking. & I brush my shoes to

my heart's content. Thank Viny 10,000. times for the beautiful ribbon & tell her to write me soon. Tell father I thank him for his letter & will try to follow its precepts. Do excuse the writing for I am in furious haste & cant write another word.

Your aff. Emily.

Give much love to Father – mother Viny, Abby – Mary, Deacon Haskell's family & all the good folks at home, whom I care anything about.

I shall write Abby & Mary very soon. Do write me a long letter soon & answer all my questions, that is if you can read them. Come & see me as often as you can & bring a good load every time.

Miss Fiske. told me if I was writing to Amherst to send her love. Not specifying to whom, you may deal it out, as your good sense & discretion prompt.

Be a good boy & mind me.

Note: AC 551. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: South Hadley Mass Oct 22. | The Reverend Roswell Hawks joined the Board of Trustees of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary in 1833. Rebecca Fiske taught at Mount Holyoke 1846–1849. | Loco-foco first meant an antimonopolistic New York City Democrat; like her contemporary Whigs, ED uses it to refer to Democrats generally. Seth Nims was a Democrat and the Amherst postmaster. US annexation of Texas in 1845 provoked the Mexican-American War, fought April 1846–February 1848, and generally opposed by Whigs. | Emily (Norcross)=ED's cousin and roommate.

17.

To Austin Dickinson, November 2, 1847

[Mount Holyoke Female Seminary]

Tuesday noon.

My dear Brother. Austin.

I have this moment finished my recitation in History & have a few minutes, which I shall occupy in answering your short, but welcome letter. You probably heard that I was alive & well. yesterday, unless, Mr. E. Dickinson was robbed of a note, whose contents were to that effect. But as robbers are not very plenty now a days, I will have no forebodings on that score. for the present. How you! do you get along without me, now & does "it seem any more like a funeral," than it did before your visit to your humble servant in this place? Answer me!!! I want much to see you all at home & expect to 3. weeks from tomorrow, if nothing unusual, like a famine or pestilence, occurs to prevent my going home. I am anticipating much in seeing you on this week Saturday & you had better not dissappoint me!! for if you do, I will harness the "furies" & pursue you with a "whip of scorpions," which is even worse you will find, than the "long oat" which you may remember. Have you heard from Sarah Pynchen. lately & have you found out "those particular reasons" which prevent her corresponding with me, much to her sorrow & my

inexpressible regret, for having few letters to write, now I am away from home, it would be a pleasant method of employing my leisure time & keep my mind from vain & foolish thoughts in the leisure time before mentioned. How long is Mary. Warner. to be absent from home? I received a long letter from her a few days since & sent her a letter directed to Medford, today.

I hear often from Abby. & think she has not forgotten me, though absent. She is now my debtor to the amount of one long letter & I wish you would inform her, if you have an opportunity, that I am anxiously waiting to receive it. I received a letter last eve, of an amusing nature & signed by the writer as "John. Klima". I read it, but as I found the postage was 10. cts. I concluded it was not intended for me & sent it back to the office. The postmark, was so faint that I could not decipher it & I have not a little curiosity respecting it. If you can give me any clue to the mystery, I will be obliged to you, in due proportion to the amount of information which you are able to give me. How do the plants look now & are they as flourishing as before I went away? I wish much to see them. Some of the girls here, have plants, but it is a cold place & I am very glad that I did not bring any, as I thought of doing. A young lady by the name of Beach. left here for home this morning. She could not get through her examinations & was very wild beside. Miss Lyon. said she should write her father, if she did not change her course & as she did not, her father came for her last night. He was an interesting man & seemed to feel very badly that his daughter should be obliged to leave, on account of bad conduct. Perhaps you saw an account some time since, of a carriage. being presented to Henry Clay. by a Mr. Beach. It was the self same. Why dont Sarah Thompson's brother come over to see her, if he has one spark of affection for her? Please tell him, she is very anxious to see him & will not receive him if he dont come soon. You must tell mother that I was delighted to see her handwriting once more, but that she need not put herself out to write me, for I know just how much she has to do & on that account do not expect to see letters from her very often. Please tell Viny, that if she has any time from the cares of her household to write a line to me, that I would receive it with all due deference to her age & majesty & honors. I suppose "Cook" occupies most of her time & will therefore excuse her long delay for the past, but not for the future. Cousin Emily. had a letter from Grandmother.. last night and she mentioned in her letter, that Mrs Coleman & Eliza were daily expected in Monson & would probably spend some time at Aunt Flynt's. It seems impossible to me that Mrs – Frink. is dead. How is Jacob. Holt. now? I have not heard a word from him since you were here & feel quite anxious to know how he is. Give much love to him & tell him I will write him as soon as I can find a spare moment for it. Are Thompson. & Newton. going away before I come home?

Give much love to Father. Mother. Viny & Abby, also thank Abby for her note & tell her I consider it only a type of what is forthcoming. Do write a long letter to

Your aff Sister. Emily.

Tell Father, I am obliged to him much for his offer of “picauniary” assistance, but do not need any. We are furnished with an account-book. here & obliged to put down every mill. which we spend & what we spend it for & show it to Miss. Whitman every Saturday, so you perceive your sister is learning to keep accounts in addition to the other branches of her education. I am getting along nicely in my studies & am happy – quite for me. Wont you ask father for Aunt Elisabeth’s address & give to me when you write me for I wish to write her & don’t know to whose care to send it.

South – Hadley – Seminary.

Nov^r 2d. _____ 1847 –

Bill of. Fare.

Roast-Veal.

Potatoes.

Squash.

Gravy.

Wheat & Brown-Bread.

Butter.

Pepper & Salt.

Dessert.

Apple-Dumpling.

Sauce.

Water.

Is’nt that a dinner fit to set before a King.

Emily. E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 552. Publication: *Home*. | Sarah G. Thompson was a junior at Mount Holyoke; her brother John roomed with Austin at Williston Seminary. Aunt Flynt = Sarah Norcross Flynt, mother of Maria Flynt Coleman. Elizabeth Frink died late October at age 34. Jacob Holt attended AA and died of consumption, May 14, 1848; ED transcribed a poem, “Composed by Dr. J. Holt, during his last sickness,” on the inside cover of her Bible.

18.

To Abiah Root, November 6, 1847

Mt Holyoke. Seminary. Nov^r 6. 1847.

My dear Abiah.

I am really at Mt Holyoke Seminary & this is to be my home for a long year. Your affectionate letter was joyfully received & I wish that this might make you as happy as your’s did me. It has been nearly six weeks since I left home & that is a longer time, than I was ever away from home before now. I was very homesick

for a few days & it seemed to me I could not live here. But I am now contented & quite happy, if I can be happy when absent from my dear home & friends. You may laugh at the idea, that I cannot be happy when away from home, but you must remember that I have a very dear home & that this is my first trial in the way of absence for any length of time in my life. As you desire it, I will give you a full account of myself since I first left the paternal roof. I came to S. Hadley. six weeks ago next Thursday. I was much fatigued with the ride & had a severe cold besides, which prevented me from commencing my examinations until the next day, when I began.

I finished them in three days & found them about what I had anticipated, though the old scholars say they are more strict than they ever have been before. As you can easily imagine, I was much delighted to finish without failures & I came to the conclusion then, that I should not be at all homesick, but the reaction left me as homesick a girl as it is not usual to see. I am now quite contented & am very much occupied now in reviewing the Junior studies, as I wish to enter the middle class. The school is very large & though quite a number have left, on account of finding the examinations, more difficult than they anticipated, yet there are nearly 300. now. Perhaps you know that Miss. Lyon. is raising her standard of scholarship a good deal, on account of the number of applicants this year & on account of that, she makes the examinations more severe than usual.

You cannot imagine how trying they are, because if we cannot go through them all in a specified time, we are sent home. I cannot be too thankful that I got through as soon as I did & I am sure that I never would endure the suspense which I endured during those three days again for all the treasures of the world.

I room with my Cousin Emily, who is a Senior. She is an excellent room-mate & does all in her power to make me happy. You can imagine how pleasant a good room-mate is, for you have been away to school so much. Everything is pleasant & happy here & I think I could be no happier at any other school away from home. Things seem much more like home than I anticipated & the teachers are all very kind & affectionate to us. They call on us frequently & urge us to return their calls & when we do, we always receive a cordial welcome from them.

I will tell you my order of time for the day, as you were so kind as to give me yours. At 6.0 clock, we all rise. We breakfast at 7. Our study hours begin at 8. At 9. we all meet in Seminary Hall. for devotions. At 10¼. I recite a review of Ancient History, in connection with which we read. Goldsmith. & Grimshaw. At .11. I recite a lesson in "Pope's Essay on Man" which is merely transposition. At .12. I practice Calisthenics & at 12¼ read until dinner, which is at 12½ & after dinner, from 1½ until 2. I sing in Seminary Hall. From 2¾ until 3¾. I practice upon the Piano. At 3¾ I go to Sections, where we give in all our accounts for the day, including, Absence – Tardiness – Communications – Breaking. Silent Study hours – Receiving Company in our rooms & ten thousand other things, which I will not take time or place to mention. At 4½. we go into Seminary Hall. & receive advice

from Miss. Lyon. in the form of a lecture. We have Supper at 6. & silent – study hours from then until the retiring bell, which rings at 8¾, but the tardy bell does not ring until 9¾, so that we dont often obey the first warning to retire.

Unless we have a good & reasonable excuse for failure opon any of the items, that I mentioned above, they are recorded & a black mark stands against our names: As you can easily imagine, we do not like very well to get “exceptions” as they are called scientifically here. My domestic work is not difficult & consists in carrying the Knives from the 1st tier of tables at morning & noon & at night washing & wiping the same quantity of Knives. I am quite well & hope to be able to spend the year here, free from sickness. You have probably heard many reports of the food here & if so I can tell you, that I have yet seen nothing corresponding to my ideas on that point from what I have heard. Everything is wholesome & abundant & much nicer than I should imagine could be provided for almost 300. girls. We have also a great variety opon our tables & frequent changes. One thing is certain & that is, that Miss. Lyon. & all the teachers, seem to consult our comfort & happiness in everything they do & you know that is pleasant. When I left home, I did not think I should find a companion or a dear friend in all the multitude. I expected to find rough & uncultivated manners, & to be sure I have found some of that stamp, but on the whole, there is an ease & grace a desire to make one another happy, which delights & at the same time surprises me very much. I find no Abby. or Abiah. or Mary. but I love many of the girls. Austin. came to see me when I had been here about two weeks and brought Viny. & Abby. I need not tell you how delighted I was to see them all, nor how happy it made me to hear them say that “they were so lonely.” It is a sweet feeling to know that you are missed & that your memory is precious at home.

This week. on Wednesday. I was at my window, when I happened to look towards the hotel & saw Father & Mother, walking over here as dignified as you please. I need not tell you that I danced & clapped my hands, & flew to meet them for you can imagine how I felt. I will only ask you do you love your parents? They wanted to surprise me, & for that reason did not let me know they were coming. I could not bear to have them go, but go they must & so I submitted in sadness. Only to think Abiah, that in 2½. weeks I shall be at my own dear home again. You will probably go home at Thanksgiving time & we can rejoice with each other.

You dont [know] how I laughed at your description of your introduction to Dan^l Webster & I read that part of your letter to Cousin. Emily. You must feel quite proud of the acquaintance & will not I hope be vain in consequence. However you dont know Gov^r Briggs & I do so you are no better off than I.

I hear frequently from Abby & it is a great pleasure to receive her letters. Last eve, I had a long & very precious letter from her & she spoke of rec^g a letter from you. You probably have heard of the death of O. Coleman. How melancholy!!

Eliza. had written me a long letter giving me an account of her death, which is beautiful & affecting & which you shall see when we meet again.

Abiah, you must write me often & I shall write you as often as I have time. But you know I have many letters to write now I am away from home. Cousin. Emily. says "Give my love to Abiah.["]

From your aff Emily. E. D –

Note: Mount Holyoke. Publication: "An Emily Dickinson Letter," *Mount Holyoke Alumnae Quarterly* (1926). | George N. Briggs, Whig governor of Massachusetts, and his wife spent a night at the Dickinsons; Edward was a member of the Governor's executive council, 1846–47. Olivia M. Coleman, a graduate of AA like her younger sister, ED's friend Eliza, died September 28, 1847. Her father Lyman Coleman was principal of AA, 1844–1846, during Dickinson's time there.

19.

To Austin Dickinson, December 11, 1847

[Mount Holyoke Female Seminary]

Saturday. P. M.

My dear Brother. Austin.

I heard today that Mr. Colton. from Amherst was to preach here tomorrow & am writing a word, hoping to send by him to you. You probably thought me very sisterly, grateful &c. not to answer your kind letter by Mary. Snell, but I had no time to write by her & since then I have been occupied every moment & could find no time to write you. I was not very well when Mary. was here, but think that I am better now.

I finished my examination in Euclid last eve & without a failure at any time. You can easily imagine how glad I am to get through with 4. books. for you have finished the whole forever. I am looking forward to next Wednesday. very impatiently – as I expect you & Mary. Warner. then. Surely you will not disappoint me. How are you all at home & what are you doing this vacation? You are reading Arabian Nights, according to Viny's statement. I hope you have derived much benefit from their perusal & presume your powers of imagining will vastly increase thereby. But I must give you a word of advice too. Cultivate your other powers in proportion as you allow Imagination to captivate you!! Am not I a very wise young lady?

I had almost forgotten to tell you what my studies are now. "Better late than never." They are, Chemistry, Physiology & quarter course in Algebra. I have completed four studies already & am getting along well. Did you think that it was my birthday – yesterday? I dont believe I am 17. Is. Jacob. Holt any better than when you wrote last & is there any hope of him? Give much love to all home friends & tell them I will write a long letter soon. Knowing you to be fond of gimcracks

I wish you would accept the enclosed Box of Wafers. Hope you will use them on all extra important occasions, such as writing notes for example &, but I will not specify. My best love to father, mother, Viny, Abby & Mary.

From your aff. Sister Emily.

Note: AC 553. Publication: *Home*. | The envelope has a commercially produced diamond-shaped sticker with "GUESS" printed on it; upon opening the envelope flap one reads "if you can." Just below the line of the signature is a diamond-shaped stamp bearing the printed legend "I watch and I hope," with Dickinson adding "for you."

20.

To Abiah Root, January 17, 1848

Mt. Hol. Fem. Sem. Jan. 17. 1848 –

My dear Abiah.

Your welcome epistle found me upon the eve of going home & it is needless to say very happy. We all went home on Wednesday before Thanksgiving & a stormy day it was, but the storm must not be in our way, so we tried to make the best of it & look as cheerful as we could. Many of the girls went very early in the morning in order to reach home the same day & when we all sat down to the breakfast table, it seemed lonely enough to see so many places vacant. After breakfast, as we were not required to keep all the family rules, a number of us met together at one of the windows in the Hall to watch for our friends, whom we were constantly expecting. No morning of my life ever passed so slowly to me & it really seemed to me they never were coming, so impatiently did I wait their arrival. At last almost tired out I spied a carriage in the distance & surely Austin was in it. You who have been away so much, can easily imagine my delight & will not laugh, when I tell you how I dashed down stairs & almost frightened my dignified – brother out of his senses. All was ready in a moment or less than a moment & Cousin Emily & myself, not forgetting the driver, were far on our way towards home. The rain fell in torrents & the wind howled around the sides of the mountain over our heads & the brooks below filled by the rain rushed along their pebbly beds almost frightfully, yet nothing daunted, we rode swiftly along & soon the Colleges & the spire of our venerable Meeting House, rose to my delighted vision.

Never did Amherst look more lovely to me & gratitude rose in my heart to God, for granting me such a safe return to my own dear home. Soon the carriage stopped in front of our own house & all were at the door to welcome the returned one, from Mother with tears in her eyes down to Pussy who tried to look as gracious as was becoming her dignity. Oh! Abiah, it was the first meeting as it had been the first separation & it was a joyful one to all of us. The storm did not at all subside that night, but in the morning I was waked by the glorious sun himself – staring

full in my face. We went to church in the morning & listened to an excellent sermon from our own minister, Mr. Colton. At noon we returned & had a nice dinner, which, you well know cannot be dispensed with on Thanksgiving day. We had several calls in the afternoon and had four invitations out for the evening. Of course, we could not accept them all, much to my sorrow, but decided to make two visits.

At about 7. oclock, Father, Mother, Austin, Viny, Cousin Emily & myself to bring up the rear, went down to Prof Warner's, where we spent an hour delightfully, with a few friends & then bidding them good eve, we young folks, went down to Mrs. S. Mack's accompanied by Sister Mary.

There was quite a company of young people assembled, when we arrived and after we had played many Games, we had in familiar terms a "Candy scrape." We enjoyed the evening much & returned not until the clock pealed out "Remember 10 oclock my dear, remember 10, oclock." After our return, Father wishing to hear the Piano, I like an obedient daughter, played & sang a few tunes, much to his apparent gratification. We then retired & the next day & the next were as happily spent as the eventful Thanksgiving day itself. You will probably think me foolish thus to give you an inventory of my time while at home, but I did enjoy so much in those short four days, that I wanted you to know and enjoy it too. Monday came so soon & with it came a carriage to our door & amidst tears falling thick & fast away I went again. Slowly & sadly dragged a few of the days after my return to the Seminary and I was very homesick, but "after a storm there comes a calm" and so it was in my case. My sorrows were soon lost in study & I again felt happy, if happiness there can be away from "home, sweet home."

Our term closes, this week on Thursday & Friday, I hope to see home and friends once more. I have studied hard this term & aside from my delight at going home, there is a sweetness in approaching rest to me. This term is the longest in the year & I would not wish to live it over again, I can assure you. I love this Seminary & all the teachers are bound strongly to my heart by ties of affection. There are many sweet girls here & dearly do I love some new faces, but I have not yet found the place of a few dear ones filled, nor would I wish it to be here. I am now studying "Silliman's Chemistry" & Cutler's Physiology in both of which I am much interested. We finish Physiology before this term closes & are to be examined in it at the Spring Examinations, about five weeks after the commencement of the next term. I already begin to dread that time for an examination in Mt Hol. Sem^y is rather more public than in our old academy & a failure would be more disgraceful there, I opine, but I hope to use my father's own words "that I shall not disgrace myself." What are you studying now? You did not mention that item in your last letters to me & consequently I am quite in the dark as regards your progress in those affairs. All I can say is, that I hope you will not leave poor me far behind. Mr. Humphrey. brought Mary. Warner. over to see me the other day & we had a delightful time, you well know. Cousin. Emily sends much love & wishes you to

write her a note, when you answer my letter & may it be speedily. Your aff. Sister. Emily. E. Dickinson.

Our Section. have commenced reading Compositions & we read once in a month, during which time we write two.

You remember that you wished a remembrance to Jane. Humphrey when you last wrote me & I did the message to her. She sends much love to you & wishes much to see you. In my last letter from home, Viny said that Mrs. A. Palmer. returned to Southwick a fortnight since. Do you not think her very lovely in her garb of mourning? Mary. is a sweet child & bids fair to be as interesting as her mother. Helen. seems perfectly bound up in her child and I trust she will be a great comfort to her in her solitary & lonely hours. It seems a very long time since our last meeting and I long to see you once more. There is a great deal of religious interest here and many are flocking to the ark of safety. I have not yet given up to the claims of Christ, but trust I am not entirely thoughtless on so important & serious a subject.

Do you not think we have had some delightful weather for winter & does it not remind you of spring?

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L59). Publication: JL20. Postmark: Hadley 19. | In the penultimate paragraph, ED apparently omits the word "send." ED quotes from a popular song entitled "Ten o'Clock" or "Remember, Love, Remember." Mount Holyoke Seminary had no Christmas recess, as was typical in New England schools at the time.

21.

To Austin Dickinson, February 15, 1848

[Mount Holyoke Female Seminary]
Tuesday noon.

My dear Austin.

Miss, Fiske. has been to my room & left word that she is going to Amherst. to night & I can send home by her if I wish. It seemed desolate enough here for a few days after my return as Emily. had not come & I was all alone, but I have now got settled down in the old track and feel quite at home. I am pretty well & have got rested from my dissipation. You have probably recovered from the effects of my visit this time & can retire in season. Miss. Mann. came in to see me soon after father went home and spoke of enjoying her visit at our house very much.

Emily Norcross. came yesterday about 5.o clock & glad was I to see her I can assure you. She left all Monson folks, well. You probably know that Mary. Hills. went home yesterday & dont know when she will return. When is Harriet. Parsons coming back, or has she decided to remain at home?

Please give much love to all at home & to Mary & Abby. Also remember me to your, room-mate if you please to do so. I do hope you will come & see me as often

as you can, for I want much to see you already; it is good sleighing, that you need make no great sacrifice to ride over here I am sure. You must not expect to hear from me often, for I have but little time to write, but you must write me as often as possible. Your aff. Emily.

Note: AC 554. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | Margaret Mann taught at Mount Holyoke, 1844–1848. Mary E. Hills belonged to a prominent Amherst family and graduated from Mount Holyoke in 1850. Harriet Parsons was a pupil at AA for the academic years ending 1847 and 1851.

22.

To Austin Dickinson, February 17, 1848

[Mount Holyoke Female Seminary]
Thursday morn.

My dear Austin.

You will perhaps imagine from my date, that I am quite at leisure & can do what I please even in the forenoon, but one of our teachers, who is engaged, received a visit from her intended, quite unexpectedly yesterday afternoon & she has gone to her home to show him I opine & will be absent until Saturday. As I happen to recite to her in one of my studies, her absence gives me a little time in which to write. Your welcome letter found me all engaged in the history of, Sulphuric Acid!!!! I deliberated for a few moments after it's reception on the propriety of carrying it to Miss. Whitman, your friend. The result of my deliberation was a conclusion to open it with moderation, peruse it's contents with sobriety becoming my station, & if after a close investigation of it's contents I found nothing which savoured of rebellion or an unsubdued will, I would lay it away in my folio & forget I had ever received it. Are you not gratified that I am so rapidly gaining correct ideas of female propriety & sedate deportment? After the proposed examination, finding it concealed no dangerous sentiments I with great gravity deposited it with my other letters & the impression that I once had such a letter is entirely obliterated by the waves of time. I have been quite lonely since I came back, but cheered by the thought that I am not to return another year I take comfort & still hope on. My visit at home was happy, very happy to me & had the idea of in so short a time returning, been constantly in my dreams, by night & day I could not have been happier. "There is no rose without a thorn" to me. Home was always dear to me & dearer still the friends around it. but never did it seem so dear as now. All, all are kind to me but their tones fall strangely on my ear & their countenances meet mine not like home faces. I can assure you, most sincerely.

Then when tempted to feel sad, I think of the blazing fire, & the cheerful meal & the chair empty now I am gone. I can hear the cheerful voices & the merry laugh & a desolate feeling comes home to my heart, to think I am alone. But my good angel only waits to see the tears coming & then whispers, only this year!! Only 22. weeks more & home again you will be to stay. To you, all

busy & excited, I suppose the time flies faster, but to me slowly, very slowly so that I can see his chariot wheels when they roll along & himself is often visible. But I will no longer imagine, for your brain is full of Arabian Nights fancies & it will not do to pour fuel on your already kindled imagination. You cant think how dissappointed I was to know that Viny was not coming until next week, for I had made all my plans to welcome her on Friday of this week instead of next. But it will be better the longer it is in coming I suppose. All the girls are waiting with impatience to see her & to about a dozen have I given her dimensions. Tell her she must look her prettiest or they will be dissappointed for I have given a glowing account of her.

I suppose you have written a few & received a quantity of Valentines this week. Every night have I looked & yet in vain for one of Cupid's messages. Many of the girls have received very beautiful ones & I have not quite done hoping for one. Surely my friend Thomas, has not lost all his former affection for me. I entreat you to tell him I am pining for a Valentine, I am sure I shall not very soon forget last Valentine week nor any the sooner, the fun I had at that time. Probably, Mary, Abby & Viny have received scores of them from the infatuated wights in the neighbourhood while your highly accomplished & gifted elder sister is entirely overlooked. Monday afternoon, Mistress Lyon, arose in the hall & forbade our sending "any of those foolish notes called Valentines." But those who were here last year, knowing her opinions, were sufficiently cunning to write & give them into the care of Dickinson, during the vacation, so that about 150. were despatched on Valentine morn, before orders should be put down to the contrary effect. Hearing of this act, Miss Whitman. by & with the advice & consent of the other teachers, with frowning brow, sallied over to the Post office, to ascertain if possible, the number of the Valentines and worse still, the names of the offenders. Nothing has yet been heard as to the amount of her information, but as Dickinson is a good hand to help the girls & no one has yet received sentence, we begin to think her mission unsuccessful. I have not written one nor do I now intend to. Your injunction to pile on the wood has not been unheeded for we have been obliged to obey it to keep from freezing up. I have had a severe cold for a few days, but think it is better now. We cannot have much more cold weather I am sure, for spring is near. Have you decided who to bring when you come? As to my opinion on that point, I confess I am in a strait betwixt two, Mary & Abby. Your better judgment will I am quite certain decide in the right and I will therefore leave it entirely in your hands.

Do you intend to give Miss. Whitman. a ride? You had better resign that honor to your room-mate when he comes over again I judge. I had a note from E. Coleman. a few days since, but she said not a word of any of the family. You can probably imagine the drift of her remarks, without further information. I cannot say half that I want to for want of space. Your affectionate Sister. Emily –

How is Jacob. Holt now? I wish much to hear from him as not one word have I heard since I left home about him.

Does your Rooster yet persist in his foolish habit of crowing under his window? I hope he has long ere this repented him of his folly. Professor, Smith. preached here last Sabbath & such sermons I never heard in my life. We were all charmed with him & dreaded to have him close. I understand the people of S. Hadley have given Mr. Belden of East-street a call to settle here.

If he accepts, I hope it will, will not be until my year is out. Will you ask Viny. to get my History & Topic book. of Harriet. Parsons & bring them with her, for reviews commence very soon & I shall need them. Also, will she bring a little Sweet Flag & that Comb, which I did my hair up with, when I came home from Boston? Write me as long a letter as this is very soon.

Give my best love to Father, Mother, Viny, Mary, Abby, Dea. Haskell's family & all who inquire for me.

Please not to show this letter for it is strictly confidential & I should feel badly to have you show it.

Note: AC 555. Publication: *Home*. | The letter paper is sealed with a wafer on which is printed "BELIEVE ME," with the opening bars of "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms." William Cowper Dickinson (AC 1848) was a tutor at the College 1851–52 and visited the Dickinsons often. ED was home from March 25 until May 12. It is unclear when ED herself read the "Arabian Nights" (the English-language title given to *1001 Nights*), but it remained a point of reference for her, from L19 (1847) to L944 (1881).

23.

To Abiah Root, May 16, 1848

Transcribed Todd

Mt. Hol. Fem. Sem. May 16. 1848.

My dear Abiah.

You must forgive me, indeed you must, that I have so long delayed to write you, & I doubt not you will when I give you all my reasons for so doing. You know it is customary for the first page to be occupied with apologies & I must not depart from the beaten track, for one of my own imagining.

I received your welcome letter at the commencement of last term & laid it in a snug corner of my folio, purposing to answer it immediately, but we were then busily engaged in preparing for the spring examinations which take place at the close of the first half of the term, & not a moment could be found to write in. Surely, thought I, there will be time for writing after Examinations, so I delayed. But when the last day of Examinations came, we were all worn out with excitement, and could not summon energy enough to write a letter. I had not been very well all winter, but had not written home about it, lest the folks should take me home. During the week following Examinations, a friend from Amherst came over & spent a week with me, & when that friend returned home, father & mother were duly notified of the state of my health. Have you so treacherous a friend?

Not knowing that I was to be reported at home, you can imagine my amazement & consternation when Saturday of the same week Austin arrived in full sail, with orders from head-quarters to bring me home at all events. At first I had recourse to words, & a desperate battle with those weapons was waged for a few moments, between my sophomore brother & myself. Finding words of no avail, I next resorted to tears. But woman's tears are of little avail & I am sure mine flowed in vain. As you can imagine, Austin was victorious & poor, defeated I, was led off in triumph. You must not imbibe the idea from what I have said that I do not love home – far from it. But I could not bear to leave teachers & companions before the close of the term and go home to be dosed & receive the physician daily, & take warm drinks & be condoled with on the state of health in general by all the old ladies in town.

Haven't I given a ludicrous account of going home sick from a boarding school? Father is quite a hand to give medicine, especially if it is not desirable to the patient, & I was dosed for about a month after my return home, without any mercy, till at last out of mere pity my cough went away & I had quite a season of peace. Thus I remained at home until the close of the term, comforting my parents by my presence, & instilling many a lesson of wisdom into the budding intellect of my only sister. I had almost forgotten to tell you that I went on with my studies at home, & kept up with my class. Last Thursday our vacation closed, & on Friday morn, midst the weeping of friends, crowing of Roosters & singing of birds, I again took my departure from home. Five days have now passed since we returned to Holyoke & they have passed very slowly. Thoughts of home & friends "come crowding thick & fast, like lightnings from the mountain cloud" & it seems very desolate.

Father has decided not to send me to Holyoke another year, so this is my last term. Can it be possible that I have been here almost a year? It startles me when I really think of the advantages I have had, & I fear I have not improved them as I ought. But many an hour has fled with its report to heaven, & what has been the tale of me? I tremble when I think how soon the weeks & days of this term will all have been spent, & my fate will be sealed – perhaps. I have neglected the one thing needful when all were obtaining it, & I may never, never again pass through such a season as was granted us last winter. Abiah, you may be surprised to hear me speak as I do, knowing that I express no interest in the all important subject, but I am not happy, & I regret that last term, when that golden opportunity was mine, that I did not give up & become a Christian. It is not now too late, so my friends tell me, so my offended conscience whispers, but it is hard for me to give up the world. I had quite a long talk with Abby while at home, & I doubt not she will soon cast her burden on Christ. She is sober, & keenly sensitive on the subject & she says she only desires to be good. How I wish I could say that with sincerity, but I fear I never can. But I will no longer impose my own feelings even upon my friend. Keep them sacred, for I never lisped them to any save yourself & Abby. How glad I am that spring has come, and how it calms my mind when wearied with study to walk out in the green fields & beside the pleasant streams in which

S. Hadley is rich. There are not many wild flowers near, for the girls have driven them to a distance & we are obliged to walk quite a distance to find them, but they repay us by their sweet smiles & fragrance.

The older I grow, the more do I love spring & spring flowers. Is it so with you? While at home there were several pleasure parties of which I was a member, & in our rambles, we found many & beautiful children of spring, which I will mention & see if you have found them. The trailing arbutus, adder's tongue, yellow violets, liver leaf, blood root & many other smaller flowers.

What are you reading now? I have little time to read when I am here, but while at home I had a feast in the reading line, I can assure you. Two or three of them I will mention. *Evangeline*, *The Princess*, *The Maiden Aunt*, *The Epicurean* & *The Twins & Heart* by Tupper, complete the list. Am not I a pedant for telling you what I have been reading? Have you forgotten your visit at Amherst last summer, & what delightful times we had? I have not, & I hope you will come and make another and a longer, when I get home from Holyoke. Father wishes to have me at home a year, & then he will probably send me away again, where I know not. Have you finished going to school yet, or are you still at Springfield? It has been an age since I have heard from you and I know not where you are now. You must write me a long letter very soon, & tell me that you forgive my delay, & tell me too where you are. Ever your own aff. Emilie E. Dickinson.

My room-mate, Emilie, & Jane Humphrey desire an affectionate remembrance to your own dear self.

My studies for this series are Astronomy & Rhetoric, which take me through to the Senior studies. What are you studying now, if you are in school, & do you attend to music? I practise only one hour a day this term.

Miss Merrill told me when I was at home that she expected Hattie, our old friend, to spend a part of the summer.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.15, 87–94; AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995). | ED is reading narrative poems (Longfellow's *Evangeline*, Tennyson's *The Princess*, and Thomas Moore's *The Epicurean*) and novels (Menella Bute Smedley's *The Maiden Aunt* and Martin Farquhar Tupper's *The Twins and Heart: A Social Novel*).

24.

To Austin Dickinson, May 29, 1848

[Mount Holyoke Female Seminary]
Monday morn.

My dear Austin.

I received a letter from home on Saturday, by Mr. Gilbert Smith and father wrote in it that he intended to send for Cousin Emily. & myself on Saturday of this week to spend the Sabbath at home.

I went to Miss. Whitman, after receiving the letter & asked her if we could go if you decided to come for us. She seemed stunned by my request & could not find utterance to an answer for some time. At length, she said “did you not know it was contrary to the rules of the Seminary to ask to be absent on the Sabbath”? I told her I did not. She then took a Catalogue. from her table & showed me the law in full at the last part of it.

She closed by saying that we could not go & I returned to my room, without farther ado. So you see I shall be deprived of the pleasure of a visit home & you that of seeing me, if I may have the presumption to call it a pleasure!! The Teachers are not willing to let the girls go home this term as it is the last one & as I have only nine weeks more to spend here, we had better be contented to obey the commands. We shall only be the more glad to see one an[other] after a longer absence, that will be all.

I was highly edified with your imaginative note to me & think your flights of fancy indeed wonderful at your age!! When are you coming to see me; or dont you intend to come at all? Viny told us, you were coming this week & it would be very pleasant to us to receive a visit from your highness if you can be absent from home long enough for such a purpose.

Is there anything new at home & wont you write me a long letter, telling me all news? Mary. Warner. has not yet answered the note which I sent her at the commencement of the term. I cant write longer. Your aff. Emilie.

Note: AC 556. Publication: *Home*. | In a letter, Mary Lyon reports the death of Emma Grant Washburn, who was seventeen, on May 24. This may explain why Edward wanted ED and her cousin Emily to come to Amherst for the Sabbath.

25.

To Austin Dickinson, June 25, 1848

[Mount Holyoke Female Seminary]
Sabbath noon.

My dear. Austin.

I was very glad to see your friend, Bowdoin, for so long a time had passed since I last heard from home, that I began to consider myself entirely deserted.

Your note & father's letter, were both acceptable, only they were quite too brief, not lengthy enough, to suit me. I am much delighted with the idea of going home, but dont expect to realise it until fairly there, within sight & sound of you all. I wonder if you know, that today is the seventh Sabbath. since I left home. Quite a long time since I have seen you all and the many good people in Amherst. Bowdoin, tells me of no news, excepting the following. Cherries are fast getting ripe & the new generation attended the Senior Levee, a short time since, both of which

facts, were received by me, with proper resignation. Surely, things must have changed in quiet, peace loving Amherst.

Jane, Humphrey, wishes me to tell you that she would be happy to accept your invitation, but as Misses, Lyon & Whitman, are not willing & tell her it will lower her classification if she goes, she feels obliged to decline. I believe, Miss. Fiske. has given up the idea of going also. Father wrote that you were expecting Uncle Joel. at our house, yesterday and you are probably having grand times among yourselves. Louisa, Dickinson & Antoinette. Baker,. went home on Friday last & expect to return tomorrow morning. She could not have had permission, had it not been that her friends from New, York. were there and desired to see her. Bowdoin. had quite an adventure about seeing me, which he will tell you. Yesterday afternoon, I had a call from a sister of Tutor Greene's, who has been teaching school in Brooklyn & is quite intimate in Aunt Kate's family. She said Aunt Catharine. was coming to Amherst, next week. I received a long letter from Cousin Zebina, about a fortnight since & answered it last week. I want much to see you all & think Monday & Tuesday will be rather dull days to me. I do wish they might seem as long to you. One thing in your note made me feel badly, & you can guess what it was. Give my love to Father, Mother, Viny & Uncle Joel, if he is indeed at our house.

Tell Viny, the letter she sent me last, was not received & I guess it was lost on the way. I hope a similar fate, will not befall any others, I should otherwise obtain. I have an action against John. Spencer, which you shall hear of at my coming. Emily & I shall be all ready at precisely 5.o,clock. Your aff. Sister, Emilie.

My love to Abby & Mary. What an honor, Viny had in attending the Levee. I hope she bears that & others similar, in becoming humility. Cousin Emily. can hardly eat or sleep, so perfectly happy is she with the idea of going home with me to the great Festival. She sends her love to all the household.

Note: AC 557. Publication: *Home*. | "The Festival" was a Junior Exhibition at AC, which included the opening of a small museum (a "Cabinet"), June 29, 1848. Elbridge Gridley Bowdoin (AC 1840) practiced law with Edward, 1847–1855, and was friendly with the Dickinson siblings. John Laurens Spencer (AC 1848) was principal at AA, 1848–49.

26.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, about August 1848

Transcribed Lyman

We had merry talk about them the other day. Austin wanted me to say what is their music. So he ~~went~~ buzzed like one and I mocked the wee hum they make down in the calix of a holly hock. I'm sure I don't know much about

bumble bees tho' I have seen them a hundred times go thump down ~~into~~ on a ~~clover~~ buttercup head & never ~~dog~~ come out. But Father came out from the sanctity of his Sunday nap and said he was glad to see the little people enjoy themselves.

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. Lyman preserved only fragments of ED's correspondence. | Lyman boarded with the Dickinsons for about two months in the spring of 1846, studying at AA before he left for Williston Seminary (where he overlapped with Austin) and Yale; for five years he thought of Amherst as his "second home." ED was home from Mount Holyoke in August and Austin was also home around commencement week (August 7–10).

27.

To Abiah Root, October 29, 1848

Amherst. October 29th .1848.

My own dear Abiah,

For so I will still call you, though while I do it, even now I tremble at my strange audacity, and almost wish I had been a little more humble not quite so presuming.

Six long months have tried hard to make us strangers, but I love you better than ever notwithstanding the link which bound us in that golden chain is sadly dimmed, I feel more reluctant to lose you from that bright circle, whom I've called my friends I mailed a long letter to you the 1st of March, & patiently have I waited a reply, but none has yet cheered me.

Slowly, very slowly, I came to the conclusion that you had forgotten me, & I tried hard to forget you, but your image still haunts me, and tantalizes me with fond recollections. At our Holyoke Anniversary, I caught one glimpse of your face, & fondly anticipated an interview with you, & a reason for your silence, but when I thought to find you search was vain, for "the bird had flown." Sometimes, I think it was a fancy, think I did not really see my old friend, but her spirit, then your well known voice tells me it was no spirit, but yourself, living, that stood within that crowded hall & spoke to me. Why did you not come back that day, and tell me what had sealed your lips toward me? Did my letter never reach you, or did you coolly decide to love me, & write to me no more? If you love me, & never received my letter, then may you think yourself wronged, and that rightly, but if you dont want to be my friend any longer, say so, & I'll try once more to blot you from my memory. Tell me very soon, for suspense is intolerable. I need not tell you, this is from, Emilie.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L60). Publication: JL26. | The anniversary at Mount Holyoke lasted from Tuesday, August 1, to Thursday, August 3, 1848; Edward Hitchcock gave an address.

28.

*To William Cowper Dickinson, February 14, 1849**Transcribed THJ
Valentine morn.*

Cousin William,

Tis strange that a promise lives, and brightens, when the day that fashioned it, has mouldered, & stranger still, a promise looking to the day of Valentines for it's fulfillment.

Mine has been a very pleasant monitor, a friend, and kind companion, not a stern tyrant, like your own, compelling you to do what you would not have done, without compulsion.

Last Wednesday eve, I thought you had forgotten all about your promise, else you looked upon it as one foolish, & unworthy of fulfillment, now, I know your memory was faithful, but I sadly fear, your inclination, quarreled with it's admonitions.

A little condescending, & sarcastic, your Valentine to me, I thought; a little like an Eagle, stooping to salute a Wren, & I concluded once, I dared not answer it, for it seemed to me not quite becoming – in a bird so lowly as myself – to claim admittance to an Eyrie, & conversation with it's King.

But I have changed my mind – & you are not too busy, I'll chat a while with you.

I'm a "Fenestrellan captive," if this world be "Fenestrella," and within my dungeon yard, up from the silent pavement stones, has come a plant, so frail, & yet so beautiful, I tremble lest it die. Tis the first living thing that has beguiled my solitude, & I take strange delight in it's society. It's a mysterious plant, & sometimes I fancy that it whispers pleasant things to me – of freedom – and the future. Cans't guess it's name? T'is "Picciola"; & to you Cousin William, I'm indebted for my wondrous, new, companion.

I know not how to thank you, for your kindness. Gratitude is poor as poverty itself – & the "10,000 thanks" so often cited, seem like faintest shadows, when I try to stamp them here, that I may send their impress to you. "Picciola's" first flower – I will keep for you. Had not it's gentle voice, & friendly words – assured me of a "kind remembrance" – I think I should not have presumed thus much.

The last week has been a merry one in Amherst, & notes have flown around like, snowflakes. Ancient gentlemen, & spinsters, forgetting time, & multitude of years, have doffed their wrinkles – in exchange for smiles – even this aged world of our's, has thrown away it's staff – and spectacles, & now declares it will be young again.

Valentine's sun is setting now however, & before tomorrow eve, old things will take their place again. Another year, a long one, & a stranger to us all – must live, & die, before it's laughing beams will fall on us again, & of "that shadowy band in the silent land" may be the present writers of these merry missives.

But I am moralizing, forgetful of you, sisterless – and for that reason prone to mournful reverie – perhaps. Are you happy, now that she is gone? I know you must be lonely since her leave, and when I think of you nowadays, t'is of a "melancholy

gentleman, standing on the banks of river Death – sighing & beckoning Charon to convey him over.”

Have I guessed right, or are you merry as a “Fine old English Gentleman – all of the Olden Time”?

I’ll write to Martha soon, for tis as desolate to be without her letters; more desolate than you can think. I wont forget some little pencil marks I found in reading “Picciola,” for they seem to me like silent sentinels guarding the towers of some city, in itself – too beautiful to be unguarded; I’ve read those passages with heightened interest on their account.

Long life to Mr Hammond, & a thousand Valentines for every year of it.

Pardon my lengthiness – if it be not unpardonable.

Sincerely, your cousin, Emily E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c (27) TS. Autograph missing since 1969. Publication: JL27. | William Cowper Dickinson (AC 1848), a distant relative, was a friend of Austin; Martha is his sister. In 1848 he was teaching at Monson Academy, where Charles Hammond was principal. Valentines apparently were sent for a week or more, not just on the 14th. See L22. *Picciola*, a novel by X. B. Saintine (Joseph Xavier Boniface), is the tale of a political prisoner captive in Fenestrella. A flower growing in the prison courtyard helps the prisoner maintain his sanity.

29.

To Elbridge Gridley Bowdoin, December 1849

Mr Bowdoin.

If all these leaves were altars, and on every one a prayer that Currer Bell might be saved – and you were God – would you answer it?

Note: AC 793. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowdoin dates this note and writes: “on returning Jane Eyre – The leaves mentioned were Box Leaves, sent to me in a little Bouquet.” Reviews had attacked *Jane Eyre* as anti-Christian; for example, the *Quarterly Review* of December 1848 accused Brontë of having “a heathenish doctrine of religion.”

30.

To Joel Warren Norcross, January 11, 1850

Amherst. New – Year 11th / 50

Dearest of all dear Uncles.

Sleep carried me away, and a dream passed along, a dream all queer, and curious – it was a dream of warning – I ought not to hide it from whom it concerns – God forbid that you trifle with vision so strange – the Spirit of love entreat you – the Spirit of warning guide – and the all helping hold – and prevent you from falling!

And I dreamed – and beheld a company whom no man may number – all men in their youth – all strong and stout-hearted – nor feeling their burdens for strength – nor waxing faint – nor weary. Some tended their flocks – and some sailed on the sea – and yet others kept gay stores, and deceived the foolish who came to buy. They made life one summer day – they danced to the sound of the lute – they sang old snatches of song – and they quaffed the rosy wine – One promised to love his friend and one vowed to defraud no poor – and one man told a lie to his niece – they all did sinfully – and their lives were not yet taken. Soon a change came – the young men were old – the flocks had no sheperd – the boat sailed alone – and the dancing had ceased – and the wine-cup was empty – and the summer day grew cold – Oh fearful the faces then! The Merchant tore his hair – and the Sheperd gnashed his teeth – and the Sailor hid himself – and prayed to die. Some kindled the scorching fire – some opened the earthquake’s mouth – the winds strode on to the sea – and serpents hissed fearfully. Oh I was very much scared and I called to see who they were – this torment waited for – I listened – and up from the pit you spoke! You could’nt get out you said – no help could reach so far – you had brought it upon yourself – I left you alone to die – but they told me the whole of the crime – you had broken a promise on earth – and now t’was too late to redeem it. Do you wonder at my alarm – do you blame me for running to tell you? It was’nt all a dream – but I know it will be fulfilled unless you stop sinning now – it is not too late to do right. Do you take any hints I wonder – can you guess the meaning of things – not yet aroused to the truth. You villain without a rival – unparalleled doer of crimes – scoundrel unheard of before – disturber of public peace – “creation’s blot and blank” – state’s prison filler – magnum bonum promise maker – harum scarum promise breaker – Oh what can I call you more? Mrs Caudle would call you “a gentleman” – that is altogether too good. Mrs Partington “a very fine fellow” – neither does this apply – I call upon all nature to lay hold of you – let fire burn – and water drown – and light put out – and tempests tear – and hungry wolves eat up – and lightning strike – and thunder stun – let friends desert – and enemies draw nigh and gibbets shake but never hang the house you walk about in! My benison not touch – my malison pursue the body that hold your spirit! Any other afflictions which now slip my mind shall be looked up and forwarded to you immediately. How will you bear them all – will they depress – and make life hang too heavily? Would that they might thus do – but I look for no such results – you will bear them like a Salamander. Old fashioned Daniel could’nt take things more coolly. Does sarcasm affect you – or the sneers of the world? “Burn flame – simmer heat – swelter toad – I have cursed thee – and thou art accursed.”

Dont remember a letter I was to receive when you got back to Boston – how long and how broad – how high – or deep it should be – how many cars it should sink – or how many stages tip over – or the shaking of earth when it rested – hav’nt the faintest recollection of the hearts to be lighter – the eyes to grow brighter and

the life made longer with joy it should give – a most unfortunate mem'ry – the owner deserves our pity! Had you a pallid hand – or a blind eye – we would talk about coming to terms – but you have sent my father a letter – so there remains no more but to fight. War Sir – “my voice is for war”! Would you like to try a duel – or is that too quiet to suit you – at any rate I shall kill you – and you may dispose of your affairs with that end in view. You can take Chloroform if you like – and I will put you beyond the reach of pain in a twinkling. The last duel I fought didn't take but five minutes in all – the “wrapping the drapery of his couch about him – and lying down to pleasant dreams” included. Lynch laws provide admirably now for wives – and orphan children – so duels seem differently from what they formerly did to me. Uncle Loring – and Aunt Lavinia will miss you some to be sure – but trials will come in the best of families – and I think they are usually for the best – they give us new ideas – and those are not to be laughed at. How have you been bodily, and mentally since you were up to see us? How do you sleep o nights – and is your appetite waning? These are infallible symptoms, and I only thought I'd inquire – no harm done I hope. Harm is one of those things that I always mean to keep clear of – but somehow my intentions and me dont chime as they ought – and people will get hit with stones that I throw at my neighbor's dogs – not only hit – that is the least of the whole – but they insist upon blaming me instead of the stones – and tell me their head's ache – why it is the greatest piece of folly on record. It would do to go with a story I read – one man pointed a loaded gun at a man – and it shot him so that he died – and the people threw the owner of the gun into prison – and afterwards hung him for murder. Only another victim to the misunderstanding of society – such things should not be permitted – it certainly is as much as one's neck is worth to live in so stupid a world – and it makes one grow weary. Life is'nt what it purports to be. Now when I walk into your room and pluck your heart out that you die – I kill you – hang me if you like – but if I stab you while sleeping the dagger's to blame – it's no business of mine – you have no more right to accuse me of injuring you than anything else I can think of. That we understand capital punishment, and one another too I verily believe – and sincerely hope – for it's so trying to be read out of the wrong book when the right one is out of sight. Your friends in town are comfortable – or were at the last accounts – tho' I hav'nt been into the Kellogg's for several days now. Still I have seen neither Doctor, or Sexton around, and will take the fearful responsibility of assuring you that they live, and are well. You will perceive that the whole stands for a part in this place – it being one of those exceedingly aspeny cases that the bungling had better let alone. Have you found Susannah yet? “Roses will fade – time flies on – Lady of beauty” – the whole hymn is too familiar to you now for me to repeat it. Amherst is alive with fun this winter – might you be here to see! Sleigh rides are as plenty as people – which conveys to my mind the idea of very plentiful plenty. How it may seem to you I don't calculate at all – but presume you can see the likeness if you get the right light upon it. Parties cant find fun enough –

because all the best ones are engaged to attend balls a week beforehand – beaus can be had for the taking – maids smile like the mornings in June – Oh a very great town is this! Chorus – a “still greater one is this” – “Now for the jovial bowl” etc. You are fond of singing I think – and by close, and assiduous practise may learn these two before I see you again. Exertion never harmed anybody – it wont begin now.

Are you well – how are the children – please give the love of all our household to all the members of your’s. Dont leave Cousin Albert out in my part! Vinnie has been to see you – she wrote what splendid times she had. We are very lonely without her – hope to linger along till she comes home. Will you write me before you go hence? Any communications will be received gratefully.

Emilie – I believe.

My kind regards to the gentlemen – White – and Leavitt. Heaven’s choicest blessings attend them – and evil pass by without turning either to the right hand – or the left. Very particular indeed about the left hand – as they would be a little most likely to be there. “God bless you” to Wm Haskell – and civilized messages to all the rest of my friends.

Austin did’nt get to Boston some how or other. He spent all but the fag end of vacation reading Hume’s History – and it nearly used him up.

Had a long and very interesting letter from Emily a few days since. She seems contented – almost happy – says she will be glad to see us all tho’.

Note: AC 640. Publication: *L* (1931). | Joel Warren Norcross lived with his sister Lavinia in Boston. Accountant John White and dry good merchant Thomas Leavitt were friends of ED and Vinnie and boarded across from the Norcrosses. | Mrs. Caudle is a recurrent scold in *Punch*; Mrs. Partington a village malaprop created by Benjamin P. Shillaber for a Boston newspaper in 1847. ED quotes from “My voice is for war” (in Thomas Moore’s *M.P.: Or The Blue-Stocking*), from Bryant’s *Thanatopsis*, and from the popular song “Lady of Beauty.” | ED repeats the popular nineteenth-century pig-Latin rhetoric “harum scarum . . . magnum bonum” in her 1850 valentine to G. Gould (L34). William Kellogg Jr. = Amherst merchant with S. Pitkin.

31.

To Jane Humphrey, January 23, 1850

Amherst. January 23^d / 50.

Dear Jane.

I have written you a great many letters since you left me – not the kind of letters that go in post-offices – and ride in mail-bags – but queer – little silent ones – very full of affection – and full of confidence – but wanting in proof to you – therefore not valid – somehow you will not answer them – and you would paper, and ink letters – I will try one of those – th’o not half so precious as the other kind. I have

written those at night – when the rest of the world were at sleep – when only God came between us – and no one else might hear. No need of shutting the door – nor of whispering timidly – nor of fearing the ear of listeners – for night held them fast in his arms that they could not interfere – and his arms are brawny and strong. Sometimes I didn't know but you were awake – and I hoped you wrote with that spirit pen – and on sheets from the sky. Did you ever – and were we together in any of those nights? I do love – and remember you Jane – and have tried to convince you of it ocularly – but it is not easy to try just as we are at home – Vinnie away, and my two hands but two – not four, or five as they ought to be – and so many wants – and me so very handy – and my time of so little account – and my writing so very needless – and really I came to the conclusion that I should be a villain unparalleled if I took but an inch of time for so unholy a purpose as writing a friendly letter – for what need had I of sympathy – or very much less of affection – or less than they all – of friends – mind the house – and the food – sweep if the spirits were low – nothing like exercise to strengthen – and invigorate – and help away such foolishnesses – work makes one strong, and cheerful – and as for society what neighborhood so full as my own? The halt – the lame – and the blind – the old – the infirm – the bed-ridden – and superannuated – the ugly, and disagreeable – the perfectly hateful to me – all these to see, and be seen by – an opportunity rare for cultivating meekness – and patience – and submission – and for turning my back to this very sinful, and wicked world. Somehow or other I incline to other things – and Satan covers them up with flowers, and I reach out to pick them. The path of duty looks very ugly indeed – and the place where I want to go more amiable – a great deal – it is so much easier to do wrong than right – so much pleasanter to be evil than good, I don't wonder that good angels weep – and bad ones sing songs. It is a great while since I've seen you Jane – and really I miss you sincerely – the days would go swifter were you in the end – and the sight of your hood would lift me up certainly – I do wish that you could be here. The year went away so fast we hadn't time to think – had I known it would carry you with it I certainly would have thought. Only another too late to put with the rest – one more to reproach – and to look sadly out of large – dark eyes – and there will be more – and more if we live to help make them. It seemed so pleasant to have you – to know that I might see you – that I sank into a kind of stupor – and didn't know – or care – or think that I could not see you always – and while I slept you faded all away – and was gone when I waked up. “Why where am I – how came I here – who put me in – who'll take me out – where's my servant – where are my friends – you hav'nt got any.” The immortal Pickwick himself couldn't have been more amazed when he found himself soul – body and – spirit incarcerated in the pound than was I myself when they said she had gone – gone! Gone how – or where, or why – who saw her go – help – hold – bind – and keep her – put her into States-prison – into the House of Correction – bring out the long lashed whip – and put her feet in the stocks – and give her a number of stripes

and make her repent her going! They say you are teaching in Warren – are happy – then I know you are good – for none but the good are happy – you are out of the way of temptation – and out of the way of the tempter – I didn't mean to make you wicked – but I was – and am – and shall be – and I was with you so much that I couldn't help contaminate. Are you ever lonely in Warren – are you lonely without me – very lonely the last to be sure – but I want to know.

Vinnie you know is away – and that I'm very lonely is too plain for me to tell you – I am alone – all alone. She wrote that she'd heard from you – and had written you herself – did she say she was homesick? She knew that her letters to me would be family affairs – and she can't tell me anything at all – she don't dare to – and I'd rather she wouldn't either. When I knew Vinnie must go I clung to you as the dearer than ever friend – but when the grave opened – and swallowed you both – I murmured – and thought I had a right to – I haven't changed my mind yet – either. I love to be surly – and muggy – and cross, then I remember you – and feel that I do a kind of justice to you – and myself – which eases my conscience wonderfully. Oh ugly time – and space – and boarding-school contemptible that tries to keep us apart – laugh now if you will – but you shall howl hereafter! Eight weeks with their bony fingers still poking me away – how I hate them – and would love to do them harm! Is it wicked to talk so Jane – what can I say that isn't? Out of a wicked heart cometh wicked words – let us sweep it out – and brush away the cob-webs, and garnish it – and make ready for the Master! There is a good deal going on just now – the two last weeks of vacation were full to the brim of fun. Austin was reading Hume's History until then – and his getting it through was the signal for general uproar. Campaign opened by a sleigh ride on a very magnificent plan to which my dear Jane would have been joyfully added – had she been in town – a party of ten from here met a party of the same number from Greenfield, at South-Deerfield the evening next New Year's – and had a frolic, comprising charades – walking around indefinitely – music – conversation – and supper – set in most modern style; got home at two o'clock – and felt no worse for it the next morning – which we all thought was very remarkable. Tableaux at the President's followed next in the train – a Sliding party close upon its heels – and several cozy sociables brought up the rear. To say nothing of a party universale at the house of Sydney Adams – and one confidentiale at Tempe Linnell's. How we miss our friend at all of these things! I would gladly exchange them all for one evening's talk with the friends I love – but it may not be. If every prayer was answered, there would be nothing left to pray for – we must “suffer – and be strong.” Shall we be strong – won't suffering make weaker this human – it makes stronger not us – but what God gave, and what he will take – mourn our bodies ever so loudly. We do know that he is God – and will try to be – still – tho' we really had rather complain. The Sewing Society has commenced again – and held its first meeting last week – now all the poor will be helped – the cold warmed – the warm cooled – the hungry fed – the thirsty attended to – the ragged clothed – and this suffering – tumbled

down world will be helped to it's feet again – which will be quite pleasant to all. I dont attend – notwithstanding my high approbation – which must puzzle the public exceedingly. I am already set down as one of those brands almost consumed – and my hardheartedness gets me many prayers. Spencer is slowly improving – said he heard from you a little while ago – and seemed much gratified. Abby Haskell too is much better – I verily believe they will live in spite of the “angel of death.” Tolman I do not see – guess he is pining away – and cant say I blame him in view of the facts in the case. I shant tell you what ails him – for it is a private matter – and you ought not to know! How could you be so cruel Jane – it will certainly be the death of him – and t'will be laid at your door if it is. Write me soon darling! Very sincerely yrs – Emily E. Dickinson.

I had a letter – and Ralph Emerson's Poems – a beautiful copy – from Newton the other day. I should love to read you them both – they are very pleasant to me. I can write him in about three weeks – and I shall. Did you know that Payson has gone to Ohio to live? I was so sorry to have him go – but everyone is going – we shall all go – and not return again before long. Kavanagh says “there will be mourning – mourning – mourning at the judgment seat of Christ” – I wonder if that is true? I had a letter from Lyman a little while since – you may read it sometime.

Two cousins of mine from South-Hadley are staying their vacation with us. I can hardly tell whether I am enjoying their visit, or not – but I rather think I am, as I dont certainly know – now do you ever tell of this – and I will certainly put you into a sleep which you cant wake up from! Abiah Root has been in Amherst – stayed only a week – but long enough for me to know her anew as a splendid girl. She is a treasure surely. She has written me since she went home – and we are going to correspond again.

I have written to Belvidere – and young “D.D.” will feel some things I think – at any rate I intended he should – and wrote accordingly. It would have done your own heart good. All send you much love.

Abby Wood is in Athol. Her only brother is very low – and presumably cannot recover. I pity the child with my whole heart – she is too young to suffer so.

Have you ever seen Carpenter in Warren? Has he recovered yet – I saw him at the Levee – and remembered him – and I want to know about him.

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 17.2. Publication: JL 30. | Lavinia was enrolled at Ipswich Female Seminary. Abby Ann Haskell was a school friend at AA when Humphrey taught there. Tempe Seabury Linnell attended AA. Albert Tolman (AC 1845) tutored at AC 1848–1851; Charles Henry Payson was AC 1852 and Harvey Sessions Carpenter AC 1853; ED's cousins, Mary Ann and Sarah Jane Dickinson, were both enrolled at Mount Holyoke, 1849–50. Abby Wood's brother Augustus was committed to an asylum in March 1850. Her two other brothers had died young. | Benjamin Newton gave ED *Poems by R. W. Emerson*. “Belvidere” = James Parker Kimball, who gave ED

Poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes: New and Enlarged Edition, dated January 18, 1849. ED quotes from Longfellow's *Kavanagh* (1849) and paraphrases Proverbs 15:28 or Luke 6:45.

32.

To Abiah Root, January 29, 1850

Amherst. January 29. 1850.

Very dear Abiah.

The folks have all gone away, they thought that they left me alone, and contrived things to amuse me should they stay long, and I be lonely. Lonely indeed – they didn't look, and they couldn't have seen if they had, who should bear me company. Three here instead of one – wouldn't it scare them? A curious trio, part earthly and part spiritual two of us – the other all heaven, and no earth. God is sitting here, looking into my very soul to see if I think right tho'ts. Yet I am not afraid, for I try to be right and good, and he knows every one of my struggles. He looks very gloriously, and everything bright seems dull beside him, and I don't dare to look directly at him for fear I shall die. Then you are here – dressed in that quiet black gown and cap – that funny little cap I used to laugh at you about, and you don't appear to be thinking about anything in particular, not in one of your breaking dish moods I take it, you seem aware that I'm writing you, and are amused I should think at any such friendly manifestation when you are already present. Success however even in making a fool of one's self isn't to be despised, so I shall persist in writing, and you may in laughing at me, if you are fully aware of the value of time as regards your immortal spirit. I can't say that I advise you to laugh, but if you are punished, and I warned you, that can be no business of mine. So I fold up my arms, and leave you to fate – may it deal very kindly with you! The trinity winds up with me, as you may have surmised, and I certainly wouldn't be at the fag end but for civility to you. This selfsacrificing spirit will be the ruin of me!

I am occupied principally with a cold just now, and the dear creature will have so much attention that my time slips away amazingly. It has heard so much of New Englanders, of their kind attention to strangers, that it's come all the way from the Alps to determine the truth of the tale – it says the half wasn't told it, and I begin to be afraid it wasn't. Only think, came all the way from that distant Switzerland to find what was the truth! Neither husband – protector – nor friend accompanied it, and so utter a state of loneliness gives friends if nothing else. You are dying of curiosity, let me arrange that pillow to make your exit easier! I stayed at home all Saturday afternoon, and treated some disagreeable people who insisted upon calling here as tolerably as I could – when evening shades began to fall, I turned upon my heel, and walked. Attracted by the gaiety visible in the street I still kept walking till a little creature pounced upon a thin shawl I wore, and commenced riding – I stopped, and begged the creature to alight, as I was fatigued already, and quite unable to assist others.

It wouldn't get down, and commenced talking to itself – "cant be New England – must have made some mistake, disappointed in my reception, dont agree with accounts, Oh what a world of deception, and fraud – marm, will tell me the name of this country – it's Asia Minor, is'nt it, I intended to stop in New England." By this time I was so completely exhausted that I made no further effort to rid me of my load, and travelled home at a moderate jog, paying no attention whatever to it, got into the house, threw off both bonnet, and shawl, and out flew my tormenter, and putting both arms around my neck began to kiss me immoderately, and express so much love, it completely bewildered me.

Since then it has slept in my bed, eaten from my plate, lived with me everywhere, and will tag me through life for all I know. I think I'll wake first, and get out of bed, and leave it, but early, or late, it is dressed before me, and sits on the side of the bed looking right in my face with such a comical expression it almost makes me laugh in spite of myself. I cant call it interesting, but it certainly is curious – has two peculiarities which would quite win your heart, a huge pocket-handkerchief, and a very red nose. The first seems so very abundant, it gives you the idea of independence, and prosperity in business. The last brings up the "jovial bowl, my boys," and such an association's worth the having.

If it ever gets tired of me, I will forward it to you – you would love it for my sake, if not for it's own, it will tell you some queer stories about me – how I sneezed so loud one night that the family thought the last trump was sounding, and climbed into the currant-bushes to get out of the way, how the rest of the people arrayed in long night-gowns folded their arms, and were waiting – but this is a wicked story, it can tell some better ones. Now my dear friend, let me tell you that these last thoughts are fictions, vain imaginations to lead astray foolish young women. They are flowers of speech, they both make, and tell deliberate falsehoods, avoid them as the snake, and turn aside as from the Bottlesnake, and I dont think you will be harmed. Honestly th'o, a snake bite is a serious matter, and there cant be too much said, or done about it. The big serpent bites the deepest, and we get so accustomed to it's bites that we dont mind about them. "Verily I say unto you fear him." Wont you read some work opo[n] snakes – I have a real anxiety for you! I love those little green ones that slide around by your shoes in the grass – and make it rustle with their elbows – they are rather my favorites on the whole, but I would'nt influence you for the world! There is an air of misanthropy about the striped snake that will commend itself at once to your taste, there is no monotony about it – but we will more of this again. Something besides severe colds, and serpents, and we will try to find that something. It cant be a garden, can it, or a strawberry bed, which rather belongs to a garden – nor it cant be a school-house, nor an Attorney at Law. Oh dear I don't know what it is! Love for the absent dont sound like it, but try it, and see how it goes.

I miss you very much indeed, think of you at night when the world's nodding, "nidnid nodding["] – think of you in the daytime when the cares of the world,

and it's toils, and it's continual vexations choke up the love for friends in some of our hearts; remember your warnings sometimes – try to do as you told me sometimes, and sometimes conclude it's no use to try; then my heart says it is, and new trial is followed by disappointment again. I wondered when you had gone why we didn't talk more – it wasn't for want of a subject, it never could be for that. Too many perhaps, such a crowd of people that nobody heard the speaker, and all went away discontented. You astounded me in the outset – perplexed me in the continuance – and wound up in a grand snarl – I shall be all my pilgrimage unravelling. Rather a dismal prospect certainly, but “it's always the darkest the hour before day,” and this early sunset promises an earlier rise – a sun in splendor – and glory, flying out of it's purple nest. Wouldn't you love to see God's bird, when it first tries it's wings? If you were here I would tell you something – several some-things which have happened since you went away, but time, and space, as usual, oppose themselves, and I put my treasures away till “we two meet again.” The hope that I shall continue in love towards you – and vica versa will sustain me till then. If you are thinking soon to go away, and to show your face no more, just inform me – will you – I would have the “long lingering look” which you cast behind – It would be an invaluable addition to my treasures, and “keep your memory green.” “Lord keep all our memories green,” and help on our affection, and tie “the link that doth us bind” in a tight bow-knot that will keep it from separation, and stop us from growing old, if that is impossible – make old age pleasant to us – put it's arms around us kindly, and when we go home – let that home be called Heaven! Your very sincere, and wicked friend, Emily E Dickinson.

I hav'nt thanked you for your letter yet, but not for want of gratitude. I will do so now most sincerely, most heartily – gladly – and gratefully. You will write me another soon – that I may have four right feelings again! They dont come for the asking. I have been introducing you to me in this letter so far – we will traffick in “joys” – and “sorrows” some other day. Colds make one very carnal and the spirit is always afraid of them. You will excuse all mistakes in view of ignorance – all sin in view of “the fall”, all want of friendly affection in the sight of the verse “the deepest stream the stillest runs”, and other general deficiencies, on the ground of universal incapacity! Here is surely room for Charity, and the heavenly visitor wouldn't have come but for these faults. “No loss without a gain.” I called to see your cousins an evening since, they were well, and evidently delighted to see one another – and us. Lucy spoke in high praise of visiting, of visiting Abiah more especially, and of visiting Abiah's mother, more especially still. When your letter came I had two western cousins – now at S-Hadley Sem^y staying their vacation with me. They took an unbounded delight in a sentence I read them – and to pay for it, send you their love. Write me a letter!

Had a letter from Vinnie after you left – it expressed great regret at not seeing you – both on her part and Jane's. They come home in seven weeks.

Abby has not come home yet – and I hav’nt written her. She must be very sad, and need all comfort from us. She will be left alone – wont she?

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L61). Publication: JL31. | Jane = Jane E. Hitchcock, who was at AA at the same time as both ED and Lavinia, and like Lavinia then went to Ipswich Female Seminary (1849–50).

From George H. Gould to Emily Dickinson, February 1, 1850

Candy Pulling!!

Mr Gould will be happy to see Miss Dickinson at Miss Montagues this evening at 6 o clock.

Feb. 1st –

Note: AC 240a. Publication: Leyda (1: 167). | ED wrote “I suppose the time will come” on the verso. George Gould (AC 1850) was a friend of the Dickinson siblings. Harriet Montague was Edward’s cousin, who lived on Main Street; on February 1, she turned forty-two.

33.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), about early 1850

I wanted to write, and just tell you that me, and my spirit were fighting this morning. It is’nt known generally, and you must’nt tell anybody.

I dreamed about you last night, and waked up putting my shawl, and hood on to go and see you, but this wicked snow-storm looked in at my window, and told me I could’nt. I hope God will forgive me, but I am very unwilling to have it storm – he is merciful to the sinning, is’nt he?

I cannot wait to be with you – Oh ugly time, and space, and uglier snow-storm than all! Were you happy in Northampton? I was very lonely without you, and wanted to write you a letter many times, but Kate was there too, and I was afraid you would both laugh. I should be stronger if I could see you oftener, I am very puny alone.

You make me so happy, and glad, life seems worth living for, no matter for all the trials. When I see you I shall tell you more, for I know you are busy this morning.

That is’nt an empty blank where I began – it is so full of affection that you cant see any – that’s all. Will you love, and remember, me when you have time from worthier ones? God keep you till I have seen you again! Very earnestly yrs, Emily.

Note: NYPL 16.1. Publication: JL32. | “Kate” = Fowler’s friend Catharine Hitchcock, daughter of Orra and Edward Hitchcock, whose health led him to travel to Europe, mid-May to October 1850.

34.

To George H. Gould? February 1850

“Valentine Eve.

“Magnum bonum, ‘harum scarum,’ zounds et zounds, et war alarum, man reformam, life perfectum, mundum changum, all things flarum?

“Sir, I desire an interview; meet me at sunrise, or sunset, or the new moon – the place is immaterial. In gold, or in purple, or sackcloth – I look not upon the *raiment*. With sword, or with pen, or with plough – the weapons are less than the *wielder*. In coach, or in wagon, or walking, the *equipment* far from the *man*. With soul, or spirit, or body, they are all alike to me. With host or alone, in sunshine or storm, in heaven or earth, *some* how or *no* how – I propose, sir, to see you.

“And not to *see* merely, but a chat sir, or a tete-a-tete, a confab, a mingling of opposite minds is what I propose to have. I feel sir that we shall agree. We will be David and Jonathan, or Damon and Pythias, or what is better than either, the United States of America. We will talk over what we have learned in our geographies, and listened to from the pulpit, the press and the Sabbath School.

“This is strong language sir, but none the less true. So hurrah for North Carolina, since we are on this point.

“Our friendship sir, shall endure till sun and moon shall wane no more, till stars shall set, and victims rise to grace the final sacrifice. We’ll be instant, in season, out of season, minister, take care of, cherish, sooth, watch, wait, doubt, refrain, reform, elevate, instruct. All choice spirits however distant are ours, ours theirs; there is a thrill of sympathy – a circulation of mutuality – cognationem inter nos! I am Judith the heroine of the Apocrypha, and you the orator of Ephesus.

“That’s what they call a metaphor in our country. Don’t be afraid of it, sir, it wont bite! If it was my *Carlo* now. The Dog is the noblest work of Art, sir. I may safely say the noblest – his mistress’s right he doth defend – although it bring him to his end – although to death it doth him send!

“But the world is sleeping in ignorance and error, sir, and we must be crowing-cocks, and singing-larks, and a rising sun to awake her; or else we’ll pull society up to the roots, and plant it in a different place. We’ll build Alms-houses, and transcendental State prisons, and scaffolds – we will blow out the sun, and the moon, and encourage invention. Alpha shall kiss Omega – we will ride up the hill of glory – Hallelujah, all hail!

Yours, truly, C.”

Note: Missing. Publication: *The Indicator* (1850; our source text). | We follow the use of quotation marks, italics, and typographical error (“snd” for “and”) of this publication. Although there is no signature, the mention of “Carlo” assures ED’s authorship. Probably sent to Gould, one of a group of students who published AC’s literary monthly, *The Indicator*. The editor for this issue, Henry Shipley, prefaced the piece with: “I wish I knew who the author is. I think she must have

some spell, by which she quickens the imagination and causes the high blood 'run frolic through the veins'." Presumably it is Shipley who also includes a note following this valentine, claiming among other things that it shows "no spasmodic movement of thought" and signed "Q.E.D"; ED also used the frequently deployed opening phrases of this valentine in a letter to Joel Warren Norcross (L30).

35.

To Elbridge Gridley Bowdoin, February 1850

Valentine week.

Awake ye muses nine, sing me a strain divine,
unwind the solemn twine, and tie my Valentine!

Oh the Earth was made for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain,
for sighing, and gentle whispering, and unity made of twain,
all things do go a courting, in earth, or sea, or air,
God hath made nothing single but thee in his world so fair!
The bride, and then the bridegroom, the two, and then the one,
Adam, and Eve, his consort, the moon, and then the sun;
the life doth prove the precept, who obey shall happy be,
who will not serve the sovereign, be hanged on fatal tree.
The high do seek the lowly, the great do seek the small,
none cannot find who seeketh on this terrestrial ball;
The bee doth court the flower, the flower his suit receives,
and they make a merry wedding, whose guests are hundred leaves;
the wind doth woo the branches, the branches they are won,
and the father fond demandeth the maiden for his son.
The storm doth walk the seashore humming a mournful tune,
the wave with eye so pensive, looketh to see the moon,
their spirits meet together, they make them solemn vows,
no more he singeth mournful, her sadness she doth lose.
The worm doth woo the mortal, death claims a living bride,
night unto day is married, morn unto eventide;
Earth is a merry damsel, and Heaven a knight so true,
and Earth is quite coquettish, and he seemeth in vain to sue.
Now to the application, to the reading of the roll,
to bringing thee to justice, and marshalling thy soul;
thou art a human solo, a being cold, and lone,
wilt have no kind companion, thou reap'st what thou hast sown.
Hast never silent hours, and minutes all too long,
and a deal of sad reflection, and wailing instead of song?
There's Sarah, and Eliza, and Emeline so fair,

and Harriet, and Susan, and she with curling hair!
 Thine eyes are sadly blinded, but yet thou mayest see
six true, and comely maidens sitting upon the tree;
 approach that tree with caution, then up it boldly climb,
 and seize the one thou lovest, nor care for space, or time!
 Then bear her to the greenwood, and build for her a bower,
 and give her what she asketh, jewel, or bird, or flower;
 and bring the fife, and trumpet, and beat upon the drum –
 and bid the world Goodmorrow, and go to glory home!

March 4th. 1850.

Note: AC 794. Publication: *L* (1894). Perhaps composed mid-February, sent March 4. | ED refers to Eliza Coleman, Emeline Kellogg, and Susan Gilbert (Dickinson); Harriet may be Harriet Austin Dickinson, a relative, who was at AA 1848–1851. Sarah is not Sarah Tracy; she and Harriet Merrill had left Amherst by 1846. | M 695, Fr1.

36.

To Jane Humphrey, April 3, 1850

Amherst. April 3'd. 1850.

Jane, dear Jane.

The voice of love I heeded, tho' seeming not to; the voice of affliction is louder, more earnest, and needs it's friends, and they know this need, and put on their wings of affection, and fly towards the lone one, and sing, sing sad music, but there's something sustaining in it. Your first words found me far out in the world, crowding, and hurrying, and busying, the last ones have found me there, but I have struggled with some success, and am free to be with you a little. Trouble is with you, and trial, and your spirit is sorely cumbered, and I can hardly dare to talk, earthly things seem faded, and fallen; could I speak with a right of Heaven, and the Savior, and "rest for the weary" I know I could bring strength to you, and could lift you above this cumbering; but I can tell you how dearly I love you, if this will make you happier. I have been much with you since you first wrote me, always with you, but more since then, for the last few days you have been very near, very dear indeed, and I have wished, and prayed to see you, and to hear you, and to feel your warm heart beating near me, what music in such quiet ticking! You mourn Jennie, how does it seem to mourn, you watch, and the lamp is waning, where is your spirit resting, have you any dear friend to be near you, and to tell you of peace? It would be very precious to me to do so, to be a strong arm you might lean on when you looked all around, and could find none, this is none of it permitted now, and I think, and strive, and attempt, but come no nearer the end.

Can I console so far off, wont the comfort waste in carrying, and be not, when my letter gets there? How long had your father been sick, and why hav'nt you told me before, we have certainly loved one another! How very much you have suffered, and I hav'nt known anything about it, but supposed you away in Warren, teaching, and thinking of home, and sometimes of us, and a place we wish was your home. I have dreamed of you, and talked of you, and wished for you, and have almost thought I should see you, it has seemed that some way would help me, and a providence would bring you, and yet you have not come, and I am so very tired of waiting. Some one said you would come in vacation, and I looked towards it very eagerly, made my treasures ready against it, and prepared my mind, and heart to welcome you in so kindly, and disappointment put a great cloud in my sky, and it's so high I cannot reach it, and it's doing a deal of harm. How lonely this world is growing, something so desolate creeps over the spirit and we dont know it's name, and it wont go away, either Heaven is seeming greater, or Earth a great deal more small, or God is more "Our Father," and we feel our need increased. Christ is calling everyone here, all my companions have answered, even my darling Vinnie believes she loves, and trusts him, and I am standing alone in rebellion, and growing very careless. Abby, Mary, Jane, and farthest of all my Vinnie have been seeking, and they all believe they have found; I cant tell you what they have found, but they think it is something precious. I wonder if it is? How strange is this sanctification, that works such a marvelous change, that sows in such corruption, and rises in golden glory, that brings Christ down, and shews him, and lets him select his friends! In the day time it seems like Sundays, and I wait for the bell to ring, and at evening a great deal stranger, the "still small voice" grows earnest, and rings, and returns, and lingers, and the faces of good men shine, and bright halos come around them; and the eyes of the disobedient look down, and become ashamed. It certainly comes from God, and I think to receive it is blessed, not that I know it from me, but from those on whom change has passed. They seem so very tranquil, and their voices are kind, and gentle, and the tears fill their eyes so often, I really think I envy them. You know all about John Sanford, and Thurston, and all the rest, and I cant say more about it. You must pray when the rest are sleeping, that the hand may be held to me, and I may be led away.

How long does it seem since you left me, has the time been fleet, or lagging, been filled with hope, and the future, or waste, and a weary wilderness, and no one who knew the road? I would whisper to you in the evening of many, and curious things, and by the lamps eternal read your thoughts and response in your face, and find what you thought about me, and what I have done, and am doing; I know you would be surprised, whether in pleasure, or disappointment it does'nt become me to say – I have dared to do strange things – bold things, and have asked no advice from any, I have heeded beautiful tempters, yet do not think I am wrong. Oh I have needed my trusty Jane – my friend encourager, and sincere councillor,

my rock, and strong assister! I could make you tremble for me, and be very much afraid, and wonder how things would end, Oh Jennie, it would relieve me to tell you all, to sit down at your feet, and look in your eyes, and confess what you only shall know, an experience bitter, and sweet, but the sweet did so beguile me, and life has had an aim, and the world has been too precious for your poor – and striving sister! The winter was all one dream, and the spring has not yet waked me, I would always sleep, and dream, and it never should turn to morning, so long as night is so blessed. What do you weave from all these threads, for I know you hav'nt been idle the while I've been speaking to you, bring it nearer the window, and I will see, it's all wrong unless it has one gold thread in it, a long, big shining fibre which hides the others – and which will fade away into Heaven while you hold it, and from there come back to me. I hope belief is not wicked, and assurance, and perfect trust, and a kind of twilight feeling before the moon is seen, I hope human nature has truth in it – Oh I hope it may not deceive – confide – cherish, have a great faith in, do you dream from all this what I mean? Nobody thinks of the joy, nobody guesses it, to all appearance old things are engrossing, and new ones are not revealed, but there now is nothing old, things are budding, and springing, and singing, and you rather think you are in a green grove, and it's branches that go, and come. I shall see you sometime darling, and that sometime may not be distant, try to grow fast, and live really, and endure, and wait in patience, and reward cannot be distant. Be strong Jennie in remembrance, dont let "bygones be bygones," love what you are taken from, and cherish us tho, so dim. Dont put us in narrow graves, we shall certainly rise if you do, and scare you most prodigiously, and carry you off perhaps! "This is the end of earth." Very affectionately your friend Emily E Dickinson.

Mrs Brewster has lost a sister, her beautiful sister Celia who went away on a mission; she is deeply, and greatly afflicted, and hardly knows how to submit, she cherished that sister, and loved her, and she cannot resign her so soon. Her remains will be brought to Blandford as soon as the 1st of May, and as she is preserved in spirit, they hope she will still be natural, and they can part with her then more willingly.

Mr Spencer is very comfortable, I have faith that the spring will revive him, and give him some newness of life, and strength. No news from our "Theologian" Jennie, he must have "made way with himself," I really dont care if he has. I am hushed as the night when I write her, and of him I hear not a tiding. I only prayed for pride, I have received yet more; indifference, and he may go "where he listeth," and never a bit care I. Something else has helped me forget that, a something surer, and higher, and I sometimes laugh in my sleeve. Dont betray me Jennie, but love, and remember, and write me, and I shall one day meet you.

Abby says she is waiting patiently. She is well, and sends you much love; Mother, and Austin unite in the same.

Vinnie, and Jane send much love, and want to know whether you received two long letters from them a great while ago.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L65). Publication: JL35. | Jane's father, Levi Wooster Humphrey, died April 2. Celia Wright Strong (Catharine Ann Brewster's sister) died March 2, 1850; Catharine Ann herself died the following year, December 24, 1851. "Our 'Theologian'" = James P. Kimball. The phrase "where he listeth" borrows from John 3:8.

37.

To unknown, early 1850

With the sincere spite of
a Woman.

Note: AC 886. Publication: NEQ (1955). | Perhaps sent; an indentation, left by an oval object and attached chain, indicates that the paper was folded to contain it. ED mentions to Jane Humphrey (L36) that James Kimball has treated her with "indifference."

38.

To Abiah Root, May 7 and 17, 1850

Amherst. May 7th 50.

Dear Remembered.

The circumstances under which I write you this morning are at once glorious, afflicting, and beneficial, glorious in ends, afflicting in means, and beneficial I trust in both. Twin loaves of bread have just been born into the world under my auspices, fine children, the image of their mother, and here my dear friend is the glory.

On the lounge asleep, lies my sick mother, suffering intensely from Acute Neuralgia, except at a moment like this, when kind sleep draws near, and beguiles her, here is the affliction.

I need not draw the beneficial inference, the good I myself derive, the winning the spirit of patience the genial house-keeping influence stealing over my mind, and soul, you know all these things I would say, and will seem to suppose they are written, when indeed they are only thought. On Sunday my mother was taken, had been perfectly well before, and could remember no possible imprudence which should have induced the disease, everything has been done, and tho' we think her gradually throwing it off, she still has much suffering. I have always neglected the culinary arts, but attend to them now from necessity, and from a desire to make everything pleasant for father, and Austin. Sickness makes desolation, and "the day is dark, and dreary," but health will come back I hope, and light hearts, and smiling faces. We are sick hardly ever at home, and don't know what to do when it comes,

wrinkle our little brows, and stamp with our little feet, and our tiny souls get angry, and command it to go away, Mrs Brown will be glad to see it, old-ladies expect to die,” as for us, the young, and active, with all longings “for the strife,” we to “perish by the road-side, weary with the march of life” no – no “Father Mortality,” get out of our way if you please, we will call if we ever want you, Good-morning Sir, ah Good-morning! When I am not at work in the kitchen, I sit by the side of mother, provide for her little wants, and try to cheer, and encourage her. I ought to be glad, and grateful that I can do anything now, but I do feel so very lonely, and so anxious to have her cured. I hav’nt repined but once, and you shall know all the why. While I washed the dishes at noon in that little “sink-room” of our’s, I heard a well-known rap, and a friend I love so dearly came and asked me to ride in the woods, the sweet – still woods, and I wanted to exceedingly, I told him I could not go, and he said he was disappointed, he wanted me very much, then the tears came into my eyes, tho’ I tried to choke them back, and he said I could, and should go, and it seemed to me unjust, Oh I struggled with great temptation, and it cost me much of denial, that I think in the end I conquered, not a glorious victory Abiah, where you hear the rolling drum, but a kind of helpless victory, where triumph would come of itself, faintest music, weary soldiers, nor a waving flag, nor a long – loud shout. I had read of Christ’s temptations, and how they were like our own, only he did’nt sin; I wondered if one was like mine, and whether it made him angry, I couldn’t make up my mind; do you think he ever did?

I went cheerfully round my work, humming a little air till mother had gone to sleep, then cried with all my might, seemed to think I was much abused, that this wicked world was unworthy such devoted, and terrible sufferings, and came to my various senses in great dudgeon at life, and time, and love for affliction, and anguish.

What shall we do my darling, when trial grows more, and more, when the dim, lone light expires, and it’s dark, so very dark, and we wander, and know not where, and cannot get out of the forest, whose is the hand to help us, and to lead, and forever guide us, they talk of a “Jesus of Nazareth,” will you tell me if it be he?

I presume you have heard from Abby, and know what she now believes, she makes a sweet, girl christian, religion makes her face quite different, calmer, but full of radiance, holy, yet very joyful. She talks of herself quite freely, seems to love Lord Christ most dearly, and to wonder, and be bewildered, at the life she has always led. It all looks black, and distant, and God, and Heaven are near, she is certainly very much changed.

She has told you about things here, how the “still small voice” is calling, and how the people are listening, and believing, and truly obeying, how the place is very solemn, and sacred, and the bad ones slink away, and are sorrowful, not at their wicked lives, but at this strange time, great change. I am one of the lingering bad ones, and so do I slink away, and pause, and ponder, and ponder, and pause, and do work without knowing why, not surely for this brief world, and more sure it is

not for Heaven, and I ask what this message means that they ask for so very eagerly, you know of this depth, and fulness, will you try to tell me about it?

It's Friday my dear Abiah, and that in another week, yet my mission is unfulfilled, and you so sadly neglected, and dont know the reason why. Where do you think I've strayed, and from what new errand returned? I have come from "to and fro, and walking up, and down" the same place that Satan hailed from, when God asked him where he'd been, but not to illustrate further I tell you I have been dreaming, dreaming a golden dream, with eyes all the while wide open, and I guess it's almost morning, and besides I have been at work, providing the "food that perisheth," scaring the timorous dust, and being obedient, and kind. I call it kind obedience, in the books the shadows write in, it may have another name. I am yet the Queen of the court, if regalia be dust, and dirt, have three loyal subjects, whom I'd rather releive from service, Mother is still an invalid tho' a partially restored one, Father, and Austin still clamor for food, and I, like a martyr am feeding them. Would'nt you love to see me in these bonds of great despair, looking around my kitchen, and praying for kind deliverance, and declaring by "Omar's beard" I never was in such plight, my kitchen I think I called it, God forbid that it was, or shall be my own, God keep me from what they call households, except that bright one of "faith"!

Dont be afraid of my imprecations, they never did anyone harm, and they make me feel so cool, and and so very much more comfortable!

Where are you now Abiah, where are your thoughts and aspirations, where are your young affections, not with the boots, and whiskers, any with me ungrateful, any tho' drooping, dying? I presume you are loving your mother, and loving the stranger, and wanderer, visiting the poor, and afflicted, and reaping whole fields of blessings, save me a little sheaf, only a very little one! Remember, and care for me sometimes, and scatter a fragrant flower in this wilderness life of mine by writing me, and by not forgetting, and by lingering longer in prayer, that the Father may bless one more! Your aff friend, Emily.

Do you hear from our dear Jennie Humphrey, do you know who's staying now? I feel impatiently, very it's so long since I've heard about her. When her father was sick she wrote me, and as soon as I could I replied; I afterwards saw his death, the day that my letter reached her. She must be bereaved indeed, and I wish I could go, and console her. She has the "Great Spirit" tho', and perhaps she does'nt need me. Do you know how she bears her trial. She is a very dear friend to me, and all of these things I think of.

What a beautiful mourner is her sister, looking so crushed, and heart-broken, yet never complaining, or murmuring, and waiting herself so patiently! She reminds me of suffering Christ, bowed down with her weight of agony, yet smiling at terrible will. "Where the weary are at rest" these mourners all make me think of – in the sweet, still grave. When shall it call us?

Vinnie is still at school, and I sit by my lonely window, and give bright tears to her memory. Tears are my angels now.

It's a great while since I've seen your cousins, they were all very well when I did. When will you come again, speedily, will you?

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L62). Publication: JL36. | Local papers reported a revival of religion at AC, April through June. ED quotes from Longfellow's "The Rainy Day" ("the day is dark and dreary") and "Footsteps of Angels," in which the young "who cherished / Noble longings for the strife, / By the roadside fell and perished, / Weary with the march of life!" Job 3:17 provides "and there the weary be at rest."

39.

To Austin Dickinson, October 27, 1850

Sunday evening.

Suppose "Topknot" should come down, and speak to his brothers, and sisters, or bind up the broken hearts of divers deserted friends, suppose he should doff his crown, and lay down his lofty sceptre, and once more a patient child secure reproof, and correction, salute the insulted rod, and bow to the common Lord!

An affection of nineteen years for the most ungrateful of brothers jogs now and then at my elbow, and calls for paper and pen. Permit me to tie your shoe, to run like a dog behind you, I can bark, see here! Bow wow! Now if that isn't fine I don't know! Permit me to be a stick, to show how I will not beat you, a stone, how I will not fling, musquito, I will not sting. Permit me to be a fowl, which Bettie shall dress for dinner, a bantam, a fine, fat hen. I will crow in my grave if you will, Chanticleer being still, tho' sleeping. Herein I "deign to condescend to stoop so low," what a high hill between me, and thee, a hill, upon my word, it is a mountain, I dare not climb. Let's call it "Alp," or "Ande," or yet the "Ascension Mount." I have it! – you shall be "Jove" a sitting on great "Olympus," a whittling the lightnings out, and hurling at your relations. Oh "Jupiter"! fie! for shame! Kings sometimes have fathers, and mothers. Father and I are going to have a Cattle Show Wednesday, School masters, and Monkeys half price. I guess you had better "come down." They've appointed you joint committee of the "Beast with the seven horns.[]" If time, and ability fail you, they'll omit the remaining horn.

There's an old hand they call "Revelation". I dare say he will give you a lift! Bow-doin is pretty well, except now and on ailing, he may hold on a good while yet, you know that life is unsartin!

To the Boy of brass buttons, clasped hands, and fervent expression, send greeting.

That Miss Field may abstain from meadow, nor ever be found of Groves, is the prayer of your anxious friend.

"Serve God, and fear the King"! Exit Sue!!!

Note: AC 558. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Oct 28. | Austin began teaching at Sunderland, a few miles north of Amherst, in September. On the back of an earlier note (dated "Monday," October 14) to Austin from Vinnie, ED added "Come home Naughty Boy!!" in pencil and signed it "Emily."

40.

To Abiah Root, December 31, 1850

Transcribed Todd
Tuesday evening.

I write Abiah tonight, because it is cool, and quiet, and I can forget the toil and care of the feverish day, and then I am selfish too, because I am feeling lonely; some of my friends are gone, and some of my friends are sleeping – sleeping the churchyard sleep – the hour of evening is sad – it was once my study hour – my Master has gone to rest, and the open leaf of the book, and the scholar at school alone, make the tears come, and I cannot brush them away; I would not if I could, for they are the only tribute I can pay the departed Humphrey.

You have stood by the grave before; I have walked there sweet summer evenings, and read the names on the stones, and wondered who would come and give me the same memorial; but I never have laid my friends there, and forgot that they too must die; this is my first affliction, and indeed 't is hard to bear it; – to those bereaved so often that home is no more here, and whose communion with friends is had only in prayers, there must be much to hope for, but when the unreconciled spirit has nothing left but God, that spirit is lone indeed.

I don't think there will be any sunshine, or any singing birds in the spring that's coming; I shall look for an early grave then, when the grass is growing green; I shall love to call the bird there if it has gentle music, and the meekest-eyed wild flowers, and the low, plaintive insect. How precious the grave Abiah, when ought that we love is lain there, and affection would fain go too, if that the lost were lonely! I will try not to say any more – my rebellious thoughts are many and the friend I love and trust in has much now to forgive – I wish I were somebody else – I would pray the prayer of the "Pharisee," but I am a poor little "Publican"; "Son of David" look down on me!

"Twas a great while ago when you wrote me, I remember the leaves were falling – and now there are falling snows – who maketh the two to differ – are not leaves the bretheren of snows?

Then it can't be a great while since then, tho', I verily thought it was, we are not so young as we once were, and time seems to be growing long. I dream of being a grand dame, and banding my silver hairs, and I seem to be quite submissive to the thought of growing old; no doubt you ride rocking horses in your present as in young sleeps – quite a pretty contrast indeed – me braiding my own grey hairs, & my friend at play with her childhood – a pair of decayed old ladies! Where are you my antique friend, or my very dear and young one – just as you please to please –

it may seem quite a presumption that I address you at all, knowing not if you habit here, or if my "Bird has flown" in which world her wing is folded. When I think of the friends I love, and the little while we may dwell here and then "we go away," I have a yearning feeling, a desire eager and anxious lest any be stolen away, so that I cannot behold them. I would have you here, all here, where I can see you, and hear you, and where I can say Oh no, if the "Son of Man" ever "cometh"!

It is not enough, now and then, at long and uncertain intervals to hear you're alive and well; I do not care for the body – I love the timid soul, the blushing, shrinking soul – it hides for it is afraid, and the bold obtrusive body – pray marm did you call me; we are very small, Abiah – I think we grow still smaller – this tiny-insect life the portal to another; it seems strange – strange indeed. I'm afraid we are all unworthy, yet we shall "enter in."

I can think of no other way than for you, my dear girl, to come here – we are growing away from each other, and talk even now like strangers. To forget the "meum and teum" dearest friends must meet sometimes, and then comes the "bond of the spirit" which if I am correct is "unity."

Abby has been to see you, and you had the happiest time. I know how you talked, and wa[l]ked, and I saw the weary eyelids, drooping, fainting, falling. Oh you are both asleep, and your hand is fast in Abby's. I stand by the fond young bedside, and think of "Babes in the Wood" – large babes – the ones we hear of were small ones – I seem to myself a robin covering you with leaves – the Babies we were are buried, and their shadows are plodding on. Abby is better now – she has just made another visit – a kind of friendly tour among her kith and kin. She seems better in mind and body – by which I mean stronger physically, and more cheerful in mind. I wonder that Abby's headaches do not depress her more – she endures and bears like a martyr.

I see but little of Abby – she cannot come to see me, and I walk so far not often – and perhaps it's all right and best. Our lots fall in different places; may hap we might disagree. We take different views of life – our thoughts would not dwell together as they used to when we were young – how long ago that seems! She is more of a woman than I am, for I love so to be a child – Abby is holier than me – she does more good in her lifetime than ever I shall in mine – she goes among the poor, she shuts the eye of the dying – she will be had in memorial when I am gone and forgotten. Do not think we are ought than friends – tho' the "silver cord be loosed,[""] the "golden bowl[""] is not "broken." I have talked thus freely of Abby because we three were friends, because I trust we three are friends, and shall meet in bliss together – because the golden links, though dimmed are no less golden, and I love to hold them up, and see them gleam in the sunshine; you and I, too, are more alike than Abby and I are sometimes, and the name of each is dear and is cherished by the other.

Won't you say what you think of Abby – I mean of her heart and mind, when you write me – I think it is a license which friend may take with friend, without at

all detracting from ought we like or love. And tell me of some one else – what she is thinking and doing, and whether she still remembers the loves of “long ago,” and sighs as she remembers, lest there be no more as true – “sad times, sweet times – twa bairns at school, but a one heart” – three bairns, and the tale had been truer! You are growing wiser than I am, and nipping in the bud fancies which I let blossom – perchance to bear no fruit, or if plucked, I may find it bitter. The shore is safer, Abiah, but I love to buffet the sea – I can count the bitter wrecks here in these pleasant waters, and hear the murmuring winds, but Oh I love the danger! You are learning control and firmness – Christ Jesus will love you more – I’m afraid he don’t love me any!

Vinnie is with me now, and in her sweet society I feel so much delight, I wonder very much how I have ever spared her. You know Vinnie and you love her – and Vinnie loves you too, and takes this favorable time to indite her kind words to you – she says “Give Abiah my love, and tell her I love to think of her.”

Write when you will, my friend, and forget all amiss herein, for as these few imperfect words to the full communion of spirits, so this small giddy life to the better, the life eternal, and that we may live this life, and be filled with this true communion, I shall not cease to pray. E.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.15, 116–124 & AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd’s printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995). | Leonard Humphrey, principal of AA in 1846, died suddenly Saturday, November 30. “Babes in the Wood” is a folk ballad in which a robin covers two abandoned infants with leaves; ED refers to it in L830 and 1186. | ED quotes beginning “sad times, sweet times” from the ballad “Jeanie Morrison” by William Motherwell, and refers to the “silver cord” and “golden bowl” from Ecclesiastes 12:6. She alludes to the Luke 18 parable about a meek publican and proud Pharisee, in which a blind man who is rebuked for addressing Jesus as “thou son of David” has his sight restored.

41.

To Elbridge Gridley Bowdoin, about February 14, 1851

1851.

I weave for the Lamp of Evening – but fairer colors than mine are twined while stars are shining.

I know of a shuttle swift – I know of a fairy gift – mat for the “Lamp of Life” – the little Bachelor’s wife!!

Note: AC 795. Publication: *L* (1931). | This was probably sent as a valentine—like most such notes, it is not signed. Addressed: Mr. Bowdoin. Present.

42.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), February 27, 1851

Thursday noon.

Were it not for the weather Susie, my little, unwelcome face would come peering in today, I should steal a kiss from the sister – the darling Rover returned – Thank the wintry wind my dear one, that spares such daring intrusion! Dear Susie – happy Susie, I rejoice in all your joy – sustained by that dear sister you will never again be lonely. Dont forget all the little friends who have tried so hard to be sisters, when indeed you were alone!

You do not hear the wind blow on this inclement day, when the world is shrugging it's shoulders; your little "Columbarium is lined with warmth and softness," there is no "silence" there, so you differ from bonnie "Alice." I miss one angel face in the little world of sisters – dear Mary – sainted Mary – Remember lonely one, tho' she comes not to us, we shall return to her! My love to both your sisters, and I want so much to see Matty.

Very aff yours, Emily

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B131). Publication: *FF* | Mary Gilbert Learned died July 14, 1850 in Grand Rapids, Michigan; in February, Mattie (Martha Gilbert [Smith]) returned from Michigan to join Susan at their sister Harriet Cutler's house in Amherst. Vinnie reports that Susan, Mattie, and she went shopping together on February 28. | ED quotes from Longfellow's *Kavanagh*, in which Alice Archer's bedroom is described by her "lover-like friend" Cecilia Vaughan as "that little sanctuary draped with white, – that columbarium lined with warmth, and softness, and silence."

43.

To Austin Dickinson, June 8, 1851

Sunday Evening.

It might not come amiss dear Austin to have a tidings or two concerning our state and feelings, particularly when we remember that "Jamie is gone awa."

Our state is pretty comfortable, and our feelings are somewhat solemn which we account for satisfactorily by calling to mind the fact that it is the "Sabbath Day." Whether a certain passenger in a certain yesterday's stage has any sombre effect on our once merry household, or the reverse "I dinna choose to tell", but be the case as it may, we are rather a crestfallen company to make the best of us, and what with the sighing wind, the sobbing rain, and the whining of nature generally, we can hardly contain ourselves, and I only hope and trust that your this evening's lot is cast in far more cheery places than the ones you leave behind.

We are enjoying this evening what is called a "northeast storm" – a little north of east, in case you are pretty definite, Father thinks "it's amazin raw," and I'm

half disposed to think that he's in the right about it, tho' I keep pretty dark, and dont say much about it! Vinnie is at the instrument, humming a pensive air concerning a young lady who thought she was "almost there", Vinnie seems much grieved, and I really suppose I ought to betake myself to weeping; I'm pretty sure that I shall if she dont abate her singing.

Father's just got home from meeting and Mr Boltwood's, found the last quite comfortable, but the first not quite so well –

Mother is warming her feet, which she assures me confidently are "just as cold as ice –"] I tell her I fear there is danger of icification, or ossification – I dont know certainly which! Father is reading the Bible – I take it for consolation, judging from outward things.

He and mother take great delight in dwelling upon your character, and reviewing your many virtues, and Father's prayers for you at our morning devotions are enough to break one's heart – it is really very touching; surely "our blessings brighten" the farther off they fly!

Mother wipes her eyes with the end of her linen apron, and consoles herself by thinking of several future places "where congregations ne'er break up," and Austins have no end! This being a favourite sentiment with you, I trust it will find a response in all patriotic bosoms. There has been not much stirring since when you went away – I should venture to say prudently that matters had come to a stand – unless something new "turns up" I cannot see anything to prevent a quiet season – Father takes care of the doors, and mother of the windows, and Vinnie and I are secure against all outward attacks. If we can get our hearts "under" I dont have much to fear – I've got all but three feelings down if I can only keep them!

Tutor Howland was here as usual, during the afternoon – after tea I went to see Sue – had a nice little visit with her – then went to see Emily Fowler, and arrived home at 9 – found Father in great agitation at my protracted stay – and mother and Vinnie in tears, for fear that he would kill me.

Sue and Martha expressed their sorrow that you had gone away, and are going to write a post-script in the next letter I send.

Emily F talked of you with her usual deal of praise. The girls all send their love. Mother wants me to say that if you like Aunt L's Bonnet, and can find one for her just like it, that "Barkis is very willin." Vinnie sends her love, and says she is "pretty comfortable." I shall think of you tomorrow with four and twenty Irish boys – all in a row! I miss you very much – I put on my bonnet tonight, opened the gate very desperately, and for a little while, the suspense was terrible – I think I was held in check by some invisible agent, for I returned to the house without having done any harm!

If I hadn't been afraid that you would "poke fun" at my feelings, I had written a sincere letter, but since the "world is hollow, and Dollie is stuffed with sawdust," I really do not think we had better expose our feelings. Write soon to me, they all

send love to you, and all the folks – love to Lizzie if there. Vinnie has commenced snoring.

Your dear Sister Emily.

Note: AC 559. Publication: *Home*. | On Saturday, June 7, Austin left to teach at the Endicott School in the North End of Boston, then heavily populated by Irish immigrants. William Howland (AC 1846) tutored there from 1849 to 1851 and studied law with Edward. | “Barkis is willin’” comes from Dickens’s *David Copperfield* (1849–50), as does the repeated phrase “pretty comfortable.” “Where congregations ne’er break up, / And Sabbaths have no end” is from the hymn “Jerusalem! My happy home!” Variations on “the world is hollow and my doll is stuffed with sawdust” appear throughout the 1800s, including in the June 1851 issue of *Harper’s New Monthly*. The opening quotation “Jamie is gone awa’” may misquote the song “Auld Robin Gray.”

44.

To Austin Dickinson, June 15, 1851

Sunday Evening.

From what you say Dear Austin I am forced to conclude that you never received my letter which was mailed for Boston Monday, but two days after you left – I dont know where it went to, Father wrote on the outside, and to care of Uncle Loring, and waiting from day to day and receiving no reply, I naturally grew rather crusty and resolved to reserve my “mss” for youths more worthy of them; this will account for the fact that you heard nothing by Bowdoin. In neither of your letters, for which I heartily thank you, have you made any mention of my departed letter – Bowdoin thinks you told him you had not heard from home, and quite surprised at it, and grieved to have you think you were forgotten so quick, I will try the post again, if I cant be more successful. I’m glad you are so well pleased, I am glad you are not delighted, I would not that foreign places should wear the smile of home. We are quite alarmed for the boys, hope you wont kill, or pack away any of em, so near Dr – Webster’s bones t’ant strange you have had temptations! You would not take it amiss if I should say we laughed some when each of your letters came – your respected parents were overwhelmed with glee, and as for the young ladies they gave a smile or so by way of recognizing your descriptive merits. Father remarks quite briefly that he “thinks they have found their master,” mother bites her lips, and fears you “will be rash with them” and Vinnie and I say masses for poor Irish boys souls. So far as I am concerned I should like to have you kill some – there are so many now, there is no room for the americans, and I cant think of a death that would be more after my mind than scientific destruction – scholastic dissolution, there’s something lofty in it, it smacks of going up! Wont you please to state the name of the boy that turned

the faintest, as I like to get such facts to set down in my journal, also anything else that's startling which you may chance to know – I don't think deaths or murders can ever come amiss in a young – woman's journal – the country's still just now, and the severities alluded to will have a salutary influence in waking the people up – speaking of getting up, how early are metropolitans expected to wake up, especially young men – more especially Schoolmasters? I miss "my department" mornings – I lay it quite to heart that I've no one to wake up. Your room looks lonely enough – I do not love to go in there – whenever I pass thro' I find I 'gin to whistle, as we read that little boys are wont to do in the graveyard. I am going to set out Crickets as soon as I find time that they by their shrill singing shall help disperse the gloom – will they grow if I transplant them?

You importune me for news, I am very sorry to say "Vanity of vanities" there's no such thing as news – it is almost time for the cholera, and then things will take a start!

We have had a man to take tea, a Mr Marsh by name – he went to school with Father.

I think him a "man of cares" tho' I know nothing concerning him – another important item, so far as I can judge – I think he's for "law and order." Susie and Martha come often, Sue was here on Friday, for all afternoon yesterday – I gave the manslaughter extract to the infinite fun of Martha! They miss you very much – they send their "united loves." Vinnie rode with Howland yesterday, and Emily Fowler and Dickinson also, at the same time – had a fine ride. The Reading club seems lonely – perhaps it weeps for you.

Dwight Cowan does very well – the Horse is quite "uncommon." Hunt is shining the barn.

We are going to have some new hens – a few. I reserve the close for some bad news – we can't come to hear Jennie – we are coming, but can't now. There are several reasons why – the first we are not near ready – Miss Leonard is coming this week – Grandmother is coming to see us – if we go now we can't stay any – we cannot come now and again – it would be all haste and confusion – we should have to hurry home, and we do not think it best. We shall come before long, when we are all prepared – "two monuments of the past" would make quite a stir in Boston! You mustn't be disappointed, nor blame the folks at all – they would be perfectly willing if we tho't best ourselves. Give our love to our friends, thank them much for this kindness; we will come and see them and you tho' now it is not convenient. All of the folks send love. Your aff Emily.

Mother says if there's anything more you want, if you will only write us Mrs Kimberly will make it – also if you have any things which you would like to send home Henry Kellogg is there, and you can send by him. Write as soon as possible. Take care of yourself –

Special love to Emily, and the little cousins.

Note: AC 560. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jun 16. | Dwight Cowan was an African American harness maker hired to look after the horse in Austin's absence. In 1850, Deborah W. Kimberley (ED misspells as Kimberly) was probably the wife of tailor Thompson Kimberley. Henry C. Kellogg lived near the Dickinsons. | "Dr. Webster's bones" alludes to John Webster's notorious murder of his colleague Dr. George Parkman in a Harvard laboratory, in 1849. Webster was hanged.

45.

To Austin Dickinson, June 22, 1851

Sunday evening.

I rec'd your letter, Austin, permit me to thank you for it, and to request some more as soon as it's convenient – permit me to accord with your discreet opinion concerning Swedish Jennie, and to commend the heart brave eno' to express it – combating the opinion of two civilized worlds, and New York into the bargain, must need considerable daring – indeed it had never occurred to me that amidst the Hallelujahs one tongue would dare be dumb – and much less I assure you that this dissenting one should be my romantic Brother! For I had looked for delight and a very high style of rapture in such a youth as you – Father perused the letter and verily for joy the poor man could hardly contain himself – he read and read again, and each time seemed to relish the story more than at first – Fearing the consequences on a mind so formed as his, I seized the exciting sheet, and bore it away to my folio to amuse nations to come.

"If it had only come" in the language of your Father "a single day before," in the twinkling of an eye "it had been transferred to the Paper" to tell this foolish world that one man living in it dares to say what he thinks – nor heeds if some dog bark. So soon as he was calm he began to proclaim your opinion – the effect cannot be described – encomium followed encomium – applause deafened applause – the whole town reeled and staggered as it were a drunken man – rocks rent – graves opened – and the seeds which had'nt come up were heard to set up growing – the sun went down in clouds – the moon arose in glory – Alpha Delta, All Hail!

We have all been rather piqued at Jennie's singing so well, and this first calumnious whisper pleases us so well – We rejoice that we did not come – our visit is yet before us.

The Bonnet came safely Saturday, and is pronounced by us all to be very beautiful – mother is very much pleased with it, says it is "just to her mind," you could'nt have suited us better possibly if you'd tried.

Mother wants me to thank you for all your pain and trouble, and says you "are very kind to do so much for your mother."

You hav'nt told us yet as you promised about your home – what kind of people they are – whether you find them pleasant – whether those timid gentlemen have

yet “found tongue to say” – do you find the life and living any more annoying than you at first expected – do you light upon any friends to help the time away – have you whipped any more bad boys – all these are solemn questions, pray give them proper heed!

Two weeks of your time are gone, I cant help wondering sometimes if you would love to see us, and come to this still home – I cant help wanting to see you now and then at times and my interviews with you at the Barn are fraught with a saddened interest. I suppose I am a fool – you always said I was one, and yet I have some feelings that seem sensible to me, and I have desires to see you now that you are gone which are really quite intelligent – Dont take too much encouragement, but really I have the hope of becoming before you come quite an accountable being! Why not an “eleventh hour” in the life of the mind as well as such an one in the life of the soul – grey-haired sinners are saved – simple maids may be wise, who knoweth? The yard round the house has been mowed and presents quite a fine appearance – Dwight continues to do very well. Baalis Sanford was here last week, has gone to Bridgwater now, and will be here again sometime this week. Our Reading Club still is, and becomes now very pleasant – Stebbins comes in to read now, and Spencer – t’would not be so if you were here – the last time Charles came in when we had finished reading, and we broke up with a dance – make your own reflections at the story I just told you – the Tutors come after us, and walk home with us – we enjoy that! A Senior Levee was held at Prof and Mrs Haven’s on Tuesday of last week – quite an old fashioned time – Vinnie and dodging Chapin was the only fun they had there – Vinnie played pretty well! – There’s another at the President’s this next Friday evening – “Clarum et venerabile” Seniors! Emily Fowler inquires for you – also M, and Susie – Give my love to my friends, and write me as soon as you can – the folks all send their love – B F N – is married.

Note: AC 561. Publication: *Home*. | Baalis Sanford (AC 1845) studied law with Edward in 1850. Milan Cyrus Stebbins was AC 1851. Charles = Charles Fowler (AC 1851), the brother of ED’s friend Emily. Benjamin Franklin Newton married Sarah W. Rugg on June 4, 1851.

46.

To Austin Dickinson, June 29, 1851

Sunday afternoon.

At my old stand again Dear Austin, and happy as a queen to know that while I speak those whom I love are listening, and I am happier still if I shall make them happy.

I have just finished reading your letter which was brought in since church. Mr Pierce was not out today, the wife of this same man took upon her his duties, and brought the letter herself since we came in from church – I like it grandly – very because it is so long, and also it’s so funny – we have all been laughing till the old

house rung again at your delineations of men, women, and things – I feel quite like retiring, in presence of one so grand, and casting my small lot among small birds, and fishes – you say you dont comprehend me, you want a simpler style – Gratitude indeed for all my fine philosophy! I strove to be exalted thinking I might reach you and while I pant and struggle and climb the nearest cloud, you walk out very leisurely in your slippers from Empyrean, and without the slightest notice request me to get down! As simple as you please, the simplest sort of simple – I'll be a little ninny – a little pussy catty, a little Red Riding Hood, I'll wear a Bee in my Bonnet, and a Rose bud in my hair, and what remains to do you shall be told hereafter.

Your letters are richest treats, send them always just such warm days – they are worth a score of fans, and many refrigerators – the only “diffikilty” they are so very queer, and laughing such hot weather is anything but amusing. A little more of earnest, and a little less of jest until we are out of August, and then you may joke as freely as the Father of Rogues himself, and we will banish care, and daily die a laughing! It is very hot here now, I dont believe it's any hotter in Boston than t'is here – we cant lie down to sleep lest we wake up in burning – I verily baked in bed the last time I retired, but now adopt a method of keeping up all night which having never tried I think will turn out nicely! I hope you're very careful in working, eating and drinking when the heat is so great – there are temptations there which at home you are free from – beware the juicy fruits, and the cooling – ades and cordials, and do not eat ice-cream, it is so very dangerous – the folks think much about you, and are so afraid you'll get sick by being rash or imprudent – for our sakes Austin wont you try to be careful –? I know my sake a'nt much, but Vinnie's is considerab[l]e – it weighs a good many pounds – when skin and bones may plead I will become a persuasion, but you have other friends who are much more substantial – I know of sisters twain – Oh Youth, come back again, they sing – you ask me of the “postscript” – it's coming – the writers are well, and come often to see Vinnie and me – they do not have any rides except Martha went with Barton on horseback the other morning – Root has quite left the field – our little neighbor Jones we are happy to say is faithful. We talk of you together, and intersperse remarks with snatches from your letters –

You ask about the carriage, it is to be done this week, when you get home we'll ride, perhaps we will “take a tour.” Mother feels quite anxious to know about your clothes, washing, ironing, &c. Vinnie suggests in connection that she may sometimes occur to mind when you would like collars washed – I told her I wouldn't tell you – I hav'nt however decided whether I will or not. I often put on five knives, and four and another tumbler forgetting for the moment that “we are not all here,” it occurs to me however, and I remove the extra and brush a tear away in memory of my brother.

We miss you now and always – when God bestows but three and one of those is withholden the others are left alone. Moody Cook took tea here Saturday – he

came to see "his pony" and it being supertime Father asked him to stay – He took your seat at the table which led to some remarks concerning yourself, and your absence, which your ear may hear. "Somehow he and Austin always were good friends – he was none of your mean boys – doing small mean things, and there was something in him which always made folks mind – when Austin was at home Austin was in town" tho' this I comprehend not the necessity of stating it seeming quite instinctive, and not needful to prove. Father told him about your early youth, your love for trade and driving – instanced Hens and Bees as nearest illustrations – By the way – I forgive you that fraud of 25 cts and hope Almighty Jove will be very merciful! Father thinks Moody Cook put spirit in the cider when he was here in the spring, and thinks you understand it, and that yourself and Moody are in some way joking him – he has thought so much about it that he said he should write, and ask you – we young ones laugh in our sleeves, and think he is rather crazy. Father is as uneasy when you are gone away as if you catch a trout, and put him in Sahara – when you first went away he came home very frequently – walked gravely towards the barn, and returned looking very stately – then strode away down street as if the foe was coming – now he is more resigned – contents himself by fancying that "we shall hear today," and then when we do not hear, he wags his head profound, and thinks without a doubt there will be news "tomorrow." "Once one is two" once one will be two ah I have it here! I wish you could have some cherries – if there was any way we would send you a basket of them – they are very large and delicious, and are just ripening now – little Austin Grout comes every day to pick them, and mother takes great comfort in calling him by name, from vague association with her departed boy – Austin, to tell the truth, it is very still and lonely – I do wish you were here despite the darkened Laddy – they are bad enough in darkness, I really don't feel willing that they should come to the light thro' such a daring medium – Emeline and Sarah took a trip sometime since, and have not yet returned – from all that I can learn I conclude that "I tell Eliza" is his consoling now – in other language Austin – she has become "Miss Mills."

Root has been here twice – B Harrington once, and others in due proportion – W – Dickinson is going to write you – Bowdoin is "around" – the railroad is a "workin" – my love to all my friends – I am on my way down stairs to put the teakettle boiling – writing and taking tea cannot sympathize – if you forget me now your right hand shall it's cunning.

Emilie.

Note: AC 562. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jun 30. | ED wrote "knives" then inter-lineated "v" as a correction. Moody Cook was the town blacksmith. Austin Grout was ten; ED was acquainted with the Grouts' daughter Jane. Austin Sr. was an Amherst butcher. Henry Dwight Root was AC 1852. Brainerd Timothy Harrington studied at Williston Seminary and AA.

47.

To Austin Dickinson, July 6, 1851

Sunday afternoon.

I have just come in from Church very hot, and faded, having witnessed a couple of Baptisms, three admissions to church, a Supper of the Lord, and some other minor transactions time fails me to record. Knowing Rev A. M. Colton so thoroughly as you do, having received much benefit from his past ministrations, and bearing the relation of "Lamb" unto his fold, you will delight to know that he is well, and preaching, that he has preached today strange as it may – must seem, that just from his benediction I hurry away to you. No doubt you can call to mind his eloquent addresses, his earnest look and gesture, his calls of now today – no doubt you can call to mind the impetus of spirit received from this same gentleman and his enlivening preaching – therefore if you should fancy I'd looked upon the wine from walk or conversation a little fierce or fiery – bear all these things in mind!

Our church grows interesting, Zion lifts her head – I overhear remarks signifying Jerusalem, I do not feel at liberty to say any more today! I wanted to write you Friday, the night of Jennie Lind, but reaching home past midnight, and my room sometime after, encountering several perils starting, and on the way, among which a kicking horse, an inexperienced driver, a number of Jove's thunderbolts, and a very terrible rain, are worthy to have record – All of us went – just four – add an absent individual and that will make full five – the concert commenced at eight, but knowing the world was hollow we thought we'd start at six, and come up with everybody that meant to come up with us – we had proceeded some steps when one of the beasts showed symptoms, and just by the blacksmith's shop exercises commenced, consisting of kicking and plunging on the part of the horse, and whips and moral suasion from the gentleman who drove – the horse refused to proceed, and your respected family with much chagrin dismounted, advanced to the hotel, and for a season halted – another horse procured, we were politely invited to take our seats, and proceed, which we refused to do till the animal was warranted – about half thro' our journey thunder was said to be heard, and a suspicious cloud came travelling up the sky – what words express our horror when rain began to fall – in drops – sheets – cataracts – what fancy conceive of drippings and of drenchings which we met on the way – how the stage and its mourning captives drew up at Warner's hotel – how all of us alighted, and were conducted in, how the rain did not abate, how we walked in silence to the old Edwards Church and took our seats in the same, how Jennie came out like a child and sang and sang again, how boquets fell in showers, and the roof was rent with applause – how it thundered outside, and inside with the thunder of God and of men – judge ye which was the loudest – how we all loved Jennie Lind, but not accustomed oft to her manner of singing did'nt fancy that so well as we did her – no doubt it was

very fine – but take some notes from her “Echo” – the Bird sounds from the “Bird Song” and some of her curious trills, and I’d rather have a Yankee.

Herself, and not her music, was what we seemed to love – she has an air of exile in her mild blue eyes, and a something sweet and touching in her native accent which charms her many friends – “Give me my thatched cottage” as she sang she grew so earnest that she seemed half lost in song and for a transient time I fancied she had found it and would be seen “na mair,” and then her foreign accent made her again a wanderer – we will talk about her sometime when you come – Father sat all the evening looking mad, and silly, and yet so much amused you would have died a laughing – when the performers bowed, he said “Good evening Sir” – and when they retired, “very well – that will do”, it was’nt sarcasm exactly, nor it was’nt disdain, it was infinitely funnier than either of those virtues, as if old Abraham had come to see the show, and thought it was all very well, but a little excess of Monkey! She took 4000\$ ^mistake arithmetical^ for tickets at Northampton aside from all expenses. I’m glad you took a seat opposite Lord Mayor – if he had sat in your lap it had pleased me even better – it must seem pretty grand to be a city officer and pat the Sheriff’s back, and wink to the Policemen! I’m sorry you got so tired, and would suggest respectfully a Rose in every thorn!

We are all pretty comfortable, and things get along well – Bowdoin has gone home haying – the Tutors are hanging on – Francis March is here, had not been seen at the latest – the Exhibition came and went for all that I know – choosing not to “tend.” Sanford – Valedictorian – Stebbins – Salutatorian – Carr – Oratio Philosophico – I do not know the rest, except that W^m Washburn has a Dissertation from the delivery of which he is “respectfully excused.”

About our coming to Boston – we think we shall probably come – we want to see our friends – yourself and Aunt L’s family – we dont care a fig for the museum, the stillness, or Jennie Lind. We are not going to stay long – not more than a week – are sorry Emily is gone, but she shall come to see us – how long will Joel be gone – we have talked of Thursday or Friday as the earliest that we should come – perhaps not until Monday – can you write a line and send to us tomorrow, how long Joe will be gone? Give our love to our friends, and tell them we will write them and let them know our plans as soon as we hear from you – Thank them if you please for their kind invitation, and tell them we are coming not to see sights but them, and therefore all the stillness will not incommode us. I saw Martha Friday – she inquired all about you, and said she was going to write, and Susie too that I could send next time – it has rained ever since then and it is raining now, now so I disappoint you – have patience Austin, and they shall come next time. Father says your letters are altogether before Shakespeare, and he will have them published to put in our library. Emily Fowler’s regards – Love from us all – dont know what I say I write in such a hurry. Your aff Sister Emily

Note: AC 563. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Jul 7 MS. | Jennie Lind performed in Northampton, July 3, 1851. Francis Andrew March (AC 1845) tutored there, 1847–1849; he was engaged to Emily Fowler. John Eliot Sanford and William P. Washburn were AC 1851. Like his brother Baalis, Sanford studied law with Edward. Joe = Joseph Lyman.

48.

To Austin Dickinson, July 13, 1851

Sunday night.

You must'nt care Dear Austin, Vinnie and I cant come – it is'nt any matter, I hope you a'nt troubled about it. We were disappointed at first, because not very well, and thinking while at Boston we would see Aunt Lavinia's physician; we didn't want to tell you why we were bent on coming, thinking now you were gone you might feel anxious about us – we knew it would worry you and therefore made our plans to come now and see you, and saying not a word to any but Aunt L – follow the advice of her Homeopathic physician. If we had told our reasons for coming at this time we should have seemed more reasonable in wishing so much to come, and we knew you would have us at once tho' it might not be convenient.

We are not very sick, we work and go out and have company, but neither of us are well – Dr Brewster has fussed until we are satisfied that he does'nt know what ails us, and we are tired and wearied of being under his care – Father has great confidence in Dr Dean of Greenfield, and thinks sometime this week we may ride up and see him. If he cant tell what ails us, nor do us any good, then we will come in the autumn and see the other man.

Do not feel anxious for us – I think we will soon be well – we have been ailing sometime but not very seriously, and Dr Brewster has tried one thing after another till we are most discouraged, and sometimes we think to ourselves that we shant ever get well, but I guess we shall. I long so to see you Austin, and hear your happy voice, it will do us all more good than any other medicine. Do not blame yourself for what you said and did, and do not allow our friends to reproach themselves at all – we knew you had kindest reasons and thank you and them for so kindly consulting our pleasure – when you go back in the autumn we can see you then, and you must'nt think anything about it, or care for what you wrote.

I dont know what Father said – did know not he was going to write you – your sorrowful letter was our first intimation that ever he had written, and I guess we felt as badly to get such a letter from you, as you did or could at what you heard from Father. I feel so grieved dear Austin if Father has blamed you, Viny and me are the ones if there is fault anywhere – we should have told you frankly why we wished to come – but we did'nt want to worry you as we feared we should. Never mind it Austin – we shall see you soon and tell you all those things which seem obscure when written. Tell all our friends and Joel that we would love to see

them but think we will stay at home and come some other time – much love to them all. Joel must’nt look in any of the Depots for he wont find us there, and it would give him trouble. You must’nt think of such a thing as seeing us now, for we have decided, and think not best to come.

Vinnie will write you soon – sends her love – mine too – Mother sends her love and a little curl of her hair “to put you in mind of your affectionate mother” – Sue and Martha send love. Bowdoin is haying yet – we expect him soon – take good care of yourself Austin, we shall all be so happy to see your face at home.

It is late – Goodnight – Vinnie is snoring!

Note: AC 564. Publication: *Home*. | The visit was canceled because of Loring Norcross’s bankruptcy; a creditor’s meeting was scheduled for July 22, 1851. On July 10 Lavinia writes “Heavy disappointment this morning—can not go to Boston.”

49.

To Austin Dickinson, July 20, 1851

Sunday evening.

Seems to me you are hardly fair, not to send me any letter – I was somewhat disappointed to be thus overlooked – my note from you once a week, had come so very punctually I did set my heart on getting a little something – even a word of love, a line not quite unmindful, and I had from my heart fully and freely forgiven you, but now I am very angry – you shall not have a tender mercy – as I live saith me, and as my inkstand liveth you shall have no peace until all is fulfilled. If I thought you would care any I would hold my tongue so tight that Inquisition itself should’nt wring a sentence from me – but t’would only punish me who would fain get off unpunished, therefore here I am, a’nt you happy to see me? Since you did’nt write to me I pocketed my sorrows, and I hope they are being sanctified to my future good – that is to say – I shall “know what to expect,[”] and my “expectations will not be realized,” you will pardon the freedom I use with your remarks. How it made us laugh – Poor little Sons of Erin – I should think they would rue the day that ever you came among them. Oh how I wish I could see your world and it’s little kingdoms, and I wish I could see the King – Stranger – he was my Brother! I fancy little boys of several little sizes, some of them clothed in blue cloth, some of them clad in gray – I seat them round on benches in the schoolroom of my mind – then I set them all to shaking – on peril of their lives that they move their lips or whisper – then I clothe you with authority and empower you to punish, and to enforce the law, I call you “Rabbi-Master,” and the picture is complete! It would seem very funny, say for Sue and me to come round as Committee – we should enjoy the terrors of 50 little boys and any specimens of discipline in your way would be a rare treat for us. I should love to know how you managed – whether

government as a science is laid down and executed, or whether you cuff and thrash as the occasion dictates – whether you use pure law as in the case of commanding, or whether you enforce it by means of sticks and stones as in the case of agents – I suppose you have authority bounded but by their lives, and from a remark in one of your earliest letters I was led to conclude that on a certain occasion you hit the boundary line! I should think you'd be tired of school and teaching and such hot weather, I really wish you were here and the Endicot school where you found it – whenever we go to ride in our beautiful family carriage, we think if “wishes were horses” we four “beggars would ride.” We shall enjoy brimfull everything now but half full, and to have you home once more will be like living again!

We are having a pleasant summer – without one of the five it is yet a lonely one – Vinnie says sometimes – Did'nt we have a brother – it seems to me we did – his name was Austin – we call, but he answers not again – Echo – where is Austin – laughing – “where is Austin”? I do hope you'll be careful so as to come home well, I wish they need not exhibit just for once in the year, and give you up on Saturday instead of the next week Wednesday, but keep your courage up and show forth those Emerald Isles till School Committees and Mayors are blinded with the dazzling! Would'nt I love to be there with certain friends of mine – Toilet Cushions, and “Carpets,” &c, is what I mean! If this should seem obscure let me recommend West St as an appropriate “Pony” together with other ponies, such as Mr and Mrs Cutler! Susie is at home – Martha is in Burlington seeing a friend of her's. I see more of Susie than of any other girl. She said the last time I saw her, she had'nt had a “talk since Austin went away” – she and Martha too, seem to miss you much, and talk a great deal of seeing you. Abby Wood has gone to visit Miss Peck in New Haven – the rest of the girls are at home. Sprague's shop was set on fire one night last week, and came very near burning up – the roof was burnt off, and it met some other injuries – a process is going on to find out the offenders. John Emerson has come, and has entered himself as a student in Father's office – he carries about the sail of a good sized British vessel, when he has oped his mouth I think no dog has barked. Root spent with us Friday evening – inquired for you with interest, and said he'd be glad to see you.

Our apples are ripening fast – I am fully convinced that with your approbation they will not only pick themselves, but arrange one another in baskets, and present themselves to be eaten.

Love from all to all there – to Joel – hope he is better.

Emilie.

Mother and Vinnie send their love. We all want to see you. Mrs S. E. Mack, and Mrs James Parsons want to see you. John Sanford acts like a simpleton since he got the valedictory, he is so delighted, he dont know what to do.

Note: AC 565. Publication: *Home*. | Sprague and Perkins's wheelwright shop burned on July 15. John Milton Emerson (AC 1849) tutored at AC 1851–1853 and studied law with Edward and Ithamar F. Conkey. Mrs. S. E. Mack = Rebecca Amelia Mack, second wife of Samuel Mack. Mrs. Parsons = Mary Eliza Lewis. John Sanford was selected to give the AC Valedictory Address at commencement.

50.

To Austin Dickinson, July 27, 1851

Sunday night

"I will never desert Micawber" however he may be forgetful of the "Twins" and me, I promised the Rev Sir to "cherish" Mr Micawber, and cherish him I will, tho Pope or Principality, endeavor to drive me from it – the "Twins" cling to him still – it would quite break his heart abandoned tho' he be, to hear them talk about him – Twin Martha broke her heart and went to the Green Mountain, from the topmost cliff of which she flings the pieces round – Twin Susan is more calm, tho' in most deep affliction – You'd better not come home, I say the law will have you, a pupil of the law o'ertaken by the law, and brought to "condign punishment" – scene for angels and men – or rather for Archangels who being a little higher would seem to have a 'vantage so far as view's concerned! "Are you pretty comfortable tho'" and are you deaf and dumb and gone to the asylum where such afflicted persons learn to hold their tongues?

The next time you a'nt going to write me I'd thank you to let me know – this kind of protracted insult is what no man can bear – fight with me like a man – let me have fair shot, and you are "caput mortuum" et "cap a pie," and that ends the business! If you really think I so deserve this silence tell me why – how – I'll be a thorough scamp or else I wont be any, just which you prefer!

Taylor of Spencer's class went to Boston yesterday, it was in my heart to send an apple by him for your private use, but Father overheard some of my intentions and said they were "rather small" – whether this remark was intended for the apple, or for my noble self I did not think to ask him – I rather think he intended to give us both a cut – however, he may go!

You are coming home on Wednesday, as perhaps you know, and I am very happy in prospect of your coming, and hope you want to see us as much as we do you. Mother makes nicer pies with reference to your coming, I arrange my tho'ts in a convenient shape, Vinnie grows only perter and more pert day by day.

The Horse is looking finely, better than in his life, by which you may think him dead unless I add before. The carriage stands in state all covered in the chaise-house – we have one foundling hen into whose young mind I seek to instill the fact that "Massa is a comin!" The garden is amazing – we have beets and beans, have had splendid potatoes for three weeks now – Old Amos weeds and hoes and has an

oversight of all thoughtless vegetables. The apples are fine and large in spite of my impression that Father called them “small.”

Yesterday there was a fire – at about 3. in the afternoon Mr Kimberly’s barn was discovered to be on fire – the wind was blowing a gale directly from the west, and having had no rain, the roofs as dry as stubble – Mr Palmer’s house was cleared – the little house of Father’s, and Mr Kimberly’s also. The engine was broken and it seemed for a little while as if the whole street must go – The Kimberly barn was burnt down, and the house much charred and injured, tho not at all destroyed – Mr Palmer’s barn took fire and Dea Leland’s also, but were extinguished with only part burned roofs. We all feel very thankful at such a narrow escape. Father says there was never such imminent danger, and such miraculous escape – Father and Mr Frink took charge of the fire, or rather of the water, since fire usually takes care of itself. The men all worked like heros, and after the fire was out Father gave commands to have them march to Howe’s where an entertainment was provided for them – after the whole was over, they gave “three cheers for Edward Dickinson, and three more for the Insurance Company”!

On the whole it is very wonderful that we didn’t all burn up, and we ought to hold our tongues and be very thankful. If there must be a fire I’m sorry it couldn’t wait until you had got home, because you seem to enjoy such things so very much.

There is nothing of moment now which I can find to tell you except a case of measles in Hartford. The Colmans were here last week, passed a night here – they came to get John Emerson to travel with W^m Flint. John went to Monson Saturday, and starts with W^m Flint for the White Mts today.

This is one more feather in the Valedictorian’s cap, I guess he thinks he will certainly have her now – I mean will have Eliza. If I loved a girl to distraction I think it would take some coaxing before I would act as footman to her crazy friends – yet love is pretty solemn – I don’t know as I blame John. He is going to be Tutor next year. Vinnie and I made Currant Wine one day last week, I think it will suit you finely.

You remember James Kellogg’s Dogs – the one they kept for a watch dog was poisoned by someone and died last week. Chauncey Russell, Frank Pierce, and George Cutler are somewhere on the coast catching fur and fishes, but principally the former. Perhaps they have called on you during their travels sometime tho’ I don’t know their route exactly. Wouldn’t I love to take a peep at Old Fanueil and all the little Irish, the day of the city fair?

Goodbye Sir – Fare you well, my benison to your school.

The folks all send their love. My compliments to Joel.

Note: AC 566. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Jul 28. | The fire on July 26 threatened the houses on the east side of the common, which were built very close together; this was the second fire in Amherst within two weeks. “Old Amos” Newport was a Black hired hand. Horace

Willard Taylor was AC 1848. John Leland worked for AA and served as deacon of First Church for thirty years. Frank Pierce and George and William Cutler were Amherst merchants; Susan lived with William and his wife, her sister Harriet. | *Caput mortuum* = Latin, “dead head.”

51.

To Abiah Root, August 19, 1851

Tuesday Evening.

“Yet a little while I am with you, and again a little while and I am not with you” because you go to your mother! Did she not tell me saying, “yet a little while you shall see me and again a little while and ye shall not see me, and I would that where I am, there ye may be also,” but the virtue of the text consists in this my dear, that “if I go, I come again, and ye shall be with me where I am,” that is to say, that if you come in November you shall be mine, and I shall be thine, and so on “vice versa” until “ad infinitum” which isn’t a great way off! While I think of it my dear friend, and we are upon these subjects, allow me to remark that you have the funniest manner of popping into town, and the most lamentable manner of popping out again of any one I know.

It really becomes to me a matter of serious moment, this propensity of your’s concerning your female friends – the “morning cloud and the early dew” are not more evanescent.

I think it was Tuesday evening that we were so amused by the oratorical feats of three or four young gentlemen – I remember I sat by you and took great satisfaction in such seat and society – I remember further our mutual Goodnights, our promises to meet again, to tell each other tales of our own heart and life, to seek and find each other after so long a time of distant separation – I can hardly realize Abiah that these are recollections, that our happy today joins the great band of yesterdays and marches on to the dead – too quickly flown my Bird, for me to satisfy me that you did sit and sing beneath my chamber window! I only went out once after the time I saw you – the morning of Mr Beecher, I looked for you in vain – I discovered your Palmer cousins, but if you indeed were there it must have been in a form to my gross sense impalpable. I was disappointed Abiah, I had been hoping much a little visit from you – when will the hour be that we shall sit together and talk of what we were, and what we are and may be – with the shutters closed, dear Abiah and the balmiest little breeze stealing in at the window? I love those little fancies, yet I would love them more were they not quite so fanciful as they have seemed to be – I have fancied so many times and so many times gone home to find it was only fancy that I am half afraid to hope for what I long for. It would seem my dear Abiah that out of all the moments crowding this little world a few might be vouchsafed to spend with those we love – a separated hour, an hour more pure and true than ordinary hours, when we could pause a moment before

we journey on – we had a pleasant time talking the other morning – had I known it was all my portion, mayhap I'd improved it more, but it never'll come back again to try whether or no. Dont you think sometimes these brief imperfect meetings have a tale to tell – perhaps but for the sorrow which accompanies them we would not be reminded of brevity and change, and would build the dwelling earthward whose site is in the skies – perhaps the treasure here would be too dear a treasure, could'nt “the moth corrupt, and the thief break thro' and steal,” and this makes me think how I found a little moth in my stores the other day – a very subtle moth that had in ways and manners to me and mine unknown, contrived to hide itself in a favorite worsted basket – how long my little treasurehouse had furnished an arena for its destroying labors it is not mine to tell – it had an errand there, I trust it fulfilled it's mission; it taught me dear Abiah to have no treasure here, or rather it tried to tell me in it's little mothy way of another enduring treasure, the robber cannot steal which, nor time waste away. How many a lesson learned from lips of such tiny teachers – dont it make you think of the Bible, “not many mighty – not wise”?

You met our dear Sarah Tracy after I saw you here – her sweet face is the same as in those happy school days, and in vain I search for wrinkles brought on by many cares – we all love Sarah dearly, and shall try to do all in our power to make her visit happy. Is'nt it very remarkable that in so many years Sarah has changed so little – not that she has stood still, but has made such peaceful progress – her tho'ts tho' they are older have all the charm of youth – have not yet lost their freshness, their innocence and peace – she seems so pure in heart – so sunny and serene, like some sweet Lark or Robin ever soaring and singing – I have not seen her much, I want to see her more – she speaks often of you, and with a warm affection – I hope no change or time shall blight these loves of our's, I would bear them all in my arms to my home in the glorious heaven and say “here am I my Father, and those whom thou hast given me.” If the life which is to come is better than dwelling here, and angels are there and our friends are glorified and are singing there and praising there need we fear to go, when spirits beyond wait for us – I was meaning to see you more and talk about such things with you – I want to know your views and your eternal feelings, how things beyond are to you – Oh there is much to speak of in meeting one you love, and it always seems to me that I might have spoken more, and I almost always think that what was found to say might have been left unspoken.

Shall it always be so Abiah, is there no longer day given for our communion with the spirits of our Love –? writing is brief and fleeting, conversation will come again, yet if it will, it hastes and must be on it's way – earth is short Abiah, but Paradise is long there must be many moments in an eternal day – then sometime we shall tarry, while time and tide roll on, and till then, Vale!

Your own dear Emilie

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L63). Publication: JL50. | Abiah and ED attended together the August 12 “prize declamations” at AC. The next morning, Reverend Henry Ward Beecher gave an address at the Village church. ED playfully amends several biblical passages: John 7:33, John 16:19, John 14:3, Hosea 6:4. Matthew 6:19, 1 Corinthians 1:26, and John 17:24.

52.

To Austin Dickinson, September 8, 1851

[Boston, MA]

You are very thoughtful Austin to make so many plans for our pleasure and happiness, and yet it is so hot we hardly feel like going out. We had a very pleasant evening – we will tell you something when you come. Will you come after school this morning? It seems a great while since we’ve seen you. We are very warm indeed, but quite happy – we will be very much so if you will be sure to come. Vinnie and I like your friend very much.

You must’nt feel disappointed for yourself or for us, because it is so hot that we dont think we can come – it will be cooler sometime – Vinnie is comfortable – did you rest well last night, and have a nice breakfast this morning.

Sure to come!

Emily

Fanny sends her love.

Note: AC 567. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | ED and Lavinia visited Boston, leaving Amherst on September 4 and returning September 22. In 1851, Fanny was four, Louisa, nine.

53.

To Austin Dickinson, September 23, 1851

Tuesday Evening.

We have got home, dear Austin – it is very lonely here – I have tried to make up my mind which was better – home, and parents, and country; or city, and smoke, and dust, shared with the only being whom I can call my Brother – the scales dont poise very evenly, but so far as I can judge, the balance is in your favor. The folks are much more lonely than while we were away – they say they seemed to feel that we were straying together, and together would return, and the unattended sisters seemed very sad to them. They had been very well indeed, and got along very nicely while we were away. When Father was gone at night, Emeline stayed with mother. They have had a number of friends to call, and visit with them. Mother never was busier than while we were away – what with fruit, and plants, and chickens, and sympathizing friends, she really was so hurried she hardly knew what to do.

Vinnie and I came safely, and met with no mishap – the boquet was not withered, nor was the bottle cracked. It was fortunate for the freight car, that Vinnie and I were there, our's being the only baggage passing along the line. The folks looked very funny, who travelled with us that day – they were dim and faded like folks passed away – the conductor seemed so grand with about half a dozen tickets, which he dispersed, and demanded in a very small space of time – I judged that the minority were travelling that day, and could'nt hardly help smiling at our ticket friend, however sorry I was at the small amount of people, passing along his way. He looked as if he wanted to make an apology for not having more travellers to keep him company.

The route and the cars seemed strangely – there were no boys with fruit, there were no boys with pamphlets – one fearful little fellow ventured into the car with what appeared to be publications and tracts – he offered them to no one, and no one inquired for them, and he seemed greatly relieved that no one wanted to buy them.

At Sunderland, we happened to think that we might find John Thompson, and find John Thompson we did, just sitting down to dinner – he seemed overjoyed to see us – wants very much to see you – asked many questions about yourself and school, all of which we answered in a most glowing manner, and John's countenance fell – we asked him if he was happy – “why – pretty happy” – they promised him “35.” according to his own story – only 25. of whom – have yet made their appearance – he thinks he will not stay more than half a term, and wonders “how in the world” you contrived to be so happy, and like Sunderland people so exceedingly well. He says he has no plan, should he not remain there – seems to be somewhat sober at the little he finds to do – studies law in his leisure. “The Elder” had gone to dinner – Mr Russell was there, seemed quite pleased to see us for our brother's sake – he asked us all about you, and expressed his sincere pleasure in your present prosperity – “wished they had had you there”, when Thompson was not present! There has been nothing said about Mr Russell lately, as Landlord of the Hygeian – Frink is there himself, and seems to like it well, and probably will keep it, I judge from what they say.

They have a great deal of company, and everything goes on well – You wanted us to tell you about the Pelham Picnic – The folks didn't know that there had ever been any, so I cannot give you any information there. I suspect if there was a party, it was composed of persons whom none of us know. Calvin Merrill is married, you know – he had a great wedding party at the residence of his bride, the blooming Mrs Benjamin – Tim Henderson and “suite,” and Cotton Smith and suite were among the guests, and were suitably honored. Mr Merrill resides with the recent Mrs Merrill, alias Mrs Benjamin, more alias, Mrs Thompson – for the sake of the widowed lady for the third time a bride, I hope her buried Lords are buried very low, for if on some fine evening they should fancy to rise I fear their couple of

angers might accompany them, and exercise themselves on grooms who erst were widowers, and widows who are brides.

Bowdoin has gone home on account of his eye – he hasn't been able to use it since we went away – the folks are afraid he will never have the use of it – he dont know when he'll come back – probably not, till it gets well, which we fear may not soon be – at present his father is sick – pretty sick with the dysentery. Howland is here with father – will stay a while I guess. They go to Northampton together, as it is court there now and seem very happy together in the law. Father likes Howland grandly, and they go along as smoothly as friendly barks at sea – or when harmonious stanzas become one melody. Howland was here last evening – is jolly and just as happy – really I cant think now what is so happy as he. He wants to see you, says he is going to write you. Sanford is in town, but as yet we hav'nt seen him. Nobody knows what the fellow is here for.

You remember Lord the Historian who gave some lectures here – he has come round again, and is lecturing now on the "Saints and Heroes." He gives them at the Chapel – I guess all of us shall go – tho' we were too tired last evening. Prof Jewett has come and is living with his wife east of Gen Mack and his wife. Pretty perpendicular times, I guess, in the ancient mansion. I am glad we dont come home as we used, to this old castle. I could fancy that skeleton cats ever caught spectre rats in dim old nooks and corners, and when I hear the query concerning the pilgrim fathers – and imperturbable Echo merely answers where, it becomes a satisfaction to know that they are there, sitting stark and stiff in Deacon Mack's mouldering arm chairs. We had'nt been home an hour, when Martha came to see us – she was here on Saturday after the stage came in, and was dreadfully disappointed because we did not come. She has'nt changed a bit, and I love her very dearly. She was so indignant about her sweet boquet – she said it was kind and fragrant, and would have comforted you in the first few days of exile. I showed her all my treasures – I opened the little box containing the scented beads – I tried it on my wrist, she exclaimed it was how beautiful – then I clasped it on her own, and while she praised it's workmanship and turned it o'er and o'er, I told her it was her's, and you did send it to her – then that sweet face grew radiant, and joyful that blue eye, and Martha seemed so happy to know you'd tho't of her, it would have made you happy – I know! She said she should write you – if she has not, she will directly – she has had a letter from Sue – she is situated very pleasantly, and tells her sisters here that she can see no reason why she should not be happy – they are very kind to her – she loves some of her scholars – I hav'nt seen Martha long enough to ask but a very little, but I will find out everything before I write again. It has rained very hard all day, it has been "dark and dreary" and winds "are never weary."

Mother has three shirts which she is going to send you besides the ones we bro't – also a pair of bosoms which her forgetful son failed to carry away. She will send you the whole by the first good opportunity, and we shall send some fruit as soon

as we have a chance. It is beautiful – beautiful!! Mother sends much love and Vinnie.
Your lonely Sister Emily

Father has just come home, having been gone today. I have therefore not till now got a glimpse of your letter. Sue's address is, Care of Mr Archer – 40. Lexington St. I will keep the note till I see, or send, to Bowdoin. I answer all the questions in your note but one – that I cannot do till they let you come home – that will be soon, dear Austin – do not despair – we're "with you alway, even unto the end"! Tho' absence be not for the "present, joyous, but grievous,["] it shall work out for us a far more exceeding and "eternal weight" of presence!

Give our love to our Boston friends – tell them we are well and got home very nicely. Vinnie found the shawls very comfortable and thanks them very much for them.

Speaking of fireworks, tell Joe we wont ever forget him – forget him? – never – "let April tree forget to bud" – etc!

Will Aunt Lavinia sometime tell Mrs Greely how beautifully the boquet came, and how much it has been admired?

You may if you would like, remember both of your sisters to Misses Knight, and French, also tell Mr Nurse we are very sorry for him!

Note: AC 568. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Sep 24 Ms. | John Thompson took Austin's place as a teacher in the Sunderland School. Susan was teaching in Baltimore. Calvin Merrill, father of Dickinson's friend Harriet, married the twice-widowed Fanny Dickinson Benjamin on September 8, 1851. Lord the Historian = John Lord, historian from New Hampshire. | ED quotes here (and repeatedly) from Longfellow's "The Rainy Day" and from Matthew 28:20, Hebrews 12:11, 2 Corinthians 4:17. She quotes "let April tree forget to bud" from "Forget Me Not"; the allusion to forgotten bosoms in the final paragraph is also to this verse.

54.

To Austin Dickinson, October 1, 1851

Wednesday noon.

We are just thro' dinner Austin, I want to write so much that I omit digestion, and a dyspepsia will probably be the result.

I want to see you more than I ever did before – I should have written again, before I got your letter, but thought there might be something which I should love to tell you, or if you should ask any questions, I would want to answer those. I received what you wrote, at about 2 ½ o'clock yesterday. Father brought home the same, and waited himself in order to have me read it – I reviewed the contents hastily – striking out all suspicious places, and then very artlessly and unconsciously began. My heart went "pit a pat" till I got safely by a remark concerning Martha, and my stout heart was not till the manuscript was over. The allusion to Dick

Cowles' grapes, followed by a sarcasm on Mr Adams' tomatoes, amused father highly. He quite laid it to heart, he thot, it was so funny. Also the injunction concerning the college tax, father took occasion to say was "quite characteristic."

You say we must'nt trouble to send you any fruit, also your clothes must give us no uneasiness. I dont ever want to have you say any more such things. They make me feel like crying. If you'd only teased us for it, and declared that you would have it, I should'nt have cared so much that we could find no way to send you any, but you resign so cheerfully your birthright of purple grapes, and do not so much as murmur at the departing peaches, that I hardly can taste the one or drink the juice of the other. They are so beautiful Austin – we have such an abundance "while you perish with hunger."

I do hope someone will make up a mind to go before our peaches are quite gone. The world is full of people travelling everywhere, until it occurs to you that you will send an errand, and then by "hook or crook" you cant find any traveller, who for money or love can be induced to go and convey the opprobrious package! It's a very selfish age, that is all I can say about it! Our storekeeper Sweetser has been "almost persuaded" to go, but I believe he had put it off "till a more convenient season," so to show my disapprobation, I shant buy any more gloves at Mr Sweetser's store! Dont you think it will seem very cutting to see me pass by his goods, and purchase at Mr Kellogg's? I dont think I shall retract should he regret his course, and decide to go tomorrow, because it is the "principle" of disappointing people, which I disapprove!

You must not give it up, but that you will yet have some, there may be some good angel passing along your way, to whom we can entrust a smug little bundle – the peaches are very large – one side a rosy cheek, and the other a golden, and that peculiar coat of velvet and of down, which makes a peach so beautiful. The grapes too are fine, juicy, and such a purple – I fancy the robes of kings are not a tint more royal. The vine looks like a kingdom, with ripe round grapes for kings, and hungry mouths for subjects – the first instance on record of subjects devouring kings! You shall have some grapes, dear Austin, if I have to come on foot in order to bring them to you.

The apples are very fine – it is'nt quite time to pick them – the cider is almost done – we shall have some I guess by Saturday, at any rate Sunday noon! The vegetables are not gathered, but will be before very long. The horse is doing nicely, he travels "like a bird," to use a favorite phrase of your delighted mother's. You ask about the leaves – shall I say they are falling? They had begun to fall before Vinnie and I came home, and we walked up the steps through "little brown ones rustling." Martha and I were talking of you the other night, how we wished you were here to see the autumn sunset, and walk and talk with us among the fading leaves.

Martha is very long talking of you and Susie, she seems unreconciled to letting you go away. She is down here most every day – she brings Sue's letters and reads

them – It would make you laugh to hear all which she has to tell – she writes in excellent spirits, tho’ Martha and I think they are “unnatural,” we think she is so gay because she feels so badly and fancies we shant know. Susie asks in every letter why she dont hear from you – she says “Emily and Austin were going to write so soon, and I’ll warrant I wont hear from either of them, for one while.” I sent her a letter Monday – I hope if you have not written, you will do very soon, for Susie is so far off, and wants so much to have you. Martha wants to see you very much indeed, and sends her love to you. Emily Fowler has gone travelling somewhere with her father – New Haven and New York are to be the stopping places.

Charlie has yet no school. I suspect he needs your aid in passing himself off somewhere. I have smiled a good many times at that fruitful ride to Sunderland, and the blessings and favors which accompanied it, to Charles. Vinnie tells me she has detailed the news – she reserved the deaths for me, thinking I might fall short of my usual letter somewhere.

In accordance with her wishes, I acquaint you with the decease of your aged friend – Dea Kingsbury – He had no disease that we know of, but gradually went out. Martha Kingman has been very sick, and is not yet out of danger. Jane Grout is slowly improving, tho’ very feeble yet. “Elizy” has been in Boston, she came home Tuesday night. She asked her friends, and they endeavored to find you, but could not.

She says she told you when you were at home that she should go in October, and you were coming to see her, but as she changed her mind and went earlier, she did not suppose of course, that you would know she was there. She was very sorry not to be able to find you.

Father has written to Monson to have them all come up here and make us a family visit – I hardly think they will come. If they dont, sometime next week mother means to go to Monson and make them a little visit. Bowdoin’s eye is better, and he has got back to the office – Howland has gone to Conway – will probably be here again in the course of two or three weeks. Did Vinnie tell you that she went with him to Ware, and how it made a hubbub in the domestic circle?

Emiline and Henry are just learning to say “we,” I think they do very well for such “new beginners.” There was quite an excitement in the village Monday evening. We were all startled by a violent church bell ringing, and thinking of nothing but fire, rushed out in the street to see.

The sky was a beautiful red, bordering on a crimson, and rays of a gold pink color were constantly shooting off from a kind of sun in the centre. People were alarmed at this beautiful Phenomenon, supposing that fires somewhere were coloring the sky. The exhibition lasted for nearly 15 – minutes, and the streets were full of people wondering and admiring. Father happened to see it among the very first, and rang the bell himself to call attention to it. You will have a full account from the pen of Mr Trumbell, whom I have not a doubt, was seen with a large lead pencil, a noting down the sky at the time of it’s highest glory. Father will

write you soon – the day that your letter came with a list of our expenses – he seemed very busy, so I didn't read that part, and his hands have been so full that I have seen no time when I could show it to him – however he knows of all our expenditures, and will make everything right when you next come home – you don't like to have us ever speak of such things, but father wrote to know, and I thought you might think it strange he should not write about it after your letter came. You will be here now so soon – we are impatient for it – we want to see you, Austin, how much I cannot say here. Your aff Emily

Your clothes are in beautiful order, everything in waiting to have some way to send. I have heeled the lamb's wool stockings, and now and then repaired some imperfections in the destined shirts – when you wear them, you mustn't forget these things. You made us very happy while we were away. Love from all the folks, with a how I do want to see you!

Note: AC 569. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Oct 2 Ms. | Dick Cowles = Levi Dickinson Cowles; Adams = J. S. Adams, bookstore owner and publisher. James Russell Trumbull, editor of the *Hampshire and Franklin Express*, published the story "Red Northern lights appeared, Church bell rung" on September 29. | ED quotes "perish from hunger" from Luke 15:17.

55.

To Austin Dickinson, October 7, 1851

Tuesday noon.

Dear Austin,

Father has just decided to go to Boston. I have no time to write. We send you a few of our grapes – wish they were nicer – wish too we had some peaches. I send one remaining one – only a frost one. It expresses my feelings – that is pretty much all.

Was so glad to hear from you – even a word is valued.

I know how busy you are, I don't think it strange not to hear more. Howland was here yesterday. Gone today. Thompson was here Saturday – drank tea with us – don't mean to teach in Sunderland after this week. I have tried Dr Jackson's prescription, and find myself better for it.

I have used it all up now, and wish you would get me some more at the same place if you can. Father has the Recipe, and will give it to you. I should like to have you get three or four times the quantity contained in the Recipe, as it is so good an opportunity, and I think it benefits me much. Martha sends her love – is well. Bowdoin is better and back again. Spencer is very sick, and will probably not live long.

You will be here soon dear Austin, and then away with my pen. Don't get sick these cool days when fevers are around; Vinnie's love – not that she cares

particularly about seeing Edmund Converse, but after what was said, she only wanted to be polite, that's all. Our regards to Mr McCurdy, if you are a mind to give them. Love –

Emily

Note: AC 571. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | Edmund Winchester Converse = an acquaintance of Austin's. Spencer died October 12, 1851.

56.

To Austin Dickinson, October 10, 1851

Friday morning.

Dear Austin.

Father says he came down upon you so unexpectedly that you hardly had time to recover from your surprise before he was off again – he says you were so astonished that you hardly knew what to say – he thinks you are not very well, and I feel so anxious about you that I cannot rest until I have written to you and given you some advice. They say Mr Sweetser is going – he may not and he may – I will conclude to risk him. I am very sorry indeed that your eyes have been so troublesome – I really hope they are better and will trouble you no more.

You ought to be very careful about using them any now – I do not care if you never write me a letter, if you'll only spare your eyes until they got better. I would not spend much strength upon those little school boys – you will need it all for something better and braver, after you get away. It would rejoice my heart, if on some pleasant morning you'd turn the schoolroom key on Irish boys – Nurse and all, and walk away to freedom and the sunshine here at home. Father says all Boston would not be a temptation to you another year – I wish it would not tempt you to stay another day. Oh Austin, it is wrong to tantalize you so while you are braving all things in trying to fulfill duty. Duty is black and brown, home is bright and shining, “and the spirit and the bride say come, and let him that” wandereth come – for “behold all things are ready!” We are having such lovely weather – the air is as sweet and still, now and then a gay leaf falling – the crickets sing all day long – high in a crimson tree a belated bird is singing – a thousand little painters are tinging hill and dale – I admit now, Austin, that autumn is most beautiful, and spring is but the least – yet they “differ as stars” in their distinctive glories. How happy if you were here to share these pleasures with us – the fruit should be more sweet, and the dying day more golden – merrier the falling nut, if with you we gathered it and hid it down deep in the abyss of basket; but you complain not – wherefore do we. I had a long letter from Sue last Tuesday evening and Mat had one that day and came down here to read it – we had a beautiful time reading •about Susie• and talking of [three words erased?] the good times, of last summer – and we anticipated – boasted ourselves of tomorrow – [line erased] the future we

created, and all of us went to ride in an air bubble for a carriage. We have made all our plans for you and us •*associating*• in another year – we cherish all the past – we glide adown the present, awake, yet dreaming, but the future of ours together – there the bird sings loudest, and the sun shines always there!

Martha and I are very much together – we fill each niche of time with statues of you and Sue, and in return for this, they smile beautiful smiles down from their dwelling places. Martha wears the charm when she goes out calling, and many a eulogium is passed upon your gift. Sue says in her letter she has had a “brief letter from you” – wont you write her a longer? Father says you wear a white hat, cocked up at the sides – know I shall like it’s looks, and want so much to see it – as for the wearer, I want to see him too – but which the most – prithee?

Father says you ate little dinner when you dined with him – he didn’t know whether you were not hungry, or whether it was astonishment at encountering him – I hope the latter. You must get better fast – we shall have a busy day for you on Cattle Show day. We have had some sweet cider – I drank your health. I thank you for the vial. I had a dissertation from Eliza Coleman a day or two ago – dont know which was the author – Plato, or Socrates – rather think Jove had a finger in it. Abby Wood has not come – Emerson and Dickinson have been threatened with fevers, but are better now. Spencer is still alive, but cannot linger long. He is sick at Dea Haskell’s – his mother is here. Mother came home yesterday – had a pleasant visit at Monson. They all send their love. Vinnie sends her’s. How soon you will be here! Days, flee away – “lest with a whip of scorpions I overtake your lingering!”

I am in a hurry – this pen is too slow for me – “it hath done what it could.”

Your aff Emily

Note: AC 572. Publication: *Home*. | The second annual Hampshire Agricultural Society Cattle Show was held in Amherst, beginning October 22; Austin arrived home on the 21st. In addition to the erasures marked, some passages mentioning Susan have been canceled, including: “I had a long letter from Sue last Tuesday evening and Mat had one that day and came down here to read it” and “We have made all our plans for you and us •*associating*• in another year”; also canceled is the paragraph beginning “Martha and I” to the words “write her a longer?” | ED quotes from Revelation 22:17 and Matthew 22:4; she paraphrases the “whip of scorpions” from 1 Kings 12:14 and the phrase “it hath done what it could” from Mark 14:8.

57.

To Austin Dickinson, October 17, 1851

Friday morning.

We are waiting for breakfast, Austin, the meat and potato and a little pan of your favorite brown bread are keeping warm at the fire, while father goes for shavings.

While we were eating supper Mr Stephen Church rang the door bell very violently and offered to present us with three barrels of shavings. We are much

overcome by this act of magnanimity and father has gone this morning to claim his proffered due. He wore a palm leaf hat, and his pantaloons tucked in his boots and I could'nt help thinking of you as he strode along by the window.

I don't think "neglige" quite becoming to so mighty a man – I had rather a jacket of green and your barn door apparel, than all the mock simplicity of a lawyer and a man. The breakfast is so warm and pussy is here a singing and the teakettle sings too as if to see which was loudest and I am so afraid lest kitty should be beaten – yet a shadow falls upon my morning picture – where is the youth so bold, the bravest of our fold, a seat is empty here – spectres sit in your chair and now and then nudge father with their long, bony elbows – I wish you were here dear Austin – the dust falls on the bureau in your deserted room and gay, frivolous spiders spin away in the corners. I dont go there after dark whenever I can help it, for the twilight seems to pause there and I am half afraid, and if ever I have to go, I hurry with all my might and never look behind me for I know who I should see.

Before next Tuesday – Oh before the coming stage will I not brighten and brush it, and open the long closed blinds, and with a sweeping broom will I not bring each spider down from its home so high and tell it it may come back again when master has gone – and oh I will bid it to be a tardy spider, to tarry on the way, and I will think my eye is fuller than sometimes, tho' why I cannot tell, when it shall rap on the window and come to live again. I am so happy when I know how soon you are coming that I put away my sewing and go out in the yard to think. I have tried to delay the frosts, I have coaxed the fading flowers, I thought I could detain a few of the crimson leaves until you had smiled upon them, but their companions call them and they cannot stay away – you will find the blue hills, Austin, with the autumnal shadows silently sleeping on them, and there will be a glory lingering round the day, so you'll know autumn has been here, and the setting sun will tell you, if you dont get home till evening. How glad I am you are well – you must try hard to be careful and not get sick again. I hope you will be better than ever you were in your life when you come home this time, for it never seemed so long since we have seen you. I thank you for such a long letter, and yet if I might choose, the next should be a longer. I think a letter just about three days long would make me happier than any other kind of one – if you please dated at Boston, but thanks be to our Father, you may conclude it here. Everything has changed since my other letter – the doors are shut this morning, and all the kitchen wall is covered with chilly flies who are trying to warm themselves, poor things, they do not understand that there are no summer mornings remaining to them and me and they have a bewildered air which is really very droll, did'nt one feel sorry for them. You would say t'was a gloomy morning if you were sitting here – the frost has been severe and the few lingering leaves seem anxious to be going and wrap their faded cloaks more closely about them as if to shield them from the chilly northeast wind. The earth looks like some poor old lady who by dint of pains has bloomed e'en till now, yet in a forgetful moment a few silver hairs from out her cap come stealing, and she tucks them back so hastily

and thinks nobody sees. The cows are going to pasture and little boys with their hands in their pockets are whistling to try to keep warm. Dont think that the sky will frown so the day when you come home! She will smile and look happy, and be full of sunshine then – and even should she frown opo[n] her child returning, there is another sky ever serene and fair, and there is another sunshine, tho' it be darkness there – never mind faded forests, Austin, never mind silent fields – here is a little forest whose leaf is ever green, here is a brighter garden, where not a frost has been, in it's unfading flowers I hear the bright bee hum, prithee, my Brother, into my garden come! Your very aff Sister.

“We’ll meet again as heretofore some summer’s morning.”

Note: AC 573. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Amherst Ms Oct 17. | The quotation, modified from Charles Lamb’s “Hester” (1803), is written on a slip of paper, to which ED pinned a pressed leaf.

58.

To Austin Dickinson, October 25, 1851

Saturday morn.

Dear Austin.

I’ve been trying to think this morning how many weeks it was since you went away – I fail in calculations – it seems so long to me since you went back to school that I set down days for years, and weeks for a score of years – not reckoning time “by minutes” I dont know what to think of such great discrepancies between the actual hours and those which “seem to be.” It may seem long to you since you returned to Boston – how I wish you could stay and never go back again. Everything is so still here, and the clouds are cold and gray – I think it will rain soon – Oh I am so lonely!

We had a beautiful visit, but it was all too short for we brothers and sisters, and Vinnie and I are dwelling opo[n] the one to come. Thanksgiving is but four weeks, or a little more than four weeks and yet it seems to me a very great way off, when I look forward to it. I have thought you were very sober, since you went away, and I did when you were here, but now you are out of sight, I remember it more frequently, and wonder I did’nt ask you if anything troubled you. I hope you are better now, I waked up this morning thinking that this was the very morning your eyes were to be well, and I really hope that oculist has’nt broken his promise. You must’nt use them much until they get very strong – you need’nt write to us except on a slip of paper, telling us how you are, and whether you are happy – and I would’nt write at all, until they were perfectly well.

You had a windy evening going back to Boston, and we thought of you many times and hoped you would not be cold. Our fire burned so cheerfully I could’nt

help thinking of how many were here and how many were away, and I wished so many times during that long evening that the door would open and you come walking in. Home is a holy thing – nothing of doubt or distrust can enter it's blessed portals. I feel it more and more as the great world goes on and one and another forsake, in whom you place your trust – here seems indeed to be a bit of Eden which not the sin of any can utterly destroy – smaller is it indeed, and it may be less fair, but fairer it is and brighter than all the world beside. I hope this year in Boston will not impair your health, and I hope you will be as happy as you used to be before.

I don't wonder it makes you sober to leave [this] blessed air – if it were in my power I would on every morning transmit it's purest breaths fragrant and cool to you. How I wish you could have it – a thousand little winds waft it to me this morning, fragrant with forest leaves and bright autumnal berries. I would be willing to give you my portion for today, and take the salt sea's breath in it's bright, bounding stead. Now Austin – you have no friend there – why not see Converse often, and laugh and talk with him? I think him a noble fellow – it seems to me so pleasant for you to talk with somebody, and he is much like you in many thoughts and feelings. I know he would love to have you for a comrade and friend, and I would be with him a good deal if I were you. Mother feels quite troubled about those little boys – fears you will kill one sometime when you are punishing him – for her sake be careful! Emily Fowler and Mat were here all afternoon yesterday – never saw Emily F – when she seemed more sincere – shall go and see her soon – Mat misses you so much, and her dear sister Susie. Henry Root was here all evening. Mother's and Vinnie's love – Remember us to Converse – take care of yourself – Your aff Emily

Note: AC 574. Publication: *Home*.

59.

To Austin Dickinson, October 30, 1851

Thursday Evening.

Dear Austin.

Something seems to whisper "he is thinking of home this evening," perhaps because it rains – perhaps because it's evening and the orchestra of winds perform their strange, sad music. I wouldn't wonder if home were thinking of him, and it seems so natural for one to think of the other – perhaps it is no superstition or omen of this evening – no omen "at all – at all" as Mrs Mack would say.

Father is staying at home the evening is so inclement – Vinnie diverts his mind with little snatches of music, and mother mends a garment to make it snuggler for you – and what do you think I do among this family circle – I am thinking of you with all my heart and might, and it just occurs to me to note a few of my

tho'ts for your own inspection. "Keeping a diary" is not familiar to me as to your sister Vinnie, but her own bright example is quite a comfort to me, so I'll try.

I waked up this morning thinking for all the world I had had a letter from you – just as the seal was breaking, father rapped at my door – I was sadly disappointed not to go on and read, but when the four black horses came trotting into town, and their load was none the heavier by a tiding for me – I was not disappointed then – it was harder to me than had I been disappointed – I have got over it now tho'. I have been thinking all day of how I would break the seal and how gallantly I would read when my letter came, and when it did'nt come – I found I had made no provision for any such time as that, but I wont chide you, Austin. I know you will write me soon – perhaps your eyes disturb you and will not let you write – I should be unkind to have so much importunity. Dont you wish you were here tonight? Oh I know I wish so, and all the rest of them too. I find I miss you more "when the lamps are lighted," and when the winds blow high and the great angry raindrops clamor against the window. Your room is snug and cozy thro' these chilly evenings – I really hope it is – and I hope the stove is singing the merry song of the wood, and how are the cigars – "pretty comfortable" say, now? The weather has been unpleasant ever since you went away – Monday morning we waked up in the midst of a furious snow storm – the snow was the depth of an inch – oh it looked so wintry – bye and bye the sun came out, but the wind blew violently and it grew so cold that we gathered all the quinces – put up the stove in the sitting room, and bade the world Good bye. Kind clouds came on at evening, still the sinking thermometer gave terrible signs of what would be on the morning – at last the morning came laden with mild south winds, and the winds have brought the rain – so here we are. I hope your eyes are better – I have been feeling anxious since we have heard from you, lest they might not be as well and had prevented your writing. Your very hasty letter just at your return rejoiced us – that you were "better – happier – heartier" – what made you think of such beautiful words to tell us how you were, and how cheerful you were feeling? It did us a world of good – how little the scribe thinks of the value of his line – how many eager eyes will search it's every meaning – how much swifter the strokes of "the little mystic clock, no human eye hath seen, which ticketh on and ticketh on, from morning until e'en." If it were not that I could write you – you could not go away – therefore – pen and ink are very excellent things!

We had new brown bread for tea – when it came smoking on and we sat around the table, how I did wish a slice could be reserved for you – I fell at once to thinking perhaps Mrs Reed had brown bread, and oh I hoped she had, and I hoped you were well and hungry so that you could enjoy it. You shall have as many loaves as we have eaten slices if you will but come home. This suggests Thanksgiving – you will soon be here – then I cant help thinking of how when we rejoice – so many hearts are breaking, next Thanksgiving day. What will you say, Austin, if I tell you that Jennie Grout and merry Martha Kingman will spend the day

above? They are not here – “while we delayed to let them forth, angels beyond stayed for them.”

It cannot be – yet it is so – Jennie Grout was buried yesterday – Martha Kingman died at four o'clock this morning – one and another, and another – how we pass away! Did you know that Merrick in Mr Colton's shop was engaged to Jane Grout? The poor fellow is quite heart broken – he walked to the grave with her parents, and was prayed for as one deeply afflicted, in the funeral prayer. I dont know of any one very sick just now. Did you know that Helen Humphry was going to be married soon to Mr Stoddard of the “Stoddard and Lathrop” firm – Northampton – it is so! Mother and Vinnie and Martha send you their love. Will you remember us to Mr Converse – will you tell your friend McCurdy how sorry he could'nt come? Now Austin, mark me, in four weeks from today we are all happy again! Your aff Emily

Note: AC 575. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Oct 31. | Jane Grout died on October 27; Martha Kingman on October 30. Stoddard and Lathrop was the largest dry goods store in Northampton. | ED quotes “pretty comfortable” from *David Copperfield* and “The Life Clock” (stanza 1), published in both the *Hampshire Gazette* (August 4, 1846) and the *Northampton Courier* (July 14, 1847).

60.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), October 30, 1851

Thursday evening

I wept a tear here, Susie, on purpose for you – because this “sweet silver moon” smiles in on me and Vinnie, and then it goes so far before it gets to you – and then you never told me if there was any moon in Baltimore, and how do I know Susie – that you see her sweet face at all? She looks like a fairy tonight, sailing around the sky in a little silver gondola with stars for gondoliers. I asked her to let me ride a little while ago – and told her I would get out when she got as far as Baltimore, but she only smiled to herself and went sailing on.

I think she was quite ungenerous – but I have learnt the lesson and shant ever ask her again. To day it rained at home, sometimes it rained so hard that I fancied you could hear it's patter – patter, patter, as it fell upon the leaves – and the fancy pleased me so, that I sat and listened to it, and watched it earnestly. Did you hear it Susie, or was it only fancy? Bye and bye the sun came out, just in time to bid us good night, and as I told you sometime, the moon is shining now.

It is such an evening Susie, as you and I would walk and have such pleasant musings, if you were only here, perhaps we would have a “Reverie” after the form of “Ik Marvel,” indeed I do not know why it wouldn't be just as charming as of that lonely Bachelor, smoking his cigar, and it would be far more profitable as “Marvel” only marvelled, and you and I would try to make a little destiny to have for our

own. Do you know that charming man is dreaming again, and will wake pretty soon – so the papers say, with another Reverie – more beautiful than the first?

Dont you hope he will live as long as you and I do – and keep on having dreams and writing them to us; what a charming old man he'll be, and how I envy his grandchildren, little "Bella" and "Paul"! We will be willing to die Susie, when such as he have gone, for there will be none to interpret these lives of our's.

Longfellow's "golden Legend" has come to town I hear, and may be seen in state on Mr. Adams' bookshelves. It always makes me think of "Pegasus in the pound –" when I find a gracious author sitting side by side with "Murray" and "Wells" and "Walker" in that renowned store – and like him I half expect to hear that they have "flown" some morning and in their native ether revel all the day; but for our sakes dear Susie, who please ourselves with the fancy that we are the only poets, and everyone else is prose, let us hope they will yet be willing to share our humble world and feed upon such aliment as we consent to do!

You thank me for the Rice cake – you tell me Susie, you have just been tasting it – and how happy I am to send you anything you love – how hungry you must grow before it is noon there – and then you must be faint from teaching those stupid scholars. I fancy you very often descending to the schoolroom with a plump Binomial Theorem struggling in your hand which you must dissect and exhibit to your incomprehending ones, I hope you whip them Susie, for my sake – whip them hard whenever they dont behave just as you want to have them! I know they are very dull – sometimes, from what Mattie says, but I presume you encourage them and forgive all their mistakes. It will teach you patience Susie, you may be sure of that. And Mattie tells me too of your evening carousals, and the funny frights you give in personating the Master, just like you Susie – like you for all the world – how Mr Payson would laugh if I could only tell him, and then those great dark eyes – how they would glance and sparkle! Susie, have all the fun wh' you possibly can – and laugh as often and sing, for tears are plentier than smiles in this little world of our's; only dont be so happy as to let Mattie and me grow dimmer and dimmer and finally fade away, and merrier maids than we smile in our vacant places!

Susie, did you think that I would never write you when you were gone away – what made you? I am sure you know my promise far too well for that, and had I never said so – I should be constrained to write – for what shall separate us from any whom we love, not "hight nor depth[""]

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L5). Publication: FF. | End of letter missing. Ik Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell) published the bestselling *Reveries of a Bachelor* in 1850; his *Dream of Life: A Fable of the Seasons* was published December 1851—a month after Longfellow's *The Golden Legend*. | ED quotes from Longfellow's "Pegasus in Pound" and from Romans 8:39, "Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

61.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), November 1, 1851

Saturday noon

It has been a long week dear Emily, for I have not seen your face, but I have contrived to think of you very much indeed, which has half reconciled me to not seeing you for so long. I was coming several times, but the snow would start the first, and then the paths were damp, and then a friend would drop in to chat, and the short afternoon was gone, before I was aware. Did Mr Dickinson give you a message from me? He promised to be faithful, but I dont suppose Divines think earthly loves of much consequence. My flowers come in my stead, today, dear Emily. I hope you will love to see them, and whatever word of love, or welcome kindly, you would extend to me, “do even so to them!” They are small, but so full of meaning, if they only mean the half of what I bid them.

Very affy, Emily.

Note: NYPL 16.3. Publication: *L* (1894). | In L58, ED mentions that she saw Emily Fowler on October 24.

62.

To Austin Dickinson, November 2, 1851

Sunday morning.

I dont know why, dear Austin, there is’nt much to say which will interest you, but somehow I feel bound to let nobody escape me who may by any accident happen to light on you.

I take great satisfaction in the consciousness that no one eludes my vigilance, nor can by any means rid themselves of whatever bag or bundle I am disposed to send – and again, Austin, “when the day is dark and drear and the wind is never weary,” a slight recollection may be of some avail in lighting the heart up – It is such a day today – nothing but rain and shower, and shower after shower of chilly, pelting rain – I am at home from meeting on account of the storm and my slender constitution, which I assured the folks, would not permit my accompanying them today.

It is Communion Sunday, and they will stay a good while – what a nice time pussy and I have to enjoy ourselves! Just now the sun peeped out – I tell you I chased it back again behind the tallest cloud, it has not my permission to show its face again till after all the meeting, then it may shine and shine, for all pussy and I care!

I was glad to hear from you Austin, and again I was very sorry, if you can reconcile a story so inconsistent. Glad to know you were better – better physically, but who cares for a body whose tenant is ill at ease? Give me the aching body, and

the spirit glad and serene, for if the gem shines on, forget the mouldering casket! I think you are better now – I fancy you convalescent during this rainy day – I am sure that long before this time that “hour” has passed away, and the “daughter of the dawn” has touched a note more gay, with her slight “rosy fingers.” “No Rose but has a thorn,” recollect this, dear Austin, and you will derive a faith rosier than many roses, which will quite compensate you for now and then a thorn! It expresses worlds to me – “some one to see who cares for [you], and for whom you care,” and I think I laughed at the phrase “my own selve’s company,” as conveying a meaning very clear to me – I dont wonder that little room seems small and lonely, and I dont wonder the folks there seem smaller still – I know they are very little, very small indeed, I know that scores might vanish and nobody would miss them, they fill so small a crevice in a world full of life; how much you feel the need of a companion there – I wish a smiling fortune would send you such an one, but if you talk with no one, you are amassing thoughts which will be bright and golden for those you left at home – we meet our friends, and a constant interchange wastes tho’t and feeling, and we are then obliged to repair and renew – there is’nt the brimfull feeling which one gets away.

Why when Vinnie and I came home, we were rich in conversation – we were rich in disdain for Bostonians and Boston, and a coffer fuller of scorn – pity – com-miseration, a miser hardly had.

Sometimes, I am afraid it will hurt you to stay there. I’m afraid the year you teach will become so embittered that all this blessed country cannot wash it away – Oh I hope not – if indeed no joy is added during one long year, I pray that there be no cankers which shall corrode away! I long for this Boston year to fall from out the circle, to perish and flee away, and be forever gone – your being where you are is a mutual trial – both yourself, and us, are for the time bereaved – yet your lot is the hardest, in that while four anticipate, in your case there’s but one – we can gather together and say we are very lonely, and it would be so happy if we were all at home – yet one sustains the other – Vinnie and I console and comfort father and mother – I encourage Vinnie, Vinnie in turn cheers me – but one and alone, you are indeed dependant, in any pensive hour, dependant on yourself too, the very one of all least likely to sustain you – if it were not hope, it would not be endurance! Thank God there is one bird that singeth for forever and builds her nest anew in the boughs of paradise! You will have several friends to see you in the course of the week. Wm Kellogg is going tomorrow – also Ebenezer Burgess of the Senior class – Burgess called on Friday evening and offered to carry anything which we would like to send – he says he shall see you often – I believe he’s an Alpha Delta, and I hope you’ll be glad to see him, tho’ I dont know enough about him to know whether you will or not.

Council Cutler was there last week, and said he would like to see you if he could get time – we told him where you were, but he came Saturday night and we hav’nt

yet found out whether he saw you or not. How funny it seems to me to have you live in Boston, and be having calls from our country tradesmen!

Whatever else you forget, Austin, don't cease to remember Smith, who made such a plunge at you on a certain evening – keep his memory green, whatever else betides! I will use my utmost influence to keep him at home during the rest of your absence, and I'm sure you will wish me well in so needful an enterprise. Vinnie's love. Mother sends her love and your waistcoat, thinking you'll like the one, and quite likely need the other. All of the other clothes can go any time after Tuesday. Your aff Sister

Note: AC 570. Publication: *Home*. | Dr. Ebenezer George Burgess was AC 1852. Council Cutler was probably either George or William. Horace Smith, an Amherst farmer, died October 31, 1851, at thirty-nine years of age. ED alludes to the opening lines of Longfellow's "The Rainy Day."

63.

To Austin Dickinson, November 11, 1851

Tuesday noon.

I cant write but a word, dear Austin, because its already noon, and Vinnie is waiting to go to the office for me; and yet a single word may be of comfort to you as you go travelling on. It should be a word big and warm and full of sweet affection if I could make it so – Oh it should fill that room, that small and lonely chamber with a thousand kindly things and precious ministrations – I wonder if it will, for know that if it does not, it is bad and disobedient and a most unworthy type of its affectionate mistress! I was to write last night, but company detained me – Martha came this morning and spent the forenoon with us, or I had written more than I'm afraid I can now, the time flies so fast. I said to Martha this morning that I was going to write and we decided between us that it would make you happier to have us talk about you and wish you could be here, and write you more again. Martha sends you her love – she thinks a great deal of you – I enjoy seeing her so much, because we are both bereaved, and can sorrow on together, and Martha loves you, and we both love Susie, and the hours fly so fast when we are talking of you.

I watched the stage coach yesterday until it went away, and I hoped you would turn around, so to be sure and see me – I didn't mind the rain which sometimes pelted me with a big drop, nor the sharp westerly wind – I only thought to me, that should you turn around for a last look at home and I should not be there, I never could forgive me. I thought you saw me once, the way I told was this – You know your cap was black, and where it had been black, it all at once grew white, and I fancied that was you.

How lonely it was last night, when the chilly wind went down, and the clear, cold moon was shining – it seemed to me I could pack this little earthly bundle, and

bidding the world Good bye, fly away and away, and never come back again to be so lonely here, and then I thought of “Hepzibah” how sorrowful she was, and how she longed to sleep, because the grave was peaceful, yet for affection’s sake, and for the sake of “Clifford” she wearied on, and bye and bye, kind angels took both of them home, and it seemed almost a lesson, given us to learn. I dont mean that you are him, or that Hepzibah’s me except in a relative sense, only I was reminded.

You are not alone, dear Austin, warm hearts are beating for you, and at mention of your name, brighter beams the eye – you must not be despondent – no, Austin, I cannot have you – dont think of the present – the present is unkind, but the future loves you – it sees you a great way off and runs to meet you – “my son was dead, and lives again – he was lost and is found!” I was thinking of you last night – I dropped asleep thinking of you – Lo, I dreamed, and the world was no more this world, but a world bright and fair – no fading leaves – no dying friends, and I heard a voice saying, there shall be no more tears, neither any crying, and they answered, nevermore, and up from a thousand hearts went a cry of praise and joy and great thanksgiving, and I awoke, yet I know the place was heaven, and the people singing songs were those who in their lifetimes were parted and separated, and their joy was because they should never be so anymore. Good bye, dear Austin, yet why Good bye, are you not with me always, whether I wake or sleep? “And tho all others do, yet will not I forsake thee!”

Emilie

Note: AC 576. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Nov 11 MS. | Austin came home November 8 and left on the afternoon of Election Day, the 10th, after voting. ED refers to brother and sister in Hawthorne’s *The House of the Seven Gables* (published spring 1851). In concluding, ED combines elements from Matthew 26:33, when Peter denies that he will abandon Christ, and Hebrews 13:4–6 (“I will never leave thee, nor forsake you”).

64.

To Austin Dickinson, November 16, 1851

Sunday afternoon.

Dear Austin.

We have just got home from meeting – it is very windy and cold – the hills from our kitchen window are just crusted with snow, which with their blue mantillas makes them seem so beautiful. You sat just here last Sunday, where I am sitting now and our voices were nimbler than our pens can be, if they try never so hardly. I should be quite sad today, thinking about last Sunday did’nt another Sabbath smile at me so pleasantly, promising me on it’s word to present you here again when “six days work is done.”

Father and mother sit in state in the sitting room perusing such papers only, as they are well assured have nothing carnal in them – Vinnie is eating an apple which

makes me think of gold, and accompanying it with her favorite Observer, which if you recollect, deprives us many a time of her sisterly society. Pussy has'nt returned from the afternoon assembly, so you have us all just as we are at present. We were very glad indeed to hear from you so soon, glad that a cheerful fire met you at the door. I do well remember how chilly the west wind blew, and how everything shook and rattled before I went to sleep, and I often tho't of you in the midnight car, and hoped you were not lonely. I wished that "Jim" was there to keep you pleasant company, or rather that you were here, soundly asleep and adream.

How farcical it seems to sit here a writing, when another Sunday's sun shall shine upon us all in each other's society, and yet thanks to a being inventing paper and pen, they are better far than nothing! By means of them indeed, 'tis little I can tell you, but I can tell how much I would if I could, and there's something comforting in it. We are thinking most of Thanksgiving, than anything else just now – how full will be the circle, less then by none – how the things will smoke, how the board will groan with the thousand savory viands – how when the day is done, Lo the evening cometh, laden with merrie laugh, and happy conversation, and then the sleep and the dream each of a knight or "Ladie," how I love to see them, a beautiful company, coming down the hill which men call the Future, with their hearts full of joy, and their hands of gladness! Thanksgiving indeed, to a family united, once more together before they go away!

"Both together" it says, "one taken, the other left." Col' Kingman's other daughter died yesterday – her funeral is tomorrow – Oh what a house of grief must be their's today – the grass not growing green above the grave of Martha, before little Ellen is laid close beside – I dont know but they are the happier, and we who longer stay the more to be sorrowed for.

Mr Tyler preached this PM – a sermon concerning Spencer, of which you heard us speak when you were here. A beautiful memorial of his life and character, and preached by the request of Spencer's friends in the village. Martha was here on Friday and we had a beautiful hour to sit and talk together. Martha becomes far dearer to me with every week and day – her's is a spirit as beautiful and pure as one will seldom meet in a world like our's, and it is all the lovelier because it is so rare. Martha inquired for you, as she never comes without doing, and sends the weekly love which I always bring – and which I love to bring, if it makes you happier. I hope you are encouraged since you were at home – do not be lonely – Susie is lonely, and Martha, and I am lonely too, and this is a lonely world, in the cheer-fullest aspects of it. We will not live here always – no, we will dwell together beyond the bright blue sky, where "they live whom we call dear." The winter will fly swiftly, then will be the Spring think of nothing but hope – heed nothing but anticipation – "the griefs of the present moment are not to be compared with the joys which are hereafter." Bye and bye you are coming home – so is Susie – so is joy and gladness, which have been staying away just as long as you have – Dont

mind the days – some of them are long ones but who cares for length when breadth is in store for him, or who minds the cross, who knows he'll have a crown? I wish I could imbue you with all the strength and courage which can be given men – I wish I could assure you of the constant remembrance of those you leave at home – I wish, but Oh how vainly, that I could bring you back again, and never more to stray! You are tired now Dear Austin, with my incessant din – but I cant help saying any of these things.

The very warmest love from Vinnie and every one of us. I am never ready to go – Reluctant Emily

Note: AC 577. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst, Nov 17, Ms. | *The New York Observer* was a conservative Presbyterian newspaper—for example, pro-slavery. Ellen Kingman, thirteen, died November 15, 1851; her sister Martha, nineteen, died October 30. Col Cyrus Kingman died December 29, 1854. | ED alludes to Exodus 31:15 and rephrases a common sentiment of present grief and “glory” hereafter, similar to Romans 8:18.

65.

To Austin Dickinson, November 20, 1851

Thursday noon.

I cant write but a syllable, Austin, my letter ought to be in – it is 2'o'clock even now, but I do want to thank you for what I read last evening – I want you to know we think of you every morning and noon, I want to tell you that Father is not at home this week, therefore you do not hear concerning your plans from him. He went to Greenfield Monday, uncertain whether he'd get home that day, or two days after. We had a letter yesterday saying he will come today, and I presume he will write you immediately upon his getting home. If I am selfish Austin, I tell you you must come home – it seems a good many days to take from your little visit, but you know better than I what is best about it. Father will be at Boston, and I think he seems inclined to have you wait the Convention – I hope and Vinnie hopes, you wont decide to stay. Are you willing to get me once more, two or three times this prescription, and bring it when you come? I have seen much of Mattie since you went away – she is here most every day. Susie has sent me a letter which has been lost on the way – I have had a note from her this week. So many things to tell you, but will not write them now – rather – tell them – dear Austin, it will be soon!

Love from all and me more
Emily

Note: AC 579. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Nov 20. | Edward was a delegate to the Whig Convention, November 25. Austin went home on November 26. | ED encloses a prescription for “Glycerin [and] Aqua.”

66.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), December 11, 1851

Thursday morning

I'm so afraid you'll forget me dear Emily – through these cold winter days, when I cannot come to see you, that I cannot forbear writing the least little bit of a note – to put you in mind of me; perhaps it will make you laugh – it may be foolish in me but I love you so well sometimes – not that I do not always – but more dearly sometimes – and with such a desire to see you – that I find myself addressing you almost ere I'm aware. When I am as old as you and have had so many friends, perhaps they wont seem so precious, and then I shant write any more little “billet doux” like these – but you will forgive me now – because I cant find many so dear to me as you – then I know I cant have you always – some day a “brave dragoon” will be stealing you away and I will have farther to go to discover you at all – so I shall recollect all these sweet opportunities and feel so sorry if I did'nt improve them. I wish I had something new, or very happy, to tell you, which would fill that lofty kitchen with sunshine all day long, but there is nothing new – neither indeed there can be – for things have got so old; but something happy there is – if the remembrance of friends is always sweet and joyful. Solve this little problem, dear Emily, if you possibly can: You have “so many” friends – you know how very many – then if all of them love you half so well as me, say – how much will it make?

I fancy I catch you ciphering on the funniest little slate, with the airiest little pencil – I will not interrupt you – Dear Emilie – Goodbye!

Note: NYPL 16.2. Publication: JL40. | ED, Vinnie, and Emily Fowler saw each other regularly during 1851.

67.

To Austin Dickinson, December 15, 1851

Monday morning.

Did you think I was tardy, Austin? For two Sunday afternoons, it has been so cold and cloudy that I did'nt feel in my very happiest mood, and so I did not write until next monday morning, determining in my heart never to write to you in any but cheerful spirits.

Even this morning Austin, I am not in merry case, for it snows slowly and solemnly, and hardly an outdoor thing can be seen a stirring – now and then a man goes by, with a large cloak wrapped around him and shivering at that, and now and then a stray kitten out on some urgent errand creeps thro' the flakes, and crawls so fast as may crawl half frozen away. I am glad for the sake of your body that you are not here this morning, for it is a trying time for fingers and toes, for for the heart's sake, I would verily have you here – you know there are winter mornings when the cold without only adds to the warm within, and the more it

snows and the harder it blows, brighter the fires blaze, and chirps more merrily the “cricket on the hearth”; it is hardly cheery enough for such a scene this morning, and yet methinks it would be if you were only here. The future full of sleighrides would chase the gloom from our minds, which only deepens and darkens with every flake that falls.

Black Fanny would “toe the mark” if you should be here tomorrow, but as the prospects are, I presume Black Fanny’s hoofs will not attempt to fly. Do you have any snow in Boston? Enough for a ride, I hope, for the sake of “Auld Lang Syne.” Perhaps the “Ladie” of curls, would not object to a drive. So you took Miss Mary to the Mercantile – Vinnie is quite excited about her going to Boston, and things are turning out “just as she expected.” Father remarked “he was very glad of it – he thought it would please the old folks to have the School master pay respect to their darter.” I think that “heavy cold” must be making progress as that devoted family have not yet been seen, or what is more suspicious, heard of.

I am glad you like Miss Nichols, it must be so pleasant for you to have somebody to care for, in such a cheerless place – don’t shut yourself away from anyone whom you like, in order to keep the faith to those you leave behind! Your friends here are much happier in fancying you happy, than if in a pledge so stern you should refuse all friendliness. Truth to the ones you leave does not demand of you to refuse those whom you find, or who would make your exile a less desolate thing in their cheerful circles. On the contrary, Austin, I am very sure that seclusion from everyone there would make an ascetic of you, rather than restore you brighter and truer to them. We miss you more and more, we do not become accustomed to separation from you. I almost wish sometimes we need’nt miss you so much, since duty claims a year of you entirely to herself, and then again I think that it is pleasant to miss you if you must go away, and I would not have it otherwise, not even if I could.

In every pleasure and pain you come up to our minds so wishfully, we know you’d enjoy our joy, and if you were with us Austin, we could bear little trials more cheerfully – then when we have any dainty, someone is sure to say “it is such as Austin loves.” When I know of anything funny, I am just as apt to cry, far more so than to laugh, for I know who loves jokes best, and who is not here to enjoy them.

We don’t have many jokes tho’ now, it is pretty much all sobriety, and we do not have much poetry, father having made up his mind that its pretty much all real life. Father’s real life and mine sometimes come in collision, but as yet, escape unhurt! I give all your messages to Mat – she seems to enjoy every one more than the one before – she was here three afternoons last week, one evening she took tea here with Abby and Abiah Root, and we had such a pleasant time; how I did wish you were here, and so did all the girls – everyone of them spoke of it.

Did you know that Jane Humphrey's sister, that you saw at S.Hadley once was dead? They have sent for Jane to come home, I dont know whether she will, she is so far from home. I am so glad you are well, and in such happy spirits – both happy and well is a great comfort to us when you are far away.

Emilie.

Thank you for the music Austin, and thank you for the books.

I have enjoyed them very much. I shall learn my part of the Duett, and try to have Vinnie her's. She is very much pleased with Charity.

She would write you now but is busy getting her lesson.

Mother is frying Doughnuts, I will give you a little platefull to have warm for your tea! Imaginary ones – how I'd love to send you real ones.

Note: AC 578. Publication: *Home*. | Miss Mary = Mary Warner. Miss Nichols = Mary Nichols, a friend of Austin's in Boston. Martha Humphrey died December 10, 1851. The evening Abiah spent with ED and Vinnie was ED's twenty-first birthday.

68.

To Austin Dickinson, December 24, 1851

Wednesday night. 12 o'clock

Dont tell them, will you Austin; they are all asleep soundly and I snatch the silent night to speak a word to you. Perhaps you are sound asleep, and I am only chatting to the semblance of a man ensconced in warmest blankets and deep, downy pillows; I am afraid not, dear Austin, I'm afraid that dreadful pain will keep you wide awake all this dreary night, and so afraid am I, that I steal from happy dreams and come to sit with you. Since your letter came, we have thought so much about you, Oh more, many more than pen and ink can tell you – we are thinking of you now midst the night so wild and stormy; Austin, I hav'nt a doubt that Vinnie and mother are dreaming even now of you, tho' Vinnie was so sleepy the last time she opened her eye, and mother has had a very fatiguing day. And you know that I do, dont you, or I should'nt incur such perils for the sake of seeing you. Hav'nt you taken cold, or exposed yourself in some way, or got too tired, teaching those useless boys? – I am so sorry for you. I do wish it was me, that you might be well and happy, for I have no profession, and have such a snug, warm home that I had as lief suffer some, a great deal rather than not, that by doing so, you were exempted from it. May I change places Austin? I dont care how sharp the pain is, not if it dart like arrows, or pierce bone and bone like the envenomed barb, I should be twice, thrice happy to bear it in your place. Dont try to teach school at all, until you get thoroughly well! The committee will excuse you, I know they will, they must; tell them if they dont I will tell the Mayor of them and get them all turned out! I

am glad to know you are prudent in consulting a physician; I hope he will do you good; has anyone with neuralgia, tried him, that recommended him to you?

I think that warmth and rest, cold water and care, are the best medicines for it. I know you can get all these, and be your own physician, which is far the better way.

Now Austin, I cant come, I have no horse to fetch me, I can only advise you of what I think is good, and ask you if you will do it. Had I the art and skill of the greatest of all physicians, and had under my care whole hospitals of patients, I couldnt feel more anxious than in this single case; I do feel so desirous of a complete recovery!

But lest I harm my patient with too much conversation on sickness and pain, I pass to themes more cheerful and reminiscence gay. I know it would make you laugh to see Vinnie sleeping as soundly as a poker, and shovel and pair of tongs, and Cousin Emily Norcross bringing up the rear, in a sleep twice as sound, and full twice as sonorous, and there come snatches of music from away in mother's room, which wake a funny response in my amused being. I can think of nothing funnier than for intelligent beings to bid the world good night, and go out with their candles, and there's nothing that I enjoy more than rousing these selfsame beings and witnessing their discomfiture at the bare idea of morning, when they're so sleepy yet!

Vinnie thinks me quite savage, and frequently suggests the propriety of having me transported to some barbarous country, where I may meet with those of a similar nature, and allow her to spend her days – that is, such small remainder as my inhumanity spares – in comparative ease and quietness!

She thinks ancient martyrs very trifling indeed and would welcome the stake in preference to the sunrise, and that shrill morning call she may be sure to hear!

A'nt you sorry for her; she thinks of your sympathies often, and thinks they would all be her's, if they were nearer home.

Father will come tomorrow, and I will take care of Mat. Had a "merry Christmas" from Sue, besides some beautiful gifts for Vinnie and me, Monday evening. We are having a cozy, rosy, posy little visit with Cousin Emily – enjoy it very much, would love to have you here, if it might be possible. I was glad you remembered Emily, it pleased her very much. Why did you apologize for any of your letters? Coming from you Austin, they never can be otherwise than delightful to us; better than that you give us, we shall never desire.

Write to us very soon, and say how you are, and be very careful indeed, and dont write but a little, if you find it pains you. Much love, Emily

Note: AC 580. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Dec 25. | "Cousin Emily" Norcross paid a week's visit, beginning December 22. Edward left for Monson on December 24 and returned the next day.

69.

To Austin Dickinson, December 31, 1851

Late at night, dear Child, but I cant help thinking of you, and am so afraid you are sick – come home tomorrow, Austin, if you are not perfectly sure that you shall be well right away, for you must not suffer there – Vinnie has got her message – We did not get the answer from you – I must not write another word, but Austin, come home, remember, if you are not better – right away. Love for you –

Emilie –

Note: AC 581. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst 1 Jan 1852 Ms.

70.

To Austin Dickinson, January 5, 1852

Monday morning.

I will write a word to you, Austin, to send by Mr Watson.

I've found your Gaitor shoes, and send them as you desired. Mary Warner was here Thursday, has only just got out; influenza is prevalent here – how lucky they took it in Boston, it would have been so vulgar to have imbibed it here among the pools and pastures! Mary said she had finished "Kavanagh," and would return it immediately, which she has not done, or you would receive it now. I should go for it this morning, but it storms and is so icy, that I dare not venture out. You shall have it tho, by the next good opportunity. Mr Goodale left for California, this morning, George Godfrey meets him in New york, Tuesday.

Emiline Kellogg is quite sick – they have very much feared a fever, but she's rather more comfortable now.

You remember our telling you of a Cousin George Dickinson, from New york, who came to Amherst last summer, when you were away. He passed the Sabbath in town, took tea here, and passed the evening; is a fine fellow, and has a great desire to see you. We had a very quiet New year's, I had as a gift from Mattie, an exquisite "piece of carpeting," similar to one Sue gave you, some-time ago!

I dont know anything of the railroad tho' I fancy "things is workin," and so soon as "things has worked" I promise to let you know. I am very glad indeed that you've called upon the Lymans – I think Mary a beautiful person, and will certainly go and see her as soon as she comes to town. I have never known Charlotte at all. Vinnie will tell the Jones' some day when she's out this week.

Mrs Howe has heard from Sabra, she is very happy indeed. Mrs Howe was perfectly delighted with your visit there, the last time you were at home – also Mrs Hartly, and all the tavern gang – have spoken of it frequently, and with much

evident pleasure. Goodbye, Austin, hope you are happy and well, and would write much more, but your stockings call me. Aff yr sister, Emilie

Note: AC 582. Publication: *Home*. | Lines for the Amherst and Belchertown Railroad were already laid through Palmer. Oliver Watson was a prominent shoe and boot maker; Noble T. Goodal (also spelled Goodell), an Amherst joiner; George Godfrey, a mason. Mrs. Howe = Sabra Howe, who from 1843–1867 ran the Amherst Hotel with her husband Albin Page Howe; she is the mother of ED's friend, Sabra. Mrs. Hartly = Martha A. Hartley.

71.

To Abiah Root, January 18, 1852

Transcribed Todd
Sunday evening.

My very dear Abiah.

I love to sit here alone, writing a letter to you, and whether your joy in reading will amount to as much or more, or even less than mine in penning it to you, becomes to me just now a very important problem – and I will tax each power to solve the same for me; if as happy, indeed, I have every occasion for gratitude – more so, my absent friend, I may not hope to make you, but I do hope most earnestly it may not give you less. Oh I do know it will not, if school day hearts are warm and school day memories precious! As I told you, it is Sunday today, so I find myself quite curtailed in the selection of subjects, being myself quite vain, and naturally adverting to many worldly things which would doubtless grieve and distress you; much more will I be restrained by the fact that such stormy Sundays I always remain at home, and have not those opportunities for hoarding up great truths which I would have otherwise. In view of these things Abiah, your kind heart will be lenient, forgiving all empty words and unsatisfying feelings on the Sabbath day ground which we have just alluded to.

I rejoice in one theme appropriate to every place and time – indeed it cannot intrude in the hour most unseemly for every other thought and every other feeling; and sure I am today, how e'er it may be holy, I shall not break or reproach by speaking of the links which bind us to each other, and make the very thought of you, and time when I last saw you, a sacred thing to me. And I have many memories, and many thoughts beside, which by some strange entwining, circle you round and round; if you please, a vine of fancies, towards which dear Abiah sustains the part of oak, and as up each sturdy branch there climbs a little tendril so full of faith and confidence and the most holy trust, so let the hearts do also, of the dear "Estray"; then the farther we may be from home and from each other, the nearer by that faith which "overcometh all things" and bringeth us to itself.

Amherst and Philadelphia, separate indeed, and yet how near, bridged by a thousand trusts and a "thousand times ten thousand" the travellers who cross, whom you and I may not see, nor hear the trip of their feet, yet faith tells us they are

there, ever crossing and re-crossing. Very likely, Abiah, you fancy me at home in my own little chamber, writing you a letter, but you are greatly mistaken. I am on the blue Susquehanna paddling down to you; I am not much of a sailor, so I get along rather slowly, and I am not much of a mermaid, tho' I verily think I will be, if the tide overtakes me at my present jog. Hard hearted girl! I don't believe you care, if you did you would come quickly and help me out of this sea, but if I drown, Abiah, and go down to dwell in the seaweed forever, and forever, I will not forget your name, nor all the wrong you did me!

Why did you go away and not come to see me? I felt so sure you would come, because you promised me, that I watched and waited for you, and bestowed a tear or two upon my absentee. How very sad it is to have a confiding nature, one's hopes and feelings are quite at the mercy of all who come along; and how very desirable to be a stolid individual, whose hopes and aspirations are safe in one's waistcoat pocket, and that a pocket indeed, and one not to be picked!

Notwithstanding your faithlessness I should have come to see you, but for that furious snow storm; I did attempt in spite of it, but it conquered in spite of me, and I doffed my hood and shawl, and felt very crestfallen the remainder of the day. I did want one more kiss, one sweet and sad goodbye, before you had flown away; perhaps, my dear Abiah, it is well that I go without it, it might have added anguish to our long separation, or made the miles still longer which keep a friend away. I always try to think in any disappointment that had I been gratified, it had been sadder still, and I weave from such supposition at times, considerable consolation; consolation upside down as I am pleased to call it. I saw very little of you – I am sure should you come again it would be otherwise, but my dear child, you know that I do not feel well at sometimes, and when my feelings come, I permit them to overcome me when perhaps I ought not – yet at the time submission seems almost inevitable. I will try to get stout and well before you come again, and who says the past shall not be forgiven by the day to come? I say she shall be, and that the deeper the crimson, the purer and more like snow the heart repentant, when penitence can come.

Dear Abiah, I left you here and went down to prepare the tea; I thought to return to you so soon as tea was done, but father asked for some music, and I could not deny him; and then Vinnie had the headache, and would be so much more comfortable in her chamber than downstairs, and I knew Vinnie was timid and would rather not go alone, so I disappointed myself, and I can't help hoping that I disappointed you; think back, my dear Abiah, and tell me if "brotherly love" was quite so brotherly a day or two ago! Speaking of Vinnie, reminds me of her "penchant" for you – really you're not aware of the interest you've awakened in her young mind and heart; I can't help laughing at Vinnie for the very remarkable views she has formed of your character, and the almost awe with which you have inspired her. When we are sewing silently, Vinnie will drop her work, and say in much perplexity "I don't know what to make of Abiah." "Why Vinnie," I say,

"Abiah seemed to me very comprehensible – why do you think her so – I find no changes in her?" Well, Vinnie "don't know, but she somehow feels afraid of you, and she never did before, and she feels so small besides"; she thinks you growing "Opera" – growing more like the world. Are you, dear friend, of mine, and yet these watchful eyes failed to discover it? Grow like the world? Oh, no – not so, my sweet A_, unless it be more near to the one we have not seen! I bring much love from Vinnie – that is, as much as may be, considering her fright.

Shall I have a letter soon – Oh, may I very soon, for 'some days are dark and dreary, and the wind is never weary.'

Emily E.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.15, 133–141 & AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd's printer copy are at AC. There are inconsistencies in transcription in the last four sentences; text omitted by THJ restored and P.S. moved to appropriate place midletter. Publication: Franklin (1995). | Abiah was in Philadelphia between January and June 1852; on January 18–19, there was a severe storm in Amherst. | ED quotes from Revelation 21:7; "ten thousand times ten thousand" appears in both Daniel 7:10 and Revelation 5:11. She alludes to Longfellow's "The Rainy Day," and "Estray" may gesture toward his 1847 collection of poems by that name.

72.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), January 21, 1852

Wednesday noon –

Will you forgive me, Susie, I cannot stay away; and it is not me only, that writes the note today – dear Mattie's heart is here, tho' her hand is not quite strong enough to hold a pen today. I have just come home from your home, and I promised Mattie I would write you, and tell you about her. Now dont feel anxious, dear Susie, Mattie is only sick a little and Dr Smith and I, are going to cure her right away in a day, and she will be so much stronger than she was before. She has a disordered stomach, and coughs some, which Dr Smith says is owing to the stomach – and more immediately, to a cold she has taken; he says she will soon be well, and she looks so sweet and happy – that could you see her, Susie – you would think she was playing sick, just to lie in the grand french bedstead and have dear little vials sitting on the stand. I told Mattie this morning, she looked so sweet and patient, and willing to be sick; Mattie looked up so funny, and said she "was'nt willing" and I need'nt have any such little notions in reference to her; so my dear Susie, you see she is quite herself, and will be very strong and well in a day or two.

She has'nt got your letter, owing she thinks to the great snow storm, which blocked up all the railroads, and dont give us any mail; and Susie, I am so credulous, and so easily deluded by this fond heart of mine, that I am supposing snow storms have got my letter too, and I shant lay it to you, but to the wicked snow storm, if

mine does not come too! I told Mattie this morning, that I felt all taken away, without her, or Susie, and indeed I have thought today of what would become of me when the “bold Dragoon” shall bear you both away, to live in his high mountain – and leave me here alone; and I could have wept bitterly over the only fancy of ever being so lone – and then Susie, I thought how these short adieus of our’s might – Oh Sue, they might grow sadder and longer, and that bye and bye they would not be said any more, not any more forever, for that of our precious band, some one should pass away.

Such thoughts will come and come – now you are gone away, and I watch your letters Susie, to see if they grow saintlier, and more like Susie Spirit, than my dear earthly child. Forgive me a smile, Susie, on a subject near my heart, but for the last few weeks and days – they are so evanescent that I cant see them at all; dear Susie, please be corporal, it would so comfort me! The days dont go very fast, I shall certainly have to poke them, if they dont go along; yet they do move a little, and bounding o’er them all, I meet the glad July – and have you in my arms, Oh Susie – you shall come, tho the time be ever so long, and go ever so slowly – and I should get so tired, if it was’nt for faith. You may have faith too Susie, I will not take it all, and besides, “eno’ and to spare” for Vinnie and Mattie. Susie, dont worry a bit, for Mattie, she is’nt sick but a little, and I will write again in two or three days, to tell you she has got well; and when you would love, dear Susie, so would I better, to have letter from you. Emilie

Love; much love!

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L15). Publication: JL70. | Several people in Amherst had influenza, which Mattie also caught on January 14; she was ill for several weeks.

73.

To Austin Dickinson, January 28, 1852

Wednesday evening –

I have just got your letter, Austin, and have read and sat down to answer it almost in a breath, for there’s so much I want to say, and so little time to say it, that I must be very spry to write you tonight at all.

It has been a long, lonely winter; we do need you at home, and since you have been sick and are away from us, the days seem like ages, and I get tired of ever hoping to see you again. It seems to me it would do you a great deal of good to leave school a few days, and come home. We are very anxious to see you, the journey would do you good, and the pure air here, and seeing your old friends would quite restore you. Cant you, Austin? I do wish you would; never mind the boys; if they cant fill your place for a week, just let it be unfilled; I dont believe the boy’s minds would suffer, or run to waste, in such a short space of time, and I do think your health requires it. You may feel so well by the time

you get this that you wont think it worth the while in a health view – but it’s a long while since Thanksgiving, and we should like to see you, and perhaps you would like to come. Wont you think of it tonight and follow my good advice into the Fitchburgh Depot, where you will find a ticket to take you home tomorrow? How glad we should all be to see you! I am rejoiced that your face is better, hope it is now well, as t’will be almost three days from the time you wrote to me, when this reaches you.

I dont understand your being troubled with the palpitation so much, but think it must be owing to a disordered system, and too violent exertions in your school, which I would modestly wish at the bottom of the sea, before ever you were engaged in it. I think you need rest, and riding, and perfect freedom from care – that you will find here, and Vinnie and I will do everything we can to make you happy, if you will make us happy by deciding to come. Generous, is’nt it, offerring to make you happy, if you’ll make us so first; but in the end, we should all be happy, I guess. Poor Mat has been pretty sick, but is recovering now; just a fortnight today since she was taken down.

I am down there a great deal, and spend most all my time in going to see her, thinking of something to carry her, or writing letters to Sue, telling her all about Martha. I had a long letter from Sue last Thursday, and wrote her that day of Mat’s sickness, at Mat’s request; told her Mat was’nt much sick, had a touch of the influenza and would be out again soon. Poor Sue thought otherwise, concluded Mat was very sick and I had written not so for fear I should alarm her; so yesterday I had the most anxious note from her – she seemed almost distracted lest Mat was sick very, and we were keeping it from her; but I wrote her immediately, stating how Mat was, and Mrs C, wrote too, so Sue will soon be relieved. You are gone, and Sue; Mat’s sickness deprives me of her, and on the whole, Austin, I do feel rather lonely, but you’ll all get back at sometime, and if I live till then, I mean to be happy enough to make up for all this lost time. Emiline is still very feeble, sits up only a little, cannot bear the light at all on account of her head, and tho’ slowly recovering, is very feeble yet. I went up to see her today – her room is kept so dark that I could’nt see where she was for some time – at last I heard a little faint voice way out in the corner, and found poor Em’ out there – she inquired for you – I told her you had been shut up with your face, and she smiled and said “we are all sick at a time.” It is five weeks today, since she was taken sick, a long and tedious sickness, but I hope she will soon get well. Her hair is all cut off, and to see her propped up with pillows, you would’nt hardly know her.

Mary Warner and Thurston are getting along nicely, spent last Monday evening, sliding down Boltwood’s hill – the very last phase of flirtation. Mary dont seem very flourishing just now – everybody seems to get the idea that she’s a little gone by, and faded. Dont be roused by this into the former furie, for Mary and Vinnie and I are on the pleasantest terms in the world. Emily Fowler is visiting Liz Tyler.

Abby Wood is as usual; Mr Bliss is confined to the house with one of his old attacks, so the work at "Shanghi" I suppose cannot go forward! Abby brought her work down and staid all Monday forenoon; said she wrote a letter of 16 pages to Eliza Coleman last week, and had just received one of ten in return. Dear me, I'm glad I have no such hot correspondents! Only think of it, Abby Wood and Eliza C. Where is Charles Dickens, is all I have tongue to say? Mary Lyman has not come – Mary French is visiting her coz' in Oxford. Prof Haven gave a Lyceum Lecture last evening, upon the deaf and dumb, and the manner of teaching them – it was called very interesting – he gives one at Northampton tonight – the President lectures at Springfield this evening, so you see Lyceum Lectures are pretty plenty around here.

Dr Wesselhoeft's bill is correct I presume. He sent Vinnie medicine three or four times, and me twice – and although we were not benefited by it, he probably did the best he could for us, and I'd rather you would pay it, without any words about it, and Vinnie and I will pay you, when you get home. I dont want any fuss with him, Vinnie and I have tried him and are satisfied that for us the medicine has no power, but I am glad we tried him, we should'nt have known without. Go and see him as soon as you can conveniently, Austin; I dont like an unpaid bill.

Mother seems quite delighted at what you said to her about making you a visit – I should'nt be at all surprised should she conclude to go and see you, though of course she has not had time to think at all about it.

I think she is very happy at your mention of her, and desire to see her. I mean she shall go. Vinnie and I have been there so recently, it is not best for us to think of it, but you are very kind, Austin, you do not know how much we all think of you, how much you are missed at home.

I thank you for your letter, it sounds like old times – and makes me feel quite happy, except where you are sick. Mother and Vinnie send their love, and father says he thinks you had better come home for a few days unless you are very much better.

Emilie E.

You sent us the Duett, Austin. Vinnie cannot learn it, and I see from the outside page, that there is a piece for two hands.

Are you willing to change it. Dont be in haste to send it; any time will do! Shall write when I hear from you, more fully.

Note: AC 583. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jan 29. | Benjamin Easton Thurston was AC 1852. Mary Field French lived in Amherst; she was a cousin and guardian of the author Eugene Field. Joseph Haven, professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy at AC, lectured on January 27. William Wesselhoeft was their Aunt Lavinia's physician, a pioneer of homeopathy.

74.

To Austin Dickinson, February 6, 1852

Friday morning

Austin.

I have never left you so long before, since you first went away, but we have had such colds that we could not use our eyes so long as to write a letter, and the privation on our part has been greater, I dare say, than it possibly could on your's.

I have received both your letters, and enjoyed them both very much; particularly the notes on the agricultural convention. Miss Kelly's part of the performance was very fine indeed, and made much fun for us. Should think you must have some discipline in order to write so clearly amidst so much confusion. Father seemed specially pleased with the story of the farmer. I am so glad you are better – I wish you might have been spared just for a little visit, but we will try and wait if you don't think best to come, and shall only be the gladder to see you at last. I hope you will be very careful and not get sick again, for it seems to me you've had so much miserable health since you have lived in Boston; if it don't ruin your constitution, I shall be very glad. I am very sorry to hear of the illness of the teachers; I should think you must miss them, they have been with you so long. You will tell us if they are better, when you write home again.

Since we have written you, the grand Rail Road decision is made, and there is great rejoicing throughout this town and the neighboring; that is Sunderland, Montague, and Belchertown. Every body is wide awake, every thing is stirring, the streets are full of people walking cheerily, and you really should be here to partake of the jubilee. The event was celebrated by D. Warner, and cannon; and the silent satisfaction in the hearts of all is its crowning attestation.

Father is really sober from excessive satisfaction, and bears his honors with a most becoming air. Nobody believes it yet, it seems like a fairy tale, a most maraculous event in the lives of us all. The men begin working next week, only think of it, Austin; why I verily believe we shall fall down and worship the first "Son of Erin" that comes, and the first sod he turns will be preserved as an emblem of the struggles and victory of our heroic fathers. Such old fellows as Col' Smith and his wife, fold their arms complacently, and say, "well, I declare, we have got it after all" – got it, you good for nothings! and so we have, in spite of sneers and pities, and insults from all around; and we will keep it too, in spite of earth and heaven! How I wish you were here, it is really too bad, Austin, at such a time as now – I miss your big Hurrahs, and the famous stir you make, upon all such occasions; but it is a comfort to know that you are here – that your whole soul is here, and tho' apparently absent, yet present in the highest, and the truest sense. I have got a great deal to say, and I fancy I am saying it in rather a headlong way, but if you can read it, you will know what it means. Martha gets along nicely, was able to

have her dress on, and go in the dining room for the first time yesterday. She sends you her love, and will write to you just as soon as is able.

Mother has not decided yet, about going to Boston – seems to think if you are better it is hardly best to go – I will tell you more decide[d]ly when I write again – she would love to do so dearly, but it's a good deal of an effort to go away from home at this season, and I hardly know what she will do. Emiline improves slowly. Tutor Howland appeared on Wednesday, and remained in town till today – took tea here Wednesday evening – took Vinnie to ride yesterday morning, spent most of the afternoon here, and is just shutting the gate upon his last farewell, as I write this morning. I have been to ride twice since I wrote you, once with a party, manned by Root, & Co, and last evening with Sophomore Emmons, alone; will tell you all about it when I write again, for I am in such a hurry that I cannot stop for breath. Take good care of yourself, Austin, and think much of us all, for we do so of you. Emilie

I send you my prescription again, will it trouble you too much to get me another bottle, of the same size as the others, namely twice the quantity, and send to me by the first person who comes? You are kind very, Austin, to attend to all my little wants, and I'm sure I thank you for it.

April is'nt far off, and then – and then, we are the “merrie men”!

Vinnie sends her love, and mother – Vinnie says she thinks you dont pay much attention to her.

Notes: AC 584. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Feb 6. | ED completes the letter using a separate slip of paper and the envelope interior. On February 6, the *Hampshire and Franklin Express* announced that the Amherst and Belchertown Railroad was now fully subscribed.

75.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), February 6, 1852

Friday forenoon –

Will you let me come dear Susie – looking just as I do, my dress soiled and worn, my grand old apron, and my hair. Oh Susie, time would fail me to enumerate my appearance, yet I love you just as dearly as if I was e'er so fine, so you wont care, will you? I am so glad dear Susie, that our hearts are always clean, and always neat and lovely, so not to be ashamed. I have been hard at work this morning, and I ought to be working now, but I cannot deny myself the luxury of a minute or two with you.

The dishes may wait dear Susie, and the uncleared table stand, them I have always with me, but you, I have “not always,” why Susie, Christ hath saints manie – and I have few, but thee – the angels shant have Susie – no – no no!

Vinnie is sewing away like a fictitious seamstress, and I half expect some knight will arrive at the door, confess himself a nothing in presence of her loveliness, and present his heart and hand as the only vestige of him worthy to be refused.

Vinnie and I have been talking about growing old, today, Vinnie thinks twenty must be a fearful position for one to occupy – I tell her I dont care if I am young or not, had as lief be thirty, and you, as most anything else. Vinnie expresses her sympathy at my “sere and yellow leaf” and resumes her work, dear Susie, tell me how you feel – ar’nt there days in one’s life when to be old dont seem a thing so sad –

I do feel gray and grim, this morning, and I feel it would be a comfort to have a piping voice, and a broken back, and scare little children.

Dont you run, Susie dear, for I wont do any harm, and I do love you dearly tho’ I feel so frightful.

Oh my darling one, how long you wander from me, how weary I grow of waiting and looking, and calling for you; sometimes I shut my eyes, and shut my heart towards you, and try hard to forget you because you grieve me so, but you’ll never go away, Oh you never will – say, Susie, promise me again, and I will smile faintly, and take up my little cross again of sad – sad separation. How vain it seems to write, when one knows how to feel – how much more near and dear to sit beside you, talk with you, hear the tones of your voice; so hard to “deny thyself, and take up thy cross, and follow me –” give me strength, Susie, write me of hope and love, and of hearts that endured, and great was their reward of “Our Father who art in Heaven.” I dont know how I shall bear it, when the gentle spring comes; if she should come and see me and talk to me of you, Oh it would surely kill me! While the frost clings to the windows, and the world is stern and drear; this absence is easier; the Earth mourns too, for all her little birds; but when they all come back again, and she sings and is so merry – pray, what will become of me? Susie, forgive me, forget all what I say, get some sweet little scholar to read a gentle hymn, about Bethlehem and Mary, and you will sleep on sweetly and have as peaceful dreams, as if I had never written you all these ugly things. Never mind the letter Susie, I wont be angry with you if you wont give me any at all – for I know how busy you are, and how little of that dear strength remains when it is evening, with which to think and write. Only want to write me, only sometimes sigh that you are far from me, and that will do, Susie! Dont you think we are good and patient, to let you go so long; and dont we think you’re a darling, a real beautiful hero, to toil for people, and teach them, and leave your own dear home? Because we pine and repine, dont think we forget the precious patriot at war in other lands! Never be mournful, Susie, be happy and have cheer, for how many of the long days have gone away since I wrote you – and it is almost noon, and soon the night will come, and then there is one less day of the long pilgrimage. Mattie is very smart, talks of you much, my darling; I must leave you now – “one little hour of Heaven,” thank who did give it me, and will he also

grant me one longer and more when it shall please his love – bring Susie home, ie! Love always, and ever, and true! Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L10). Publication: JL73. | ED quotes from *Macbeth*: “the sere, the yellow leaf,” as she does in L8.

76.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), February 11, 1852

Wednesday morn –

It’s a sorrowful morning Susie – the wind blows and it rains; “into each life some rain must fall”, and I hardly know which falls fastest, the rain without, or within – Oh Susie, I would nestle close to your warm heart, and never hear the wind blow, or the storm beat, again. Is there any room there for me, or shall I wander away all homeless and alone? Thank you for loving me, darling, and will you “love me more if ever you come home? – it is enough, dear Susie, I know I shall be satisfied. But what can I do towards you? – dearer you cannot be, for I love you so already, that it almost breaks my heart – perhaps I can love you anew, every day of my life, every morning and evening – Oh if you will let me, how happy I shall be!

The precious billet, Susie – I am wearing the paper out, reading it over and o’er, but the dear thoughts cant wear out if they try, Thanks to Our Father, Susie! Vinnie and I talked of you all last evening long, and went to sleep mourning for you, and pretty soon I waked up saying “Precious treasure, thou art mine,” and there you were all right, my Susie, and I hardly dared to sleep lest some one steal you away. Never mind the letter, Susie; you have so much to do; just write me every week one line, and let it be, “Emily, I love you,” and I will be satisfied! Your own Emily

Love to Hattie from us all.

Dear Mattie is almost well.

Vinnie’s love – Mother’s –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L22). Publication: JL74. | ED quotes here (and repeatedly) from Longfellow’s “The Rainy Day.”

77.

To Austin Dickinson, mid-February 1852

Had a beautiful letter from Sue. on Friday. Wm Whn’ is here yet, strange in so big a world there seems to be no corner for him! “Dream Life” is not near so great a book as the “Reveries of a Bachelor,[”] yet I think it full of the very sweetest fancies, and more exquisite language I defy a man to use; on the whole I enjoy it very

much, tho' I cant help wishing all the time, that he had been translated like Enoch of old, after his Bachelors Reverie, and the "chariot of fire, and the horses thereof," were all that was seen of him, after that exquisite writing.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B171). Publication: JL75. | Wm Whn' = William Washburn. Ik Marvel's *Dream of Life* (see L60) was advertised for sale at the end of October 1851, but mistakes in the printing led to its withdrawal from some booksellers and reissuing. Elijah ascended in a chariot (2 Kings 2:11); Enoch "was translated that he should not see death; and was not found" (Hebrews 11:5).

78.

To Austin Dickinson, February 18, 1852

Wednesday morn

Austin.

We received your letters last evening – or Father and Vinnie did, for I did'nt seem to have any; Vinnie cant write today on account of those metaphysics, to which you so touchingly allude – Father also is very busy, so perhaps you wont object to an article from me.

We are all pretty well at home – Martha is getting better, and Emeline, very slowly. Mat sends her love to you and says she shall write you a letter as soon as she is strong enough to keep letters on the line – she sits up most of the day now, but is not able to confine her attention to anything but a little while at a time, and has not yet been out. I have heard from Sue three times, since I have written you – she is well, and in usual spirits. I think it would make Mat very happy to have a letter from you should you find a leisure hour, although she did not tell me to say so – they always inquire for you at Mrs Wm C's, and Mat would have written you a long time ago had she been able to do so.

Abby Wood is quite sick this week, but I think will be better soon.

Mr Sweetser's house took fire Monday evening and was with great difficulty extinguished – the family did not lie down all night, and the escape was narrow – very.

The chimney had been on fire during the day, but no danger was apprehended, and sometime the last of the evening, Mrs Sweetser in going up stairs to give Abby her medicine, thought she smelt smoke in the room – Abby had not perceived it – Mrs S. then opened a door in another direction and the smoke seemed to increase – upon opening the garret door, she saw the flames bursting out from the big timbers near the chimney – Mr Sweetser was at the store – Mrs S. with great presence of mind closed the door, sent at once for Mr. Sweetser, and the family themselves worked until it was morning, pouring water, and sawing away great pieces of timber, until the flames were subdued – The house is a good deal injured, but it is such a miracle that they were not all destroyed that they dont care much for dam-

ages. Who did you send your letters and Vinnie's music by? we heard accidentally that there was something for us at W^m Kellogg's store, and there they were – we dont know whence – or by whom, tho' we have suspicions of one Oliver Watson! The vial and flannel came safely, and are just the things desired. I thank you always for all you do for me, and would love to send you something did I know what you would like. I was on the point one day of buying a pound of peanuts and sending them to you in memory of college days, but Vinnie laughed me out of it – if you will like them tho' and will let me know you shall certainly have them.

Vinnie sends her love to you, and thanks you very much for her music – it is correct. Mother wont come to Boston, probably, this spring – she wants to see you very much, and did think about going some, at the time you were so unwell, but now you are better, and will be at home so soon, she will not think it worth while.

We are all very happy to have you well and happy, and hope you may not be sick in all the rest of the time that you remain in Boston. We have never told you that Pussy has gone – she disappeared about four weeks ago, and we can find nothing of her, so we presume she is dead.

We miss her very much, and I think you will miss her, when you come home. April dont seem quite so far off as it used to, last December – I can almost count the days now, before you are coming home, they seem so few. There are a good many lectures here now, before the Lyceum – Mr Mt Pleasant-Nash, is giving a course of Agricultural ones, twelve in all – and besides a lecture from him once or twice a week, there is also another from some other gentlemen, on some literary subject. Prof Fowler gave one upon Adam Smith, last evening – Tutor Edwards will give the next. Emmons passed the evening here, and Vinnie and I staid at home – mother went out with Father, but thought the lecture too high for her unobtrusive faculties. I shall love to get a letter when you have the time. Emily.

Mother wants me to add a word in relation to her coming – you will see what she thinks about in the longer sheet – besides the other reasons, there given – Father will be away at Court for three or four weeks to come, most all of the time – this mother thinks an objection, as should she go away too we should be quite alone, and the folks would'nt think that safe. Then she thinks you are very busy, and however happy to see her, and desirous to have her come, yet her visit would nescessarily occupy much of your time, and as she will see you so soon at home, she wants me to ask you if you dont agree with her in its not being just the thing, for her to visit you now? Kate Hitchcock is to be married in March. I dont envy her that Storrs – Root, Harrington, Storrs, Emmons, Graves, and the Tutors, come in quite often to see us. Emily Fowler was here Monday afternoon – inquired particularly for you – says Charles is “doing nicely.” March is at Havana – and writes encouragingly in reference to himself. Emily has much to make her sad – I wonder how she endures all her numberless trials. The railroad goes on swimmingly – everything is stir and commotion – The Godfreys have heard from George – he

has reached the Isthmus, suffered all things, according to his account, and thinks going to California, quite a little undertaking! He has probably reached the mines before now. Much love from us all.

Note: AC 585. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Feb 18. | Catharine Hitchcock, daughter of Edward Hitchcock, married Henry M. Storrs on March 9, 1852. Mrs W^m C = Harriet Cutler. "Mr Mt Pleasant Nash" = Reverend John Adams Nash, principal of the Mount Pleasant Institute.

79.

To William Cowper Dickinson, February 1852

"Life is but a Strife –
T'is a bubble –
T'is a dream –
And man is a but a little boat
Which paddles down the stream –"

Note: Y MSS & Archives Bingham Collection 106.661–664. Publication: JL33. | Illustrated with cutouts taken from the *New England Primer* and other sources: after line 1, a man, woman, and boy beat off dogs with a broom and sticks; after line 2, two boys and a girl are blowing bubbles; after line 3, there are two cutouts—a sleeping king (from the *Primer*) and a sailboat. This popular verse was printed in several versions, including as sheet music. | As was typical for valentines, ED did not address or sign.

80.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), February 29, 1852

Sunday morning –

Thank the dear little snow flakes, because they fall today rather than some vain weekday, when the world and the cares of the world would try so hard to keep me from my departed friend; and thank you, too, dear Susie, that you never weary of me, or never tell me so, and that when the world is cold, and the storm sighs e'er so piteously, I am sure of one sweet shelter, one covert from the storm! The bells are ringing, Susie, north, and east, and south, and your own village bell, and the people who love God, are expecting to go to meeting; dont you go Susie, not to their meeting, but come with me this morning to the church within our hearts, where the bells are always ringing, and the preacher whose name is Love – shall intercede there for us!

They will all go but me, to the usual meetinghouse, to hear the usual sermon; the inclemency of the storm so kindly detaining me; and as I sit here Susie, alone

with the winds and you, I have the old king feeling even more than before, for I know not even the cracker man will invade this solitude, this sweet Sabbath of our's. And thank you for my dear letter, which came on Saturday night, when all the world was still; thank you for the love it bore me, and for it's golden thoughts, and feelings so like gems, that I was sure I gathered them in whole baskets of pearls! I mourn this morning, Susie, that I have no sweet sunset to gild a page for you, nor any bay so blue – not even a little chamber way up in the sky, as your's is, to give me thoughts of heaven, which I would give to you. You know how I must write you, down, down, in the terrestrial; no sunset here, no stars; not even a bit of twilight which I may poetize, and send you! Yet Susie, there will be romance in the letter's ride to you – think of the hills and the dales, and the rivers it will pass over, and the drivers and conductors who will hurry it on to you; and wont that make a poem such as ne'er can be written? I think of you dear Susie, now, I dont know how or why, but more dearly as every day goes by, and that sweet month of promise draws nearer and nearer; and I view July so differently from what I used to – once it seemed parched, and dry, and I hardly loved it any on account of it's heat and dust; but now Susie, month of all the year the best; I skip the violets, and the dew, and the early Rose and the Robins; I will exchange them all for that angry and hot noonday, when I can count the hours and the minutes before you come – Oh Susie, I often think that I will try to tell you how very dear you are, and how I'm watching for you, but the words wont come, tho' the tears will, and I sit down disappointed – yet darling, you know it all – then why do I seek to tell you? I do not know; in thinking of those I love, my reason is all gone from me, and I do fear sometimes that I must make a hospital for the hopelessly insane, and chain me up there such times, so I wont injure you.

Always when the sun shines, and always when it storms, and always always, Susie, we are remembering you, and what else besides remembering; I shall not tell you, because you know! Were it not for dear Mattie, I dont know what we would do, but she loves you so dearly, and is never tired of talking about you, and we all get together and talk it oer and oer, and it makes us more resigned, than to mourn for you alone. It was only yesterday that I went to see dear Mattie, intending in my heart to stay a little while, only a very little one, because of a good many errands which I was going to do, and will you believe it, Susie, I was there an hour – and an hour, and half an hour besides, and wouldn't have supposed it had been minutes so many – and what do [you] guess we talked about, all those hours long – what would you give to know – give me one little glimpse of your sweet face, dear Susie, and I will tell you all – we did'nt talk of statesmen, and we did'nt talk of kings – but the time was filled full, and when the latch was lifted and the oaken door was closed, why, Susie, I realized as never I did before, how much a single cottage held that was dear to me. It is sweet, and like home, at Mattie's, but it's sad too, and up comes memory and paints, and paints, and paints, and the strangest thing of all, her canvas is never full, and I find her where I left her, every time that

I come – and who is she painting – Ah, Susie – “dinna choose to tell” – but it is’nt Mr Cutler, and it is’nt Daniel Boon, and I shant tell you any more – Susie, what will you say if I tell you that Henry Root is coming to see me, some evening of this week, and I have promised to read him some parts of all your letters; now you wont care, dear Susie, for he wants so much to hear, and I shant read him anything which I know you would not be willing – just some little places, which will please him so – I have seen him several times lately, and I admire him, Susie, because he talks of you so frequently and beautifully; and I know he is so true to you, when you are far away – we talk more of you, dear Susie, than of any other thing – he tells me how wonderful you are, and I tell him how true you are, and his big eyes beam, and he seems so delighted – I know you would’nt care, Susie, if you knew how much joy it made – As I told him the other evening of all your letters to me, he looked up very longingly, and I knew what he would say, were he enough acquainted – so I answered the question his heart wanted to ask, and when some pleasant evening, before this week has gone you remember home and Amherst, then know, Loved One – that they are remembering you, and that “two or three” are gathered in your name, loving, and speaking of you – and will you be there in the midst of them? Then I’ve found a beautiful, new, friend, and I’ve told him about dear Susie, and promised to let him know you so soon as you shall come. Dear Susie, in all your letters there are things sweet and many, about which I would speak, but the time says no – yet dont think I forget them – Oh no – they are safe in the little chest which tells no secrets – nor the moth, nor the rust can reach them – but when the time we dream of, comes, then Susie, I shall bring them, and we will spend long hours chatting and chatting of them – those precious thoughts of friends – how I loved them, and how I love them now – nothing but Susie herself is half so dear. Susie, I have not asked you if you were cheerful and well – and I cant think why, except that there’s something perennial in those we dearly love, immortal life and vigor; why it seems as if any sickness, or harm, would flee away, would not dare do them wrong, and Susie, while you are taken from me, I class you with the angels, and you know the Bible tells us – “there is no sickness there.” But, dear Susie, are you well, and peaceful, for I wont make you cry by saying, are you happy? Dont see the blot, Susie. It’s because I broke the Sabbath!

Susie, what shall I do – there is’nt room enough; not half enough, to hold what I was going to say. Wont you tell the man who makes sheets of paper, that I hav’nt the slightest respect for him!

And when shall I have a letter – when it’s convenient, Susie, not when tired and faint – ever!

Emeline gets well so slowly; poor Henry; I guess he thinks true love’s course does’nt run very smooth –

Much love from Mother and Vinnie, and then there are some others who do not dare to send –

Who loves you most, and loves you best, and thinks of you when others rest?
T'is Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L9). Publication: JL77. | On “dinna choose to tell,” see L43. Henry Vaughan Emmons may be the “beautiful, new friend.” Emeline Kellogg and Henry Nash marry in 1855.

81.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), February 1852

Thursday morn

Dear Emily.

I cant come in this morning, because I am so cold, but you will know I am here – ringing the big front door bell, and leaving a note for you.

Oh I want to come in, I have a great mind now to follow little Jane into your warm sitting room; are you there, dear Emily?

No, I resist temptation, and run away from the door just as fast as my feet will carry me, lest if I once come in, I shall grow so happy, happy, that I shall stay there always, and never go home at all! You will have read this quite, by the time I reach the office, and you cant think how fast I run!

Aff Emily.

P.S. I have just shot past the corner, and now all the wayside houses, and the little gate flies open to see me coming home!

Note: NYPL 16.4. Publication: *L* (1894).

82.

To Austin Dickinson, March 2, 1852

Tuesday noon.

Only a word, Austin, to tell you how we are. I presume you were quite surprised to receive an anonymous bundle, which you must have done today, if Mr Graves did his duty. I did'nt mean it should go without a letter in it, of some considerable length – I wanted to write you yesterday more than I ever did in my life, and will tell you now, why I did'nt. But first, I will write how we are, since I promised you that, beforehand.

Father has been shut up with the rheumatism, since Saturday – is rather better today, and hopes to be out tomorrow – the rest of us are as well as could possibly be expected! Our minds are not well, mine especially, has quite a number of symptoms, and I apprehend a result!

On the whole, however; we bear it with a good deal of fortitude.

I would have given most anything to have had you here, last evening – the scene was indeed too rich, to be detailed by my pen, and I shall ever regret that the world has lost such a chance to laugh. Let me add as I go along, that father's frame of mind is as usual the happiest, developing itself in constant acts of regard, and epithets of tenderness!

Soon after tea, last night, a violent ring at the bell – Vinnie obeys the summons – Mr Harrington – Brainerd, would like to see me at the door – I come walking in from the kitchen, frightened almost to death, and receive the command from father, “not to stand at the door” – terrified beyond measure, I advance to the outside door – Mr H, has an errand – will not consent to come in, on account of my father's sickness – having dismissed him hastily, I retreat again to the kitchen – where I find mother and Vinnie, making most desperate efforts to control themselves, but with little success – once more breathe freely, and conclude that my lungs were given me, for only the best of purposes. Another ring at the door – enter Wm Dickinson – soon followed by Mr Thurston!

I again crept into the sitting room, more dead than alive, and endeavored to make conversation. Father looked round triumphantly. I remarked that “the weather was rather cold” today, to which they all assented – indeed I never witnessed such wonderful unanimity. Fled to my mind again, and endeavored to procure something equally agreeable with my last happy remark. Bethought me of Sabbath day, and the Rev – Mr Bliss, who preached upon it – remarked with wonderful emphasis, that I thought the Rev. gentleman a very remarkable preacher, and discovered a strong resemblance between himself & Whitfield, in the way of remark – I confess it was rather laughable, having never so much as seen the ashes of that gentleman – but oh such a look as I got from my rheumatic sire – You should have seen it – I never can find a language vivid eno' to portray it to you – well, pretty soon, another pull at the bell – enter Thankful Smith, in the furs and robes of her ancestors, while James brings up the rear.

Austin, my cup was full – I endeavored to shrink away into primeval nothingness – but sat there large as life, in spite of every effort. Finally Father, accompanied by the cousins, adjourned to the kitchen fire – and Vinnie and I, and our friends enjoyed the rest of the evening.

How much I have said about nothing, and yet if you were here, I should take so much comfort in telling you all these things, that I try to forget you are gone, and to talk as if it were so; and how I wish it was, and that brings me back again to the feet of the smiling April; oh April, April, wilt thou not soon be here?

Dear Austin, are you well, and are y'r spirits cheerful? How I do want to see you – Oh yes – indeed I do, and so do we all! Mother didn't send all the clothes, because it isn't the washing week, but she tho't you might like these now, and the rest will be done next Monday, to send by the first who goes. They were delighted with the Gimp, at Mrs Warner's – Mrs Warner says “Austin has such a perfect taste” – Dont tell Emily Norcross – Vinnie and I, kept dark! No more now from Emilie

Much love from us all – take good care of yourself – Love to E Norcross – and all.

Note: AC 586. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Mar 3 Ms. | John Graves, ED's cousin, was a friend of Austin's. George Whitfield (1714–1770; also spelled Whitefield) was an evangelical Anglican cleric, who was one of the founders of Methodism. Thankful Dickinson Smith was Edward's cousin.

83.

To Austin Dickinson, March 7, 1852

Sunday afternoon –

I will write while they've gone to meeting, lest they stop me, when they get home.

I stayed to Communion this morning, and by that way, bought the privilege of not going this afternoon, and having a talk with you, meanwhile.

It's a glorious afternoon – the sky is blue and warm – the wind blows just enough to keep the clouds sailing, and the sunshine, Oh such sunshine, it is'nt like gold, for gold is dim beside it, it is'nt like anything which you or I have seen! It seems to me "Ik Marvel" was born on such a day; I only only wish you were here. Such days were made on purpose for [*mutilated text*] you and me, then what in the world are you gone for, Oh dear, I do not know, but this I do know, that if wishing would bring you home, you were here today. Is it pleasant in Boston? Of course it is'nt, tho', I might have known more than to make such an inquiry. No doubt the streets are muddy, and the sky some dingy hue, and I can think just how every thing bangs and rattles, and goes rumbling along thro' stones and plank and clay! I dont feel as if I could have you there, possibly, another day, I'm afraid you'll turn into a bank, or a Pearl Street counting room, if you have not already, assumed some monstrous shape living in such a place.

Let me see – April – three weeks until April – the very first of April, well, perhaps that will do, only be sure of the week, the whole week, and nothing but the week; if they make new arrangements, give my respects to them, and tell them old arrangements are good enough for you, and you will have them, then if they raise the wind, why let it blow – there's nothing more excellent than a breeze now and then!

What a time we shall have Fast day, after we get home from meeting – why it makes me dance to think of it; and Austin, if I dance so many days beforehand what will become of me when the hour really arrives? I dont know, I'm sure, and I dont care, much, for that, or for anything else, but get you home! We will call on [*half page excised; fragment beginning "I have been" canceled*] I have been hunting all over the [h]ouse, since the folks went to meeting, to find a small tin box, to send her flowers in, [*line excised*] very often and [*words erased*] Abby is getting well,

is coming down stairs this week. Emiline, too, is gaining – we will have them all cured before you get here. I'm so glad you are well and happy, it half reconciles me to having you away – the smallest half! Kate Hitchcock and Storrs, are coming off tomorrow evening. Dont know whether they will have a wedding, or not, presume the faculty will be present in robes.

I am more and more convinced, that this is a great country! Emily Fowler was here yesterday afternoon, inquired for, and sent [*half page excised*] out of the house. Dont know whe[re they] are going – guess they will have to live [*word missing*] College Tower, for the houses are pretty fu[ll] [*six lines missing*] There's a great demand for Houses, and Father looks very grand, and carries his hands in his pockets in case he should meet a Northampton man. The Tyler's are going to Pawtucket this spring, to live. Henry has whiskers. Wells Newport has disappeared, and our horse is now under the care of Jeremiah Holden, who seems a faithful hand. There are many things to say, but meeting is out, and all the folks are coming. Sunday evening – Much Love from Mother and Vinnie – we are now pretty well, and our hearts are set on April, the very first of April! Emilie

Love to Miss Nichols – E. Norcross, if still there, and all the relatives. Sorry he didn't see Sue.

Liked your letter very much, and hope I shall have another one pretty soon. Vinnie went to South Hadley with Henry Root, Wednesday to call on Jane. Father has got well. John Emerson's going [*words missing*] lecture Tues[day]

Note: AC 587. Publication: *Home*. | This letter is severely mutilated with an excised half page, erasures, and cancellation; a fragment containing three lines and part of a postscript remain from about the middle third of the excision. | Fast Day was an early spring holiday, falling on April 8 in 1852. Henry = Henry Nash. Joseph Wells Newport and Jeremiah Holden (both African American) worked for the Dickinsons. Newport might have disappeared because of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act (1850), which endangered even free African Americans in the North. Jane = Catharine Hitchcock's sister and Vinnie's friend; she studied at Mount Holyoke Seminary 1851–52.

84.

To Jane Humphrey, March 23 or 24, 1852

Thank you for the catalogue, dear Jennie – why did you run away from N. England and Vinnie and me?

Jennie didn't answer the letter I sent her a long ago, but I am not angry with her. The snows have covered Abby in her sweet churchyard rest. I was going to pick a leaf from the tree nearest her grave and send it in here, Jennie, but I thought I might disturb her – and besides the leaves are faded and would only make you

cry. Your sister Helen will be very near us Jennie. I shall hope to see her sweet face – when I go to Northampton with father.

Now Jennie, dont forget me, and I will remember you and some sweet summer's day in the future I shall meet you – if not on earth, Jennie, I will somewhere else – you know where!

The folks at the West must be kind to you – tell them to be for my sake – they will not refuse me.

I send you a taste Jennie, of E. Kellogg's wedding cake – you remember her, dont you? Eat it tearfully, Jennie – for it came all the way from me! Your aff Emilie

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 17.3. Publication: JL81. Postmark: Amherst Mar 24 Ms. | Jane was teaching at the Willoughby Female Seminary, an institution started by former Mount Holyoke students in Lake, Ohio. Abby Haskell died April 19, 1851 and was buried in Amherst's West Cemetery. Eliza Kellogg married Hanson Read November 25, 1851. In the mid-nineteenth century, wedding cake was typically plum or fruitcake and would keep for months.

85.

To Austin Dickinson, March 24, 1852

Wednesday morn.

You would'nt think it was spring, Austin, if you were at home this morning, for we had a great snow storm yesterday, and things are all white, this morning. It sounds funny enough to hear birds singing, and sleighbells, at a time. But it wont last any, so you need'nt think 'twill be winter at the time when you come home.

I waited a day or two, thinking I might hear from you, but you will be looking for me, and wondering where I am, so I shant wait any longer. We're rejoiced that you're coming home – the first thing we said to father, when he got out of the stage, was to ask if you were coming. I was sure you would all the while, for father said "of course you would," he should "consent to no other arrangement," and as you say, Austin, what father says, "he means." How very soon it will be, now – why when I really think of it, how near, and how happy it is, my heart grows light so fast, that I could mount a grasshopper, and gallop around the world, and not fatigue him any! The sugar weather holds on, and I do believe it will stay until you come. Mat came home from meeting with us last Sunday, was here Saturday afternoon when father came, and at her special request, was secreted by me in the entry, until he was fairly in the house, when she escaped, unharmd.

She inquired all about you, and is delighted enough, that you are coming home. I think Mat's got the notion that you dont care much for home or old friends, but have found their better substitutes in Boston, tho' I do my very best to undelude her.

But you will be here soon, and you, of all others, know best how to convince her. I had a letter from Sue, last week, at Washington – am expecting another today.

Dwight Gilbert wrote Mat, that “the Pres’ gave a Levee, as soon as he heard of their arrival.” The “M C” remind Sue vividly of little boys at school, squabbling, and quarrelling – a very apt illustration! We had a visit from Uncle – Bullard, while father was gone – he appeared Friday night, at teatime, and left us Saturday morning, had a very pleasant time. Abby Wood has got well. Emiline is able to ride out, which she did last week, with Henry, to his infinite exultation. Mat is well as ever; Jane Greely is sick with the quinzey – quite sick – Jane Gridley’s husband is sick. “Mrs Skeeter” is very feeble, “cant bear Allopathic treatment – cant have Homeopathic” – dont want Hydropathic – Oh what a pickle she is in – should’nt think she would deign to live – it is so decidedly vulgar! They have not yet concluded where to move – Mrs W. will perhaps obtain board in the “celestial city,” but I’m sure I cant imagine what will become of the rest! Here comes Mattie! She has just gone away, after staying with me two hours. We have had a beautiful time – Mat anticipates so much in seeing you – Do make the days fly, wont you? Here’s her love! Most everybody is going to move, Jane Gridley has bought the old Simeon S[t]rong place – and is going to move there soon – Frank Pierce, the Montague place, up north – Foster Cook, Mr Harrington’s house – Mr Harrington will move into the Colburn place, until his new house is done &c. This is practical enough – I never tho’t I should come to it! Keep well, and happy, Austin – 13 – days, and you shall come!

Much love from us all. Emilie –

Note: AC 588. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Mar 24 Ms. | Thomas Dwight Gilbert, Susan and Mattie’s older brother, lived in Michigan. Jane Gridley had married Dr. George Sullivan Woodman in 1849. Samuel Harrington was an Amherst watchmaker and silversmith and, with Edward, a delegate to the Whig convention in Boston, December 1851. Quinsy is a complication of tonsillitis, which can result in fever and throat pain. In an enclosed note, Vinnie writes: “Emilie wants Cousin E. [Norcross] to get the Polkas which she plays, for her.”

86.

To Austin Dickinson, March 30, 1852

Austin – have you plenty of time before you come home – to try and match this bit of calico, and get me 10. yards of it? It is but a 12 ½ ct. calico, but very pretty indeed, and as Vinnie has one, I think I would like to have one.

You used to like her’s, I remember. Dont look, unless you have time – and dont get anything unless you can find this same. Every body sends their love, and we’re all longing to see you. Mary Warner sends her love – I saw her yesterday.

Never mind the calico, Austin, should it give you any trouble.

Affy, Emilie –

Note: AC 589c. Publication: *Home*. Postmark Amherst Mar 30. | A postscript to a letter from Vinnie to Austin, now located in the envelope with ED’s “Wednesday” March 31 letter.

87.

To Austin Dickinson, March 31, 1852

Wednesday –

Dear Austin

You speak of not coming home, and I cant help writing one word, tho' I have but a moment of time.

I am so surprised, and astonished, at the bare supposition that you are not coming, that I hardly know what to say. I am sure you are not in earnest, you cannot mean what you say. If I supposed you did, I should rather speak, than write, and rather cry, than either. We have tho't of nothing else, and talked of nothing else, all winter and spring, and now the time is so near, I dont believe you will disappoint us. The winter was long and lonely, and without [*two words erased*] you, spring is so; but whenever the time seemed long, I looked away to April, and was sure of happiness then, I dont wonder you cant think how we look – I know just exactly how you look.

Do you wear a Kossuth Hat? I somehow tho't you did. Austin, you know mother is not in the habit of writing – she talks a great deal about you, and so does Vinnie. Are you willing to get the bottle filled again with my medicine?

We all send you our love, and shall not hear a word to your not coming in April –

Aff Emily –

Mr Ford was in town yesterday – He called here with Emily & inquired much for you.

Note: AC 589b. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | This letter may have been delivered to Austin by hand and put into the March 30 envelope from Vinnie. Erased words may be “Susie and.” | Mr Ford=Gordon Ford, who married Emily Fowler in 1853. The popular “Kossuth hat” (described in newspapers as “a low crowned hat with a small black ostrich feather stuck at the one side”) was named after Lajos Kossuth, governor of Hungary, who was scheduled to visit the United States in winter 1851–52. Austin returned to Amherst on April 7 and took the night train to Boston on April 12, Easter Monday.

88.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), April 5, 1852

Monday morning –

Will you be kind to me, Susie? I am naughty and cross, this morning, and nobody loves me here; nor would you love me, if you should see me frown, and hear how loud the door bangs whenever I go through; and yet it is'nt anger – I dont believe it is, for when nobody sees, I brush away big tears with the corner of my apron, and then go working on – bitter tears, Susie, so hot that they burn my

cheeks, and almost schorch my eyeballs, but you have wept such, and you know they are less of anger than sorrow.

And I do love to run fast, and hide away from them all; here in dear Susie's bosom, I know is love and rest, and I never would go away, did not the big world call me, and beat me for not working.

Little Emerald Mack is washing, I can hear the warm suds, splash, I just gave her my pocket handkerchief – so I cannot cry any more. And Vinnie sweeps – sweeps, upon the chamber stairs; and Mother is hurrying round with her hair in a silk pocket handkerchief, on account of dust. Oh Susie, it is dismal, sad and drear eno', and the sun dont shine, and the clouds look cold and gray, and the wind dont blow, but it pipes the shrillest roundelay, and the birds dont sing, but twitter – and there's nobody to smile! Do I paint it natural – Susie, so you think how it looks? Yet dont you care – for it wont last so always, and we love you just as well, and think of you just as dearly, as if it were not so. Your precious letter, Susie, it sits here now, and smiles so kindly at me, and gives me such sweet thoughts of the dear writer. When you come home, darling, I shant have your letters, shall I, but I shall have yourself, which is more – Oh more, and better, than I can even think! I sit here with my little whip, cracking the time away, till not an hour is left of it – then you are here! And Joy is here – joy now and forevermore!

Tis only a few days, Susie, it will soon go away, yet I say, go now, this very, very moment, for I need her, I must have her, Oh give her to me!

Mattie is dear and true, I love her very dearly, and Emily Fowler, too, is very dear to me – and Tempe, and Abby, and Eme', I am sure I love them all – and I hope they love me, but, Susie, there's a great corner still; I fill it with that is gone, I hover round and round it, and call it darling names, and bid it speak to me, and ask it if it's Susie, and it answers, Nay, Ladie, Susie is stolen away!

Do I repine, is it all murmuring, or am I sad and lone, and cannot, cannot help it? Sometimes when I do feel so, I think it may be wrong, and that God will punish me by taking you away; for he is very kind to let me write to you, and to give me your sweet letters, but my heart wants more.

Have you ever thought of it Susie, and yet I know you have, how much these hearts claim; why I dont believe in the whole, wide world, are such hard little creditors, such real little misers, as you and I carry with us, in our bosoms every day. I cant help thinking sometimes, when I hear about the ungenerous, Heart, keep very still – or someone will find you out!

I am going out on the doorstep, to get you some new – green grass – I shall pick it down in the corner, where you and I used to sit, and have long fancies. And perhaps the dear little grasses were growing all the while – and perhaps they heard what we said, but they cant tell! I have come in now, dear Susie, and here is what I found – not quite so glad and green as when we used to sit there, but a sad and pensive grassie – mourning o'er hopes. No doubt some spruce, young Plantain

leaf won its young heart away, and then proved false – and dont you wish none proved so, but little Plantains?

I do think it's wonderful, Susie, that our hearts dont break, every day, when I think of all the whiskers, and all the gallant men, but I guess I'm made with nothing but a hard heart of stone, for it dont break any, and dear Susie, if mine is stony, your's is stone, opon stone, for you never yield any, where I seem quite beflown. Are we going to ossify always, say, Susie, how will it be? When I see the Popes and the Polloks, and the John-Milton Browns, I think we are liable, but I dont know! I am glad there's a big future waiting for me and you. You would love to know what I read – I hardly know what to tell you, my catalogue is so small.

I have just read three little books, not great, not thrilling, but sweet and true. "The Light in the Valley," "Only," and a "House upon a Rock." I know you would love them all, yet they dont bewitch me any. There are no walks in the wood – no low and earnest voices, no moonlight, nor stolen love, but pure little lives, loving God, and their parents, and obeying the laws of the land; yet read, if you meet them, Susie, for they will do one good.

I have the promise of "Alton Lock" – a certain book, called "Olive," and the "Head of a Family," which was what Mattie named to you. Vinnie and I had "Bleak House" sent to us the other day – it is like him who wrote it – that is all I can say. Dear Susie, you were so happy when you wrote to me last – I am so glad, and you will be happy now for all my sadness, wont you? I cant forgive me ever, if I have made you sad, or dimmed your eye for me. I write from the Land of Violets, and from the Land of Spring, and it would ill become me to carry you nought but sorrows. I remember you, Susie, always – I keep you ever here, and when you are gone, then I'm gone – and we're 'neath one willow tree. I can only thank "the Father" for giving me such as you, I can only pray unceasingly, that he will bless my Loved One, and bring her back to me, to "go no more out forever." ["Herein is Love." But that was Heaven – this is but Earth, yet Earth so like to heaven, that I would hesitate, should the true one call away. Dear Susie – adieu! Emilie –

Father's sister is dead, and mother wears black on her bonnet, and has a collar of crape.

A great deal of love from Vinnie, and she wants that little note.

Austin comes home on Wednesday, but he'll only stay two days, so I fancy we shant go sugaring, as "we did last year." Last year is gone, Susie, did you ever think of that?

Joseph is out south somewhere, a very great way off, yet we hear from him.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L13). Publication: JL85. | Mary Dickinson Newman died March 31, 1852. "Emerald Mack" = Rosanna Mack, an Irish washerwoman. Joseph = Joseph Lyman. | ED alludes to popular poets Alexander Pope and Robert Pollok (a Scottish poet) and mentions *The Light in the Valley* by Mary Elizabeth Stirling (1852); *Only* (1850) and *A House upon a Rock* (1852) by

Matilda Anne Mackarness; *Alton Locke* by Charles Kingsley (1850); *Olive* (1850) and *Head of a Family* (1851) by Dinah Maria Craik ("Miss Mulock"); and *Bleak House* by Charles Dickens—published serially in 1852–53. The phrase "Herein is love" is used repeatedly in 1 John 4.

89.

To Jane Humphrey, close to April 19, 1852

Sunday evening –

And what will dear Jennie say, if I tell her that selfsame minister preached about her again today, text and sermon, and all; morning, and afternoon: why, the minister must be mad, or else my head is turned, I am sure I dont know which – a little of both – maybe! Yet it is'nt Sunday only, it's all the days in the week, the whole seven of them, that I miss Jennie and remember the long, sweet, days, when she was with me here. I think I love you more when spring comes – you know we used to sit in the front door, afternoons after school, and the shy little birds would say chirrup, chirrup, in the tall cherry trees, and if our dresses rustled, hop frightened away; and there used to be some farmer, cutting down a tree in the woods – and you and I, sitting there, could hear his sharp ax ring – You wont forget it, Jennie, Oh no, I'm sure you wont, for when you are old and gray, it will be a sweet thing to think of, through the long winter's day! And I know I'll remember it, for it's so precious to me, that I doubt if I could forget it, even if I should try.

Thank you for the letter, Jennie; it was very sweet and cheering, to hear your voice once more, and it was sad too, for I was quite sure then, that you were indeed in Willoughby, in the far state Ohio – I had heard of it all before, but not from you, and I did'nt want to believe it, so I made up my mind straightaway, that it was'nt at all true – but Jennie, I dont doubt you, for you never deceived me. Why so far, Jennie, was'nt there room enough for that young ambition, among New England hills, that it must spread it's wings, and fly away, and away, till it paused at Ohio? Sometimes think my dear Jennie was a wee bit uneasy in her own home and country, or she never had strolled so far, but wont reproach her any, for it's sad to be a stranger, and she is now. Why, I cant think what would tempt me to bid my friends Good bye, I'm afraid I'm growing selfish in my dear home, but I do love it so, and when some pleasant friend invites me to pass a week with her, I look at my father and mother, and Vinnie, and all my friends, and I say no – no, cant leave them, what if they die when I'm gone; Kind Friend – "I pray thee have me excused!"

Your home is broken, Jennie; my home is whole; that makes, a sad, sad difference, and when I think of it more, it dont seem strange to me, as it did at first, that you could leave it.

If God should choose, Jennie, he could take my father, too, and my dear Vinnie, and put them in his sky, to live with him forever, but I shall pray to him every day of my life, not to take them.

It does'nt seem one bit as if my friends would die, for I do love them so, that even should death come after them, it dont seem as if they'd go; yet there is Abbie, and Mr Humphrey, and many and many a dear one, whom I loved just as dearly, and they are not opon Earth, this lovely Sabbath evening. Bye and bye, we'll be all gone, Jennie, does it seem as if we would? The other day I tried to think how I should look with my eyes shut, and a little white gown on, and a snow-drop on my breast; and I fancied I heard the neighbors stealing in so softly, to look down in my face – so fast asleep – so still – Oh Jennie, will you and I really become like this?

Dont mind what I say, Darling, I'm a naughty, bad, girl, to say sad things, and make you cry, but I think of the grave very often, and how much it has got of mine, and whether I can ever stop it from carrying off what I love; that makes me sometimes speak of it, when I dont intend.

Since I wrote you last, it is spring – the snow has almost gone, and the big, brown earth is busy, arraying herself in green – first she puts on pantalettes – then little petticoats, then a frock of all colors, and such sweet little stockings and shoes – no, they are not shoes, they are least little bits of gaiters, laced up with blossoms and grass. Then her hair, Jennie, perfectly crowned with flowers – Oh she'll be a comely maid, by May Day, and she shall be queen – if she can! I do wish I could tell you just how the Robins sing – they dont sing now, because it is past their bed-time, and they're all fast asleep, but they did sing, this morning, for when we were going to church, they filled the air with such melody, and sang so deliciously, that I tho't really, Jennie, I never should get to meeting, I did want to fly away, and be a Robin too! Spring may be earlier, with you, but she cant be any sweeter, I know, and it wont make you angry if I say little birds there, cant sing half so well, for I dont believe they can! It is'nt quite a year since we laid Abbie to rest, sweet child, she gathers flowers in the immortal spring, and they dont fade, tho' she picks them at morning, and holds in her hand till noon; would'nt you and I love such violets, and Roses that never fade – Ah Jennie!

My paper will go away, my minutes go with it, naughty paper, and naughty time – what shall shall I do unto you, how shall I punish you? You shall work for me again, when Jennie has answered my letter, and you wont like that, I know! The sooner you write me, therefore, the sooner I'll punish them, and you know they ought to be whipped – just as truly as I do!

Seems to me I could write all night, Jennie, and then not say the half, nor the half of the half of all I have to tell you, but its well I may not do so, since it would weary you. Jennie, be well, and be happy, and sometimes think of me, and how dearly I loved you, and love you still! Aff – Emilie –

Note: RML AMs 1170–17.4. Publication: JL86. | First anniversary of Abby Haskell's death, April 19, 1851. ED may allude to Dickens's *David Copperfield*, where David imagines that a church service is about Dora. Mr. Humphrey = Leonard, Jane's father, who died two years earlier.

90.

To Austin Dickinson, April 21, 1852

Wednesday morn –

Austin – I wanted to write you Sunday – I was much disappointed not to, but we have had a long, and unexpected visit from some cousins in Syracuse, and I've had so much to do that I could not write before, but I have thought of you very often during this dismal storm – and hoped you were well, and not unhappy. It storms furiously now – and the rain and hail take turns beating the windows. The sun has'nt shone since Saturday, all that time the wind's blown almost a constant gale, and it has been drear enough. Vinnie said to me this morning that "things had'nt seemed natural since Austin went away" – and I dont think they have, but I hope you are happy, and don't miss us much now. I dont think I should mind the weather if Susie, and you were here, but I feel so very lonely now, when it storms – and the wind blows. I will tell you about the cousins.

You have heard father speak of his cousin, Pliny Dickinson, of Syracuse. He has had two daughters in Hanover, at Mrs Austin – Dickinson's school – there is a vacation there, and he has been on to Hanover for the girls. Cousin Harriet heard he was coming, and she and Zebina wrote, urging him and his daughters to visit them. They arrived on Saturday noon, passed that night at Cousin Harriet's, and then proposed coming here. Of course, we told them they might – and having got our permission, they came home with us from meeting – and stayed until yesterday noon, when they went back to Cousin Harriet's.

Cousin Pliny says he "might stay around a month, visiting old acquaintances – if it were'nt for his business."

Fortunate for us indeed, that his business feels the need of him, or I think he would never go. He is a kind of compound of Deacon Haskell, Calvin Merrill, and Morton Dickinson, so you will easily guess how much we enjoy his society. The girls are pretty girls, very simple hearted and happy, and would be very interesting, if they had any body to teach them. The oldest, Lizzie, is nineteen – looks exactly like Sarah Pyncheon, and is very lively and bright. Sarah, the younger – fifteen, a sober little body – and has quite a pensive air, and a cough.

They will stay until May sometime, in Hatfield with their Grandmother – and then go back to Hanover.

Mattie is very well, was with us yesterday morning – inquired particularly for you, and sent her love to you. I have not heard from Sue, since you went away, but think I shall today. Mrs Bishop Tyler spent the day with us, last Friday – we enjoyed it very much. She has now gone to Pawtucket, and Lizzie is going today. Mary Lyman came Saturday – and I shall go and see her just as soon as it clears off, for it's stormed ever since she came. She has been in Hanover – at the same school with these cousins, attending to French and music, and they have told us how much she said about you. Lizzie says "Miss Lyman thinks there never was

such a fellow,” and the girls admire her so much, that they think you must be most perfect, so to have won her regard.

The Fowler House is shut up, and E – and Willie are at Mrs Ferry’s; I believe the Professor has gone.

I send you a schedule of yesterday – the Exhibition is said to have been a very fine one, tho’ Mat and I didn’t go! We are thinking a great deal about May, and your coming home to see us. I hope we shall live and be well. I shall not allow Mrs Aiken to visit home at that time. I think she and David, can come some other time.

I enclose my prescription, Austin, and if you can have the vial filled, and send it by Mr Watson, I should be very glad to have you, tho’ dont, unless it’s convenient. Wm Dickinson will take the valise – it is not certain whether he will go tomorrow, or Friday. We think a great deal about you, and all send you much love. You must write when you get the time. Your very aff Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L23). Publication: JL87. | Pliny Dickinson, a silversmith and jeweler, and his daughters left Amherst on April 21. Harriet and Zebina Montague were Edward’s cousins. Mrs. Aiken = Mary Elizabeth Adams (an AA student, 1841–42 and 1843), who married David Aiken in 1848. Professor Fowler left for Europe April 29, 1852. | The exhibition at Northampton Town Hall, by the landscape painter Benjamin Champney, continued into the week this letter was written because of the bad weather.

91.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), late April or early May 1852

Sunday afternoon –

So sweet and still, and Thee, Oh Susie, what need I more, to make my heaven whole?

Sweet Hour, blessed Hour, to carry me to you, and to bring you back to me, long enough to snatch one kiss, and whisper Good bye, again.

I have thought of it all day, Susie, and I fear of but little else, and when I was gone to meeting it filled my mind so full, I could not find a chink to put the worthy pastor; when he said “Our Heavenly Father,” I said “Oh Darling Sue”; when he read the 100th Psalm, I kept saying your precious letter all over to myself, and Susie, when they sang, it would have made you laugh to hear one little voice, piping to the departed. I made up words and kept singing how I loved you, and you had gone, while all the rest of the choir was singing Hallalujahs. I presume nobody heard me, because I sang so small, but it was a kind of a comfort to think I might put them out, singing of you. I an’t there this afternoon, tho’, because I am here, writing a little letter to my dear Sue, and I am very happy. I think of ten weeks, Dear One, and I think of love, and you, and my heart grows full and warm, and

my breath stands still. The sun does'nt shine at all, but I can feel a sunshine stealing into my soul and making it all summer, and every thorn, a rose. And I pray that such summer's sun shine on my Absent One, and cause her bird to sing!

You have been happy, Susie, and now are sad, and the whole world seems lone; but it wont be so always, "some days must be dark and dreary"! You wont cry any more, will you, Susie, for my father will be your father, and my home will be your home, and where you go, I will go – and we will lie side by side in the kirkyard.

I have parents on earth, dear Susie, but your's are in the skies, and I have an earthly fireside, but you have one above, and you have a "Father in Heaven," where I have none, and a sister in heaven, and I know they love you dearly, and think of you every day.

Oh I wish I had half so many dear friends as you in heaven – I could'nt spare them now – but to know they had got there safely, and should suffer nevermore – Dear Susie!

I know I was very naughty to write such fretful things, and I know I could have helped it, if I had tried hard enough, but I thought my heart would break and I knew of nobody here that cared anything about it – so I said to myself, "we will tell Susie about it." You dont know what a comfort it was, and you wont know, till the big cup of bitterness is filled brimfull, and they say, "Susie, drink it!" Then Darling, let me be there, and let me drink the half, and you will feel it all!

I am glad you have rested, Susie, I wish the week had been more, a whole score of days and joys for you, yet again, had it lasted longer, then had you not come so soon and I had been lonelier, it is right as it is! Ten weeks, they will seem short to you – for care will fill them, but to Mattie and me, long. We shall grow tired, waiting, and our eyes will ache with looking for you, and with now and then a tear. And yet we have hope left, and we shall keep her busy, cheering away the time. Only think Susie, it is vacation now – there shall be no more vacation until ten weeks have gone, and no more snow; and how very little while it will be now, before you and I are sitting out on the broad stone step, mingling our lives together! I cant talk of it now tho', for it makes me long and yearn so, that I cannot sleep tonight, for thinking of it, and you.

Yes, we did go sugaring, and remembered who was gone, and who was there last year, and love and recollection brought with them Little Regret and set her in the midst of us.

Dear Susie, Dear Joseph; why take the best and dearest, and leave our hearts behind? While the Lovers sighed; and twined oak leaves, and the anti enamored ate sugar, and crackers, in the house, I went to see what I could find. Only think of it, Susie; I had'nt any appetite, nor any Lover, either, so I made the best of fate, and gathered antique stones, and your little flowers of moss opened their lips and spoke to me, so I was not alone, and bye and bye Mattie and me might have been seen sitting together upon a high – gray rock, and we might have been heard

talking, were anyone very near! And did thoughts of that dear Susie go with us on the rock, and sit there 'tween us twain? Loved One, thou knowest!

I gathered something for you, because you were not there, an acorn, and some moss blossoms, and a little shell of a snail, so whitened by the snow you would think 'twas a cunning artist had carved it from alabaster – then I tied them all up in a leaf with some last summer's grass I found by a brookside, and I'm keeping them all for you. I saw Mattie at church today, tho' could not speak to her. Friday evening I saw her, and talked with her besides. Oh I do love her – and when you come if we all live till then, it will be precious, Susie. You speak to me of sorrow, of what you have "lost and loved," say rather, of what you have loved, and won, for it is much, dear Susie; I can count the big, true hearts by clusters, full of bloom, and bloom amaranthine, because eternal! Emilie –

I have heard all about the journal, Oh Susie, that you should come to this! I want you to get it bound – at my expense – Susie – so when he takes you from me, to live in his new home, I may have some of you. I am sincere.

Mother sends her best love to you. It makes her look so happy when I give your's to her. Send it always, Susie, and send your respects to father!

And much from Vinnie. She was so happy at her note. After she finished reading it, she said, "I dont know but it's wrong, but I love Sue better – than Jane, and I love her and Mattie better than all the friends I ever had in my life." Vinnie hopes to be like you, and to do as you do.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L18). Publication: JL88. | ED writes "Hattie!" upside down with a line below and above the name, at the end of the penultimate paragraph of the letter proper. Susan was visiting in Maryland with her friend Harriet Hinsdale; on April 19 she wrote her brother (and perhaps ED) that she'd still be gone from Amherst for "ten weeks." | ED quotes again from Longfellow's "The Rainy Day." On her thinking of beloved friends during church, see L89.

92.

To Abiah Root, early May 1852

*Transcribed Todd
Sabbath Day.*

I love to link you, Abiah and Eliza, I love to put you together and look at you side by side – the picture pleases me, and I should love to watch it until the sun goes down, did I not call to mind a very precious letter for which I have not as yet rendered a single farthing, so let me thank you that midst your many friends and cares, and influenzas, you yet found time for me, and loved me. You remarked, in writing Abby, that I had written you more affectionately than wont – I have thought that word over and over, and Abiah, it puzzles me now, whether our few last years have been cooler than our first ones, or whether I write indifferently when I truly

know it not, the query troubles me. I do believe sincerely, that the friendship formed at school was no warmer than now, nay more, that this is warmest – they differ indeed to me as morning differs from noon – one may be fresher, cheerier, but the other fails not.

You and I have grown older since school days, and our years have made us soberer – I mean have made me so, for you were always dignified, e'en when a little girl, and I used, now and then, to cut a timid caper. That makes me think of you the very first time I saw you, and I can't repress a smile, not to say a hearty laugh, at your little girl expense. I have roused your curiosity, so I will e'en tell you that one Wednesday afternoon, in the days of that dear old Academy, I went in to be entertained by the rhetoric of the gentlemen and the milder form of the girls – I had hardly recovered myself from the dismay attendant upon entering august assemblies, when with the utmost equanimity you ascended the stairs, bedecked with Dandelions, arranged, it seemed, for curls. I shall never forget that scene, if I live to have gray hairs, nor the very remarkable fancies it gave me then of you, and it comes over me now with the strangest bygone funniness, and I laugh merrily. Oh Abiah, you and the early flower are forever linked to me; as soon as the first green grass comes, up from a chink in the stones peeps the little [*blank space*] flower, precious "Leontodon," and my heart fills toward you with a warm and childlike fulness! Nor do I laugh now; far from it, I rather bless the flower which sweetly, slyly too, makes me come nearer you.

But my dear, I can't give the Dandelion the privilege due to you, so goodbye, my dear little one!

I would love to see you, Abiah, I would rather than write to you, might I with equal ease, for the weather is very warm, and my head aches a little, and my heart a little more, so taking me collectively, I seem quite miserable, but I'll give you the sunny corners, and you mustn't look at the shade. You were happy when you wrote me, I hope so now, tho' I would you were in the country, and could reach the hills and fields. I can reach them, carry them home, which I do in my arms daily, and when they drop and fade, I have only to gather fresh ones. Your joy would indeed be full, could you sit as I, at my window, and hear the boundless birds, and every little while feel the breath of some new flower! Oh do you love the spring, and isn't it brothers and sisters, and blessed, ministering spirits unto you and me, and us all?

Abby, I often see, oftener than at sometimes when friendship drooped a little. Did you ever know that a flower once withered and freshened again, became an immortal flower – that is, that it rises again? I think resurrections here are sweeter if [*illegible*] may be, than the longer and lasting one – for you expect the one, and only hope for the other. Abby's health does not change – I fear the wide world holds but little strength for her – I would it were otherwise. Abby is sweet and patient, does n't it ever seem as if her lovely patience was shriving her for God? We cannot tell, but I trust that her sweet face may not be hidden yet. Dear Abiah, do

write me whenever you love to do [so], yet oftener I am not confident I ever would hear at all, should I conclude the bargain. Emilie.

Vinnie is so warm that she has climbed the bed, down from which “hight of privilege” she occasionally hurls remarks, when some strike me. Among others, she charges me to “remember her affectionately” Guess to who? I called at your aunt’s last week. They were all well, and seemed happy.

I will show you the sunset if you will sit by me, but I cannot bring it there, for so much gold is heavy. Can you see it in Phila.?

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.15, 142–147 & AC Tr106; sections of the letter cut from Todd’s printer copy are at AC. Publication: Franklin (1995). Text omitted by THJ restored.

93.

To Austin Dickinson, May 10, 1852

Monday morning. 5.^{oc}

Dear Austin,

I have made the fires, and got breakfast, and the folks wont get up, and I dont care for it because I can write to you. I did not write yesterday, because mother was sick, and I thought it would trouble you. She was attacked Friday, with a difficulty in her face, similar to the one which you have, and with which you suffer so much once or twice in a year. She had her face lanced yesterday, and was much more comfortable last evening, so I think she’ll get well right away.

Vinnie and I have had to work pretty hard on account of her sickness, so I’m afraid we shant write you anything very refreshing this time. Vinnie will tell you all the news, so I will take a little place to describe a thunder shower which occurred yesterday afternoon – the very first of the season. Father and Vinnie were at meeting, mother asleep in her room, and I at work by my window on a “Lyceum Lecture.” The air was really scorching, the sun red and hot, and you know just how the birds sing before a thunder storm, a sort of hurried, and agitated song – pretty soon it began to thunder, and the great “cream colored heads” peeped out of their windows – then came the wind and rain and I hurried around the house to shut all the doors and windows. I wish you had seen it come, so cool and so refreshing – and everything glistening from it as with a golden dew – I tho’t of you all the time, and I thought too, of Susie; I did wish you both here through all that blessed shower This morning is fair and delightful you will awake in dust, and amidst the ceaseless din of the untiring city, would’nt you change your dwelling for my palace in the dew? I hear them coming, Austin – Goodbye for now – I shall see you so soon. E –

Note: AC 590. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst MS May 10. | ED’s father added a note confirming that ED’s mother was ill and had been lanced on Sunday.

94.

To Austin Dickinson, May 13, 1852

Thursday night –

Dear Austin.

I have wanted to write you a long letter all the week, but you know Mother has been sick, and I have had more to do; but I've tho't of you all the time, and thought too how happy we should be if you were living at home.

It is very hard to have it so, but I try to be as happy and as cheerful as I can to keep father and mother from feeling so very lonely as they must all the while. Mattie was with me most all the afternoon – we had a long, sad talk about •Sue, and• Michigan, and Life, and our own future, and Mattie cried and I cried, and we had a solemn time, and Mat said she had a beautiful letter from you last night. She was going to send you some flowers in a box, the other day, but you had'nt then answered her letter, and Mat is very shy, so you see why you did'nt get them. John Thompson brought us the books – he arrived Monday – no, it was Tuesday evening – I have read “Ellen Middleton” and now Mat has it.

I need'nt tell you I like it, nor need I tell you more, for you know already.

I thank you more and more for all the pleasures you give me – I can give you nothing Austin, but a warm and grateful heart, that is your's now and always. Love from all, and Mat. Emilie

Only think, you are coming Saturday! I dont know why it is that it's always Sunday immediately you get home – I will arrange it differently. If it was'nt 12 o'clock, I would stay longer.

Note: AC 591. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | “Michigan” refers to the July 1850 death of Mary Gilbert Learned. *Ellen Middleton: A Tale* by Lady Georgiana Fullerton was published in 1844 (1849 in the United States).

95.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), May 16, 1852

Sunday afternoon –

My dear Emily,

I have just come home from meeting, where I have been all day, and it makes me so happy to think of writing you that I forget the sermon and minister and all, and think of none but you.

I've nothing left to care for now, “and the days are lonely and long[”]; I miss your “angel visits,” and miss the long, sweet talks, and I dont meet you in the street, if I chance to go there, I miss you always, dear Emily, and I think now and then that I cant stay without you, and half make up my mind to make a little bundle

of all my earthly things, bid my blossoms and home Goodbye, and set out on foot to find you. But we have so much matter of fact here that I dont dare to go, so I keep on sighing, and wishing you were here.

I know you would be happier amid this darling spring, than in ever so kind a city, and you would get well much faster drinking our morning dew, and the world here is so beautiful, and things so sweet and fair, that your heart would be soothed and comforted.

I would tell you about the spring, if I thought it might persuade you even now to return, but every bud and bird would only afflict you and make you sad, where you are, so not one word of the Robins, and not one word of the bloom, lest it make the city darker, and your own home more dear.

But nothing forgets you, Emily, not a blossom, not a bee; for in the merriest flower, there is a pensive air, and in the bonniest bee, a sorrow – they know that you are gone, they know how well you loved them, and in their little faces is sadness, and in their mild eyes, tears. But another spring, dear Friend, you must, and shall be here, and nobody can take you away, for I will hide you, and keep you, and who would think of taking you if I hold you tight in my arms? Your home looks very silent, I try to think of things funny, and tu[rn] the other way when I am passing near, for sure I am that looking would make my heart too heavy, and make my eyes so dim. How I do long once more to hear the household voices, and see you there at twilight, or sitting in the door, and I shall when the leaves fall, shant I, and the crickets begin to sing?

You must not think sad thoughts, dear Emily; I fear you are doing so, from your sweet note to me; and it almost breaks my heart to have you so far away, where I cannot comfort you.

All will be well, I know, and I know all will be happy, and I so wish I was near eno' to convince my dear friend so. I want very much to hear how Mr M – is now, I hope you will tell me, for it's a good many weeks since I hav[e] known anything of him. You tell me [he] may come this way, any summer; I know I hope he may, and I shall pray for him, and for you, and for your home on earth, which will be next the one in Heaven. Your very aff Emilie –

I thank you for writing me – one precious little “Forget me not” to bloom along my way. But one little one is lonely – pray send it a blue eyed mate, that it be not alone! Here is love from Mother, and Father, and Vinnie, and me, and all, for Aus[tin] hasn't come yet – He would send most of [*paper torn*]

Much love to dear Mrs Smith, and little Mary, and Jennie, if you are with them.

Note: AC 72. MS torn. Publication: *L* (1894). | Mr M = Frederick March, who had been Fowler's fiancé; ED was unaware that her romance was now with Gordon Ford. In a TS, Fowler wrote “Ford” over “M”; Todd and THJ worked from that altered TS. Austin taught in Boston in spring 1852.

96.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), May 1852

Wednesday –

Precious Sue – Precious Mattie! All I desire in this life – all I pray for, or hope for in that long life to come!

Dear Mattie just left me, and I stand just where we stood smiling and chatting together a moment ago. Our last words were of you, and as we said Dear Susie, the sunshine grew so warm, and out peeped prisoned leaves, and the Robins answered Susie, and the big hills left their work, and echoed Susie, and from the smiling fields, and from the fragrant meadows came troops of fairy Susies, and asked “Is it me?” No, Little One, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor can the heart conceive” my Susie, whom I love.

These days of heaven bring you nearer and nearer, and every bird that sings, and every bud that blooms, does but remind me more of that garden unseen, awaiting the hand that tills it. Dear Susie, when you come, how many boundless blossoms among those silent beds! How I do count the days – how I do long for the time when I may count the hours without incurring the charge of Femina insania! I made up the Latin, Susie, for I could’nt think how it went, according to Stoddard and Andrew!

I want to send you joy, I have half a mind to put up one of these dear little Robin’s, and send him singing to you.

I know I would, Susie, did I think he would live to get there and sing his little songs.

I shall keep everything singing tho’, until Dear Child gets home, and I shant let anything blossom till then, either.

I have got to go out in the garden now, and whip a Crown-Imperial for presuming to hold it’s head up, until you have come home, so farewell, Susie, I shall think of you at sunset, and at sunrise, again; and at noon, and forenoon, and afternoon, and always, and evermore, till this little heart stops beating and is still. Emilie

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B173). Publication: JL92. | ED used the 1837 edition of Ethan Allen Andrews and Solomon Stoddard, *A Grammar of the Latin Language; for the Use of Schools and Colleges*. She paraphrases 1 Corinthians 2:9, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

97.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), June 4, 1852

Friday morning –

They are cleaning house today, Susie, and I’ve made a flying retreat to my own little chamber, where with affection, and you, I will spend this my precious hour, most precious of all the hours which dot my flying days, and the one so

dear, that for it I barter everything, and as soon as it is gone, I am sighing for it again.

I cannot believe, dear Susie, that I have stayed without you almost a whole year long; sometimes the time seems short, and the thought of you as warm as if you had gone but yesterday, and again if years and years had trod their silent pathway, the time would seem less long. And now how soon I shall have you, shall hold you in my arms; you will forgive the tears, Susie, they are so glad to come that it is not in my heart to reprove them and send them home. I dont know why it is – but there's something in your name, now you are taken from me, which fills my heart so full, and my eye, too. It is not that the mention grieves me, no, Susie, but I think of each "sunnyside" where we have sat together, and lest there be no more, I guess is what makes the tears come. Mattie was here last evening, and we sat on the front door stone, and talked about life and love, and whispered our childish fancies about such blissful things – the evening was gone so soon, and I walked home with Mattie beneath the silent moon, and wished for you, and Heaven. You did not come, Darling, but a bit of Heaven did, or so it seemed to us, as we walked side by side and wondered if that great blessedness which may be our's sometime, is granted now, to some. Those unions, my dear Susie, by which two lives are one, this sweet and strange adoption wherein we can but look, and are not yet admitted, how it can fill the heart, and make it gang wildly beating, how it will take us one day, and make us all its own, and we shall not run away from it, but lie still and be happy!

You and I have been strangely silent upon this subject, Susie, we have often touched upon it, and as quickly fled away, as children shut their eyes when the sun is too bright for them. I have always hoped to know if you had no dear fancy, illumining all your life, no one of whom you murmured in the faithful ear of night, and at whose side in fancy, you walked the livelong day; and when you come home, Susie, we must speak of these things. How dull our lives must seem to the bride, and the plighted maiden, whose days are fed with gold, and who gather pearls every evening, but to the wife, Susie, sometimes the wife forgotten, our lives perhaps seem dearer than all others in the world; you have seen flowers at morning, satisfied with the dew, and those same sweet flowers at noon with their heads bowed in anguish before the mighty sun; think you those thirsty blossoms will now need ought but – dew? No, they will cry for sunlight, and pine for the burning noon, tho' it scorches them, scathes them; they have got through with peace, they know that the man of noon, is mightier than the morning and their life is henceforth to him. Oh, Susie, it is dangerous, and it is all too dear, these simple trusting spirits, and the spirits mightier, which we cannot resist! It does so rend me, Susie, the thought of it when it comes, that I tremble lest at sometime I, too, am yielded up. Susie, you will forgive me my amatory strain, it has been a very long one, and if this saucy page did not here bind and fetter me, I might not have had no end.

I have got the letter, Susie, dear little bud, and all, and the tears come again, that alone in this big world, I am not quite alone. Such tears are showers, friend, thro' which when smiles appear, the angels call them rainbows, and mimic them in Heaven.

And now in four weeks more, you are mine, all mine, except I lend you a little occasionally to Hattie and Mattie, if they promise not to lose you, and to bring you back very soon. I shall not count the days. I shall not fill my cups with this expected happiness, for perhaps if I do, the angels being thirty, will drink them up – I shall only hope, my Susie, and that tremblingly, for hav'nt barques the fullest, stranded upon the shore?

God is good, Susie, I trust he will save you, I pray that in his good time we once more meet each other, but if this life holds not another meeting for us, remember also, Susie, that it has no parting more, wherever that hour finds us, for which we have hoped so long, we shall not be separated, neither death, nor the grave can part us, so that we only love! Your Emilie –

Austin has come and gone; life is so still again; why must the storm have calms?

I hav'nt seen Root this term, I guess Mattie and I, are not sufficient for him!

When will you come again, in a week? Let it be a swift week!

Vinnie sends much love, and mother; and might I be so bold as to enclose a remembrance?

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L20). Publication: JL93.

98.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), June 11, 1852

Friday afternoon –

I have but one thought, Susie, this afternoon of June, and that of you, and I have one prayer, only, dear Susie, that is for you. That you and I in hand as we e'en do in heart, might ramble away as children, among the woods and fields, and forget these many years, and these sorrowing cares, and each become a child again – I would it were so, Susie, and when I look around me and find myself alone, I sigh for you again; little sigh, and vain sigh, which will not bring you home.

I need you more and more, and the great world grows wider, and dear ones fewer and fewer, every day that you stay away – I miss my biggest heart; my own goes wandering round, and calls for Susie – Friends are too dear to sunder, Oh they are far too few, and how soon they will go away where you and I cannot find them, dont let us forget these things, for their remembrance now will save us many an anguish when it is too late to love them! Susie, forgive me Darling, for every word I say – my heart is full of you, none other than you in my thoughts, yet when I seek to say to you something not for the world, words fail me; If you were here, and Oh that you were, my Susie, we need not talk at all, our eyes would whisper

for us, and your hand fast in mine, we would not ask for language – I try to bring you nearer, I chase the weeks away till they are quite departed, and fancy you have come, and I am on my way through the green lane to meet you, and my heart goes scampering so, that I have much ado to bring it back again, and learn it to be patient, till that dear Susie comes. Three weeks – they cant last always, for surely they must go with their little brothers and sisters to their long home in the west!

I shall grow more and more impatient until that dear day comes, for till now, I have only mourned for you; now I begin to hope for you.

Dear Susie, I have tried hard to think what you would love, of something I might send you – I at last saw my little Violets, they begged me to let them go, so here they are – and with them as Instructor, a bit of knightly grass, who also begged the favor to accompany them – they are but small, Susie, and I fear not fragrant now, but they will speak to you of warm hearts at home, and of the something faithful, which “never slumbers nor sleeps” – Keep them ’neath your pillow, Susie, they will make you dream of blue-skies, and home, and the “blessed countrie”! You and I will have an hour with “Edward” and “Ellen Middleton,” sometime when you get home – we must find out if some things contained therein are true, and if they are, what you and me are coming to!

Now, farewell, Susie, and Vinnie sends her love, and mother her’s, and I add a kiss, shyly, lest there is some body there! Dont let them see, will you, Susie? Emilie –

Why cant I be a Delegate to the great Whig Convention? – dont I know all about Daniel Webster, and the Tariff, and the Law? Then, Susie, I could see you, during a pause in the session – but I dont like this country at all, and I shant stay here any longer! “Delenda est” America, Massachusetts and all!

open me carefully –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L2). Publication: JL94. | On June 16, 1852, Edward (who delivered this letter) represented Massachusetts District 6 at the Whig National Convention in Baltimore, where he pledged support for Daniel Webster as his presidential candidate. Judge Otis Lord represented District 2. | Cato the Elder repeatedly declared that Carthage “delenda est” (must be destroyed) during debates held in the Roman Senate prior to the Third Punic War between Rome and Carthage, 149–146 BCE.

99.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), mid-June 1852

Dear Emily,

I said when the Barber came, I would save you a little ringlet; and fulfilling my promise, I send you one today. I shall never give you anything again that will be

half so full of sunshine as this wee lock of hair, but I wish no hue more sombre might ever fall to you –

All your gifts should be rainbows, if I owned half the skies, and but a bit of sea to furnish raindrops for me. Dear Emily – this is all – It will serve to make you remember me when locks are crisp and gray, and the quiet cap and the spectacles, and “John Anderson my Joe” are all that is left of me –

I must have one of yours – Please spare me a little lock sometime when you have your scissors, and there is one to spare –

Your very aff

Emilie –

Note: NYPL 16.6. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | A mid-June 1852 letter from Lavinia to Austin mentions ED’s haircut and remarks “shes very pretty.”

100.

To Austin Dickinson, June 20, 1852

Sunday morning.

Your last letter to us, Austin, was very short, and very unsatisfactory – we do not feel this week that we have heard anything from you for a very great while, and father’s absence, besides, makes us all very lonely.

I infer from what you said, that my last letter didn’t suit you, and you tried to write as bad a one as you possibly could, to pay me for it; but before I began to write, Vinnie said she was going to, and I must’nt write any news, as she was depending upon it to make her letter of, so I merely talked away as I should if we’d been together, leaving all the matter o’ fact to our practical sister Vinnie – well, we had calls Sunday evening, until too late to write, and Vinnie was sound asleep when the mail went out in the morning. I was determined to send you my letter, that very day, so Vinnie’s note of news, for which I had starved my own, is as yet unwritten. We have looked every day for a long letter from you, and really felt sadly enough when Saturday came without it. I should have written you sooner, but we have had Miss Bangs cutting dresses for us this week, and have been very busy, so I couldn’t possibly write, but we have all thought of you, and that is better than writing. Father has not got home, and we don’t know when to expect him. We had a letter from him yesterday, but he didn’t say when he should come. He writes that he “should think the whole world was there, and some from other worlds” – he says he meets a great many old friends and acquaintances, and forms a great many new ones – he writes in very fine spirits, and says he enjoys himself very much. I think it will do him the very most good of anything in the world, and I do feel happy to have father at last, among men who sympathize with him, and know what he really is. I wish you could have gone with him, you would have enjoyed it so, but I didn’t

much suppose that selfish old school would let you. Father writes that he's called on Sue, twice, and found her very glad to see him. She will be home in a fortnight—only think of that!

Mattie gets along nicely – she sends her love to you – she is down here most every day. Abby Wood had a little party, week before last – a very pleasant one. Last week, the Senior Levee came off at the President's – Vinnie went to the Levee, and I went to walk with Emmons. Vinnie had a nice time – said everything went off pleasantly, and very much as usual. I believe Prof. Haven is to give one soon – and there is to be a Reception at Prof. Tyler's, next Tuesday evening, which I shall attend. You see Amherst is growing lively, and by the time you come, everything will be in a buzz.

Uncle Samuel's family are here, boarding at Mr Palmer's. Uncle Samuel was here himself, about a week, and is now in New York. Arthur, the oldest one, is going to work on a farm this summer so as to grow stout and strong, before entering college. Porter Cowles is going to take him. Mr Bowdoin is here still—comes round with the news every day – he has formed quite a fancy for Mat, since Mary became so feeble – has called on her two or three times, been to walk with her once, and walked home with her from the President's – Mat smiles and looks very peculiarly when we mention Mr Bowdoin. I hav'nt seen Mary Warner since you went away – the last time I heard of her, she had Thurston and Benjamin, weeding her flower garden! That's romantic, isn't it – she better have her heart wed, before she weeds her garden!

As father has'nt come, mother cant say certainly how soon you will see her in Boston; just as soon as he comes, she will go, tho, and we shall let you know. She has got her new teeth in, and I think they look very nicely.

We all send you our love. Emilie –

I hope you will write me a letter, as soon as you possibly can.

Note: AC 592. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jun 21. | Dress maker=perhaps Evelyn Bangs, daughter of a farmer and mechanic. Henry Vaughan Emmons (AC 1854) was a frequent visitor. Porter Cowles was a Hadley farmer. In an enclosed note, Vinnie writes that their father beat a horse: "Oh Austin, it makes me so angry to see this noble creature so abused, Emilie is screaming to the top of her voice. She's so vexed about it."

101.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), June 27, 1852

Sunday afternoon –

My Susie's last request; yes, darling, I grant it, tho' few, and fleet the days which separate us now – but six more weary days, but six more twilight evens; and my lone little fireside, my silent fireside is once more full.

“We are seven, and one in heaven,” we are three next Saturday, if I have mine and heaven has none.

Do not mistake, my Susie, and rather than the car, ride on the golden wings where you will ne’er come back again – do not forget the lane, and the little cot that stands by it, when people from the clouds will beckon you, and smile at you, to have you go with them – Oh Susie, my child, I sit here by my window, and look each little while down towards that golden gateway beneath the western trees, and I fancy I see you coming, you trip upon the green grass, and I hear the crackling leaf under your little shoe; I hide behind the chair, I think I will surprise you, I grow too eager to see you, I hasten to the door, and start to find me that you are not there. And very, very often when I have waked from sleep, not quite waked, I have been sure I saw you, and your dark eye beamed on me with such a look of tenderness that I could only weep, and bless God for you.

Susie, will you indeed come home next Saturday, and be my own again, and kiss me as you used to? Shall I indeed behold you, not “darkly, but face to face” or am I fancying so, and dreaming blessed dreams from which the day will wake me? I hope for you so much, and feel so eager for you, feel that I cannot wait, feel that now I must have you, that the expectation once more to see your face again, makes me feel hot and feverish, and my heart beats so fast – I go to sleep at night, and the first thing I know, I am sitting there wide awake, and clasping my hands tightly, and thinking of next Saturday, and “never a bit” of you.

Sometimes I must have Saturday before tomorrow comes, and I wonder if it w’d make any difference with God, to give it to me today, and I’ll let him have Monday, to make him a Saturday; and then I feel so funnily, and wish the precious day would’nt come quite so soon, till I could know how to feel and get my thoughts ready for it.

Why, Susie, it seems to me as if my absent Lover was coming home so soon, and my heart must be so busy, making ready for him.

While the minister this morning was giving an account of the Roman Catholic system, and announcing several facts which were usually startling, I was trying to make up my mind w’h of the two was prettiest to go and welcome you in, my fawn colored dress, or my blue dress. Just as I had decided by all means to wear the blue, down came the minister’s fist with a terrible rap on the counter, and Susie, it scared me so, I hav’nt got over it yet, but I’m glad I reached a conclusion! I walked home from meeting with Mattie, and incidentally quite, something was said of you, and I think one of us remarked that you would be here next Sunday; well, Susie, what it was I dont presume to know, but my gaiters seemed to leave me, and I seemed to move on wings – and I move on wings now, Susie, on wings as white as snow, and as bright as the summer sunshine, because I am with you, and so few short days, you are with me at home. Be patient then, my Sister, for the hours will haste away, and Oh so soon! Susie, I write most hastily, and very carelessly too, for it is time for me to get the supper, and my mother is gone, and besides,

my darling, so near I seem to you, that I disdain this pen, and wait for a warmer language. With Vinnie's love, and my love, I am once more

Your Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L7). Publication: JL96. | ED alludes to Wordsworth's poem "We are Seven" and 1 Corinthians 13:12: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." Susan returned to Amherst on July 3; Austin returned on July 26.

102.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), about November 24, 1852

Wednesday noon

Dear Emily – I think of you a great deal, tho' I have not been to see you, and my heart runs in every day to see if it cannot comfort you.

I was coming Saturday Evening, but heard you had company. I do hope after Thanksgiving that I can come and see you a great many times and stay a long while, and I hope you will do so here. I have only a little space left to wish you a sweet Thanksgiving – Aff Emilie

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: JL143. Thanksgiving fell on November 25.

103.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), December 17, 1852

Friday noon.

Dear Friend.

I regret to inform you that at 3. oclock yesterday, my mind came to a stand, and has since then been stationary.

Ere this intelligence reaches you, I shall probably be a snail. By this untoward providence a mental and moral being has been swept ruthlessly from her sphere. Yet we should not repine – "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform, he plants his foot upon the sea, and rides upon the storm," and if it be his will that I become a bear and bite my fellow men, it will be for the highest good of this fallen and perishing world. If the gentleman in the air, will please to stop throwing snowballs, I may meet you again, otherwise it is uncertain. My parents are pretty well – Gen Wolf is here – we're looking for Major Pitcairn in the afternoon stage.

We were much afflicted yesterday, by the supposed removal of our Cat from time to Eternity.

She returned, however, last evening, having been detained by the storm, beyond her expectations.

I see by the Boston papers that Giddings is up again – hope you’ll arrange with Corwin, and have the North all straight.

Fine weather for sledding – have spoken for 52 cord black walnut. We need some paths our way, shant you come out with the team?

Yours till death – Judah

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B176). Publication: JL97. | ED emends William Cowper’s “Light Shining out of Darkness” (from “He plants his footsteps in the sea”) and substitutes the names of historical British military figures for current guests: General Wolfe fought and died in the battle for Quebec in 1759; Major Pitcairn was fatally wounded at Bunker Hill in 1775. | The results of the congressional elections in Massachusetts were released Wednesday, December 1, 1852: Edward came first in the 10th District initial primary but a runoff was required (held Monday, December 13). By Thursday, Boston papers indicated he had won the vote. Joshua Reed Giddings, who ran for the Free Soil Party in 1852, was elected for Ohio in 1852 and is mentioned in the *Boston Daily Atlas* as speaking against slavery on December 10 and 15. Senator Thomas Corwin was secretary of the Treasury and a Whig, although he opposed the 1850 Fugitive Slave Act: in late 1852, he was acquitted of any implication in suspicion of fraud.

104.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), January 13, 1853

Thursday morning

Dear Emily – I fear you will be lonely this dark and stormy day, and I send this little messenger to say you must not be.

The day is long to me, because I have no Vinnie, and I think of those today who never had a Vinnie, and I’m afraid they are lone. I have wanted to come and see you, I have tried earnestly to come, but always have been detained by some ungenerous care, and now this falling snow, sternly, and silently, lifts up its hand between.

How glad I am affection can always leave and go – How glad that the drifts of snow pause at the outer door, and go no farther, and it is as warm within as if no winter came! Dear Emily, do not sorrow, upon this stormy day – “into each life some “flakes” must fall, some days must be dark and dreary.” Let us think of the pleasant summer whose gardens are far away, and whose Robins are singing always!

If it were not for blossoms we know that we shall see, and for that brighter sunshine, above – beyond – away – these days were dark indeed, but I try to keep recollecting that we are away from home – and have many brothers and sisters who are expecting us. Dear Emilie – dont weep, for you will both be so happy, where “sorrow cannot come.”

Vinnie left her Testament on a little stand in our room, and it made me think of her, so I thought I w’d open it, and the first words I read were in those sweetest verses – “Blessed are the poor – Blessed are they that mourn – Blessed are they

that weep, for they shall be comforted.” Dear Emily, I thought of you, and I hastened away to send this message to you.

Emilie –

Note: NYPL 16.5. Publication: *L* (1894). | Emily’s father is still in Europe; Vinnie may be visiting in Cambridge or Boston. ED alters a line from Longfellow’s “The Rainy Day” and alludes to Matthew 5:3–4.

105.

To John Long Graves, about February 1853

Friday afternoon –

Cousin John.

I thought perhaps you and your friend would come in to drink wine this evening, as I asked you to do, after Vinnie got home, but I want to tell you something.

Vinnie and I are asked out this evening, and Vinnie’s obliged to go. It will not be as pleasant when she is absent from home, and now I want to know if you will be busy next week, and if not, wont you save an evening, or an hour of one, when you will come and see us, and taste the Currant Wine?

Please tell your friend – Mr Emmons, and invite him to come with you upon another evening.

Vinnie and I are sorry, but fortune is unkind.

Your Cousin Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G5). Publication: *Home*. | Graves, now a sophomore at AC, had introduced Emily and Vinnie to Emmons a year ago.

106.

To John Long Graves, about February 1853

I wonder if Cousin John has a lesson to learn this evening?

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G9). Pencil. Publication: JL101.

107.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), February 24, 1853

Thursday afternoon

The sun shines warm, dear Susie, but the sweetest sunshine’s gone, and in that far off Manchester, all my blue sky is straying this winter’s afternoon. Vinnie and

I are here – just where you always find us when you come in the afternoon to sit a little while – we miss your face today, and a tear fell on my work a little while ago, so I put up my sewing, and tried to write to you. I had rather have talked, dear Susie – it seems to me a long while since I have seen you much – it is a long while Susie, since we have been together – so long since we’ve spent a twilight, and spoken of what we loved, but you will come back again, and there’s all the future Susie, which is as yet untouched! It is the brightest star in the firmament of God, and I look in it’s face the oftenest.

I ran to the door, dear Susie – I ran out in the rain, with nothing but my slippers on, I called “Susie, Susie,” but you didn’t look at me; then I ran to the dining room window and rapped with all my might upon the pane, but you rode right on and never heeded me.

It made me feel so lonely that I could’nt help the tears, when I came back to the table, to think I was eating breakfast, and you were riding away – but bye and bye I thought that the same ugly coach which carried you away, would have to bring you back again in but a little while, and the spite pleased me so that I didn’t cry any more till the tear fell of which I told you. And now, my absent One, I am hoping the days away, till I shall see you home – I am sewing as fast as I can, I am training the stems to my flowers, I am working with all my might, so as to pause and love you, as soon as you get home.

How fast we will have to talk then – there will be those farewell gaities – and all the days before, of which I have had no fact, and there will be your absence, and your presence, my Susie dear, sweetest, and brightest, and best of every and all the themes. It is sweet to talk, dear Susie, with those whom God has given us, lest we should be alone – and you and I have tasted it, and found it very sweet; even as fragrant flowers, o’er which the bee hums and lingers, and hums more for the lingering.

I find it very lonely, to part with one of mine, with mine especially, and the days will have more hours while you are gone away.

They played the trick yesterday – they dupe me again today.

Twelve hours make one – indeed – Call it twice twelve, three times twelve, and add, and add, and add, then multiply again, and we will talk about it.

“At Dover dwells George Brown Esq – Good Carlos Finch and David Fryer” – Oh Susie! How much escapes me, mine; whether you reached there safely, whether you are a stranger, or have only just gone home – whether you find the friends as you fancied you should find them, or dearer than you expected?

All this, and more, Susie, I am eager to know, and I shall know soon, shant I? I love to think I shall. Oh Susie, Susie, I must call out to you in the old, old way – I must say how it seems to me to hear the clock so silently tick all the hours away, and bring me not my gift – my own, my own!

Perhaps you cant read it, Darling, it is incoherent and blind; but the recollection that prompts it, is very distinct and clear, and reads easily. Susie, they send

their love – my mother and my sister – thy mother and thy sister, and the Youth,
the Lone Youth, Susie, you know the rest!

Emilie –

Tell me when you write Susie, if I shall send my love to the Lady where you
stay!

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 L16. Publication: JL102. | Susan was visiting Mary Learned Bartlett in Manchester, New Hampshire. Mary's brother, Samuel Julius Learned, was the widower of Susan's sister Mary Gilbert Learned. | ED quotes from Longfellow's *Kavanagh*, a mnemonic for reckoning on which day of the week a month will begin.

108.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), March 5, 1853

Saturday morning –

I know dear Susie is busy, or she would not forget her lone little Emilie, who wrote her just as soon as she'd gone to Manchester, and has waited so patiently till she can wait no more, and the credulous little heart, fond even tho' forsaken, will get it's big black inkstand, and tell her once again how well it loves her.

Dear Susie, I have tried so hard to act patiently, not to think unkind thoughts, or cherish unkind doubt concerning one not here, I have watched the stages come in, I have tried to look indifferent, and hum a snatch of tune when I heard Father and Austin coming, and knew how soon they'd bring me a dear letter from you, or I should look in the hat, and find it all empty – and here comes Saturday, and tomorrow the world stands still, and I shall have no message from my dear Susie!

Why dont you write me, Darling? Did I in that quick letter say anything which grieved you, or made it hard for you to take your usual pen and trace affection for your bad, sad Emilie?

Then Susie, you must forgive me before you sleep tonight, for I will not shut my eyes until you have kissed my cheek, and told me you would love me.

Oh it has been so still, since when you went away, nothing but just the ticking of the two ceaseless clocks, swiftly the "Little mystic one, no human eye hath seen," but slowly and solemnly the tall clock upon the mantel – you remember that clock, Susie. It has the oddest way of striking twelve in the morning, and six in the afternoon, just as soon as you come. I am trying to teach it a few of the proprieties of life, now you are gone away, and the poor thing does indeed seem quite obedient, and goes slowly eno', but as soon as you're back again, Susie, it will be the same graceless one it ever used to be, and only gallop with accelerated speed, to make up for resting now.

Dear Susie, it is harder to live alone than it was when you were in Baltimore, and the days went slowly, then – they go e'en slower than they did while you were in the school – or else I grow impatient, and cannot brook as easily absence from those I love. I dont know which it is, I only know that when you shall come back again, the earth will seem more beautiful, and bigger than it does now, and the blue sky from the window will be all dotted with gold, though it may not be evening, or time for the stars to come.

It is pleasant to talk of you with Austin – and Vinnie and to find how you are living in every one of their hearts, and making it warm and bright there, as if it were a sky, and a sweet summer's noon. Austin has gone this morning – the last little thing I did for him was while they were at breakfast, to write on four envelopes for him to send to you –

It made me smile, Susie, to think how Little Argus was cheated after all – and I smiled again, at thinking of something holier, of something from the skies, come Earthward.

Dear Susie, I dont forget you a moment of the hour, and when my work is finished, and I have got the tea, I slip thro' the little entry, and out at the front door, and stand and watch the west, and remember all of mine – yes, Susie – the golden west, and the great, silent Eternity, forever folded there, and bye and bye it will open it's everlasting arms, and gather us all – all; Good bye, dear Susie – they all send you their love – Emilie –

Susie – will you give my love to Mrs Bartlett, and tell her the fortnight is out next Wednesday, and I thought she m't like to know?

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 L8. Publication: JL103. | ED alludes to “The Life Clock,” also quoted in L59. In Greek mythology, Argus Panoptes is an all-seeing watchman: by addressing Austin's envelopes to Susan, ED was helping the couple avoid detection while their courtship developed. Austin left on March 5 for Cambridge, to enter Harvard Law School.

109.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), about early March 1853

Write! Comrade, write!

On this wondrous sea
Sailing silently,
Ho! Pilot, ho!
Knowest thou the shore
Where no breakers roar –
Where the storm is oer?

In the peaceful west
 Many the sails at rest,
 The anchors fast –
 Thither I pilot thee –
 Land Ho! Eternity!
 Ashore at last!

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B73). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). The line beneath the opening prose may mark the break between prose and poem. | M 41, Fr3.

110.

To Austin Dickinson, March 8, 1853

Tuesday morning.

Dear Austin,

Dont feel lonely, for we think of you all the time, and shall love you and recollect you all the while you are gone. Your letter made us all feel sadly, and we had a sober evening thinking of you at Cambridge, while we were all at home.

I hope you are better now, and like the looks of things better than you thought you should at first. You were perfectly tired out when you went away from home and I thought you'd feel rather lonely until you got rested a little and then things would look bright again. I am glad you think of us, and think you would like to see us, for I've thought a good many times that you would soon forget us, on going away from home. I dont think you can miss us more than we do you, Austin, and dont think we have forgotten you, because you are away.

I am glad you found a letter waiting for you •*from Susie*• for I think it must have made things seem a little more like home.

I hav'nt heard from her yet, I dont much expect to now – though I wrote her again on Saturday. I had a letter for Sue directed to my care last evening – the outside envelope in Mr Learned's hand, and containing one from Martha. I shall send it to Sue today.

Father went to New York, this morning – he thinks he shall come home Thursday, tho' he dont know certainly.

We have sent you a table cover this morning by Mr Green – also two little wash cloths, which we found and thought you would like. Mother wants me to tell you if there's anything else you would like, that you must let us know and we will send it to you by the first opportunity – also to send your washing home every time you can find a chance, and your clothes shall be well taken care of. Above all things, take care of yourself, and dont get sick away, for it would be very lonely for you to be sick among strangers, and you're apt to be careless at home. What

a time you must have had getting on in the snow storm! We felt very anxious about you – mother, particularly, and wondered how you would get through, and yet I knew you never had any trouble anywhere, and I really didn't think that with you on board the cars, there could anything happen. But Austin, you are there – the time will soon be over, and we shall all be together again as we were of old – you know how fast time can fly, if we only let it go – then recollect dear Austin, that none of us are gone where we cannot come home again, and the separations here are but for a little while. We will write again very soon. Emilie –

Mother and Vinnie send much love, and say you mustn't be lonely.

I have done what you wanted me to.

Note: AC 593. Publication: *Home*. Postmark Amherst, Mar 8, Ms. | In paragraph 3, the erased words “from Susie” are difficult to decipher. Edward traveled to New York to deal with the affairs of his sister Mary and her husband, Mark Newman; both had died within the year and Edward was guardian of their son and four daughters, Catherine, Sarah, Anna, and Clarissa (Clara). Newman left a comfortable estate upon his death but had bequeathed most of it to missionary societies, leaving the children dependent on relatives.

111.

To Austin Dickinson, March 12, 1853

Saturday morning –

Dear Austin.

I am afraid you think that we have all forgotten you, we hav'nt written now for so many days, but we hav'nt, and I will tell you why we have kept still so long. We thought from your first letter that you'd probably write us again in a day or two, and there might be some thing which you would want to know, so we waited to hear from you – well, you did not seem to write so soon as we expected, and I thought Wednesday morning I wouldn't wait any longer, but we know not what is before us.

A little while after breakfast Vinnie went over to Mr Kellogg's on an errand – was'nt going to stay but a minute – well, two hours had passed away and nothing was seen of Vinnie, and I had begun to wonder what had become of her, when Emmeline walked in with her, and helped her onto the Lounge. Her right hand was all done up, and she looked so faint I thought somebody had killed her – It seems she went to the door and found the Dog lying there, and thought she would pat him a little so that he would'nt growl, but he did growl terribly, then snapped at her hand, and bit the thumb on her right hand, almost thro from one side to the other – Her hand pained her so much that she fainted constantly, and as soon as she was able Emmeline came home with her – Mr Kellogg's folks felt dreadfully about it, they did everything they could – Em went for Dr Woodman, and

we had quite a time – this was when father was gone, and of course it frightened us more, but you need’nt be scared any longer Austin, for she’s doing nicely now – She cant comb her hair or dress her, or help herself at all, so you see I have my hands full, for besides doing all this, I have to do her usual work. That’s the reason I hav’nt written you Austin, many a time before – I couldn’t get time to do it, but I’ve thought of you just as much, and more, than if I c’d have written, and we all miss you every day, and want to see you more than I can possibly tell you. I am so glad to know you’re happier, and that Cambridge looks brighter to you – We enjoyed your letter very much and laughed heartily at it – father particularly, seemed to think it “uncommon” fine. He got home Thursday night, at about 12 o clock. The Newman family are coming here about the middle of April – another fact which will please you – Uncle Sweetser and his wife are going to Europe in May, and Elisabeth and their children are coming to Amherst to board at Mr Newman’s for the summer! Such intelligence needs no comments – I have telegraphed to Sue – Dont say anything about it in the letter you write me next, for father reads all your letters before he brings them home, and it might make him feel unpleasantly –

I hope we shall all be spared to have one kitchen meeting, and express our several minds on this infamous proceeding, but I wont trouble you – You asked about the Paper – Daniel Webster of Deerfield cant come on account of the limited salary – Mr Nash – on account of his eyes, and as Mr Trumbull has gone, they got Mr Sydney Adams, with the assistance of others to get out the this weeks one – Bowdoin “moves on” like snails – I have heard once from Susie – not much, tho’. We will hem the crash, and send it to you by the first opportunity. Mother wants you to get a cheap Comforter and put on the palmleaf mattress; – she says t’will be easier to you.

We all send you our love – Vinnie says she will write as soon as she uses her hand. Write us soon. Aff Emilie –

Note: AC 594. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Mar 12 Ms. | Anna and Clara Newman lived with Austin and Susan from October 1858 until April 1869. Edward’s younger sister Elizabeth was to care for the children of Catharine Sweetser during the summer, in Amherst. | Paper = the *Hampshire and Franklin Express*, owned by John and Charles Adams, Amherst booksellers; Trumbull was the previous editor.

112.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), March 12, 1853

Saturday noon –

Dear Susie –

I’m so amused at my own ubiquity that I hardly know what to say, or how to relate the story of the wonderful correspondent. First, I arrive from Amherst, then

comes a ponderous tome from the learned Halls of Cambridge, and again by strange metamorphosis I'm just from Michigan, and am Mattie and Minnie and Lizzie in one wondering breath – Why, dear Susie, it must'nt scare you if I loom up from Hindoostan, or drop from an Appenine, or peer at you suddenly from the hollow of a tree, calling myself King Charles, Sancho Panza, or Herod, King of the Jews – I suppose it is all the same.

"Miss Mills," that is, Miss Julia, never dreamed of the depths of my clandestiny, and if I stopped to think of the figure I was cutting, it would be the last of me, and you'd never hear again from your poor Jeremy Bentham –

But I say to my mind, "tut, tut," "Rock a bye baby" Conscience, and so I keep them still!

And as for the pulling of wool over the eyes of Manchester, I trust to the courtesy of the Recording Angel, to say nothing of that. One thing is true, Darling, the world will be none the wiser, for Emilie's omnipresence, and two big hearts will beat stouter, as tidings from me come in. I love the opportunity to serve those who are mine, and to soften the least asperity in the path which ne'er "ran smooth", is a delight to me. So Susie, I set the trap and catch the little mouse, and love to catch him dearly, for I think of you and Austin, and know it pleases you to have my tiny services. Dear Susie, you are gone – One would hardly think I had lost you to hear this revelry, but your absence insanes me so – I do not feel so peaceful, when you are gone from me –

All life looks differently, and the faces of my fellows are not the same they wear when you are with me. I think it is this, dear Susie; you sketch my pictures for me, and 'tis at their sweet colorings, rather than this dim real that I am used, so you see when you go away, the world looks staringly, and I find I need more vail – Frank Peirce thinks I mean berage vail, and makes a sprightly plan to import the "article," but dear Susie knows what I mean. Do you ever look homeward, Susie, and count the lonely hours Vinnie and I are spending, because that you are gone?

Yes, Susie, very lonely, and yet is it very sweet too to know that you are happy, and to think of you in the morning, and at eventide, and noon, and always as smiling and looking up for joy – I could not spare you else, dear Sister, but to be sure your life is warm with such a sunshine, helps me to chase the shadows fast stealing upon mine – I knew you would be happy, and you know now of something I had told you.

There are lives, sometimes, Susie – Bless God that we catch faint glimpses of his brighter Paradise from occasional Heavens here!

Stay, Susie; yet not stay! I cannot spare your sweet face another hour more, and yet I want to have you gather more sheaves of joy – for bleak, and waste, and barren, are most of the fields found here, and I want you to fill the garner. Then may you come, dear Susie, and from our silent home, Vinnie and I shall meet you. There is much to tell you, Susie, but I cannot bring the deeds of the rough and jostling world into that sweet inclosure; they are fitter fonder, here – but Susie, I

do bring you a Sister's fondest love, and gentlest tenderness; little indeed, but "a'," and I know you will not refuse them. Please remember me to your friend, and write soon to your lonely Emilie –

Vinnie sends you her love – she would write, but has hurt her hand – Mother's love too – Oh Susie!

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 L4. Publication: JL107. | Susan was still in Manchester with the Bartletts. Julia Mills, from *David Copperfield*, is "interested in others' loves." Jeremy Bentham was an eighteenth-century English philosopher, founder of modern utilitarianism. Berage is a cotton used to make lace and cloth.

113.

To Austin Dickinson, March 18, 1853

Friday morning –

Dear Austin.

I presume you remember a story Vinnie tells of a Breach of promise Case, where the correspondence between the parties consisted of a reply from the girl to one she had never received, but was daily expecting – well I am writing an answer to the letter I hav'nt had, so you will see the force of the accompanying anecdote. I have been looking for you ever since despatching my last, but this is a fickle world, and it's a great source of complacency that t'will all be burned up bye and bye. I should be pleased with a line when you've published your work to Father, if it's perfectly convenient! Your letters are very funny indeed – about the only jokes we have, now you •and Sue• are gone, and I hope you will send us one as often as you can. Father takes great delight in your remarks to him – puts on his spectacles and reads them o'er and o'er as if it was a blessing to have an only son.

He reads all the letters you write as soon as he gets, at the post office, no matter to whom addressed. I presume when Sue gets back, and has directed to her, he will take them and read them first – Well, I was telling you; he reads them once at the office, then he makes me read them loud at the supper table again, and when he gets home in the evening, he cracks a few walnuts, puts his spectacles on, and with your last in his hand, sits down to enjoy the evening – He remarked in confidence to me this morning, that he "guessed you saw through things there" – of course I answered "yes sir," but what the thought conveyed I remained in happy ignorance. Whether he meant to say that you saw through the Judges, overcoats and all, I could not quite determine but I'm sure he designed to compliment you very highly.

I do think it's so funny – you and father do nothing but "fisticuff" all the while you're at home, and the minute you are separated, you become such devoted friends; but "this is a checkered life.["]

I believe at this moment, Austin, that there's no body living for whom father has such respect as for you, and yet your conduct together is quite peculiar indeed. But my paper is getting low, and I must hasten to tell you that we are very happy to hear good news from you – that we hope you'll have pleasant times, and learn a great deal while you're gone, and come back to us greater and happier for the life lived at Cambridge. We miss you more and more. I wish that we could see you, but letters come the next – write them often, and tell us everything! Aff Emilie –

Dear Austin, I've just decided that my yarn is not quite spun, so I'll spin it a little longer.

Vinnie's hand is getting well, tho' she cant yet sew or write with it. She sends her love to you, and says she shall write a note, as soon as her hand gets able.

Anna Warner's a little better, tho' the medical faculty dare as yet give little encouragement of her return thitherward. Mary is at present incarcerated, and becomes in the public eye, more and more of a martyr daily. The Quincy approached Miss Goudy, but was dexterously warded off by homeopathic glances from a certain Dr Gregg, of whom you may hear, in Boston. Professor Warner, and consort, and surviving son, are much as usual. Father's Cummington friend, late from State's prison in Brooklyn, took tea with us this week. He has advanced somewhat, since we children have seen him –

Jerry and Mrs Mack inquire for "Mr Austin." Most all the folks we asked here have made their "party call," and we have had our hands full in entertaining them. You must tell us about the party which you attend at Miss C's. I have not heard from Sue again, tho' I've written her three times. I suppose she'll be coming home Saturday, and I'll tell you something funny the next time I write –

We all send you much love, and wish you were here today, so we could talk with you – Emilie again.

Note: AC 595. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Mar 18. | Anna Warner is the younger sister of ED's friend Mary Warner. Jerry = Jeremiah Holden; Mrs Mack = Rosanna ("Emerald") Mack.

114.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), mid-March 1853

Tuesday noon

Dear Emily,

I come and see you a great many times every day, though I dont bring my body with me, so perhaps you dont know I'm there – But I love to come just as dearly, for nobody sees me then, and I sit and chat away, and look up in your face, and no

matter who calls, if it's "my Lord the King," he doesn't interrupt me. Let me say dear Emily, both mean to come at a time, so you shall be very sure I am sitting by your side, and not have to trust the fancy. I want very much to be with you a long while at a time, to talk as we used, "Lang Syne," and during this long spring I'm very sure I shall see you, and make up the winter's loss.

I hope you are better today, dear Emilie –
Aff E –

Note: NYPL 16.7. Pencil. Publication: JL111.

115.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), mid-March 1853

Gladly, dear Emily –
Only see how the sun shines!
Emilie –

Note: NYPL 16.8. Pencil. Publication: JL112. | Three days in March were sunny and fine: the 20, 21, and 22. ED may have written this note on the same day as L114.

116.

To Austin Dickinson, March 24, 1853

Thursday morning –

Dear Austin.

How much I miss you, how lonely it is this morning – how I wish you were here, and how very much I thank you for sending me that long letter, which I got Monday evening, and have read a great many times, and presume I shall again, unless I soon have another –

I find life not so bright without •*Sue and*• you, or Mar•*tha*•, and for a little while I hav'nt cared much about it. How glad I was to know that you had'nt forgotten us, and looked forward to home, and the rustic seat, and summer, with so much happiness. You wonder if we think of you as much as you of us – I guess so. Austin, it's a great deal anyhow, and to look at the empty nails, and the empty chairs in the kitchen almost obscures my sight, if I were used to tears. But I think of the rustic seat, and I think of the July evening just as the day is done, and I read of the one come back, worth all the "ninety and nine" who have not gone from home, and these things strengthen me for many a day to come –

I'm so glad you are cheerful at Cambridge, for cheerful indeed one must be to write such a comic affair as your last letter to me. I believe the message to Bowdoin,

w'd have killed father outright if he had'nt just fortified nature with two or three cups of tea. I could hardly contain myself sufficiently to read a thing so grotesque, but it did me good indeed, and when I had finished reading it, I said with a pleasant smile, "then there is something left"! I have been disgusted, ever since you went away, and have concluded several times that it's of no use minding it, as it is only a puff ball. But your letter so raised me up, that I look round again, and notice my fellow men.

I think you far exceed Punch – much funnier – much funnier, cant keep up with you at all!

I suppose the young lady will be getting home today – how often I thought of you yesterday afternoon and evening. I did "drop in at the Revere" a great many times yesterday. I hope you have been made happy. If so I am satisfied. I shall know when you get home.

I have been to see Mrs Cutler several times since Sue has been gone – Mr Cutler has missed her dreadfully, which has gratified me much. What I was going to tell you was that Mr Cutler's folks had written Sue to meet Mr Sweetser in Boston, last week, and come to Amherst with him – I knew she would'nt come, and I couldnt help laughing to think of him returning to town alone – that's all! •*Sue's*• outwitted them all—ha-ha! Just imagine me giving three cheers for American Independence!

I did get that little box, and do with it as you told me. I wrote you so at the time, but you must have forgotten it. Write again soon, Austin, for this is a lonely home, when we are not all here. Emilie.

Mother says "tell Austin I think perhaps I shall write him a letter myself."

Mother sends her love, and is very much obliged to you for the message to her, and also for the comb, which you told us was coming. She wants you to send your clothes home just as soon as you can, for she thinks you must certainly need some by this time. We hav'nt had much maple sugar yet, but I shall send you some when Mr Green goes back. We have had some maple molasses. I know you would love some, if you were here – how I do wish you were! I read the proclamation, and liked it very much. I had a letter from Mat, last night – she said a great deal of Sue and you, and so affectionately. If Sue thinks Mat would be willing, I will send the letter to you, the next time I write.

Note: AC 596. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark Amherst, Mar 24, Ms. | Susan was scheduled to return on this day from her visit to friends in Manchester by way of Boston, before returning to her sister Harriet Cutler in Amherst: she and Austin met in the parlor of the Revere House hotel on Wednesday, March 23, before continuing her journey Thursday morning. Austin and Susan announced their engagement on Thanksgiving 1853.

117.

To Austin Dickinson, March 27 and 28, 1853

Sabbath evening –

Oh my dear “Oliver,” how chipper you must be since any of us have seen you? How thankful we should be that you have been brought to Greenville, and a suitable frame of mind! I really had my doubts about your reaching Canaan, but you relieve my mind, and set me at rest completely. How long is it since you’ve been in this state of complacency towards God and your fellow men? I think it must be sudden, hope you are not deceived, would recommend “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and “Baxter upon the will.” Hope you have enjoyed the Sabbath, and sanctuary privileges – it isn’t all young men that have the preached word –

Trust you enjoy your closet, and meditate profoundly upon the Daily Food! I shall send you Village Hymns, by earliest opportunity.

I was just this moment thinking of a favorite stanza of yours, “where congregations ne’er break up, and Sabbaths have no end.”

That must be a delightful situation, certainly quite worth the scrambling for!

Quite likely you have tickets for your particular friends – hope I should be included, in memory of “old clothes.”

And Austin is a Poet, Austin writes a psalm – Out of the way, Pegasus, Olympus enough “to him,” and just say to those “nine muses” that we have done with them!

Raised a living muse ourselves, worth the whole nine of them, Up, off, tramp!

Now Brother Pegasus, I’ll tell you what it is – I’ve been in the habit myself of writing some few things, and it rather appears to me that you’re getting away my patent, so you’d better be somewhat careful, or I’ll call the police! Well, Austin, if you’ve stumbled through these two pages of folly, without losing your hat or getting lost in the mud, I will try to be sensible, as suddenly as I can, before you are quite disgusted. Mademoiselle has come, quite to the surprise of us all. I concluded you had concluded to sail for Australia.

Sue’s very sober yet, she thinks it’s pretty desolate without old Mr Brown.

She seems to be absent, sometimes, on account of the “old un,” and I think you’re a villainous rascal to entrap a young woman “phelinks” in such an awful way.

You deserve, let me see; you deserve hot irons, and Chinese Tartary; and if I were Mary Jane, I would give you one such “mitten” Sir, as you never had before! I declare, I have half a mind to throw a stone as it is, and kill five barn door fowls, but I wont, I’ll be considerate! Miss Susie was here on Friday – was here on Saturday, and Miss Emilie, there, on Thursday. I suppose you will go to the “Hygeum” as usual, this evening – Think it a dreadful thing for a young man under influences to frequent a hotel, evenings! Am glad our Pilgrim Fathers got safely out of the way, before such shocking times! Are you getting on well with “the work,” and have

you engaged the Harpers? Shall bring in a bill for my Lead Pencils, 17, in number, disbursed at times to you, as soon as the publishment. Also, two envelopes daily, during despatch of proofs, also Johnnie Beston, also David Smith, and services from same!

Dear Austin, I am keen, but you are a good deal keener, I am something of a fox, but you are more of a hound! I guess we are very good friends tho', and I guess we both love Sue just as well as we can.

You need'nt laugh at my letter – it's a few Variations of Greenville I thought I would send to you! Affy Emilie –

Love from us all. Monday noon. Oh Austin, Newton is dead. The first of my own friends. Pace.

Note: AC 597. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Mar 28 Ms. | In his previous letter, Austin evidently sent ED a poem he had composed. Johnnie Beston = Irish handyman, or his son of the same name. Fourteen-year-old David Smith may also have performed light duties for the Dickinsons. Benjamin Newton died March 24, 1853. | "Oliver" may allude to the young lover in *As You Like It*, suggesting ED's part as a go-between in Austin and Susan's courtship.

118.

To Austin Dickinson, April 2, 1853

Saturday noon.

Dear Austin –

I rather thought from your letter to me that my essays, together with the Lectures at Cambridge, were rather too much for you, so I thought I would let you have a little vacation; but you must have got rested now, so I shall renew the series. Father was very severe to me; he thought I'd been trifling with you, so he gave me quite a trimming about "Uncle Tom" and "Charles Dickens" and these "modern Literati" who he says are nothing, compared to past generations, who flourished when he was a boy. Then he said there were "somebody's rev-e-ries," he didn't know whose they were, that he thought were very ridiculous, so I'm quite in disgrace at present, but I think of that "pinnacle" on which you always mount, when anybody insults you, and that's quite a comfort to me.

We are all pretty well at home, and it seems a great while, Austin, since we have heard from you. The correspondence from "Oliver" didn't seem to say a great deal of how you were getting along, or of yourself, at Cambridge, and I am waiting patiently for one of those grand old letters you used to send to us when you first went away.

I have got a nice cake of Sugar, to send you by Mr Green, and shall put in some big, sound Apples, if there is any room. Vinnie would have written you this week, but has had quite a cold, which settled in her eyes, and she has not used them

much. She will write you the first of next week. Vinnie and Sue walked down to mill yesterday – Sue comes down here most every day, •and• [*words erased*] Emily Fowler spent yesterday afternoon here. She inquired for you. The girls “Musical” met here on Tuesday evening, and we had as pleasant a time as could have been expected, in view of the individuals composing the society. Dr Brewster was in town yesterday, and took tea here. He asked a great deal about you, and said he was going to write to you to come and make him a visit – I told him I “presumed you’d go”; Mary Aiken is in town with her children, and is going to stay a fortnight. I wonder she didn’t wait, and meet you here in May. Thurston and Benjamin are in town on a visit.

Rufus Cowles gave us a call last evening. He is quite a young man! Mr Godfrey’s folks have gone, and Mr and Mrs Pierce have moved into the house. The second generation spend most of their time in our door yard.

This is all the news I can think of, but there is one old story, Austin, which you may like to hear – it is that we think about you the whole of the livelong day, and talk of you when we’re together, and [*words erased*] of the golden link which binds us all together.

And you can recollect when you are busy studying, that those of us not home not so hard at work as you are, get much time to be with you. We all send our love to you, and hope you will be very careful, and take good care of yourself. Emilie –

That was a “grand old letter,” Austin, and I shall answer it soon, but I cannot today, for I feel more like writing that little note of mine, and talking of you.

Oh how much it pleased Father, and how it made us all laugh, tho’ I didn’t laugh so hard as the rest, on account of my note. There’s a beautiful verse in the Bible – “Let not your heart be troubled” – so believe in •Susie•; believe also in me! Emilie –

Note: AC 598. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Apr 5 or 6; ED waited for Vinnie to finish her letter before mailing. ED’s “not home” = “at home.” | Rufus Cowles = son of Porter Cowles, a Hadley farmer. ED refers to Harriet Beecher Stowe’s *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* (1852) and, again, *Reveries of a Bachelor*. John 14:1 reads “Let not your heart be troubled.”

119.

To Austin Dickinson, April 8, 1853

Friday noon –

Dear Austin.

I’ve expected a letter from you every day this week, but have been disappointed – and last night I thought I should have one as surely as I lived, but I did not. I’m sure you are very busy, or I should have had a note, but I will “bide and see.” It seems as if you’d been gone several hundred years, and it had been some centuries since we had heard from you, and I should like to know when you were coming

home, for if it is'n't probable that you are coming some time, I think I shall take the stage, or run away myself. I asked you this same question in my last Saturday's letter, but you make me no reply. I cant help wondering sometimes if you think of us as often as we all do of you, and want to see us half as much. I think about this a great deal, and tho' I dont talk with Vinnie or Sue, about it, yet it often troubles me –

I think we miss each other more every day that we grow older, for we're all unlike most everyone, and are therefore more dependent on each other for delight. Last evening Sue and I walked down to the Old Oak Tree, and sat there and talked a long while, principally of you, and ourselves. Sue said she guessed you were writing us, as we sat there talking, and we both wished you were there. Last Saturday evening I spent with Sue in her room – she read me some funny things which you had just written her, concerning her sorry suitors, and your excellent suggestions to prevent future accidents! I think you are rather hard upon unfortunate gentlemen—presume they would like to shoot you, if they knew you had won the bird.

Sue was here to supper last night, and I could'nt but think of a great many things, which we will talk about sometime, if you ever come home.

Mrs Scott is ironing here today – we should have all your clothes in nice order to send by Mr Green. When is the good man coming? I get quite out of patience, waiting to send your sugar. I hope some country friend has given you a taste long before this time, for you must miss such little luxuries, you always get at home.

Have you had any maple molasses, or any Graham Bread, since you have been away? Every time a new loaf comes smoking on to the table, we wonder if you have any where you have gone to live.

I should love to send you a loaf, dearly, if I could. Vinnie sends her love to you, and thanks you very much for the Rubber. She finds it “capital,” she says, and she will write you a letter, when the valise goes back. Mother sends her love, and says she thinks very often she shall certainly write to you, but she knows that we write so often she thinks we say all there is, and so she recollects you, but says nothing about it. I have mended your gloves, Austin, and Vinnie, all the clothes which were out of repair. I have written you in a hurry – I shall never write any more grand letters to you, but all the little things, and the things called trifles, and the crickets upon the hearth, you will be sure to hear – Emilie –

Wont you write to me pretty soon? I send that letter of Mat's, wh' I said I would. Much love from all. We have charming weather here. I know you would be so happy, if you were at home – but you'll come soon and we shall be so glad to see you. Jerry inquires for you

Note: AC 599. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Apr 9. | Mrs. Scott = perhaps Sally Ann Brown Scott, wife of George, a day laborer and butcher; both were African American.

120.

To Austin Dickinson, April 12, 1853

Tuesday noon.

Dear Austin –

You asked me in your Sat morning's letter to write you so you'd hear from me yesterday, but your letter didn't get here until last evening, so you see I could not very well; but I must write a word this noon, to tell you that they've both come, tho' they tarried upon the way.

I thanked you for the long one in my letter of Saturday, but I want to thank you again, it was such a beautiful one; and too, for yesterday's, wh' I did not expect, •Susie was• here when it came, and we read it together, I staid with her Saturday evening, and we spent part of it reading your long letter to me, and talking of what it made us both think of, and of you. Sue thought t'was the most beautiful letter she ever heard –

I have taken your place Saturday evenings since you have been away, but I will give it back to you as soon as you get home. Get home dear Austin – how soon now you are coming, and how happy we are in the thought of seeing you! I cant realize that you will come – it is so still and lonely, that it dont seem possible it can be otherwise, but we shall see, when the nails hang full of coats again, and the chairs hang full of hats, and I can count the slippers under the kitchen chair – Oh Austin, how we miss them, and more than them, somebody who used to hang them there, and get many a hint ungentle, to carry them away! Those times seem far off now, a great way, as things we did when children. I wish we were children now. I wish we were always children, how to grow up I dont know!

We had company to tea last evening, Mr and Mrs Jewett, and little Henry, then Mr Haven, and •Sue• – it seems much more like home to have her with us always, than to have her away. We had a delightful evening. How often we thought of you, and wished you were not away!

Father went home with •Sue• – I think he and mother both think a great deal of her, and nobody will make me believe that they dont think she is their's, just as much as Vinnie or you or me. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I can most always tell anything that I want to. Emmons brought me a beautiful boquet of Arbutus, last evening – it's the first I have seen this year. Cousin John has made us an Aeolian Harp, which plays beautifully, alone, whenever there is a breeze.

Austin, you must'nt care if your letters do not get here just when you think they will – they are always new to us, and delightful always, and the more you send us, the happier we shall be. We all send our love to you, and think much and say much, of seeing you again – keep well till you come, and if knowing that we all love you, makes you happier, then Austin, you may sing the whole day long!

Aff Emilie –

We now expect to send your valise in a day or two, by Mr Wm Cutler.

Note: AC 600. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Apr 12. The two erasures are scribbled over, but probably read "Sue." | Married to Mary Whipple and father of Henry, George Baker Jewett (AC 1840) taught at AC 1850–1854; Joseph Haven (AC 1835) taught there 1851–1858. Cousin John = John Graves.

121.

To Austin Dickinson, April 16, 1853

Saturday noon –

Dear Austin.

You make me happy, when you write so affectionately, happier than you know, and I always want to write to you as soon as your letters come, but it is not very often convenient that I can. Yet I will the morning after, as I do today. I am all alone, Austin – Father has gone to New York, Vinnie to Northampton, and mother is cutting out apples in the kitchen. I had forgotten Pussy, tho'; she's sitting on the mat, looking up in my face as if she wondered who I was writing to – if she knew it was "Master Austin" I guess she would send some word, for I know Pussy remembers you, and wonders where you are. Sometimes when she's more intelligent, I've half a mind to tell her how you have gone to Cambridge, and are studying the law, but I dont believe she'd understand me.

You cant think how delighted father was, with the account you gave of northerners and Southerners, and the electioneering – he seemed to feel so happy to have you interested in what was going on at Cambridge – he said he "knew all about it – he'd been thro' the whole, it was only a little specimen of what you'd meet in life, if you lived to enter it." I could'nt hardly help telling him that I thought his idea of life rather a boisterous one, but I kept perfectly still.

I dont love to read your letters all out loud to father – it would be like opening the kitchen door when we get home from meeting Sunday, and are sitting down by the stove saying just what we've a mind to, and having father hear. I dont know why it is, but it gives me a dreadful feeling, and I skipped about the wild flowers, and one or two little things I loved the best, for I could'nt read them loud to any body. [*words erased*] I shant see him•er• this morning, because •s•he has to bake Saturday, but •s•he'll come this afternoon, and we shall read your letter together, and talk of how soon you'll be here – [*seven lines and three words erased*] it always [*six words erased*], and [*word erased*] home [*six words erased*] every day, and [*two words erased*]. Susie [*six words erased*] comes with him•er•; [*several words erased*] I shall think of you taking tea at Aunt Lavinia's tonight, and we shall take tea alone, how pleasant it would be to have you with us while father is away, but it is'nt May yet – Thank you for remembering me when you found the wild flowers, and for wanting me to stay a week with you. These things are very kind, and I will not forget them. The birds sing

beautifully, Pussy is trying to beat them – Dont work too hard Austin, dont get too tired, so that you cannot sleep, we always think of you, Love from us all.
Emilie –

John Thompson is in the office of Mr Vose – in Springfield –

Note: AC 601. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Apr 16 Ms. | Thompson and William Howland both worked or studied with Henry Vose, who was named a justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court in 1859. Some erasures are written over with letters or words, e.g., him•er• (“im” is written on top of “er”).

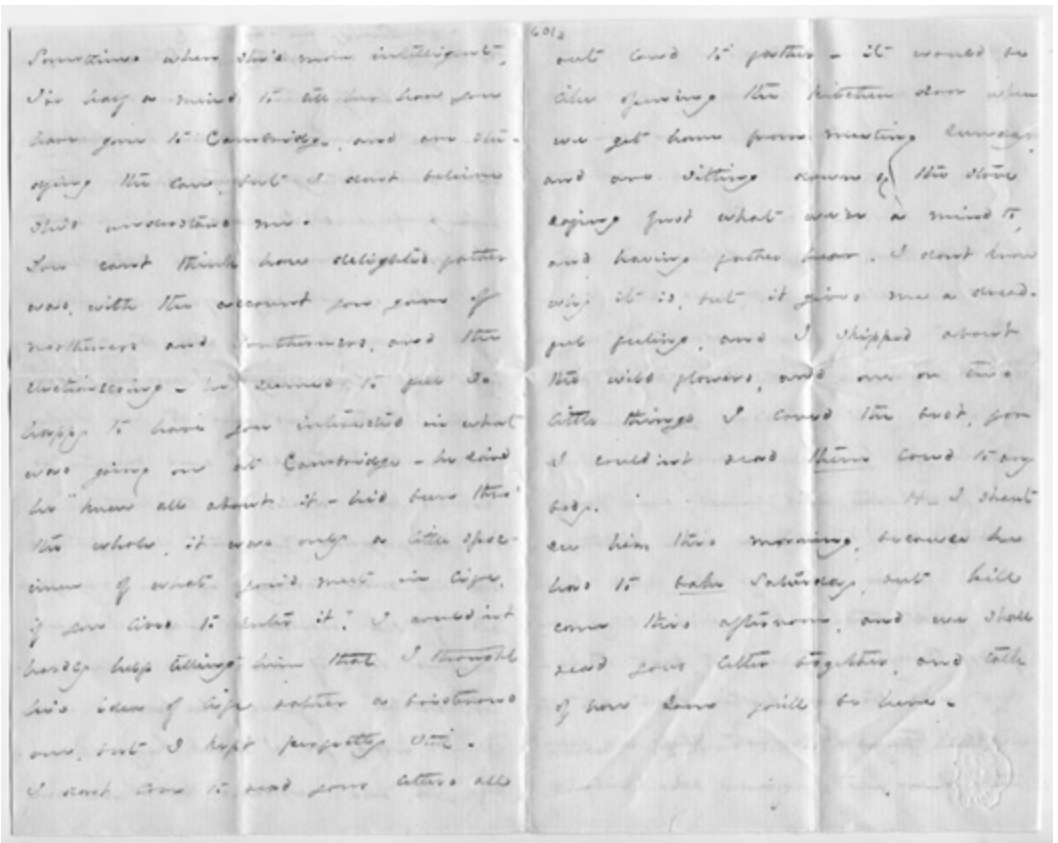


Figure 4. To Austin Dickinson, April 16, 1853, page 2. Erasure of words and lines by unknown person (AC 601).

Emily Dickinson Collection, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, Amherst, Massachusetts.

122.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, April 19, 1853

Mr Emmons –

Since receiving your beautiful writing I have often desired to thank you thro' a few of my flowers, and arranged the fairest for you a little while ago, but heard you were away –

I have very few today, and they compare but slightly with the immortal blossoms you kindly gathered me, but will you please accept them – the “Lily of the field” for the blossoms of Paradise, and if 'tis ever mine to gather those which fade not, from the garden we have not seen, you shall have a brighter one than I can find today.

Emilie E. Dickinson

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E1). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | ED and Vinnie saw Emmons frequently between 1852 and 1854, and ED rode alone with him several times. Emmons's “beautiful writing” may be his dissertation, “Sympathy in Action,” presented April 19 at the Spring Exhibition; in October, he published essays on poetry in the *Amherst Collegiate Magazine*.

123.

To Austin Dickinson, April 21, 1853

Thursday noon.

Dear Austin.

We could hardly eat any supper last night, we felt so badly to think you had'nt got the valise, and we talked all the time about it while we sat at the table, and called Mr – Cutler names – Father says he “would like to reach him just long enough to cuff his ears –” We do feel so badly about it, we dont know what to do –

There were all your clothes in such beautiful order, and a cake of new maple sugar, and mother had with her own hand selected and polished the apples, she thought it would please you so – It is too bad – too bad – We do feel vexed about it. Mother thinks it is lost – she says you will never see it. Father thinks he would'nt dare to lose it, but is too selfish to trouble himself by sending you any word. Mother is so afraid that you will need the clothes, and wont know what to do without them, and Vinnie and I keep hoping, and trying to persuade her that you've got them before now.

We have all been thinking how much you'd enjoy the sugar, and how nice the apples would taste after studying all day long, and “living very sparingly,” but this [is] a vexing world, and things “aft gang aglay.” I wont talk any more of this, for I

know you are disappointed as much as any of us, and want to hear something sunnier – and there is something sunnier – I was with dear Susie last evening, and she told me how on Monday she walked out in the fields, carrying your letter with her, and read it over and over, “sitting on the stile,” and pausing as she read, to look at the hills and the trees and the blue, blue home beyond.

Susie talked much of you, and of her lonely life when you were gone away, and we said you would soon be here, and then we talked of how soon, and of many and many a sunlight and many and many a shade which might steal upon us ere then. How I wish you were here, dear Austin, how I do wish for you so many times every day, and I miss the long talks most, upon the kitchen stove hearth when the just are fast asleep –

I ask myself many times if they will come back again, and whether they will stay, but we dont know.

Father wont go to Boston this week, as he had intended to, for he finds a great deal to do in starting the Newman family. I think now he will go next week, tho’ I dont know what day – The Newmans all board at Mrs Merrill’s until they get into their house, which will be by Saturday, certainly. Their Irish girl stays here, for Mrs Merrill was afraid she would not agree with her girl. The Newmans seem very pleasant, but they are not like us – What makes a few of us so different from other’s? I’ts a question I often ask myself. The Germanians gave a concert here, the evening of Exhibition day – Vinnie and I went with John. I never heard [such] sounds before – They seemed like brazen Robins, all wearing broadcloth wings, and I think they were, for they all flew away as soon as the concert was over. I tried so hard to make Susie go with us, but she would’nt consent to it. I could not bear to have her lose it.

Write me as soon as this comes, and say if you’ve got the valise. Emilie

Anna Warner died Tuesday night, and will be buried tomorrow, I suppose. They seem to feel very badly. She has been sick a great while now. You will not be surprised at hearing it. Mother wants me to tell you from her to get all the clothes you need at some good place in Boston, should you not find the valise. I hope you have got it before now. I should’nt think he would lose it, after all you have done for him. Mother says she can never look upon him again.

Note: AC 602. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Apr 21 Ms. | The Germanians were musicians who fled Berlin during the revolution of 1848 and performed nine hundred concerts across the United States over a period of six years. They played as the Germania Serenade Band at the AC Spring Exhibition, April 19; ED and Vinnie attended with Graves. Anna, the eleven-year-old daughter of AC Professor Aaron Warner, died early Wednesday morning, April 20.

124.

To John Long Graves, about May 5, 1853

Thursday morn.

A little poem we will write unto our Cousin John, to tell him if he does not come and see us very soon, we will immediately forget there's any such a man, and when he comes to see us, we will be not "at hame"!

Emilie – Vinnie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G8). Pencil. Publication: JL117. | ED does not lineate this note as a poem. "At hame" is a spelling frequently found in Scottish verse, including by Robert Burns.

125.

To Austin Dickinson, May 7, 1853

Saturday noon –

Dear Austin –

A week ago, we were all here – today we are not all here – yet the bee hums just as merrily, and all the busy things work on as if the same – They do not miss you, Child, but there is a humming bee whose song is not so merry, and there are busy ones who pause to drop a tear – Let us thank God, today, Austin, that we can love our friends, our brothers and our sisters, and weep when they are gone, and smile at their return. It is indeed a joy which we are blest to know. Today is very beautiful – just as bright, just as blue, just as green and as white, and as crimson, as the cherry trees full in bloom, and the half opening peach blossoms, and the grass just waving, and sky and hill and cloud, can make it, if they try – How I wish you were here, Austin – You thought last Saturday beautiful – yet to this golden day, 'twas but one single gem, to whole handful's of jewels – You will ride today, I hope, or take a long walk somewhere, and recollect us all, Vinnie, and me, and •Susie, and• Father and mother and home – Yes, Austin, every one of us, for we all think of you, and bring you to recollection many times each day – not bring you to recollection, for we never put you away, but keep recollecting on – Was'nt you very tired when you got back to Cambridge? I thought you would be, you had so much to do, the morning you went away. I hope you do not cough mornings, as you did when you were at home – If you do, go and see that Apothecary who gave you something before, and get something to cure it – And Austin, dont you care about anything else that I know troubles you – It is'nt anything – It is too slight, too small, to make you worry so – dont think any more about it. We all love you very much – wont you remember that when anything worries you, and you wont care then –

I dont feel as if you'd been here – the time was so very short – how I wish today was last Saturday, and last Saturday was today, so we could see you – Shant you write to us pretty soon? We have looked for a note before. Susie and I walked

together all last Tuesday evening, talking of you and the visit, and wishing you were here, and would not go away again. I love her more and more. She looks very lovely in colors, she dont wear mourning now –

You must think of us tonight, while Mr Dwight takes tea here, and we will think of you far away, down in Cambridge – Dont mind the law, Austin, if it is rather dry, dont mind the daily road, tho' it is rather dusty, but remember the brooks and the hills, and remember while you're but one, we are but four at home!

Emilie –

You must come home in the recess –

Note: AC 603. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | Austin was home the previous weekend, April 29 to May 2.

126.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, about 1853

Ungentle "Atropos"! And yet I dare not chide her, for fear those saucy fingers will ply the shears again.

Perhaps she suspects the wine! Please tell her it's only Currant Wine, and would she be so kind as to lend me her shears a little, that I might cut a thread?

Vinnie and I wait patiently the coming of our friends, and trust a brighter evening will soon reward us all for the long expectation.

Your friends,

Emilie & Vinnie Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E6). Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | Atropos, goddess of fate, was often pictured with shears cutting the thread of life; "friends" = Emmons and Graves.

127.

To Austin Dickinson, May 16, 1853

Monday noon.

"Strikes me" just so, dear Austin, but somehow I have to work a good deal more than I used to, and harder, and I feel so tired when night comes, that I'm afraid if I write you, 'twill be something rather bluer than you'll be glad to see – So I sew with all my might, and hope when work is done to be with you much oftener than I have lately been.

Somehow I am lonely lately – I feel very old every day, and when morning comes and the birds sing, they dont seem to make me so happy as they used to – I guess it's because you are gone, and there are not so many of us as God gave for each

other. I wish you were at home. I feel very sure lately that the years we have had together are more than we shall have – I guess we shall journey separately, or reach the journey's end, some of us – but we dont know – We all love you very much. I dont believe you guess how much home thinks and says of its only absent child – Yes, Austin, home is faithful, none other is so true. [*three lines erased*] You must'nt mind what I say about feeling lonely lately. It is'nt any matter, but I thought I would tell you, so you'd know why I did'nt write more. Vinnie and I thank you very much for your letters – we always thank you, and your letters are dearer than all the rest that come. Vinnie did the errand which you wanted her to, but the stage did'nt come over from Northampton at noon, and she could'nt send till today. She sends her love to you, and will write to you very soon. [*few words erased*] His [*over •her•*] letter was safely delivered, and •s•he seemed very grateful – •s•he has not yet received your week before last letter – •s•he thinks someone here has got it – Vinnie and I went to meeting last evening, and Father went home first with Abby [*over •Susie•*], and then with me. I thought the folks would stare. I think Father feels that she appreciates him, better than most anybody else – How pleasant it is, is'nt it?

She is a dear child to us all, and we see her every day.

We had a very pleasant visit from the Monson folks – they came one noon and stayed till the next. They agree beautifully with Father on the “present generation”. They decided that they hoped, every young man who smoked would take fire – I respectfully intimated that I thought the result would be a vast conflagration, but was instantly put down –

We are very glad Joel is better, and shall be glad to see him. Take good care of yourself, Austin – now the days grow warm, and dont study too hard. I want to have you tell me how soon you're coming home. You must think of nothing but coming! Emilie –

While I write, the whistle is playing, and the cars just coming in. It gives us all new life, every time it plays. How you will love to hear it, when you come home again! How soon is the recess? We are anxious to know, and you must come home of course. You must write us pretty soon, and tell us when you are coming – so we can anticipate it. Mr Dwight has finished preaching, and it now remains to be seen if the people ask him to stay. We are all charmed with him, and I'm sure he will have a call. I never heard a minister I loved half so well, so does Susie love him, and we all – I wish you were at meeting every time he preaches.

The term has commenced, and there were a great many students to hear him yesterday – We all send our love to you, Mother says she shall send your stockings by the first opportunity. Have you received the package sent by Wm Kellogg? I have written so very fast, but I hope you can read what I write –

Note: AC 604. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Boston 17 May. | ED may have written “Susie and I,” not “Vinnie and I went to meeting,” with “Susie” erased and “Vinnie” written in by another hand. May 9 was the first regular trip of a passenger train on the Amherst and

Belchertown Railroad. Edward S. Dwight was invited to become pastor of First Church and installed there July 19.

128.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, spring 1853

Thank you, indeed, Mr Emmons, for your beautiful acknowledgment, far brighter than my flowers; and while with pleasure I lend you the little manuscript, I shall beg leave to claim it, when you again return – I trust you will find much happiness in an interview with your friend, and will be very happy to see you, when you return –

Emilie E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E2). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | There is no evidence to identify the “little manuscript” ED lent Emmons; it is possibly her own poetry. The friend was probably Susan Davis Phelps, to whom Emmons became engaged in 1854.

129.

To Austin Dickinson, June 5, 1853

Sunday afternoon.

Dear Austin –

It is Sunday, and I am here alone. The rest have gone to meeting to hear Rev Martin Leland – I listened to him this forenoon in a state of mind very near frenzy, and feared the effect too much to go out this afternoon – The morning exercises were perfectly ridiculous, and we spent the intermission in mimicking the Preacher, and reciting extracts from his most memorable sermon – I never heard father so funny – How I did wish you were here – I know you’d have died laughing – Father said he didn’t dare to look at •Sue• – he said he saw her bonnet coming round our way, and he looked “straight ahead” – he said he ran out of meeting for fear somebody would ask him what he tho’t of the preaching – He says if anyone asks him, he shall put his hand to his mouth, and his mouth in the dust, and cry, Unclean – Unclean!! But I hav’nt time to say more of Martin Leland, but I wish you were here today, Austin, and could hear father talk, and you would laugh so loud they would hear you way down in Cambridge – Vinnie and I got your letter just about bedtime last evening – I had been at •Sue’s• all the evening and communicated to her the fact that they had not come – She had felt all the time she said, perfectly sure that [page missing].

All send love to you Austin – write us again very soon – I am glad for “The Hon-ey-suckle –”

Note: AC 605. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Jun 6 Ms. | Incomplete; the second leaf of the bifolium has been torn away.

130.

To Austin Dickinson, June 9, 1853

Thursday morning –

Dear Austin.

I got your letter – I delivered the one •to Sue•. Jerry stood ready to act at a moment's notice, and all was as you wished, but we [*over* •Sue•] thought not best, so I suppose you'll receive a telegraphic despatch, and Vinnie [*over* •Susie•] and I shall not see you this evening.

Your letter troubled me a good deal for a moment, I tho't something dreadful had happened; you were about to be killed and were coming to bid us Goodbye, or something of the kind, but I know the whole now.

Whenever you want help, Austin, just call on Jerry and me, and we will take care of you, and perhaps we'll help a little. I hope you wont trouble yourself about any remarks that are made – they are not worth the thought of – certainly not the care for. Dont mind them. Nobody'll dare to harm •dear Susie•, nobody'll dare to harm you. You are too far from them; don't fear them. I hope the hair is off – you must tell me about it as soon as you write again, and write us soon. We are pretty well now – I rode with Emmons last evening, and had a beautiful ride –

New London is coming today, but I dont care, I dont think folks are much – I do wish you were here – Dear Austin, now remember not to care for these foolish things, for they cant reach •you or Susie•.

Love from us. Emilie –

Note : AC 606. Publication: *Home*. Pencil. Postmark: Amherst Jun 9 Ms. | On June 9, 325 New London residents came by special train to Amherst to celebrate the opening of this railroad line.

131.

To Emily Fowler (Ford), about June 1853

The Buds are small, dear Emily, but will you please accept one for your Cousin and yourself? I quite forgot the Rosebugs when I spoke of the buds, last evening, and I found a family of them taking an early breakfast on my most precious bud, with a smart little worm for Landlady, so the sweetest are gone, but accept my love with the smallest, and I'm

Your aff Emilie.

Note: NYPL 16.9. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Cousin = Julia Jones, from Bridgeport, Connecticut.

132.

To Austin Dickinson, June 13, 1853

Monday morning –

My dear Austin –

I dont know where to begin – There has been considerable news since I have written much to you, and yet of such a kind as I dont think you would care for. I will tell you first how glad I am you are better, and are not going to be sick, as I was afraid when you wrote me. Do be careful, very careful, Austin, for you are from us all, and if anything happens to you, we cannot find it out and all take care of you as we can when you're at home. I dont think you'd better study any for a day or two, until you feel perfectly well –

I wont say any more about it, if you dont want to have me, lest I make you sick by talking, as you said you should be if I told anybody, and folks wrote letters to you; but just come home the moment whenever you are sick, or think you are going to be sick, and you shall have Vinnie and me •, *and somebody dearer than either of us*, • to take care of you, and make you well – I sent the White Hat as you wished, and you've probably received it before this – I sent it on Saturday, with special instructions to Driver, and presume it has got there safely.

I will send the other directly, if you would like to have me.

The New London Day passed off grandly – so all the people said – it was pretty hot and dusty, but nobody cared for that – Father was as usual, Chief Marshal of the day, and went marching around the town with New London at his heels like some old Roman General, opon a Triumph Day. Mrs Howe got a capital dinner, and was very much praised – Carriages flew like sparks, hither, and thither and yon, and they all said t'was fine – I spose it was – I sat in Prof Tyler's woods and saw the train move off, and then ran home again for fear somebody would see me, or ask me how I did – Dr Holland was here, and called to see us – seemed very pleasant indeed, inquired for you, and asked mother if Vinnie and I might come and see them in Springfield –

Last week was beautiful, tho' very warm and dry – I was very happy last week, •*for we were at Susie's house, or Susie was at our house, most all the time, and she always makes us happy* – Vinnie is down th•ere now –

The stories are all still, Austin – I dont hear any now, and Susie says she dont care now the least at all for them – They must not trouble you – they are very low – of the earth – they cannot reach our heaven if they climb never so high – I will attend to Bowdoin – Mr Ford sat with us in church yesterday, and took tea at our house last night – I think he's a popinjay.

We had a visit from Joel. Ego, mihi, me – We all go down to the grove often, Father and mother together walked down there yesterday morning. I think they will all live – Father thinks so. We all send you our love. Emilie –

I have had a letter from Mat, and she sent her love to you, and will write you very soon –

I will find out accurately what “the expenses” are, and let you know next time – We did the best we c’d, and everything very safely.

I gave Jerry your messages, at which his teeth increased, and his countenance expanded – he laughed also for some time, as if taking the joke, moderately and wasting none of it –

Austin – there’s nothing in the world that Jerry wont do for you. I believe he thinks you are finer than anybody else, and feels quite consequential to think of serving you – Send him a word sometimes, for it affects him so. Mrs Mack too inquires for you with unabating interest – It’s pleasant to be liked by such folks, and I love to hear them speak of you with interest – Mr Dwight has not given an answer – I feel a good deal afraid, but try to hope for the best – T’will be dreadful if we dont get him – You dont tell us about your hair – wont you next time, Austin, for your peace is our’s. Write us often, and we will, and think that if we all live we shall again meet together during these summer days – I shall be glad to see the Poems.

Note: AC 607. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jun 14. | Mrs. Howe = Sabra Howe, the landlady of Amherst House, who provided dinner for attendees celebrating the opening of the railroad. Austin had planted a grove of trees behind the house, which the family visited.

133.

To Austin Dickinson, June 19, 1853

Sunday afternoon –

Do you want to hear from me, Austin? I’m going to write to you altho’ it dont seem much as if you would care to have me. I dont know why exactly, but things look blue, today, and I hardly know what to do, everything looks so strangely, but if you want to hear from me, I shall love very much to write – Prof Tyler has preached today, and I have been all day – Susie walked home from meeting with us, and was so disappointed at having no letter from you – It really seems very unsafe to depend upon Judge Conkey, and that Mr Eaton too, I should think quite hazardous – Dont wait for them next time! We received your notes and the Poems, for which we thank you, last week – Father seemed much pleased with his letter, and all of us laughed a little – The remark concerning Mr Ford seemed to please father mightily – I dont dont mean what *I* said, but your opposition to me – He told me you’d “hit me off nicely.” You make me think of Dickens, when you write such letters as that – I am going to read it to Sue – I should have done before, but the afternoon it came, we had terrible thunder showers, and it rained all evening long; and yesterday afternoon Father wanted us all to ride, so I have not had opportunity – I walked with her last evening. She wore her new things today, and looked beautifully in them – a white

straw hat, trimmed with Rouches – mantilla of fawn colored silk, very handsomely finished, and white Dress. She is going after Miss Bartlett tomorrow morning at 5 – and begins her Dressmaking tomorrow –

She says she shall just get thro' by the time you get home –

So shall Vinnie and I – there must be no sewing then. We are all pretty well, and the weather is beautiful – If you were here I think you would be very happy, and I think we should, but time has wings, and you will be with us soon. We have been free from company by the "Amherst and Belchertown Railroad" since Joel went home, tho' we live in constant fear of some other visitation –

"Oh would some power the giftie gie" folks, to see themselves as we see them. Burns. I have read the poems, Austin, and am going to read them again, and will hand them to Susie – They please me very much, but I must read them again before I know just [what] I think of "Alexander Smith" – They are not very coherent, but there's good deal of exquisite frenzy, and some wonderful figures, as ever I met in my life – We will talk about it again – The grove looks nicely, Austin, and we think must certainly grow – We love to go there, it is a charming place. Everything is singing now, and everything is beautiful that can be in it's life.

So Joel didn't have a remarkable trip up here – wonder which enjoyed it the most – the pestilence, or the victims. Don't tell him what I said. And think besides Aunt Lavinia must be very busy – Guess "Father will be tired" when they next visit here.

Jerry gets along nicely, takes first-rate care of the horse, and seems unusually grand after having a message from you. It has the same effect as a big mug of cider, and looks a good deal better. I am glad your eye has got well. You must use it carefully, for a little while – I hope you received your hat – I had not time to write you with it, for I did it up late at night, after having folks here all the evening, and I hope it did not seem strange to you –

The time for the New London trip has not been fixed upon –

I sincerely wish it may wait until you get home from Cambridge, if you would like to go –

The cars continue thriving – a good many passengers seem to arrive from somewhere, tho' nobody knows from where – Father expects his new Buggy to come by the cars, every day now, and that will help a little – I expect all our Grandfathers and all their country cousins will come here to pass Commencement, and don't doubt the stock will rise several percent that week. If we children •and Sue• could obtain board for the week in some "vast wilderness", I think we should have good times. Our house is crowded daily with the members of this world, the high and the low, the bond and the free, the "poor in this world's goods," and the "almighty dollar,[""] and "what in the world are they after" continues to be unknown – But I hope they will pass away, as insects on vegetation, and let us reap together in golden harvest time – that is •you and Susie and• me and our •dear• sister Vinnie must have a pleasant time to be unmolested together, when your

school days end. You must not stay with Howland after the studies cease – We shall be ready for you, and you must come home from school, not stopping to play by the way! Mother was much amused at the feebleness of your hopes of hearing from her – She got so far last week once, as to take a pen and paper and carry them into the kitchen, but her meditations were broken by the unexpected arrival of Col Smith and his wife, so she must try again – I’m sure you will hear from her soon. We all send our love to you, and miss you very much, and think of seeing you again very much, and love dear you [*over •Sue•*] constantly. Write me again soon. I have said a good deal today. Emilie.

Note: AC 608. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jun 20. | Alexander Smith (1830–1867), a Scottish poet of the Spasmodic school; Austin sent Smith’s *Poems* (1853).

134.

To Austin Dickinson, June 26, 1853

Sunday afternoon –

I shall write you a little, Austin, to send by Father tomorrow, tho’ you havnt yet answered my long letter which went to you last Monday, and I’ve been looking for something from you for a good many days. The valise did’nt get to us till a long time after you sent it, and so ’twas a good while, Austin, before you heard from us, but you know all about it now, and I hope you dont care. But we felt so sorry to disappoint you by not sending the things which you requested to have us. We [*over •Susie•*] did’nt hear yesterday, so we are all in a tantrum to know the meaning of that.

If you ever get where we are again, we shall tell you how many letters are missing by the way, and never reach you, and we shall ask you too how many have gone to us, which we have not received.

It is cold here today, Austin, and the west wind blows – the windows are shut at home, and the fire burns in the kitchen. How we should love to see you, how pleasant it would be to walk to the grove together – We will walk there, when you get home. We all went down this morning, and the trees look beautifully. Every one is growing, and when the west wind blows, the pines lift their light leaves and make sweet music. Pussy goes down there too, and seems to enjoy much in her own observations. Mr Dwight has not answered yet – he probably will this week. I do think he will come Austin, and shall be so glad if he will.

Did *•Susie•* write you how Vinnie went to South Hadley with Bowdoin, and she came to stay with me? And how we sewed together, and talked of what would be? We did sew and talk together, and she said she should tell you what a sweet time we had. Emmons asked me to ride yesterday afternoon, but I’d promised to go somewhere else, so he asked me to go this week, and I told him I would. Has

father written you that Edwin Pierce, our neighbor, was arrested last week, for beating a servant girl, tried, and fined two dollars and costs? Vinnie and I heard the whipping, and could have testified, if the Court had called upon us. Also Dea Cowan's son George was detected while breaking into the Bonnet Shop, the other night, and is to be tried next Wednesday – Mr Frank Conkey is absent, and the criminal desiring his services, the parties consent to wait.

What do you think of Amherst? Dont you think your native place shows evident marks of progress? Austin – home looks beautifully – we all wish you here always, but I hope 'twill seem only dearer for missing it so long, Father says you will come in three weeks – that wont be long now. Keep well and happy, Austin, and remember us all you can, and much love from home

and Emilie –

Austin – are you willing to get me another bottle of medicine, if it wont trouble you too much, and send it to me by father? I enclose the prescription. You can get it at Mr Burnett's, but dont get it, Austin, unless it's convenient for you.

Mr and Mrs Godfrey have moved into the Baker house, across the road, and we're so glad to get them back again.

Note: AC 609. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | The (Irish) servant girl beaten by Pierce was Bridgett Clifford. Anna and William Godfrey were farmers; Anna was also a seamstress.

135.

To Austin Dickinson, July 1, 1853

Friday afternoon –

Dear Austin –

I'm sorrier than you are, when I cant write to you – I've tried with all my might to find a moment for you, but time has been so short, and my hands so full that until now I could not. Perhaps you do not know that Grandmother has been making a visit this week, and has just gone this noon. She has, and we are tired, and the day very warm, but write to you I will, before a greater happens.

Some of the letters you've sent us we have received, and thank you for affectionately – Some, we have not received, but thank you for the memory, of which the emblem perished. Where all those letters go – our's, and your's, and Susie's, somebody surely knows, but we do not.

The note which came to Susie in the last evening's letter, was given her – She does not get the letters you say you send to her, and she sends others which you do not receive. Austin, if we four meet again we'll see what this all means. I tell Susie you write to her, and she says she "knows so" notwithstanding they do not often come – There's a new Postmaster today, but we dont know who's to blame. You never wrote me a letter, Austin, which I liked half so well, as the one Father

brought me, and you need'nt fear that we dont always love you, for we always do – We think of your coming home with a great deal of happiness, and are glad you want to come –

Father said he never saw you looking in better health, or seeming in finer spirits. He didn't say a word about the Hippodrome or the museum, and he came home so stern that none of us dared to ask him, and besides Grandmother was here, and you certainly dont think I'd allude to a Hippodrome in the presence of that lady! I'd as soon think of popping fire crackers in the presence of Peter the Great! But you'll tell us when you get home – how soon – how soon!

We are glad you're so well, Austin. We're glad you are happy too, and how often Vinnie and I wonder concerning something of which you never speak – We are pretty well, but tired, the weather too so warm that it takes the strength away – I am glad you are glad that I went to ride with Emmons. I went again with him one evening while father was gone, and had a beautiful ride.

I thank you for what you sent me, and for your kindness in saying what you did. I sent your little brush. I admire the Poems very much – We all send our love to you – shall write you again, Sunday. Emilie –

Note: AC 610. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jul 2. | Grandmother = Sarah Vaill Norcross, ED's mother's stepmother. | Something illegible is lightly penciled at the beginning of the fifth paragraph but does not appear to be an erasure.

136.

To Austin Dickinson, July 8, 1853

Friday noon –

Dear Austin –

I must write you a little before the cars leave this noon – just to tell you that we got your letter last evening, and were rejoiced to hear from you after so long a time, and that we want to see you, and long to have you come, much more than I can tell you –

We did'nt know what to make of it that we did'nt hear from you, but owed it to the post masters on the way, and not to you, but now we know you've had company, you are rather more excusable –

Susie was here last night, saying she'd had a letter, and that we should have one at home before bedtime, which we did about 10-o'clock, when father came home from the office. Now Austin – we hav'nt written you oftener, because we've had so much company, and so many things to do. We want to get all our work done before you come home, so as not to be busy sewing when we want to see you; that's why we dont write oftener. You dont know how much we think of you, or how much we say, or how wish you were here every hour in the day, but we have to work very hard, and cannot write half as often as we want to to you. We think

you dont write to us any, and we must all be patient until you get home, and then I rather think we shall wipe out old scores in a great many good talks. You say it is hot and dry. It is very dry here, tho' now for two or three days the air is fine and cool – Everything is so beautiful, it's a real Eden here; how happy we shall be roaming round it together! The trees are getting over the effect of the Canker worm, and we hope we may have some apples yet, tho' we cant tell now – but we feel very thankful that the leaves are not all gone, and there's a few green things which hav'nt been carried away. Mother expects to go to Monson tomorrow afternoon, to spend the Sabbath – They want very much to have her, and we think she had better go – She will come home Monday afternoon –

Vinnie will write what she thinks about Mary Nichols' coming in her next. What would please you about it? I want you should all do what will make you the happiest – after that I dont care.

I am glad you have enjoyed seeing Gould. About something for Mother – I think it would please her very much if you should bring her something, tho' she would'nt wish you to get anything very expensive.

Vinnie and I will think of something and write you what next time.

I hope to send fathers Daguerreotype before you come, and will if I can get any safe opportunity. We shall write you again in a day or two, and all send our love – Your aff Sister Emilie –

Note: AC 611. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jul 9.

137.

To Austin Dickinson, July 10, 1853

. . . are so glad it's off, and you are you at last. I will not tell the folks, if you dont want to have me. Dr Holland and his wife, spent last Friday with us – came unexpectedly – we had a charming time, and have promised to visit them after Commencement. They asked all about you, and Dr Holland's wife expressed a great desire to see you – He said you would be a Judge – there was no help for it – you must certainly be a Judge! We had Champagne for dinner, and a very fine time – We were so sorry you were not here, and Dr and Mrs Holland expressed their regret many times. Mother's coming home Monday. It seems very queer indeed to have her gone over Sunday, but we get along very well. It rained beautifully Saturday.

Susie is here or we there, pretty much all of the time now – We walked home from church together, and she said she was going to write you today – Mrs Cutler is going to Hardwick next week for a visit, and Sue is going to keep house – Perhaps you will go and see her, in case you should be in town! I cannot realize that you will come so soon, but I'm so glad, and we all are – Never mind the hair, Austin,

we are glad, and that's all we care, and all •*Susie*• cares is, that you should suspect she should care. Love till you come.

Emilie –

As you are coming home Austin, and it's a good opportunity, I think I had better have another bottle of medicine, tho' I hav'nt used up the other yet – But dont you get it for me if you are very busy, or have other errands to do which will take all your time. You can do nothing for me, for which I thank you so much.

Note: AC 612. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Jul 11. First page missing. | Austin arrived home on July 14 for six weeks of vacation. This letter marks the first time ED met Elizabeth Holland; Josiah had called on the Dickinsons alone on June 9.

138.

To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland and Amelia Chapin, late September 1853

Transcribed Todd

Tuesday Evening.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Holland – dear Minnie – it is cold tonight, but the thought of you so warm, that I sit by it as a fireside, and am never cold any more. I love to write to you – it gives my heart a holiday and sets the bells to ringing. If prayers had any answers to them, you were all here tonight, but I seek and I don't find, and knock and it is not opened.

Wonder if God is just – presume he is, however, and 'twas only a blunder of Matthew's.

I think mine is the case, where when they ask an egg, they get a scorpion, for I keep wishing for you, keep shutting up my eyes and looking toward the sky, asking with all my might for you, and yet you do not come. I wrote to you last week, but thought you would laugh at me, and call me sentimental, so I kept my lofty letter for "Adolphus Hawkins Esq."

If it wasn't for broad daylight, and cooking-stoves, and roosters, I'm afraid you would have occasion to smile at my letters often, but so sure as "this mortal" es-says immortality, a crow from a neighboring farm-yard dissipates the illusion, and I am here again.

And what I mean is this – that I thought of you all last week, until the world grew rounder than it sometimes is, and I broke several dishes.

Monday, I solemnly resolved I would be sensible, so I wore thick shoes, and thought of Dr. Humphrey, and the Moral Law. One glimpse of the Republican makes me break things again – I read in it every night

Who writes those funny accidents, where railroads meet each other unexpectedly, and gentlemen in factories get their heads cut off quite informally? The author too, relates them in such a sprightly way, that they are quite attractive. Vinnie

was disappointed tonight, that there were not more accidents – I read the news aloud, while Vinnie was sewing. The Republican seems to us like a letter from you, and we break the seal and read it eagerly.

Dear friends – are you well tonight? Austin told me last week that you had all been ill – he did not know how much so. It made us very anxious. We hope you are better now – and how is little Annie?

How I wish I was Mrs. Chapman, to make little nice things, and bring them in to you!

Vinnie and I talked of you as we sewed, this afternoon – I said – “how far they seem from us,” but Vinnie answered me “only a little way” . . .

I’d love to be a bird or bee, that whether hum or sing, still might be near you.

Heaven is large – is it not? Life is short too, isn’t it?

Then when one is done, is there not another, and – and – then if God is willing, we are neighbors then. Vinnie and mother send their love. Mine too is here – My letter as a bee, goes laden. Please love us and remember us. Please write us very soon, and tell us how you are.

Affy

Emilie.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 239–242. Publication: *L* (1894, facsimile page 1). Omitted text restored. | ED and Vinnie visited the Hollands in September. Minnie = Amelia Chapin, Elizabeth’s sister, who lived with them. Dr. Heman Humphrey, president of AC, 1823–1845, taught moral philosophy. | In Longfellow’s *Kavanagh*, Adolphus Hawkins satirizes the writing of the village poet. ED paraphrases scripture from Matthew 7:7–8, Luke 11:12, and 1 Corinthians 15:53.

139.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), October 1853

Saturday morn –

Dear Susie – I send you a little air – The “Music of the Spheres”. They are represented above as passing thro’ the sky.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B75). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Above the writing, ED draws spheres and musical notation. Susan is in New York.

140.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), October 1853

6 o’clock –

It’s hard to wait, dear Susie, though my heart is there, and has been since the sunset, and I knew you’d come – I’d should have gone right down, but mother had been at work hard, as it was Saturday, and Austin had promised to take her to

Mrs Cobb's, as soon as he got home from Palmer – then she wanted to go, and see two or three of the neighbors, and I wanted to go to you, but I thought it would be unkind – so not till tomorrow, Darling, and all the stories Monday, except short sketches of them at meeting tomorrow night. I have stories to tell – very unusual for me – a good many things have happened. Love for you Darling – How can I sleep tonight? Ever Emilie –

So precious, my own Sister, to have you here again – Somebody loves you more – or I were there this evening –

Mother sends her love – She spoke of it this morning, what a day Susie would have –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B152). Pencil. Publication: JL135. | Mrs. Cobb = Cordelia A. Cobb, a neighbor.

141.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, autumn 1853

Saturday morn –

I send you the book with pleasure, for it has given me happiness, and I love to have it busy, imparting delight to others.

Thank you for the beautiful note – It is too full of poesy for a Saturday morning's reply, but I will not forget it, nor shall it fade as the leaves, tho' like them gold and crimson –

I send a note for your friend – Please remember me to her with a sincere affection –

I am happy that she is with you – I have not read the book of which you speak – I will be happy to whenever agreeable to you – and please give me an opportunity to see you "sirrah" – very soon –

Your friend

Emily E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E3). Pencil. Publication: NEQ (1943). | Emmons's friend is his future fiancée, Susan Davis Phelps.

142.

To Austin Dickinson, November 8, 1853

Tuesday morning.

Dear Austin –

It seems very lonely without you. Just as I write it snows, and we shall have a storm. It makes me think of Thanksgiving, when we are all here again. Sue was with us yesterday afternoon, and as usual walked up to Miss Baker's with Vinnie –

I got my plants in yesterday, and it was so cold last night that the squashes all had to be moved.

We shall move the table into the sitting room today, and with a cheerful fire, and only one thing wanting, you can think just how we look. I guess things at the house are getting along pretty well, tho' father said this morning he almost wished he'd persuaded you to stay until after Thanksgiving. Father went away, bidding us an affectionate good bye yesterday morning, having business in Springfield which would detain him all day, and perhaps until the next day, and returned at dinner time, just as the family were getting rather busy – Of course, we were delighted to be together again! After our long separation! Had a letter from Mat, last night, which I would enclose to you, but have just sent it to Sue.

She spoke of you very affectionately, sent her love, and wanted you to write her. She enclosed a private letter to Sue. I hope you have got there safely, and found a pleasant home. It looks so bleak this morning that if you were me, at all, you might be inclined to be homesick; as you are not, I hope you're not.

I must not write any more, for there isn't a moment to spare before this goes in the mail.

I'm afraid you can't read it now, I have written in such a hurry – We all send you our love, and hope you are happy, and think much of seeing you again.

Affy, Emily –

PS. Pussy is well –

Note: AC 613. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Nov 8. | Austin remained in Amherst until after the Cattle Show on October 26, then returned to law school. | Three "Miss Baker"s lived in Amherst; this was probably a seamstress, also mentioned in L146.

143.

To Austin Dickinson, November 10, 1853

Thursday morn –

Dear Austin.

I was so glad to get your letter, and thank you for writing so soon.

It does seem so strange without you, but we try to make the most of us, and get along pretty well.

The weather is very cold here. Day before yesterday, we had a snow storm – yesterday a terrible rain, and today the wind blows west, and the air is bitter cold. I am so glad you got there pleasantly, and feel so much at home. Mr Dwight preached beautifully Sunday, and I knew you w'd miss him.

Mrs Fay is moving today, and Father is so solemn –

I do wish he would "look more cheerful". I think the Artist was right –

•Sue• was here day before yesterday, but it stormed and blew so yesterday, no one could get out, and therefore we did not see him [*over •her•*] –

Father remarked yesterday that he would like it very well if you were here to vote. For all you differ, Austin, he cant get along without you, and he's been just as bleak as a November day, ever since you've been gone. You asked me about the railroad – every body seems pleased at the change in arrangement. It sounds so pleasantly to hear them come in twice. I hope there will be a bell soon. We were talking about it this morning. Write very often, Austin. You are coming next week Saturday, you know, and the Roosters are ripening!

The family party is to be at "Miss Willim's"!

Good bye. Emilie –

Note: AC 614. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Nov 10. | In paragraph 6, "her" is altered to read "him." ("Mrs") Hannah H. Fay was an aunt of the Newman girls, who cared for them when they moved to Amherst.

144.

To Austin Dickinson, November 14, 1853

Monday morning –

Dear Austin.

You did'nt come, and we were all disappointed, tho' none so much as father, for nobody but father really believed you would come, and yet folks are disappointed sometimes, when they dont expect anything. Mother got a great dinner yesterday, thinking in her kind heart that you would be so hungry after your long ride, and the table was set for you, and nobody moved your chair, but there it stood at the table, until dinner was all done, a melancholy emblem of the blasted hopes of the world. And we had new custard pie, too, which is a rarity in days when hens dont lay, but mother knew you loved it, and when noon really got here, and you really did not come, then a big piece was saved in case you should come at night. Father seemed perfectly sober, when the afternoon train came in, and there was no intelligence of you in any way, but "there's a good time coming"! I suppose Father wrote you yesterday that Frank Conkey was chosen Representative. I dont know whether you will care, but I felt all the while that if you had been here, it w'd not have been so.

I wonder if you voted in Cambridge. I did'nt believe you would come – I said so all the while, and tho' I was disappointed, yet I could'nt help smiling a little, to think that I guessed right. I told Father I knew you w'd vote somehow in Cambridge, for you always did what you wanted to, whether 'twas against the law or not, but he would'nt believe me, so when he was mistaken, I was a little gratified. Sue "spent the afternoon, and took tea" at Dea Leland's yesterday. I was with her last evening, and she came half way home with me. She did'nt think you would come. George Allen remarked at their table yesterday, that for his part, he hoped Frank Conkey would be chosen representative, for he was a very smart

fellow, and the finest Lawyer in Amherst – also that he was said to present his cases in court much finer than any other, and should he himself George Allen, have any difficult business, he should surely entrust it to him!

If that is'n't the apex of human impudence, I don't know anything of it. She remarked in her coolest, most unparralled way, that she wanted to open the door, and poke him out with the poker!

So much for the Amherst youth! I should recommend a closet, and self examination, accompanied with bread and water, to that same individual, till he might obtain faint glimpses of something like common sense. If Joseph Addison were alive, I should present him to him, as the highest degree of absurdity, which I had yet discerned, as it is, I will let him alone in the undisturbed possession of his remarkable folly.

Mr James Kellogg's brother from New York, with a family of nine, are home for a little while, and board at the Amherst House. Quite an affair to the town, and to the Landlord's purse. I'm telling all the news, Austin, for I think you will like to hear it. You know it's quite a sacrifice for me to tell what's going on.

We want to see you, all of us – we shall be very happy when you come – I hope you'll get home on Saturday – Prof Park will preach in Amherst next Sunday. I know you will want to hear him –

I send my prescription, Austin, and would be glad to have you attend to it for me, if you have time, but if it is inconvenient, no matter now. Mother sends much love – father is gone away. Vinnie has written herself, and I am today and always, your aff Sister Emily.

Note: AC 615. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark obliterated. | Ithamar Frank Conkey, a Whig, was elected as the Amherst delegate to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. James Kellogg was a prominent Amherst manufacturer and father of ED's friend Emeline. Reverend Amasa Park was a distinguished preacher and professor at Andover Theological Seminary. | The Hutchinson Family song "There's a Good Time Coming" comments on social issues such as abolition, temperance, poverty, and war; ED heard the Hutchinsons perform at Mount Holyoke. The phrase "there's a good time coming" was also idiomatic.

145.

To Austin Dickinson, November 21, 1853

Monday morning –

Dear Austin,

I should have written you long ago, but I tho't you would certainly come Saturday, and if I sent a letter, it w'd not get to you. I was so glad to get your letter – I had been making calls all Saturday afternoon, and came home very tired, and a little disconsolate, so your letter was more than welcome –

I felt so sorry I did not write again, when I found you were not coming home, and w'd look for a line on Friday, but you must'nt feel disappointed, Thanksgiving will come so soon –

Oh Austin, you dont know how we all wished for you yesterday. We had such a splendid sermon from that Prof Park – I never heard anything like it, and dont expect to again, till we stand at the great white throne, and “he reads from the book, the Lamb’s book.” The students and chapel people all came, to our church, and it was very full, and still – so still, the buzzing of a fly would have boomed like a cannon. And when it was all over, and that wonderful man sat down, people stared at each other, and looked as wan and wild as if they had seen a spirit, and wondered they had not died.

How I wish you had heard him. I thought of it all the time, and so did •Sue and• Vinnie, and father and mother spoke of it as soon as we got home. But – it is over. Sawyer spent last evening here, but I was at meeting, and had only an opportunity to bid him Good night as I came in.

I suppose that Thanksgiving party is to take place as surely as any stated Fast, and it is quite as cheerful, as those occasions to me. It will have to happen this year, but we wont go again. I know it is too bad, but we will make the best of it, and from this time henceforth, we'll have no more to do with it –

No Austin – you're very kind, but there is nothing more we shall want you to do for us than we have spoken of. I wish you might come sooner, but come just as soon as you can –

Vinnie [*over* •Susie•] is all worn out sewing. She seems very lonely without you, and I think seems more depressed than is usual for her. I am so glad you are coming. I think a great many things need you. I will write no more – We shall soon see you, and can say all we please. Remember us to Mr Clark cordially – Take care of yourself, and get here early Wednesday.

Affy Emilie.

Note: AC 616. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | Stephen Greely Clarke was a friend of Austin's at Harvard Law School. | The “Lamb’s book” is from Revelation 20:12 and 21:27 and contains names of the saved.

146.

To Austin Dickinson, December 13, 1853

Tuesday morning.

It's quite a comfort, Austin, to hear that you're alive, after being for several days in ignorance of the fact – and when I tell you honestly, that Vinnie and George Howland would have gone to Northampton yesterday to telegraph to you, if we had'nt heard yesterday noon, you can judge that we felt some alarm.

We supposed you had either been killed, in going from Cambridge to Boston, for the sake of your watch, or had been very sick and were at present delirious and therefore could not write. Mother and Vinnie, •Sue and• me, were about as disconsolate last Saturday night at sundown, as you would often see. •Sue• spent the evening here and I went home with her, each feeling perfectly sure that you were not in this world, neither in that to come, and worrying ourselves to fevers, in wondering where you were, and why you didn't write something to some of us. Oh how you would have laughed to have seen us flying around – dodging into the post office and insisting upon it we had a letter there, notwithstanding poor Mr Nims declared there was nothing there – then chasing one another down to our office to Bowdoin, and telling him we knew all about it – he had got the letter and was hiding it, and when he took oath he had not, plunging into the street again, and then back to the house to communicate the result of our forlorn proceedings – and mother – oh she thought the bears in the wood had devoured you, or if you were not eaten up, you were such a monster of thoughtlessness and neglect! but it's all over now, and Thank God you are safe! We are all here, dear Austin – still getting cheerfully on – still missing you, and wishing for you, and knowing you cannot come – Oh for the pleasant years when we were young together, and this was home – home!

Poor Susie hears nothing from you. She knows you have written tho'. Sue and I walked to Plainville to meeting Sunday night, and walked back again – Mr Dwight was there – I presume it will make you laugh. Mother could'nt find that Collar Pattern, but you left a Collar in the kitchen cupboard, which you said was just right, and I've ripped it, and cut a pattern from that, and the next time you write if you'll tell me if it's the correct one, Vinnie'll take it up to Miss Baker. We hear from Father often – in better spirits now – When are you coming home. We do want to see you – Much love for you. Write soon –

Your aff Sister, Emily.

Note: AC 617. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Dec 13. | On one page, ED drew a smokestack with emerging smoke on the embossed Capitol building and a striding man in Native American feathered headdress, labeled "Member from 10th!" Edward Dickinson (representing the 10th district of Massachusetts) had been in Washington since December 1. | Plainville, now part of Hadley, was about two miles from Amherst.

147.

To Austin Dickinson, December 20 and 21, 1853

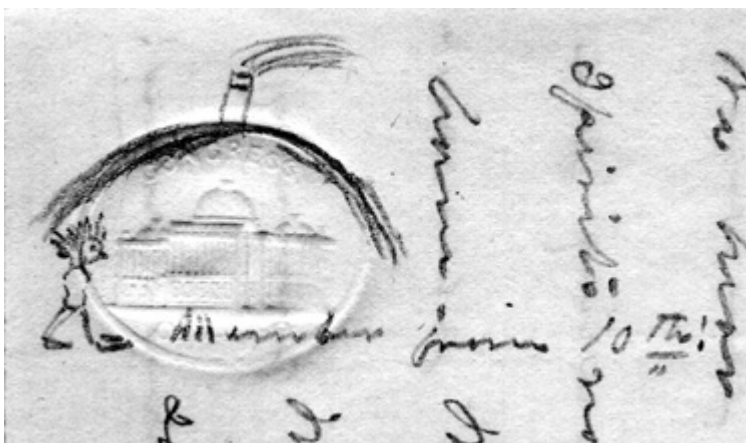
Tuesday Evening –

Well Austin – dear Austin – you have got back again, Codfish and Pork and all – all but the slippers, so nicely wrapped to take, yet found when you were gone, under

Dear Susan hears nothing from me -
 She knows you have written the
 Pen and I walked to Plainville to
 meeting Sunday night, and walked
 back again - the night was there -
 I presume it will make you laugh -
 Mother couldn't find that Colton
 Potions, but saw a Colton in
 the kitchen cupboard, which she
 said was good sight, and I've
 dipped in, and cut a portion from
 that, and the next time you write
 if you'll tell me if it's the correct
 one, I'll tell it up to Miss. Baker
 she knows from Father of this - in better
 spirit now - I have one for coming
 home - she does want to see me -
 I wish you for me - Write
 soon - Love off Sister, Emily.

Figure 5 (a and b). To Austin
 Dickinson, December 13,
 1853. Sketch depicting
 Edward Dickinson, labeled
 "Member from 10th!" (AC
 617).

Emily Dickinson Collection,
 Amherst College Archives and
 Special Collections, Amherst,
 Massachusetts.



the kitchen chair. I hope you wont want them – Perhaps you have some more there – I will send them by opportunity, should there be such a thing. Vinnie proposed franking them, but I fear they are rather large! What should you think of it. It is'nt every day that we have a chance to sponge Congress. I wish Vinnie could go as a member – She'd save something snug for us all, besides enriching herself, but Caesar is such "an honorable man" that we may all go to the Poor House, for all the American Congress will lift a finger to help us –

Sue went round collecting for the charitable societies today, and calling on Miss Kingsbury in the exercise of that function, the gentle miss remarked that she "would'nt give a cent, nobody gave her anything, and she would'nt give them anything," i.e nobody – she "had to do all the work,[""] besides taking care of "her" referring Sue supposed to the proprietor of a huge ruffled night cap, protruding from a bed in their spacious apartment. Sue said the gate went "shang, wang, wang" as she passed out of it.

The usual rush of callers, and this beleaguered family as yet in want of time – I do hope immortality will last a little while, but if the Adams' should happen to get there first, we shall be driven there. Vinnie has the headache today. She intends to increase the friction, and see what that will do! She dont believe a word of the man without any action – thinks it is one of your hoaxes – Vinnie went down yesterday to see about the Horse, and found everything right.

We heard from Father last night and again tonight. He is coming home on Thursday. He alludes to you several times.

We were real glad to get your note, and to know that all was well. •*Sue shall have hers*• early tomorrow morning – Will that be soon enough? •*S*•he has been here this afternoon. •*S*•he is going to send the letters you spoke of, directly. Well Austin – you are gone, and the wheel round rolls slowly on – nobody to laugh with – talk with, nobody down in the morning to make the fun for me! Take care of your lungs, Austin – take that just as I told you, and pretty soon you'll be well. Emilie –

Hope you can read it.

I have written to Clark, today, so will Vinnie – Write me just as soon as you can – Mother's love, and Vinnie's –

6 o'clock! Wednesday morn

Dear Austin – I add a word to say that I've got the fires made and waked the individuals, and the Americans are conquering the British on the teakettle. Hope you are happy this morning – hope you are well – Have you taken your medicine yet? Write the effect of it. Will now proceed to get breakfast, consisting of hash and brown bread – Dessert – •*Apple*• A. Sauce. I shall have to employ a Reporter. Wish you a merry breakfast – wish you were here with me. The bath goes briskly on –

Note: AC 618. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Dec 21. | Austin was in Amherst on December 16 for the wedding of Emily Fowler and Gordon Ford. | ED erases "Apple,"

replacing it with “A. Sauce.” | For much of 1853, family letters to Austin were franked by Edward (“Caesar”), although ED suggests he will not continue such “spong[ing]” off the government. The franking privilege was intended to allow members of Congress to convey information to their constituents about policy and governmental matters.

148.

To Emily Fowler Ford, December 21, 1853

Wednesday Eve –

Dear Emily.

Are you there, and shall you always stay there, and is it not dear Emily ever any more, but Mrs Ford of Conn, and must we stay alone, and will you not come back with the birds and the butterflies, when the days grow long and warm?

Dear Emily – we are lonely here. I know Col Smith is left, and Mr and Mrs Kimberly – but Pussy has run away, and you do not come back again, and the world has grown so long. I knew you would go away, for I know the roses are gathered, but I guessed not yet, not till by expectation we had become resigned. Dear Emily, when it came, and hidden by your vail, you stood before us all and made those promises, and when we kissed you all, and went back to our homes – it seemed to me translation – not any earthly thing, and if a little after you’d ridden on the wind, it would not have surprised me.

And now five days have gone, lonely and long and silent, and I begin to know that you will not come back again. There’s a verse in the Bible – Emily, I dont know where it is, nor just how it goes, can I now remember, but it’s a little like this – “I can go to her, but she cannot come back to me.” I guess that is’nt right, but my eyes are full of tears, and I’m sure I do not care if I make mistakes or no – Is it happy there, dear Emily, and is the fireside warm, and have you a little cricket to chirp upon the hearth?

How much we think of you – how dearly love to – how often hope for you that it may all be happy!

Sunday evening, your father came in – he stayed a little while. I thought he looked solitary – I thought he had grown old. How lonely he must be – I’m sorry for him.

Mother and Vinnie send their love, and hope you are so happy. Austin has gone away. Father comes home tomorrow – I know father will miss you – He loved to meet you here.

“So fades a summer cloud away,
So smiles the gale when storms are oer,
So, gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.”

Kiss me dear Emily, and remember me if you will, with much respect, to your husband. Will you write to me sometime?

Affy, Emily –

Note: Private collection, previously Oresman Collection. Publication: *L* (1894). Transcribed from digital image. | Emily and her husband left for Brooklyn following their December 16 wedding. | The quoted stanza is attributed to Anna Laetitia Barbauld and was printed in various versions, opening “Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies” or “Blest is the scene when Christians die.”

149.

To Austin Dickinson, December 27, 1853

Tuesday noon.

I will write to you Austin, tho’ everything is so busy, and we are all flying round as if we were distracted. We send you a little box, containing some good things to help you on your way, and I hope they will please you.

Take good care of yourself, Austin until you get home again, and then we will take care of you – You must have a good time with father – He seems very happy at home, and I guess is happy at Washington •*Sue was here*• yesterday – I found a – I wont tell you tho’ till you get home, I guess – as there are particulars – We think always of you, and hope you are always glad. Father is going now. They have just finished oysters – I wish you could have some. Love – Emilie

If Clark has come, give our love to him –

Mother wants you to save the box –

I have written Emilie Ford.

Note: AC 619. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | Edward came home for Christmas recess, December 22, then went to Boston, delivering ED’s letter to Austin.

150.

To Austin Dickinson, December 27, 1853

Austin. If it wont trouble you too much, are you willing to get me another bottle of my medicine, at Mr Joseph Burnett’s, 33-Tremont Row? I did not like to ask Father, because he’s always in such a hurry – I hope it wont trouble you –

R. Glycerin ʒj

Agua ʒiij

M:

Mr. Burnett, 33. Tremont row.

Please send twice the amount prescribed.

Note: AC 620. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark Amherst Ms Dec 27. The note and prescription, embossed with the name of the chemist, are pinned together. | Above the prescription, in another hand, is written: 109.821 96.027. “ ζj ” is standard representation for “one ounce”; “ ζiij ” signifies three ounces. The prescription (one part glycerin to three parts water) is a simple skin lotion.

151.

To John Long Graves, late 1853

In memory of Æolus.

— — — — —

Cousin John –

I made these little Wristlets. Please wear them for me. Perhaps they will keep you warm –

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G6). Pencil. Publication: JL137. | Above her writing, ED sketches a grave with head and foot stones. ED may refer to the Aeolian harp Graves gave her in April (L120). The wristlets were gaily striped.

152.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, late 1853

Tuesday noon –

Friend –

Which of us is mistaken?

E. E. D –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E8). Pencil. Publication: NEQ (1943).

153.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, between December 31, 1853 and January 2, 1854

I will be quite happy to ride tomorrow, as you so kindly propose, tho' I regret sincerely not to see you this evening – Thank you for remembering Father – He seems much better this morning, and I trust will soon be well. I will ride with much pleasure tomorrow, at any hour in the afternoon most pleasant to yourself – Please recollect if you will two little volumes of mine which I thought Emily lent you –

Your friend

E. E. D –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E4). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | Edward was on a train from Boston that was stalled by heavy snow from December 29 to early December 30.

154.

To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland, January 2, 1854

Transcribed Todd
January 2^d

May it come Today?

Then New Year the sweetest, and long Life the merriest, and the Heaven highest –
bye and bye!

Emilie.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 247. Publication: *L* (1894). Todd notes “enclosing some leaves.” | The weekly serialization of Josiah Holland’s *History of Western Massachusetts* in the *SR* began January 2, 1854.

155.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, January 4, 1854

Wednesday morn

Cousin John & Mr Emmons please not regret the little mishap of last evening, for Vinnie and I quite forgot Mr Saxe, in our delightful ride, and were only disappointed, lest you should think us so.

Will you please receive these blossoms – I would love to make two garlands for certain friends of mine, if the summer were here, and till she comes, perhaps one little cluster will express the wish to both. Please share it together, and come in for an evening as soon as college duties are willing you should do.

Your friends, Emilie,
and Vinnie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E5). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | Poet John G. Saxe lectured at Easthampton on January 3 and Springfield on January 4.

156.

To Austin Dickinson, January 5, 1854

Thursday Evening.

Austin –

George Howland has just retired from an evening’s visit here, and I gather my spent energies to write a word to you – “Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness’ sake, for they shall have their reward”! Dear Austin – I dont feel funny, and I hope you wont laugh at anything I say. I am thinking of you and

Vinnie, what nice times you are having, sitting and talking together, while I am lonely here, and I wanted to sit and think of you, and fancy what you were saying, all the evening long, but – ordained otherwise. I hope you will have grand times, and dont forget the unit without you, at home.

I have had some things from you, to which I perceived no meaning. They either were very vast, or they didn't mean anything, I dont know certainly which. What did you mean by a note you sent me day before yesterday? Father asked me what you wrote and I gave it to him to read. He looked very much confused and finally put on his spectacles, which didn't seem to help him much – I dont think a telescope would have assisted him.

I hope you will write to me – I love to hear from you, and now Vinnie is gone, I shall feel very lonely. •*Susie has been with me today – she is a dear sister to me – She will write and enclose with mine* –•

Father and Mother are going to South Hadley tomorrow, to be gone all day, and Sue I guess will come to spend the day with me. Prof Haven will give a Lyceum Lecture next Monday Eve – Subject – Power Ottoman in Europe. There will be a Temperance Lecture in the Hall tomorrow evening. The Academy and Town Schools have been riding “En masse” this afternoon, and have got home this evening, singing as they came. Well – we were all boys once, as Mrs Partington says.

Jerry has been to ride today – Left home at Eight this morning – Goal – South Hadley Falls –

Suppose he will return sometime during the evening –

He takes good care of the horse. When shall you come home Austin? We do want to see you again – You must come as soon as you and Vinnie think best, for she will want you some – Dont mind the writing, Austin, for I'm so tired tonight, I can hardly hold my pencil. Love for them all, if there are those to love and think of me, and more and most for you, from Emily.

If it's perfectly convenient, when you come, I should like the vial filled, which you took away with you –

Note: AC 621. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | Lavinia visited Austin while in Boston on family business. Professor Haven lectured on January 9; Josiah Holland lectured on January 16. Mrs. Partington = comic fictional pseudonym used by Benjamin P. Shillaber, who published a book of her sayings in 1854.

157.

To Edward Everett Hale, January 12, 1854

Amherst. Jan 12th –

Rev Mr Hale –

Pardon the liberty Sir, which a Stranger takes in addressing you, but I think you may be familiar with the last hours of a Friend, and I therefore transgress a

courtesy, which in another circumstance, I should seek to observe. I think, Sir, you were the Pastor of Mr B. F. Newton, who died sometime since in Worcester, and I often have hoped to know if his last hours were cheerful, and if he was willing to die. Had I his wife's acquaintance, I w'd not trouble you Sir, but I have never met her, and do not know where she resides, nor have I a friend in Worcester who could satisfy my inquiries. You may think my desire strange, Sir, but the Dead was dear to me, and I would love to know that he sleeps peacefully.

Mr Newton was with my Father two years, before going to Worcester, in pursuing his studies, and was much in our family.

I was then but a child, yet I was old enough to admire the strength, and grace, of an intellect far surpassing my own, and it taught me many lessons, for which I thank it humbly, now that it is gone. Mr Newton became to me a gentle, yet grave Preceptor, teaching me what to read, what authors to admire, what was most grand or beautiful in nature, and that sublimer lesson, a faith in things unseen, and in a life again, nobler, and much more blessed –

Of all these things he spoke – he taught me of them all, earnestly, tenderly, and when he went from us, it was as an elder brother, loved indeed very much, and mourned, and remembered. During his life in Worcester, he often wrote to me, and I replied to his letters – I always asked for his health, and he answered so cheerfully, that while I knew he was ill, his death indeed surprised me. He often talked of God, but I do not know certainly if he was his Father in Heaven – Please Sir, to tell me if he was willing to die, and if you think him at Home, I should love so much to know certainly, that he was today in Heaven. Once more, Sir, please forgive the audacities of a Stranger, and a few lines, Sir, from you, at a convenient hour, will be received with gratitude, most happy to requite you, sh'd it have opportunity.

Yours very respectfully, Emily E. Dickinson

P. S. Please address your reply to Emily E. Dickinson – Amherst – Mass –

Note: Lilly Library, Indiana University. Publication: Whicher, *American Literature* (1934). | Benjamin Franklin Newton died March 24, 1853. There is no extant correspondence between ED and Newton.

158.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), January 15, 1854

Sabbath Day –

I'm just from meeting, Susie, and as I sorely feared, my "life" was made a "victim". I walked – I ran – I flew – I turned precarious corners – One moment I was not – then soared aloft like Phoenix, soon as the foe was by – and then anticipating an enemy again, my soiled and drooping plumage might have been seen emerging from just behind a fence, vainly endearing to fly once more from harm.

I reached the steps, dear Susie – I smiled to think of me, and my geometry, during the journey there – It would have puzzled Euclid, and it's doubtful result, have solemnized a Day.

How big and broad the aisle seemed, full huge enough before, as I quaked slowly up, and reached my usual seat!

In vain I sought to hide behind your feathers, Susie – feathers and Bird had flown, and there I sat, and sighed, and wondered I was scared so, for surely in the whole world was nothing I need to fear – Yet there the Phantom was, and though I kept resolving to be as brave as Turks, and bold as Polar Bears, it didn't help me any. After the opening prayer I ventured to turn around. Mr Carter immediately looked at me – Mr Sweetser attempted to do so, but I discovered nothing, up in the sky somewhere, and gazed intently at it, for quite a half an hour. During the exercises I became more calm, and got out of church quite comfortably. Several roared around, and, sought to devour me, but I fell an easy prey to Miss Lovina Dickinson, being too much exhausted to make any farther resistance.

She entertained me with much sprightly remark, until our gate was reached, and I need'nt tell you Susie, just how I clutched the latch, and whirled the merry key, and fairly danced for joy, to find myself at home! How I did wish for you – how, for my own dear Vinnie – how for Goliath, or Samson, to pull the whole church down, requesting Mr Dwight to step into Miss Kingsbury's, until the dust was past!

Prof Aaron Warner, late propounder of Rhetoric to youth of Amherst College, gave us the morning sermon. Now Susie, you and I, admire Mr Warner, so my felicity, when he arose to preach, I need not say to you. I will merely remark that I shall be much disappointed if the Rev Horace Walpole does'nt address us this evening.

You can see how things go, dear Susie, when you are not at home. If you stay another Sunday, I hav'nt any doubt that the "Secretary of War" will take charge of the Sabbath School, yet I would not alarm you!

The singing reminded me of the Legend of "Jack and Gill," allowing the Bass Viol to be typified by Gill, who literally tumbled after, while Jack – i e the Choir, galloped insanelly on, "nor recked, nor heeded" him.

Dear Sister, it is passed away, and you and I may speak of dear things, and little things, some of our trifles Susie – There's Austin – he's a trifle – and trifling as it is that he is coming Monday, it makes my heart [beat] faster – Vinnie's a trifle too – Oh how I love such trifles. Susie, under that black spot, technically termed a blot, the word beat may be found – My pen fell from the handle – occasioning the same, but life is too short to transcribe or apologize – I dont doubt Daniel Webster made many a blot, and I think you said, you made one, under circumstances quite aggravating! But of Austin and Vinnie. One is with me tomorrow noon, and I shall be so happy.

The one that returns, Susie, is dearer than “ninety and nine” that did not go away. To get you all once more, seems vague and doubtful to me, for it would be so dear. Did you ever think, Susie, that there had been no grave here? To me there are three, now. The longest one is Austin’s – I must must plant brave trees there, for Austin was so brave – and Susie, for you and Vinnie I shall plant each a rose, and that will make the birds come.

Sister, I have’nt asked you if you got to Manchester safely, if all is happy, and well, and yet I’m sure it is – if it were not, you would have told me. Susie, the days and hours are very long to me, but you must not come back until it is best and willing.

Please remember me to your friends, with respect and affection, leaving only affection for you –

from your own Emily –

Remember the hint, Susie!

Mother asks if I’ve given her love.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L19). Publication: JL154. | Susan was visiting Mary Bartlett in Manchester between January 10 and 24. Austin returned home around January 16 for the winter vacation. Aaron Warner taught at AC from 1844 until November 1853.

159.

To Edward Everett Hale, February 14, 1854

Amherst. February 14th –

I thank you for your kindness. I desired to thank you immediately, but company occurred.

That you delayed to reply, was of no consequence, tho’ I regret the occasion, and ^trust that those who were ill, have quite recovered now.

It is sweet when friends are absent, to know that they are at home – and since your kind assurance, I think of my Friend so frequently at a warmer fireside, that it almost endears the memory of his release from this, and I long to know a blessedness which leads my many Lost Ones by such a gentle hand.

I thank you for the desire that I might have passed an hour with that departing Friend. To purchase such an one I would have offered worlds, had they been mine to bring, but hours like those are costly, and most – too poor to buy.

I thank you when you tell me that he was brave, and patient – and that he dared to die.

I thought he would not fear, because his soul was valiant – but that they met, and fought, and that my Brother conquered, and passed on triumphing, blessed it is to know, and a full heart of gratitude seems slight indeed to bring you, remembering your kindness.

My thanks are very small, Sir. I wish they were of value, and I would bring the costliest, and offer them to you, but may I bear them witness by any word or deed, I shall be very happy.

Very sincerely Yours,

Emily E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 75. Publication: Wagner and Tanter, *EDJ* (1998). ED used a caret to mark the insertion of “trust” and writes “offered.”

160.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, February 17, 1854

February 17th

Please, Sir, to let me be a Valentine to Thee!

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E9). Publication: *NEQ* (1943). THJ transcribes as verse. | This note is on elaborately embossed stationery.

161.

To Austin Dickinson, March 14, 1854

Tuesday Evening –

Dear Austin.

It is getting late now, but I guess you’ll “have occasion,” so I write a word from home.

After you went away yesterday, I washed the dishes, and tried the Drainer. It worked admirably, and reminded me much of you. Mother said I must tell you. Then I worked until dusk, then went to Mr Sweetser’s to call on Abiah Root, then walked around to Jerry’s and made a call on him – then hurried home to supper, and Mother went to the Lyceum, while John Graves spent the evening with Vinnie and I until past 10 – Then I wrote a long letter to Father, in answer to one we had from him yesterday – then crept to bed softly, not to wake all the folks, who had been asleep a long time. I rose at my usual hour, kindled the “fires of Smithfield,” and missed you very much in the lower part of the house – you constituting my principal society, at that hour in the day. My family descended after taking their bath, and we breakfasted frugally. Mother and Vinnie were quite silent, and there was nobody to make fun with me at the table.

Today has passed as usual – •Sue• came this afternoon, and we gave her all her things. The note was quite unexpected. I had a letter from Garrick Mallery this evening. •Sue and• I went up to Mr. Sweetser’s to see Abiah – then I went home with her, and had a pleasant time – She said she meant to have you get her letter first, but I advised not to quarrel on so minute a point. Father wrote a very pleasant letter, said he hoped you had got well. Prof Fowler, was very interesting – so

mother said, and had a very good audience – Did’nt you find it very lonely, going back to Mrs Ware’s? We speak of it very often.

I would’nt sit up late, if I were you, or study much evenings. Vinnie has been to see Mrs Mack about the house – Mrs Mack says John White is a nice man to be in the house – neat, orderly, clean, and so is his wife – does not drink, she says, and “has took the pledge.” Mrs Mack says the only thing is whether he can pay the rent, and he thinks he can pay it.

Mrs Mack would like to have him there – “a great deal better than Morrison”. You must do as you think best.

Mr Field’s daughter is dead.

I dont think you left anything – Should I find such, I shall direct it to the “Honorable Edward Dickinson” and send it on!

I hope you wont be lonely in Cambridge – you must think of us all when you are.

And if the cough troubles you follow my prescription, and it will soon get well. You must write whenever you can.

You know you can telegraph to Father if you would like to – you are not confined to the pen! It seems pretty still here, Austin, but I shant tell you about it, for twill only make you lonely – Love from Mother. Remember us to Clark. Good night – Emilie –

Note: AC 622. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Mar 15 Ms. | Austin delayed his return to Cambridge until March 13 because of illness. | Garrick Mallery = either an American ethnologist or his father, a lawyer and judge from Woodbury, Connecticut. John (a farmer) and Jane White had recently moved to Amherst and lived with Mrs. “Emerald” Mack, perhaps as boarders. Sarah E. Field died of consumption, March 14, at the age of seventeen. The “fires of Smithfield” refers to the London site where heretics were burned at the stake.

162.

To Austin Dickinson, March 16, 1854

Thursday Evening.

Dear Austin.

Cousin John has passed part of the Evening here, and since he took his hat, I have written a letter to Father, and shall now write to you. Your letter came this noon – Vinnie went after it before we sat down to dinner. You are very kind to write so soon. Dont think we miss you any – hey! Perhaps you know nothing about it. We are indeed very lonely, but so very hard at work that we havnt so much time to think, as you have. I hope your room will seem more cheerful when you’ve been there a little while.

You must’nt think anything about Mrs Ware. Since you went back to Cambridge, the weather has been wonderful, the thermometer every noon between 60 and 70°. above zero, and the air full of birds.

Today has not seemed like a day. It has been most unearthly – so mild, so bright, so still, the kitchen windows open, and fires uncomfortable.

Since supper it lightens frequently – In the South you can see the lightning, in the north the Northern Lights. Now a furious wind blows, just from the north and west, and winter comes back again.

Sue was here yesterday and today – spent a part of both afternoons with us. Seems much like old times. We gave her the letter. Vinnie's bundle came today, after giving her great suspense.

Mr Potter brought it to the house himself, and seemed very pleasant indeed. I went to the door – I liked him. Mary Warner and her friend Abbie Adams, made a call of about an hour, here this forenoon. They had been taking a walk. I think any sentiment must be consecrated by an interview in the mud. There would be certainly, a correspondence in depth.

There is to be a Party at Prof Haven's tomorrow night, for married people merely. Celibacy excludes me and my sister. Father and mother are invited. Mother will go.

Emiline and Jennie Hitchcock were both here this afternoon.

Mrs Noyes is sewing up stairs. Jerry went for her with our horse. Mr Cabot said there was no danger and Jerry drove very carefully. Jerry asked us yesterday when we were writing to Mr Austin, to tell him Fanny was much improved by recent exercise, and looked finer than ever. Jerry is so kind and pleasant that I cant bear the thought of his going away.

He speaks of you with great admiration. We are going to send two little cakes of maple sugar to Father tomorrow. We thought it would please him.

Miller came here yesterday to see if Father wanted to hire him this summer – said he had had a fine offer, and before accepting it, would like to know if he was needed here. He wanted us to ask you when we wrote. I think he is a humbug. I hope you wont employ him.

I have more to say, but am too tired to now. Mother and Vinnie send love – They are both getting ready for Washington. Take care of yourself Austin, and dont get melancholy. Remember Clark. Emilie –

Note: AC 623. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Mar 17. | Abbie Fiske Adams = daughter of bookseller John Adams. ED's mother and Vinnie are preparing to visit Edward in Washington, DC, in April.

163.

To Austin Dickinson, March 19 and 21, 1854

Sunday Evening.

I have just come from meeting, Austin. Mr Luke Sweetser presided, and young Mr Hallock made a prayer which I dont doubt you heard in Cambridge. It was

really very audible. Mr Dwight was not there. Sue did not go. Tempe Linnell sat by me – I asked her if she was engaged to Sam Fiske, and she said no, so you can tell Mrs Jones she was slightly mistaken. Have you had a pleasant day, Austin? Have you been to meeting today? We have had a lovely Sunday, and have thought of you very much. Mr Dwight preached all day. Mr Williston and Clark were at our church this morning. There was a letter read from the Congregational c’h in Washington. DC, requesting the company of the Pastor and a Delegate, at the ordination of that Rev Mr Duncan, who was so much admired by Father when he was at home before. Father was chosen Delegate, but whether Mr Dwight will go or not, I dont know –

Tuesday morning – Austin. I had’nt time to finish my note Sunday night. I shall do so now. Received your note last evening, and laughed all night till now – You must not be so facetious. It will never do. •Susie• was here when the note arrived, and we just sat and screamed. I shall keep the letter always. Marcia is here this morning – the work goes briskly on – We are almost beside ourselves with business, and company. “Lysander” has not yet called. Emmons spent Friday evening here. I went with Cousin John last evening to call on •Susie• – stayed till most 11 – and had a splendid time. She [*over* •Sue•] seemed her very finest. She sends this little note.

Was at Mr Dwight’s yesterday. They had a great deal to say about you •and Susie,• and how happy Vinnie and I must be to have such a beau•tiful friend•. We had two letters from Father last night, one to mother and one to me – I shall telegraph to him soon! Charlie sings every day – Every body admires him – You must tell Aunt Lavinia –

How did Mr Bourne bear the announcement that both the black eyes were disposed of? It must have been quite a shock to him. Mrs Noyes has gone home – Helped us a great deal. Cenith has just arrived, so between her and “Judah” and Marcia and Miss Cooly, I guess the folks will go – Cousin John is going to stay here at night when they are away, and wants to know quite eagerly “when it is to come off.” I am glad you have got settled and are not afraid of ghosts. You must have pleasant times with Clark. We all send our love to you – Wont you write soon about John White – He is anxious to know, and Mrs Mack wants very much to have him come in there. Good bye Austin – Great hurrah – Remember us always to Clark, Emily –

Note: AC 624. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Mar 22. | Clark = William S. Clark. William Hallock (AC 1855, ordained 1860); “Lysander” = John Graves (AC 1855), who changed his middle name from Lysander to Long. | Several women were hired to help Lavinia and her mother prepare for their trip to Washington. While they were away, Graves moved into the house to stay with ED. Susan reported in a letter that she, too, “is keeping house with Emily, while the family are in Washington” and that they “frighten each other to death nearly every night” but otherwise “have very independent times.”

164.

To Austin Dickinson, March 26, 1854

Sunday Evening.

Well Austin – it's Sunday evening, Vinnie is sick with the ague – Mother taking a tour of the second story as she is wont Sabbath evening, the wind is blowing high, the weather very cold, and I am rather cast down, in view of all these circumstances. Vinnie's face began to ache Friday – that night, and yesterday, and last night, she suffered intensely, and nothing seemed to relieve her. Today she is better – has sat up in the big rocking chair most of the time, and seems quite bright this evening. I guess she'll be smart tomorrow. She sends her love to you and says you will sympathize with her. I went to meeting alone all day. I assure you I felt very solemn. I went to meeting five minutes before the bell rang, morning and afternoon, so not to have to go in after all the people had got there. ~~I came home with~~ [erased word] ~~from meeting. She said she wished~~ you had heard Mr Dwight's sermons today. He has preached wonderfully, and I thought all the afternoon how I wished you were there.

The sewing is moving on – I guess the folks will be ready by next week Tuesday. That is the day fixed now. I have to work very hard. I don't write to you very often now, and I can't till all this is over. I should love to see you this evening. I told Vinnie a few minutes ago that it seemed very funny not to see you putting on your surtout, and asking us if we would like to call at Mrs Jones'! I received several notes, or paragraphs, from you, in the course of the week, for which I am much obliged. The wind has blown a gale for the last week, in Amherst. •Sue and• I went to the Depot yesterday to get "Vinnie's Express," and we had to hold our bonnets on, and take hold of each other too, to keep from blowing away. We had a snow storm here last week, and there's a covering of snow on the ground now.

Mr Sweetser's family went to meeting in a sleigh, so you can see there's a little. Sam Fiske called here this evening. I will tell you something funny. You know Vinnie sent Father a box of maple sugar – She got the box at the store and it said on the outside of it, "1 Doz Genuine Quaker Soap." We didn't hear from the box, and so many days had passed, we began to feel anxious lest it had never reached him, and Mother writing soon, alluded in her letter to the "sugar sent by the girls," and the funniest letter from Father, came in answer to her's. It seems the box went straightway, but father not knowing the hand, merely took off the papers in which the box was wrapped, and the Label "Quaker Soap" so far imposed upon him, that he put the box in a drawer with his shaving materials, and supposed himself well stocked with an excellent Quaker soap, until mother gave him the hint, which led to the discovery. He said he really supposed it a plan for the progress of soap, until he had mother's letter. We all send our love to you, and want you should write us often. Good night – from Emilie –

I spelt a word wrong in this letter, but I know better, so you need'nt think you have caught me.

Note: AC 625. Publication: *Home*. Postmark: Amherst Ms Mar 27.

165.

To John Long Graves, spring 1854

Dear John –

Be happy –

Emily –

Early Monday morning –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G7). Pencil. Publication: *Home*.

166.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, May 1854?

Friend –

I said I should send some flowers this week. I had rather not until next week – My Vale Lily asked me to wait for her. I told her if you were willing – Please say by little Johnnie if next week is acceptable –

Your friend,

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E10). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | Johnnie = Johnnie Beston, handyman.

167.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, May 1854?

Receive us –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E11). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943).

168.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, about May 1854

Tuesday morn –

Friend,

I look in my casket and miss a pearl – I fear you intend to defraud me.

Please not forget your promise to pay “mine own, with usury”!

I thank you for Hypatia, and ask you what it means?

Have you heard from your friend, Miss Judkins, recently? I desire to write to her, but have not her address, and will you please tell Johnny if a little note to her would make your next too heavy.

Your Friend

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E12). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | Eliza Maria Judkins taught drawing and painting at AA, 1838–39 and 1841–42; she later became a well-known artist. | ED quotes from the Parable of the Talents, Matthew 25:14–30. Charles Kingsley’s *Hypatia* was published in 1853.

169.

To Austin Dickinson, June 11, 1854

Sunday Evening.

Well Austin – Sunday has come again, and it really seems to me you have been gone a good while.

I hope you will get home before a great many Sundays – It seems quite lonely here, and when I think Sue is going, I confess things seem too solitary, but so we go –

I went home from meeting with Sue, and stayed in her room sometime – She wondered she didn’t hear from you Saturday – so did we – Sue is afraid you are sick – I say you are hard at work, and that’s why we dont hear from you.

Sue is well – we see her every day – How we shall miss her!

I went out before tea tonight, and trained the Honeysuckle – it grows very fast and finely.

Both of them are full of buds. I take good care of the tree – give it a pail of water every day, and certainly it looks stouter, and we all think it will live.

Your grove looks beautifully too – I went down there tonight.

John Emerson just went away from here – he has been spending the evening, and I’m so tired now, that I write just as it happens, so you must’nt expect any style.

This is truly extempore, Austin – I have no notes in my pocket.

Vinnie has gone to bed – mother is giving the finishing stroke to a letter to Father, out on the kitchen stand – so you see I am all alone.

We have called upon Mary Lyman – had a very pleasant call – she spoke of you very admiringly.

Emily Fowler is here still – will leave in a day or two. We have been to see her, and she has been to see us. She seems very sincere and affectionate – Mr Ford is spending the Sabbath here. Little Pat holds on yet, tho' I expect every morning he'll be bound out for life, and we shall be in the lurch again.

He asked me tonight if I had a newspaper – why, said I, "Pat, can you read?" "Yes marm" he answered. I asked what kind of an one he thought he should like – "Oh" said he with the utmost gravity "I want to read the newses". I gave him two Lawrence Couriers, at which he seemed quite overcome – I presume it was a munificence very grand to him – Horace works finely, and seems to feel just as much interest, as if it was all his own – We hear from Father about every day – he is past getting well, and writes in good spirits.

We cleaned house all last week – that is to say – mother and Vinnie did, and I scolded, because they moved my things – I cant find much left anywhere, that I used to wear, or know of. You will easily conclude that I am surrounded by trial.

Austin – Mrs Fay wants very much to have you purchase a few articles for their parlor, before you come, if you are willing to. She said she asked Father about it, and he told her you got everything of the sort here, and if you had the time, you would be willing to get a few things for her – She wants a large Rocking Chair – a WhatNot – One or two Ottomans – and a little article of the Tete a Tete fashion. She will leave it all to your taste, and thank you very much if you will do it for her.

I hope it wont trouble you – Sue says she guesses it wont – Sue says you can step into a furniture store – order what you want, and have it packed and forwarded, without farther trouble to you. There's no more room tonight, Austin – Much love for you – Write. Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L11). Publication: JL165. | Austin was admitted to the Massachusetts bar on June 26, 1854. Susan does not leave town (for Geneva) until August 4, although she had planned to go earlier. | Little Pat may be Francis Matthews, nine-year-old son of Richard (Dick) and Ann Matthews. Horace Church was the new caretaker of the Dickinson garden and orchard.

170.

To Abiah Root, about July 25, 1854

Tuesday Evening.

My dear Child.

Thank you for that sweet note which came so long ago, and thank you for asking me to come and visit you, and thank you for loving me, long ago, and today, and

too for all the sweetness, and all the gentleness, and all the tenderness with which you remember me – your quaint, old fashioned friend.

I wanted very much to write you sooner, and I tried frequently, but till now in vain, and as I write tonight, it is with haste, and fear lest something still detain me. You know my dear Abiah, that the summer has been warm, that we have not a girl, that at this pleasant season, we have much company – that this irresolute body refuses to serve sometimes, and the indignant tenant can only hold it's peace – all this you know, for I have often told you, and yet I say it again, if mayhap it persuade you that I do love you indeed, and have not done neglectfully. Then Susie, our dear friend, has been very ill for several weeks, and every hour possible I have taken away to her, which has made even smaller, my “inch or two, of time.” Susie is better now, but has been suffering much within the last few weeks, from a Nervous Fever, which has taken her strength very fast. She has had an excellent Nurse, a faithful Physician, and her sister has been unwearied in her watchfulness, and last of all, God has been loving and kind, so to reward them all, poor Susie just begins to trudge around a little – went as far as her garden, Saturday, and picked a few flowers, so when I called to see her, Lo a bright boquet, sitting upon the mantel, and Susie in the easy-chair, quite faint from the effort of arranging them. I make my story long, but I knew you loved Susie – Abiah, and I thought her mishaps, quite as well as her brighter fortunes, would interest you.

I think it was in June, that your note reached here, and I did snatch a moment to call upon your friend. Yet I went in the dusk, and it was Saturday evening, so even then, Abiah, you see how cares pursued me – I found her very lovely in what she said to me, and I fancied in her face so, although the gentle dusk would draw her curtain close, and I did'nt see her clearly. We talked the most of you – a theme we surely loved, or we had not discussed it in preference to all. I would love to meet her again – and love to see her longer.

Please give my love to her, for your sake. You asked me to come and see you – I must speak of that. I thank you Abiah, but I dont go from home, unless emergency leads me by the hand, and then I do it obstinately, and draw back if I can. Should I ever leave home, which is improbable, I will with much delight, accept your invitation; till then, my dear Abiah, my warmest thanks are your's, but dont expect me. I'm so old fashioned, Darling, that all your friends would stare. I should have to bring my work bag, and my big spectacles, and I half forgot my grandchildren, my pin-cushion, and Puss – why think of it seriously, Abiah – do you think it my duty to leave? Will you write me again? Mother and Vinnie send their love, and here's a kiss from me –

Good Night, from Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L64). Publication: JL166. | Abiah married Samuel Strong on December 7, 1854. This is the last of the extant correspondence with Abiah.

171.

To Austin Dickinson, July 25, 1854

Tuesday night –

Dear Austin.

Your letter came – I have just come from Sue's – I suppose you didn't expect to hear from me today, as you saw Sue yesterday. I sat with her some time tonight. She is better and gaining – seemed quite like herself tonight – talked a good deal; and laughed.

Several had been in to see her this afternoon – Mr Dwight – Abbie Wood and Emeline. I guess Mr Dwight knows you have gone – he called to inquire for her yesterday, and went in to see her today. You had better come hum and shoot him. Such liberties towards “a man”, when a man is gone away, are not to be tolerated! I gave your note to Mrs Cutler. She told me to tell you from her, that Sue had eaten chicken broth twice today, and a chicken leg – she designs eating a wing tomorrow – and Mrs Cutler wished me to tell you that she thought she would soon be off. I tell you just as she told me – don't know whether it's to be understood literally or figuratively – can't tell – you must act according to your best judgment. I think it's rather a serious thing to be an affianced being – I don't want to frighten you – still, when I think it over, it seems no trifling matter. They all allude to you as to a missing Saint, from whose serener presence suddenly called to remove, and as none of them speak of you, or of your noble acts, without plentiful tears, I have considerable work to arrange my emotions. Mrs Cutler sends word also, that the package came today, safely. As she did not allude to the contents, I naturally conclude that it contained a Bear – derive much satisfaction from contemplating my shrewdness – Hope “self and wife” will always be as “uniform” – hope I give no offence – Had a letter from father yesterday – well and in excellent spirits. Today has been very fine – Little Pat is in rotary motion. I will attend to the Horse – am going to spend tomorrow forenoon with Sue – Mustn't write any more – come as soon as your business is over – glad you took care of the Newman's – Don't forget the guano – What did you think of Joe Howard's wife?

Vinnie will write you a note, if she concludes her exercises in season in the morning. Love from all.

Good night – Emily..

PS – For home read hum – For Mrs C – Miss Williams –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L12). PS in pencil; both periods after her signature are ED's. Publication: JLL167. | Edward was expected home on July 31; Susan and Mattie left for Geneva on August 4. “Joe” = Joseph Platt Howard (the son of Amherst chemist Joseph and Mary Montague Howard), who married Elizabeth J. Andrews on November 17, 1853.

*From Edward Dickinson to Emily Dickinson, July 26, 1854**Transcribed Bingham*

Ho. of Reps. U. S. July 26. 1854 / Wednesday

Dear daughter Emily,

Your letter of Sunday evening was rec^d last evening, & gave me great pleasure to hear that mother enjoyed her Monson trip so highly. I expected that it would be a great day for her—& am very happy that she went.

Also that the installation passed off so pleasantly, & that M^r Dwight appeared so much better than any body else. We hardly know how to appreciate him—as much as we are attached to him. I don't know any body that could now satisfy us but him. I see by the Sp^f^d Republicⁿ that the afternoon services in the Sp^f^d churches, commence at 3^½ —instead of 3—our time. I hope he may be long spared to do us good.

It seems, also, that you have had some rain. It must seem very refreshing. It is very dry here—tho' we have had slight showers—it is very hot, in the sun.

I am glad to hear that Susan is getting better. I hope she will be perfectly well, before I get home—where I expect to be next Monday night.

I hope Zebina & Harriet & our Hadley friends &c. are all well. It seems there is nothing new in the town.

It is still quite healthy, here—no cholera, so far as I know—tho' every body complains of the oppressive weather.

I am very well—and should be glad to stay thro' the last week of the session, if it were possible—but it is entirely out of the question. I must be at home, the week before Commencement, to get my report ready for the Trustees.

Aunt Elisabeth has been with Bro. W^m & his wife, at a place near Newport. She wrote me a letter, a few days since, from there—saying that she was better.

I hope to see M^r Sweetser & Aunt Catherine on my way home—if I can—tho' it is not certain that I can stop—unless I spend the Sabbath there. M^r Eliot is well, & we continue to get along well together. I shall miss him very much when we separate. We like living at the National Hotel, to board. I hope I shall have a comfortable place, next winter, somewhere.

Love to all.

Your aff father

Edw. Dickinson

Note: Transcript from *Home*. Publication: *Home*. | ED dates her letter to Austin “Tuesday,” which would be July 25, and refers in it to having received a letter from their father (L171). Either Edward is writing her twice in one week (which would be unlikely) or she misdated the letter to Austin, which she perhaps wrote on Thursday, the 27th.

172.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), August 1, 1854

Tuesday morning –

Sue – you can go or stay – There is but one alternative – We differ often lately, and this must be the last.

You need not fear to leave me lest I should be alone, for I often part with things I fancy I have loved,– sometimes to the grave, and sometimes to an oblivion rather bitterer than death – thus my heart bleeds so frequently that I shant mind the hemorrhage, and I only add an agony to several previous ones, and at the end of day remark – a bubble burst!

Such incidents would grieve me when I was but a child, and perhaps I could have wept when little feet hard by mine, stood still in the coffin, but eyes grow dry sometimes, and hearts get crisp and cinder, and had as lief burn.

Sue – I have lived by this.

It is the lingering emblem of the Heaven I once dreamed, and though if this is taken, I shall remain alone, and though in that last day, the Jesus Christ you love, remark he does not know me – there is a darker spirit will not disown it's child.

Few have been given me, and if I love them so, that for idolatry, they are removed from me – I simply murmur gone, and the billow dies away into the boundless blue, and no one knows but me, that one went down today. We have walked very pleasantly – Perhaps this is the point at which our paths diverge – then pass on singing Sue, and up the distant hill I journey on.

I have a Bird in spring
Which for myself doth sing –
The spring decoys.
And as the summer nears –
And as the Rose appears,
Robin is gone.

Yet do I not repine
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown –
Learneth beyond the sea
Melody new for me
And will return.

Fast in a safer hand
Held in a truer Land
Are mine –
And though they now depart,
Tell I my doubting heart
They're thine.

In a serener Bright,
 In a more golden light
 I see
 Each little doubt and fear,
 Each little discord here
 Removed.

Then will I not repine,
 Knowing that Bird of mine
 Though flown
 Shall in a distant tree
 Bright melody for me
 Return.

E –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L17). Publication: JL173. | M 698, Fr4. Sent stanza 2 to Hollands (1854; lost, transcribed as prose).

173.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, August 8, 1854

Tuesday morning –

Friend –

Will your friend be in town this evening?

If so, cant you steal her away a little while from the Exercises, and bring her down to me?

Our guests will all be out, and I'd so love to see her that asking it, I write –

Your friend,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E13). Pencil. Publication: NEQ (1943). | See L175 on ED's "joy" in Emmons's engagement to Susan Phelps, his "friend." Commencement exercises ran August 6–9.

174.

To John Long Graves, August 15, 1854

Tuesday Evening –

Dear John,

Are you very happy? Why did't you tell me so before you went away? And why too, did't I ask you that pleasant evening long, when we sat and talked together?

I have wanted to ask you many times, and I thought you would tell me, but someone would come in, and something else would happen and put me all to flight – but tonight, John, so still is it, and the moon so mild, I'm sure that you would tell me, were you sitting here. You know what I mean, dont you, and if you are so happy, I kneel and thank God for it, before I go to sleep.

Then you and your former College friend are reconciled again – he told me all about it, and tears of happiness came shining in my eyes. Forgiving one another as Jesus – us.

I have hoped for this very often, John, when you were fast asleep, and my eyes will shut much sooner, now all is peace. I loved to have you both my friends, and friends to one another, and it grieved me very often that you were enemies – now all is safe. It is lonely without you John – we miss you very much, and I'm thinking we'll miss you more when a year from now comes, and the crickets sing.

Quite sad it is when friends go, and sad when all are gone, to sit by pensive window, and recollect them, but I would not forget them – Please not forget us John, in your long vacation. We'll often think of you, and wish that we could see you. Mary is with us yet. Eliza went yesterday morning – I miss her thoughtful eyes, and did not Mary's merry ones linger with us still, the day would be too long; but Mary strokes the sunshine and coaxes it along, and drives the shadows home. Much like a "bonnie bee" she seems, among more antique insects!

She wants me to give you her compliments, and say to you beside, that she thanks you sincerely for the "social capacity,[""] which she forgot to do, there were so many in. Good night, and gentle dreams, John – my pen is very bad. I write not any more. Vinnie sends her love. Mine if you will to Hattie, and for your mother too. Had you been here tonight, John, I should have talked with you – you are not, and I write – I "wish you a merry Christmas", and a vacation as good as summer days are long – Affy, Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G3). Publication: *Home*. | Mary [unknown] and Eliza Coleman were probably commencement guests; Hattie = Graves's younger sister. | ED may quote from a Scottish popular song, "The Ingle Side," which refers to a "bonny bee." THJ transcribes as "'honie bee.'"

175.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, August 18, 1854

My heart is full of joy, Friend – Were not my parlor full, I'd bid you come this morning, but the hour must be stiller, in which we speak of her. Yet must I see you, and I will love most dearly, if quite convenient to you, to ride a little while this afternoon – Do not come if it's not so, and please tell little Pat when you will like to go, if you still find it possible – Of her I cannot write, yet do I thank the

Father who's given her to you, and wait impatiently to speak with you – Please not regard the ride, unless it be most convenient –

My hand trembles –

Truly and warmly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E14). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | Emmons announced his engagement to Phelps. This and the following note to Emmons were delivered by Pat Matthews, by hand.

176.

To Henry Vaughan Emmons, August 18, 1854

Friday Evening –

I find it Friend – I read it – I stop to thank you for it, just as the world is still – I thank you for them all – the pearl, and then the onyx, and then the emerald stone.

My crown, indeed! I do not fear the king, attired in this grandeur.

Please send me gems again – I have a flower. It looks like them, and for it's bright resemblances, receive it.

A pleasant journey to you, both in the pathway home, and in the longer way – Then “golden morning's open flowings, shall sway the trees to murmurous bowings, in metric chant of blessed poems.”

Have I convinced you Friend? –

Pleasantly,

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (E7). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1943). | Emmons's gift to ED has not been identified. | ED may allude to Revelation 21, with pearl, onyx, and emerald; she quotes from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's “A Vision of Poets,” cited by Emmons in “The Words of Rock Rimmon” (*Amherst Collegiate Magazine*, July 31, 1854).

177.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), late August or September 1854

Sabbath Evening.

Susie.

I have been very busy since you went away, but that isn't the reason I've not written to you, and we've had a great deal of company too, but that is not the reason – I was foolish eno' to be vexed at a little thing, and I hope God will forgive me, as he'll have to many times, if he lives long enough.

Thro' Austin, I've known of you, and nobody in this world except Vinnie and Austin, know that in all the while, I have not heard from you. Many have asked me

for you, and I have answered promptly that you had reached there safely, and were better every day, and Susie, do you think, H. Hinsdale came to our house several days ago; came just to ask for you, and went away supposing I'd heard from you quite often. Not that I told her so, but spoke of you so naturally, in such a daily way, she never guessed the fact that I'd not written to you, nor had you thus to me.

Never think of it, Susie – never mention it – I trust your truth for that, and when you meet, and I meet, we'll try and forgive each other. There has not been a day, Child, that I've not thought of you, nor have I shut my eyes upon a summer night, without your sweet remembrance, and tho' full much of sorrow has gathered at your name, that ought but peace was 'tween us, yet I remembered on, and bye and bye the day came. I do not miss you Susie – of course I do not miss you – I only sit and stare at nothing from my window, and know that all is gone. Dont feel it – no – any more than the stone feels, that it is very cold, or the block, that it is silent, where once 'twas warm and green, and birds danced in it's branches.

I rise, because the sun shines, and sleep has done with me, and I brush my hair, and dress me, and wonder what I am and who has made me so, and then I wash the dishes, and anon; wash them again, and then 'tis afternoon, and Ladies call, and evening, and some members of another sex come in to spend the hour, and then that day is done. And, prithee, what is Life? There was much that was sweet Commencement week – much too that was dusty, but my bee gathered many drops of the sweetest and purest honey – I had many long talks with Emmons, which I will not forget, and a charming farewell ride, before he went away – he stayed more than a week after Commencement was done, and came to see me often. He brought his Hadley friend to pass the day with me, and we passed it very sweetly. Her name is Susie too, and that endeared me to her.

I shall miss Emmons very much. Father and mother were gone last week, upon a little journey, and we rested somewhat, like most ungodly children – John came down twice from Sunderland, to pass a day with us. Susie, I wished for you – Tell that little Sister of your's, I would have welcomed her – She understands the orgies! When Mr Pan Prankin takes his leave, I trust to hear from her – Until then, "Mr Bugby understands it perfectly." It's of no use to write to you – Far better bring dew in my thimble to quench the endless fire – My love for those I love – not many – not very many, but dont I love them so? – and Vinnie's love and Mother's, for Martha and for you. Write if you love, to Emilie –

Pat "still lives."

I am going to meeting now – meet me at the Academy, and we will sit together. Mrs Timothy Smith and Mrs Noble Goodale take turns sitting by me now. Mrs Goodale got me the last time.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (21). Publication: JL172. | In early September, Susan and Mattie visited relatives in Aurora, New York, for a fortnight, before returning to Geneva; in late October, Susan

left for Grand Haven, where she planned to stay until January before visiting Julius Learned in Chicago and returning to Amherst via Geneva, with Mattie. | H. Hinsdale = Susan's friend Harriet Hinsdale. Mary Bissell was the wife of Timothy Smith, an Amherst farmer; Mary Ann Pease was the wife of Noble Goodale, an Amherst carpenter.

178.

To Elizabeth Holland, September 15, 1854

Transcribed Todd

Friday evening.

Thank you, dear Mrs. Holland – Vinnie and I will come, if you would like to have us. We should have written before, but mother has not been well, and we hardly knew whether we could leave her, but she is better now, and I write quite late this evening, that if you still desire it, Vinnie and I will come. Then, dear Mrs. Holland, if agreeable to you, we will take the Amherst train on Tuesday morning, for Springfield, and be with you at noon.

The cars leave here at nine o'clock, and I think reach Springfield at twelve. I can think just how we dined with you a year ago from now, and it makes my heart beat faster to think perhaps we'll see you so little while from now.

To live a thousand years would not make me forget the day and night we spent there, and while I write the words, I don't believe I'm coming, so sweet it seems to me. I hope we shall not tire you; with all your other cares, we fear we should not come, but you will not let us trouble you, will you, dear Mrs. Holland?

Father and mother ask a very warm remembrance to yourself and Dr. Holland.

We were happy the grapes and figs seemed acceptable to you, and wished there were many more. I am very sorry to hear that "Kate" has such excellent lungs. With all your other cares, it must be quite a trial to you.

It is also a source of pleasure to me that Annie goes to sleep, on account of the "interregnum" it must afford to you.

Three days and we are there – Happy – very happy! Tomorrow I will sew, but I shall think of you, and Sunday sing and pray – yet I shall not forget you, and Monday's very near, and Here's to me on Tuesday!

Good night, dear Mrs Holland – I see I'm getting wild – you will forgive me all, and not forget me all tho'? Vinnie is fast asleep, or her love would be here – tho' she is, it is. Once more, if it is fair, we will come on Tuesday, and you love to have us, but if not convenient, please surely tell us so.

Affectionately,

Emilie –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 231–233. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Springfield flower show took place on September 19, 1854, the day ED and Vinnie arrived in Springfield.

179.

*To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland, November 26, 1854**Transcribed Todd*
Sabbath afternoon

Dear Friends.

I thought I would write again. I write you many letters, with pens which are not seen. Do you receive them?

I think of you all today, and dreamed of you last night.

When father rapped on my door to wake me this morning, I was walking with you in the most wonderful garden, and helping you pick – Roses, and tho' we gathered with all our might, the basket was never full. And so all day I pray that I may walk with you, and gather Roses again, and as night draws on, it pleases me, and I count impatiently the hours 'tween me and the darkness, and the dream of you and the roses, and the basket never full.

God grant the basket fill not till with hands purer and whiter, we gather flowers of gold in baskets made of pearl; higher – higher! It seems long since we heard from you – long, since how little Annie was, or any one of you – so long since Cattle show, when Dr. Holland was with us. Oh, it always seems a long while from our seeing you, and even when at your house, the nights seemed much more long than they're wont to do, because separated from you. I want so much to know if the friends are all well in that dear cot in Springfield – and if well whether happy – and happy – how happy, and why, and what bestows the joy? And then those other questions, asked again and again, whose answers are so sweet, do they love – remember us – wish sometimes we were there? Ah Friends – dear friends – perhaps my queries tire you, but I so long to know.

The minister today – not our own minister, preached about death and judgment, and what would become of those – meaning Austin and me, who behaved improperly – and somehow the sermon scared me, and Father and Vinnie looked very solemn as if the whole was true, and I would not for worlds have them know that it troubled me, but I longed to come to you, and tell you all about it, and learn how to be better. He preached such an awful sermon tho', that I didn't much think I should ever see you again until the Judgment Day, and then you would not speak to me, according to his story. The subject of perdition seemed to please him, somehow. It seems very solemn to me. I'll tell you all about it, when I see you again.

I wonder what you are doing today – if you have been to meeting? Today has been a fair day – very still and blue. Tonight the crimson children are playing in the west, and tomorrow will be colder. How sweet if I could see you, and talk of all these things? Please write us very soon. The days with you last September seem a great way off, and to meet you again, delightful. I'm sure it won't be long before we sit together.

Then will I not repine, knowing that bird of mine, tho' flown – learneth beyond the sea, melody new for me, and will return.

Affy

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 243–246. Publication: *L* (1894). Dated by weather pattern. | ED writes stanza 2 of “I have a Bird in spring” as prose—sent to S. Dickinson as a poem (L172). She repeats her description of the weather to Susan in L180.

180.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), November 27 to December 3, 1854

Monday Evening.

Susie – it is a little thing to say how lone it is – anyone can do it, but to wear the lonesomeness next your heart for weeks, when you sleep, and when you wake, ever missing something, this, all cannot say, and it baffles me. I could paint a portrait which would bring the tears, had I canvass for it, and the scene should be – solitude, and the figures – solitude – and the lights and shades, each a solitude. I could fill a chamber with landscapes so lone, men should pause and weep there; then haste grateful home, for a loved one left. Today has been a fair day, very still and blue. Tonight, the crimson children are playing in the west, and tomorrow will be colder. In all I number you. I want to think of you each hour in the day. What you are saying – doing – I want to walk with you, as seeing yet unseen. You say you walk and sew alone; I walk and sew alone. I don't see much of Vinnie – she's mostly, dusting stairs!

We go out very little – once in a month or two, we both set sail in silks – touch at the principal points, and then put into port again – Vinnie cruises about some to transact the commerce, but coming to anchor, is most that I can do. Mr and Mrs Dwight are a sunlight to me, which no night can shade, and I still perform weekly journeys there, much to Austin's dudgeon, and my sister's rage.

I have heard it said “persecution kindles” – think it kindled me! They are sweet and loving, and one thing, dear Susie, always ask for you. Sunday Afternoon – I left you a long while, Susie, that is, in pen and ink – my heart kept on. I was called down from you to entertain some company – went with a sorry grace, I fear, and trust I acted with one. There is a tall – pale snow storm stalking through the fields, and bowing here, at my window – shant let the fellow in!

I went to church all day in second dress, and boots. We had such precious sermons from Mr Dwight. One about unbelief, and another Esau. Sermons on unbelief ever did attract me. Thanksgiving was observed throughout the State last week! Believe we had a Turkey, and two kinds of Pie. Otherwise, no change. Father went Thanksgiving night. Austin goes tomorrow, unless kept by storm. He will see you, Darling! What I cannot do. Oh could I! We did not

attend the Thanksgiving “Soiree” – owing to our sadness at just parting with father –

Your sister will give particulars. Abby is much better – rode horseback every day until the snow came, and goes down street now just like other girls – Abby seems more gentle, more affectionate, than she has.

Eme Kellogg wonders she does not hear from you. I gave your message to her, and bring you back the same. Eme is still with Henry, tho’ no outward bond has as yet encircled them. Edward Hitchcock and baby, and Mary, spent Thanksgiving here. I called upon Mary – she appears very sweetly, and the baby is quite becoming to her. They all adore the baby. Mary inquired for you with a great deal of warmth, and wanted to send her love when I wrote. Susie – had that been you – well – well! I must stop, Sister. Things have wagged, dear Susie, and they’re wagging still. “Little Children, love one another.” Not all of life to live, is it, nor all of death to die.

Susie – we all love you – Mother – Vinnie – me. Dearly! I have not heard from Mat for months. “They say absence conquers.” It has vanquished me.

Your sister Harriet is our most intimate friend.

Mother and Vinnie send their love. Austin must carry his.

The last night of the term, John sent his love to you.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L6). Publication: JL176. | ED began this letter on Monday, November 27, and concluded it the following Sunday. Austin visited Chicago, with thoughts of establishing a law practice there, and visited Susan and Mattie in Grand Haven upon his return. Mary Judson and Edward Hitchcock Jr. (AC 1849) had married November 1853 and now lived in Williston. | According to Jerome’s *Commentary on Galatians*, the Apostle John repeatedly said “Little children, love one another.” ED paraphrases a hymn by James Montgomery, which concludes “’Tis not the *whole* of life to live; / Nor *all* of death to die.”

181.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson), late January 1855

Sabbath Day.

I am sick today, dear Susie, and have not been to church. There has been a pleasant quiet, in which to think of you, and I have not been sick eno’ that I cannot write to you. I love you as dearly, Susie, as when love first began, on the step at the front door, and under the Evergreens, and it breaks my heart sometimes, because I do not hear from you. I wrote you many days ago – I wont say many weeks, because it will look sadder so, and then I cannot write – but Susie, it troubles me.

I miss you, mourn for you, and walk the Streets alone – often at night, beside, I fall asleep in tears, for your dear face, yet not one word comes back from that silent West. If it is finished, tell me, and I will raise the lid to my box of

Phantoms, and lay one more love in; but if it lives and beats still, still lives and beats for me, then say me so, and I will strike the strings to one more strain of happiness before I die. Why Susie – think of it – you are my precious Sister, and will be till you die, and will be still, when Austin and Vinnie and Mat, and you and I, are marble – and life has forgotten us!

Vinnie and I are going soon – either this week or next – father has not determined. I'm sure I cannot go, when I think that you are coming, and I would give the whole world if I could stay, instead.

I cant believe you are coming – but when I think of it, and tell myself it's so, a wondrous joy comes over me, and my old fashioned life capers as in a dream. Sue – I take the words of that Sweet Kate Scott, I have never seen – and say “it is too blissful.” I never will be “so busy” when you get back to me, as I used to be. I'll get “my spinning done”, for Susie, it steals over me once in a little while, that as my fingers fly and I am so busy, a far more wondrous Shuttle shifts the subtler thread, and when that's web is spun, indeed my spinning will be done. I think with you, dear Susie, and Mat by me again, I shall be still for joy. I shall not fret or murmur – shall not care when the wind blows, shall not observe the storm – “Such, and so precious” are you.

Austin told me about you when he came from the West – though many little things I wanted most to know, he “had not noticed.” I asked him how you looked, and what you wore, and how your hair was fixed, and what you said of me – his answers were quite limited – “you looked as you always did – he didn't know what you wore – never did know what people wore – you said he must tell me every-thing,” which by the way dear Child, he has not done to this day, and any portion of which, I would savor with joy, might I but obtain it. Vinnie inquired with promptness “if you wore a Basque” – “it seemed to him,” he said, “you did have on a black thing.”

Ah Susie – you must train him –'twill take full many a lesson in the fashion plate, before he will respect, and speak with proper deference of this majestic garment. I have some new clothes, Susie – presume I shall appear like an embarrassed Peacock, quite unused to its plumes. Dear Susie – you will write to me when I am gone from home – Affy, Emilie –

I asked Austin if he had any messages – he replied he – had not! The good for nothing fellow! I presume he will fill a fools Cap with protestations to you, as soon as I leave the room! Bats think Foxes have no eyes – Ha Ha!!

Mother and Vinnie send much love – they will be delighted to see you. My dearest love to Mat.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L1). Publication: JLI177. | ED and Lavinia went to Washington, DC, with their father, arriving February 10. On the same day, Susan returned to Amherst from Grand Haven, with Mattie and Dwight.

182.

To Susan Gilbert (Dickinson) and Martha (Mattie) Gilbert (Smith), February 28, 1855

[Washington, D.C.]

Wednesday morning.

Sweet and soft as summer, Darlings, maple trees in bloom and grass green in the sunny places – hardly seems it possible this is winter still; and it makes the grass spring in this heart of mine and each linnet sing, to think that you have come.

Dear Children – Mattie – Sue – for one look at you, for your gentle voices, I'd exchange it all. The pomp – the court – the etiquette – they are of the earth – will not enter Heaven.

Will you write to me – why hav'nt you before? I feel so tired looking for you, and still you do not come. And you love me, come soon – this is not forever, you know, this mortal life of our's. Which had you rather I wrote you – what I am doing here, or who I am loving there?

Perhaps I'll tell you both, but the "last shall be first, and the first last." I'm loving you at home – I'm coming every hour to your chamber door. I'm thinking when awake, how sweet if you were with me, and to talk with you as I fall asleep, would be sweeter still.

I think I cannot wait, when I remember you, and that is always, Children. I shall love you more for this sacrifice.

Last night I heard from Austin – and I think he fancies we are losing sight of the things at home – Tell him "not so," Children – Austin is mistaken. He says we forget "the Horse, the Cats, and the geraniums" – have not remembered Pat – proposes to sell the farm and move west with mother – to make boquets of my plants, and send them to his friends – to come to Washington in his Dressing gown and mortify me and Vinnie. Should be delighted to see him, even in "dishabille," and will promise to notice him whenever he will come. The cats I will confess, have not so absorbed my attention as they are apt at home, yet do I still remember them with tender emotion; and as for my sweet flowers, I shall know each leaf and every bud that bursts, while I am from home. Tell Austin, never fear! My thoughts are far from idle concerning e'en the trifles of the world at home, but all is jostle, here – scramble and confusion, and sometimes in writing home I cant stop for detail, much as I would love. Vinnie met the other evening, in the parlor here a certain Mr Saxton, who inquired of her for his Amherst cousins. Vinnie told him joyfully, all she knew of you, and another evening, took me down to him. We walked in the hall a long time, talking of you, my Children, vieing with each other in compliment to those we loved so well. I told him of you both, he seemed very happy to hear so much of you. He left Washington yesterday morning. I have not been well since I came here, and that has excused me from some gaities, tho' at that, I'm gayer than I was before. Vinnie is asleep this morning – she has been out walking with some ladies here and is very tired. She says much of you – wants

so much to see you. Give my love to your sister – Kiss Dwightie for me – my love for Abbie and Eme, when you see them, and for dear Mr and Mrs Dwight –

Tell Mother and Austin they need'nt flatter themselves we are forgetting them – they'll find themselves much mistaken before long. We think we shall go to Philadelphia next week, tho' father hasn't decided. Eliza writes most every day, and seems impatient for us. I dont know how long we shall stay there, nor how long in New York. Father has not de[c]ided. Shant you write, when this gets to you? Affy – E –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L14). Publication: JL178. | ED and Vinnie visited Eliza Coleman and her family in Philadelphia on their way home from Washington in early March. | Saxton = Civil War Brigadier General Rufus Saxton, a cousin of the Gilberts and a friend of Thomas Wentworth Higginson and of Helen Hunt (Jackson), with whom he gossiped about meeting the Dickinsons—as Hunt tells her sister. Little Dwightie = son of Susan and Mattie's sister Harriet Cutler, with whom they were living.

183.

To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland and Amelia Chapin, about March 16, 1855

Transcribed Todd

Philadelphia

Dear Mrs. Holland and Minnie, and Dr. Holland too – I have stolen away from company to write a note to you; and to say that I love you still.

I am not at home – I have been away just five weeks today, and shall not go quite yet, back to Massachusetts. Vinnie is with me here, and we have wandered together into many new ways.

We were three weeks in Washington, while father was there, and have been two in Philadelphia. We have had many pleasant times, and seen much that is fair, and heard much that is wonderful – many sweet ladies and noble gentlemen have taken us by the hand and smiled upon us pleasantly – and the sun shines brighter for our way thus far.

I will not tell you what I saw – the elegance – the grandeur; you will not care to know the value of the diamonds my Lord and Lady wore, but if you haven't been to the sweet Mt. Vernon, then I will tell you how on one soft spring day we glided down the Potomac in a painted boat, and jumped upon the shore – how hand in hand we stole along up a tangled pathway till we reached the tomb of General George Washington, how we paused beside it, and no one spoke a word, then hand in hand, walked on again, not less wise or sad for that marble story – how we went within the door – raised the latch he lifted when he last went home – Thank the Ones in Light that he's since passed in through a brighter wicket! Oh I could spend a long day, if it did not weary you, telling of Mt. Vernon – and I will sometime if we live and meet again, and God grant we shall!

I wonder if you have all forgotten us, we have stayed away so long. I hope you haven't – I tried to write so hard before I went from home, but the moments were so busy, and then they flew so. I was sure when days did come in which I was less busy, I should seek your forgiveness, and it did not occur to me that you might not forgive me. Am I too late today?

Even if you are angry, I shall keep praying you, till from very weariness, you will take me in. It seems to me many a day since we were in Springfield, and Minnie and the dumb bells seem as vague – as vague; and sometimes I wonder if I ever dreamed – then if I'm dreaming now, then if I always dreamed, and there is not a world, and not these darling friends, for whom I would not count my life too great a sacrifice. Thank God there is a world, and that the friends we love dwell forever and ever in a house above!

I fear I grow incongruous, but to meet my friends does delight me so that I quite forget time and sense and so forth.

Now my precious friends, if you won't forget me until I get home, and become more sensible, I will write again, and more properly. Why didn't I ask before, if you were well and happy? Forgetful Emilie!

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 234–238. Publication: *L* (1894).

184.

To Jane Humphrey, October 17, 1855

Wednesday Evening

I'm just from the frosts, Jennie, and my cheeks are ruddy and cold – I have many a Bairn that cannot care for itself, so I must needs care for it, on such a night as this – and I've shrouded little forms and muffled little faces, till I almost feel maternal, and wear the anxious aspect that careful parents do – but for you I leave them, Darling, dearer than leaves or blossoms, or all my speechless mates, wh' will fade at last –

Jennie – my Jennie Humphrey – I love you well tonight, and for a beam from your brown eyes, I would give a pearl. How much I would buy, were they to purchase, but Jennie, I am poor. Only the love of friends, and the longing for them – that's all, tonight Jennie, and I keep thinking and wishing, and then I think and wish, till for your sakes, who stray from me, tears patter as the rain.

How I wish you were mine, as you once were, when I had you in the morning, and when the sun went down, and was sure I never should go to sleep, without a moment from you. I try to prize it, Jennie, when the loved are here, try to love more, and faster, and dearer, but when all are gone, seems as had I tried harder, they would have stayed with me – Let us love with our might, Jennie, for who knows where our hearts go, when this world is done?

Do you love to be in Groton, and are you happy and well, and is Mr Hammond kind to you? I am sure he is, for I like Mr Hammond.

Will you teach always, Jennie, or in a Seminary smaller, one day assume the rule?

You did not tell me of yourself – when you were in Amherst, so how many knights are slain, and wounded, and how many now remain, is to me unknown. Keep a list of the conquests, Jennie, this is an enemy's Land!

Mr Bliss' Coronation takes place tomorrow, at the College church – Charge to the Heathen, by the Pastor! Front seats reserved for Foreign Lands! Jennie – dont let your duty call you “far hence” – Distances here seem really long, but I confess, when it gets to that, that one crosses the Meditteranean, 'tis even farther off, nor can car, nor can carriage take me. Vinnie sends her love, and says “tell Jennie Humphrey I do want to see her.”]

No day goes by, Little One, but had it's thought of you, and its wish to see you. When shall you come again? We shall be in our new house soon; they are papering now, and – Jennie, we have other home – “house not made with hands.” Which first will we occupy? Jennie – give Mr Hammond a bright smile from me, and tell him it is Autumn – and tell him I have nuts and squirrels, and gold and scarlet trees, and tell him here is the king! My love for you, my Child, and will you write me instantly?

Your Emilie Dickinson –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 17.5. Publication: JL180. Postmark: Amherst Oct 18 Ms. 5 | Jane was teaching at Groton Academy, where Reverend Charles Hammond was principal. ED may have met him when he was at Monson Academy, through her Monson relatives. Daniel Bliss (Abby Wood's husband) was ordained on October 18. | The “new house” is the Dickinson Homestead, which Edward repurchased in April 1855, after David Mack's death. The family moved in November. | ED quotes from 2 Corinthians 5:1, “house not made with hands,” a passage she also quotes in L186, 665, 1105.

185.

To Josiah Holland, November 17, 1855

Transcribed Todd

Saturday Eve

I come in flakes, dear Dr Holland, for verily it snows, and as descending swans, here a pinion and there a pinion, and anon a plume, come the bright inhabitants of the white home.

I know they fall in Springfield; perhaps you see them now – and therefore I look out again, to see if you are looking.

How pleasant it seemed to hear your voice – so said Vinnie and I, as we as individuals, and then collectively, read your brief note. Why didn't you speak to us before? We thought you had forgotten us – we concluded that one of the bright things had gone forever more. That is a sober feeling, and it mustn't come too often in such a world as this. A violet came up next day, and blossomed in our garden, and were it not for these same flakes, I would go in the dark and get it, so to send

to you. Thank Him who is in Heaven, Katie Holland lives! Kiss her on every cheek for me – I really can't remember how many the bairn has – and give my warmest recollection to M^{rs} Holland and Minnie, whom to love, this Saturday night, is no trifling thing. I'm very happy that you are happy – and that you cheat the angels of another one.

I would the many households clad in dark attire had succeeded so. You must all be happy and strong and well. I love to have the lamps shine on your evening table. I love to have the sun shine on your daily walks.

The 'new house'! God bless it! You will leave the maiden and married life of Mary Powell behind.

Love and remember
Emilie.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 248–249. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Hollands were moving into a new house; their second child, Kate, had just recovered from a serious illness. | ED refers to Ann Manning's *The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell* (1852).

186.

To Elizabeth Holland, January 20, 1856

Transcribed Todd
Sabbath Day

Your voice is sweet, dear Mrs. Holland – I wish I heard it oftener.

One of the mortal musics Jupiter denies, and when indeed its gentle measures fall upon my ear, I stop the birds to listen. Perhaps you think I have no bird, and this is Rhetoric – Pray, Mr. Whately, what is that upon the cherry-tree? Church is done, and the winds blow, and Vinnie is in that pallid land the simple call "sleep." They will be wiser bye and bye, we shall all be wiser! While I sit in the Snows, the summer day on which you came and the bees and the south wind, seem fabulous as Heaven seems to a sinful world – and I keep remembering it till it assumes a spectral air, and nods and winks at me, and then all of you turn to phantoms and vanish slow away. We cannot talk and laugh more, in the parlor where we met, but we learned to love for aye, there, so it is just as well.

We shall sit in a parlor "not made with hands" unless we are very careful!

I cannot tell you how we moved. I had rather not remember. I believe my "effects" were brought in a bandbox, and the "deathless me," on foot, not many moments after. I took at the time, a memorandum of my several senses, and also of my hat and coat, and my best shoes – but it was lost in the mêlée, and I am out with lanterns, looking for myself.

Such wits as I reserved, are so badly shattered that repair is useless – and still I can't help laughing at my own catastrophe. I supposed we were going to make a "transit," as heavenly bodies did – but we came budget by budget, as our fellows do, till we fulfilled the pantomime contained in the word "moved." It is a kind of

Gone to Kansas feeling, and if I sat in a long wagon, with my family tied behind, I should suppose without doubt I was a party of emigrants!

They say that “home is where the heart is.” I think it is where the house is, and the adjacent buildings.

But, my dear Mrs. Holland, I have another story, and lay my laughter all away, so that I can sigh. Mother has been an invalid since we came home, and Vinnie and I “regulated,” and Vinnie and I “got settled,” and still we keep our father’s house, and mother lies upon the lounge, or sits in her easy chair.

I don’t know what her sickness is, for I am but a simple child, and frightened at myself. I often wish I was a grass, or a toddling daisy, whom all these problems of the dust might not terrify – and should my own machinery get slightly out of gear, please, kind Ladies and Gentlemen, some one stop the wheel, – for I know that with belts and bands of gold, I shall whizz triumphant on the new stream! Love for you – love for Dr. Holland – thanks for his exquisite hymn – tears for your sister in sable, and kisses for Minnie and the bairns, from your mad Emilie.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 251–257. Publication: *L* (1894). | Josiah’s poem “Things New and Old” was published in the *SR* January 1, 1856. Elizabeth’s sister Sarah’s husband, Otis Knight, died of consumption January 12. ED again quotes 2 Corinthians 5:1.

187.

To Mary Warner (Crowell), about April 20, 1856

“I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair,
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes – he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall in the chamber stair,
I’m stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me
That – he is not there!

I thread the crowded street,
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes, and colored hair,
And, as he’s running by, –

Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that – he is not there!–

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid,
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt,
Yet my heart whispers that, he is not there!

I cannot make him dead –
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the tho't comes that, he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To him who gave my boy, –
Then comes the sad tho't, that he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose –
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer –
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, tho', he is not there!

Not there? – Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked, he is not there!

He lives! – In all the past
He lives; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written "thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God! –
 Father, thy chastening rod
 So help us, thine afflicted ones to bear,
 That, in the spirit land,
 Meeting at thy right hand,
 "Twill be our heaven to find that – he is there!"

Dear Mary – I send the verses of which I spoke one day – I think them very sweet – I'm sure that you will love them – They make me think beside, of a Little Girl at your house, who stole away one morning, and tho' I cannot find her, I'm sure that she "is there." My love for your mother and Jennie – Love too for you

from Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L35). Publication: JL183. | ED quotes from "My Child," a John Pierpont poem, popular in newspapers and gift books in the early 1840s, appearing in several variants. | Someone has written on the letter's last page "April 1853"; Mary's half-sister, Anna Charlotte Warner, died April 20, 1853—three years before ED sent this letter and poem. | Jennie = probably Jane Greely, a maternal relative of Mary's.

188.

To John Long Graves, April 27, 1856

It is Sunday – now – John – and all have gone to church – the wagons have done passing, and I have come out in the new grass to listen to the anthems.

Three or four Hens have followed me, and we sit side by side – and while they crow and whisper, I'll tell you what I see today, and what I would that you saw – You remember the crumbling wall that divides us from Mr Sweetser – and the crumbling elms and evergreens, and other crumbling things – that spring, and fade, and cast their bloom, within a simple twelvemonth – well – they are here, and skies on me fairer far than Italy, in blue eye look down – up – See!– away – a league from here, on the way to Heaven! And here are Robins, just got home, and giddy Crows, and Jays – and will you trust me – as I live, here's a bumblebee – not such as summer brings, John – earnest, manly bees, but a kind of a Cockney, dressed in jaunty clothes. Much that is gay – have I to show, if you were with me, John, upon this April grass – then there are sadder features – here and there, wings half gone to dust, that fluttered so, last year – a mouldering plume, an empty house, in which a bird resided. Where last year's flies, their errand ran, and last year's crickets fell! We, too, are flying – fading, John – and the song "here lies," soon upon lips that love us now – will have hummed and ended.

To live, and die, and mount again in triumphant body, and next time, try the upper air, is no schoolboy's theme!

It is a jolly thought to think that we can be Eternal, when air and earth are full of lives that are gone, and done – and a conceited thing indeed, this promised Resurrection! Congratulate me – John – Lad – and “here's a health to you” – that we have each a pair of lives, and need not chary be, of the one “that now is” – Ha – ha – if any can afford – tis us a roundelay!

Thank you for your letter, John – Glad I was, to get it, and gladder, had I got them both, and glad indeed to see – if in your heart, another lies, bound one day to me – Mid your momentous cares, pleasant to know that “Lang Syne” has it's own place – that nook and cranny still retain their accustomed guest. And when busier cares, and dustier days, and cobwebs, less unfrequent – shut what was away, still, as a ballad hummed, and lost, remember early friend, and drop a tear, if a troubadour that strain may chance to sing.

I am glad you have a school to teach, and happy that it is pleasant – amused at the clerical civility of your new friends – and shall feel – I know, delight and pride, always, when you succeed. I play the old, odd tunes yet, which used to flit about your head after honest hours – and wake dear Sue, and madden me, with their grief and fun – How far from us, that spring seems, and those triumphant days! Our April got to Heaven first – Grant we may meet her there, at the “right hand of the Father.” Remember, tho' you rove – John – and those who do not ramble will remember you. Susie's, and Mattie's compliments, and Vinnie's just here, and write again if you will –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G4). Publication: *Home*. | Dated in pencil, not by ED: “April 1856.” | Graves graduated August 1855 and was principal of Orford Academy in New Hampshire. See L163 on Graves staying with ED while her mother and sister were in Washington.

189.

To John Long Graves, August 1856

Ah John – Gone?

Then I lift the lid to my box of Phantoms, and lay another in, unto the Resurrection – Then will I gather in Paradise, the blossoms fallen here, and on the shores of the sea of Light, seek my missing sands.

Your Coz – Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (G10). Publication: JL186. Delivered by hand, probably while Graves was in Amherst during commencement, August 10–14. | See similar language to Susan in L181.

190.*To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, possibly December 1856**Transcribed Lyman*

I am glad you are well & of that other tidings. I give you more joy than of all the rest. It is the nearer Heaven & tho' the Angels do not so it makes the bliss none the less. Give *one* of your kisses in my name and tell her we are glad. You will work faster Joe – you wil[l] find time shorter. God bless you – & bless her!

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. | Lyman preserved only quoted passages from ED's letters—this one in a December 29, 1856 letter to his fiancée Laura Baker. They became engaged shortly after March 25, 1856.

191.*To Edward Everett Hale, spring 1858*

Amherst –

My dear Mr Hale.

Perhaps you forget a Stranger Maid, who several springs ago – asked of a Friend's Eternity, and if in her simplicity, she still remembers you, and culls for you a Rose, and hopes upon a purer morn, to pluck you buds serener – please pardon her, and them –

With sweet respect
your friend,

Emilie E. Dickinson.

Note: Lilly Library, Indiana University. Publication: Sewall, *Life*.

192.*To "Master," spring 1858**Draft*

Dear Master

I am ill, but grieving more that you are ill, I make my stronger hand work long eno' to tell you – I thought perhaps you were in Heaven, and when you spoke again, it seemed quite sweet, and wonderful, and surprised me so – I wish that you were well.

I would that all I love, should be weak no more. The Violets are by my side – the Robin very near, and "Spring" – they say, Who is she – going by the door – Indeed it is God's house – and these are gates of Heaven, and to and fro, the angels go, with their sweet postillions – I wish that I were great, like Mr – Michael Angelo, and could paint for you. You ask me what my flowers said – then they were disobedient – I gave them messages –

They said what the lips in the West, say, when the sun goes down, and so says the Dawn –

Listen again, Master. I did not tell you that today had been the Sabbath Day.

Each Sabbath on the sea, makes me count the Sabbaths, till we meet on shore – and ^will the^ whether the hills will look as blue as the sailors say –

I cannot ~~talk~~ ^stay^ any ~~more~~ ^longer^ tonight ^now^, for this pain denies me –

How strong when weak to recollect, and easy quite, to love. Will you tell me, please to tell me, soon as you are well –

Note: AC 827. Publication: *Home*. No evidence indicates whether a clean copy of this letter was ever made or sent. “Master” unidentified. | See RWF, *Master Letters* for his dating of the three “Master” letters.

193.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, May 1858

Transcribed Lyman

May. We parted in the spring, Joseph. It is natural that we should meet in months of the same name. I dare not count the crocuses that have sprung since then. It would bring us all nearer than we are fit to the Eternal Gardens. The “Kingdom by the Sea” never alters, Joseph but the “children” do – meeker and wistfuller on our part and more athletic-minded I believe on yours. . . . I suppose the grass is growing over much that is dear to us both but we’ll leave that till we meet. . . . Are you well, dear Joseph? I am afraid of those Great Suns. I give his Tropics charge! Shall you not be carefull. When you know that the fires never burned low on the hearth stone of remembrance you will forgive us. Write to us again, dear Joseph, keep us in your prayer and in strong vesper we will bear you up – Good night – ‘Good night’ grows weary. I long to cry “Good Morning” so! Affecty Emilie –

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. | Lyman quotes this passage in a June 13 letter to Laura Baker, in which he says he had received “letters from the Dickinson Girls in Amherst Emily & Vinnie. . . . Emilys letter is very fine & has some rare delicate touches—let me copy some of them. She commences—.” Ellipses, misspellings, and punctuation are Lyman’s.

194.

To Mary Emerson Haven, late May or early June 1858

Dear Mrs Haven –

Have you, or has Mr Haven, in his Library, either “Klosterheim,” or the “Confessions of an Opium Eater,” by De’ Quincey? I have sent to Northampton, but cannot get them there, and they are missing just now, from the College Library. I

thank you very much, should you have them, if you will please lend them to me – for tho' the hours are very full, I think that I might snatch here and there a moment, if I had the books.

I hope you are happy this summer day, tho' I know you are lonely. I should love to pass an hour with you, and the little girls, could I leave home, or mother. I do not go out at all, lest father will come and miss me, or miss some little act, which I might forget, should I run away – Mother is much as usual. I know not what to hope of her. Please remember Vinnie and I, for we are perplexed often –

Affy, Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (Haven 1). Publication: *Indiana Quarterly* (1945). | In 1858, Haven was mother to seven children, six of whom were girls. By May 11, the *Hampshire Gazette* was reporting that AC professor Joseph Haven had been invited to join the faculty of the Congregational Theological Seminary in Chicago. | Thomas De Quincey's novel *Klosterheim; or The Masque* was published in 1832; *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* in 1821.

195.

To Joseph A. Sweetser, June 25, 1858

Friday night.

Much has occurred, dear Uncle, since my writing you – so much, that I stagger as I write, in it's sharp remembrance. Summers of bloom, and months of frost, and days of jingling bells, yet all the while this hand upon our fireside. Today has been so glad without, and yet so grieved within – so jolly, shone the sun – and now the moon comes stealing, and yet it makes none glad. I cannot always see the light, please tell me if it shines.

I hope you are well, these many days, and have much joy.

There is a smiling summer here, which causes birds to sing, and sets the bees in motion.

Strange blooms arise on many stalks, and trees receive their tenants.

I would you saw what I can see, and imbibed this music. The day went down, long time ago, and still a simple choir bear the canto on.

I dont know who it is, that sings, nor did I, would I tell!

God gives us many cups. Perhaps you will come to Amherst, before the was-sail's done. Our man has mown today, and as he plied his scythe, I thought of other mowings, and garners far from here.

I wonder how long we shall wonder; how early we shall know.

Your brother kindly brought me a Tulip Tree this morning. A blossom from his tree.

I find them very thoughtful friends, and love them much. It seems very pleasant that other ones will so soon be near.

We formed Aunt Kate's acquaintance, for the first, last spring, and had a few sweet hours, as do new found girls.

I meet some octoganerians, but men and women seldomer, and at longer intervals, “little children,” of whom is the “Kingdom of Heaven.” How tiny some will have to grow, to gain admission there! I hardly know what I have said – my words put all their feathers on, and fluttered here and there. Please give my warmest love to my Aunts and Cousins – and write me, should you please, some summer’s evening.

Affy, Emilie.

Note: Jones. Publication: *L* (1931). | “brother” = Luke Sweetser, next-door neighbor. ED quotes Luke 18:16, regarding children and the kingdom of heaven. “God gives us many cups” (the “cup of sorrow” referred to in all gospels and Lamentations 3:15) may refer to her mother’s poor health.

196.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, summer 1858

To my Father –

to whose untiring efforts in my behalf, I am indebted for my morning-hours, viz – 3 – AM, to 12 – PM. these grateful lines are inscribed by his aff

Daughter.

Sleep is supposed to be
By souls of sanity –
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down wh’ on either hand –
The Hosts of Witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be
By people of degree –
The breaking of the Day!

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be
East of Eternity!
One with the banner gay,
One in the red array –
That is the Break of Day!

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B127). Publication: *FF*. | Edward sometimes awakened ED in the morning. | M 59, Fr35.

197.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1858

Morns like these – we parted.
 Noons like these – she rose
 Fluttering first – then firmer –
 To her fair repose.
 Never did she lisp it –
 And t’was not for me –
 She was mute from transport –
 I – from agony –
 Till – the evening nearing,
 One the Curtains drew –
 Quick! A sharper rustling!
 And this Linnet flew!

Note: Private collection. Auctioned at Christies, 1995. TS from digital copy. Publication: *Poems* (1891). Addressed to “Sue.” | M 38, Fr18. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

198.

To Susan Davis Phelps, summer 1858

Thursday Eve

Susie.

You will forgive me, for I never visit. I am from the fields, you know, and while quite at home with the Dandelion, make but sorry figure in a Drawing-room – Did you ask me but with a bunch of Daisies, I should thank you, and accept, but with Roses – “Lilies” – “Solomon” himself, suffers much embarrassment! Do not mind me Susie – If I do not come with feet, in my heart I come – talk the most, and laugh the longest – stay when all the rest have gone, kiss your cheek, perhaps, while those honest people quite forget you in their sleep!

Thank you for your frequent coming, and the flowers you bring, thank you for the glad laugh, which I heard this morning, tho’ I did not see you.

I will keep them all till I reach my other Susie, whose sweet face you bring afresh, every day you come.

Affy,

Emilie –

Note: AC 70. Publication: Longworth, *Emily Dickinson* (1992). | Phelps lived in Hadley and frequently visited Amherst. On the outside of the page, someone has (mistakenly) written: “Letter from Emily Dickinson to Sue Dickson” [sic]. For “lilies of the field,” see Matthew 6:28–29.

199.

*To Elizabeth Holland, mid-August 1858**Transcribed Todd*

Sabbath night

Don't tell, dear Mrs. Holland, but wicked as I am, I read my Bible sometimes, and in it as I read today, I found a verse like this, where friends should "go no more out"; and there were "no tears," and I wished as I sat down tonight that we were there – not here – and that wonderful world had commenced, which makes such promises, and rather than to write you, I were by your side, and the "hundred and forty and four thousand" were chatting pleasantly, yet not disturbing us. And I'm half tempted to take my seat in that Paradise of which the good man writes, and begin forever and ever, now, so wondrous does it seem. My only sketch, profile, of Heaven is a large, blue sky, bluer and larger than the biggest I have seen in June, and in it are my friends – all of them – every one of them – those who are with me now, and those who were "parted" as we walked, and "snatched up to Heaven."

If roses had not faded, and frosts had never come, and one had not fallen here and there whom I could not waken, there were no need of other Heaven than the one below – and if God had been here this summer, and seen the things that I have seen – I guess that he would think his Paradise superfluous. Don't tell him, for the world, tho', for after all he's said about it, I should like to see what he was building for us, with no hammer, and no stone, and no journeyman either. Dear Mrs. Holland, I love, tonight – love you – and Dr. Holland – and "time and sense" – and fading things, and things that do not fade.

I'm so glad you are not a blossom, for those in my garden fade, and then a "Reaper whose name is Death" has come to get a few to help him make a boquet for himself, so I'm glad you are not a Rose – and I'm glad you are not a Bee, for where they go when summer's done, only the Thyme knows, and even were you a Robin, when the west winds came, you would coolly wink at me, and away, some morning!

As "little Mrs. Holland," then, I think I love you most, and trust that tiny lady will dwell below while we dwell, and when with many a wonder we seek the new Land, her wistful face with ours, shall look the last upon the hills, and first upon – well, Home!

Pardon my sanity Mrs. Holland, in a world insane, and love me if you will, for I had rather be loved than to be called a King in Earth, or a Lord in Heaven.

Thank you for your sweet note – the Clergy are very well. Will bring such fragments from them as shall seem me good. I kiss my paper here for you and Dr. Holland – would it were cheeks instead.

Dearly Emilie

P.S. The Bobolinks have gone.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 264–269. Publication: *L* (1894). | Previously dated variously, from 1856 to 1859; dating here from ED’s possible allusion to 1858 revivals in Amherst and the opening of the Northampton Lunatic Asylum, August 6, 1858; also, at the AC commencement August 8–14, an orator spoke on insanity. | ED quotes from Revelation 3:12, 21:4, and 14:3 and from Luke 24:51. In paragraph 3, she quotes from Longfellow’s “The Reaper and the Flowers.”

200.

To Mary Emerson Haven, mid- to late August 1858

Good night, dear Mrs Haven! I am glad I did not know you better, since it would then have grieved me more, that you went away.

Some summer-afternoon, I thought – we might be acquainted, but summer afternoons to me have had so many wings, and meanwhile, you have flown! Thank you for recollecting me in the sweet moss, which with your memory, I have lain in a little box, unto the Resurrection. I hoped to see your face again – hoped to see Mr – Haven, and the little girls.

Though I met you little, I shall miss you all – Your going will redden the maple – and fringe the Gentian sooner, in the soft fields.

Permit us to keep you in our hearts, although you seem to outward eye, to be travelling from us! That is the sweet prerogative of the left behind.

I know you will come again – if not today, tomorrow – if not tomorrow as we count, after the little interval we pass in lifetime here, Then we wont say “Good bye,” since immortality makes the phrase quite obsolete, Good night is long eno’,

I bid it, smiling!

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (Haven 2). Publication: *Indiana Quarterly* (1945). ED enclosed a rosebud with this letter. | Professor Haven was at the AC commencement on August 12. The family thereafter moved to Chicago.

201.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1858

The morns are meeker than they were –
 The nuts are getting brown –
 The berry’s cheek is plumper –
 The Rose is out of town –

○

The maple wears a gayer scarf –
 The field – a scarlet gown –
 Lest I sh'd seem old fashioned
 I'll put a trinket on!

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (344). Publication: *Poems* (1890). | Slit and laced with a ribbon, which held a flower. | M 58, Fr32.

202.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, September 26, 1858

Sunday.

I hav'nt any paper, dear, but faith continues firm, Presume if I met with my "deserts," I should receive nothing. Was informed to that effect today by a "dear pastor." What a privilege it is to be so insignificant! Thought of intimating that the "Atonement" was'nt needed for such atomies! I think you went on Friday. Some time is longer than the rest, and some is very short. Omit to classify Friday – Saturday – Sunday! Evenings get longer with the Autumn – that is nothing new! The Asters are pretty well. "How are the other blossoms?" "Pretty well, I thank you." Vinnie and I are pretty well. Carlo – comfortable – terrifying man and beast, with renewed activity – is cuffed some – hurled from piazza frequently, when Miss Lavinia's "flies" need her action elsewhere.

She has the "patent action," I have long felt!

I attended church early in the day. Prof Warner preached. Subject – "little drops of dew."

Este took the stump in the afternoon. Aunt Sweetser's dress would have startled Sheba. Aunt Bullard was not out – presume she stayed at home for "self examination." Accompanied by father, they visited the grave yard, after services. These are stirring scenes! Austin supped with us. "Appears well." Ah – Dobbin – Dobbin – you little know the chink which your dear face makes. We would'nt mind the sun, dear, if it did'nt set – How much you cost – how much Mat costs – I will never sell you for a piece of silver. I'll buy you back with red drops, when you go away. I'll keep you in a casket – I'll bury you in the garden, and keep a bird to watch the spot – perhaps my pillow's safer – Try my bosom last – That's nearest of them all, and I should hear a foot the quickest! should I hear a foot – The thought of the little brown plumes makes my eye awry. The pictures in the air have few visitors.

You see they have come to their own and their own do not receive them; "Power and honor" are here today, and "dominion and glory"! I shall never tell!

You may tell, when “the seal” is opened; Mat may tell when they “fall on their faces,” but I shall be lighting the lamps then in my new house, and I cannot come.

God bless you, if he please! Bless Mr John and Mrs Mat, Bless two or three others!

I wish to be there – Shall I come? If I jump, shall you catch me. Hav’nt the conceit to jump! Vinnie is asleep, and must dream her message. Good night, little girls!

Since there are two varieties, we will say it softly – Since there are snowier beds, we’ll talk a little every night, before we sleep in these!

Love Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L3). Publication: JL194. | Susan is visiting her sister Martha in Geneva, New York. The Sweetser family visited in September, as did the Bullards. | Este = probably Rev Isaac Esty; his son, William Cole Esty was AC 1860. | Captain William Dobbin is a character in Thackeray’s *Vanity Fair* (published as a book in 1848), who is a devoted friend to Amelia Sedley. ED alludes to Revelation 7:12.

203.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1858

“Navy” Sunset!
 The guest is gold and crimson,
 An Opal guest, and gray –
 Of ermine is his doublet,
 His Capuchin gay –
 He comes to town at nightfall.
 He stops at every door –
 Who looks for him at morning,
 I pray him too – explore
 The Lark’s pure territory,
 Or the Lapwing’s shore!

Emilie.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (387). Publication: FF. | M 43, Fr44; title appears only on this copy of the poem.

204.

To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland, November 6, 1858

*Transcribed Todd
 Saturday Eve*

Dear Hollands,

Good night! I can’t stay any longer in a world of death. Austin is ill of fever. I buried my garden last week – Our man, Dick, lost a little girl through the scarlet

fever. I thought perhaps that you were dead, and not knowing the sexton's address, interrogate the daisies. Ah! dainty – dainty Death! Ah! Democratic Death! Grasping the proudest zinnia from my purple garden, – then deep to his bosom calling the serf's child!

Say, is he everywhere? Where shall I hide my things?

Who is alive? The woods are dead. Is Mrs. H. alive? Annie and Katie – are they below, or received to Nowhere?

I shall not tell how short time is, for I was told by lips which sealed as soon as it was said, and the open revere the shut. You were not here in summer. Summer? My memory flutters – had I – was there a summer? You should have seen the fields go – Gay little entomology! Swift little Ornithology! Dancer, and floor, and cadence quite gathered away, and I, a phantom, to you a phantom, rehearse the story! An orator of feather unto an audience of fuzz, – and pantomimic plaudits. “Quite as good as a play,” indeed! Tell Mrs. Holland she is mine.

Ask her if “vice versa”? Mine is but just the thief's request – “Remember me today.” Such are the bright chirographies of the “Lamb's Book.” Good night! My ships are in! – My window overlooks the wharf! One Yacht, and a man-of-war; two brigs and a schooner! “Down with the topmast!

Lay her a' hold! a' hold!”

Emilie

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 289–292. Publication: *L* (1894). | The stableman Richard Matthews's eight-year-old daughter Harriet died on November 1 of scarlet fever. Austin had typhoid fever. | On shipwreck, ED quotes from *The Tempest*. She repeats “Mine is but the thief's request” in L373, and refers to the “Lamb's Book” (see Revelation 21:27) in L145.

205.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1858

There is a word
Which bears a sword
Can pierce an armed man –
It hurls it's barbed syllables
And is mute again –
But where it fell
The Saved will tell
On patriotic day,
Some epauletted Brother
Gave his breath away!

Wherever runs the breathless sun,
 Wherever roams the day –
 There is it's noiseless onset –
 There is it's victory!
 Behold the keenest marksman,
 The most accomplished shot!
 Time's sublimest target
 Is a soul "forgot"!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (349). Publication: *Poems* (1896). | M 42, Fr42.

206.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about December 19, 1858

One Sister have I in our house,
 And one, a hedge away.
 There's only one recorded,
 But both belong to me.

One came the road that I came,
 And wore my last year's gown,
 The other, as a bird her nest,
 Builded our hearts among.

She did not sing as we did,
 It was a different tune,
 Herself to her a music
 As Bumble bee of June.

Today is far from Childhood,
 But up and down the hills
 I held her hand the tighter,
 Which shortened all the miles –

And still her hum
 The years among,
 Deceives the Butterfly;
 Still in her Eye
 The Violets lie
 Mouldered this many May.

I spilt the dew,
 But took the morn;
 I chose this single star
 From out the wide night's numbers,
 Sue – forevermore!

Emilie -

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Publication: *SH*. | On December 19, Susan turned twenty-eight. |
 M 46, Fr5.

207.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1858

Thro' lane it lay – thro' bramble –
 Thro' clearing, and thro' wood –
 Banditti often passed us
 Opon the lonely road –
 The wolf came peering curious,
 The Owl looked puzzled down –
 The Serpent's satin figure
 Glid stealthily along –
 The tempests touched our garments,
 The Lightning's poinards gleamed,
 Fierce from the crag above us
 The hungry vulture screamed,
 The satyr's fingers beckoned –
 The Valley murmured "Come" –
 These were the mates –
 This was the road
 These Children fluttered home.

"Emily –"

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (359). Publication: *CP*. | M 42 Fr43

208.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, January or February 1859

Dear Sue –

I should love dearly to spend the Evening with the girls, but have made calls
 this afternoon, and accidentally left my mind at Prof Warner's.

Please reserve an Ottoman for my Spirit, which is behind Vinnie's.
 Love for the Germanians –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B69). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Martha Dickinson Bianchi notes that ED was “declining an invitation to an evening of amateur music”; “the Germanians” = traveling musicians, who visited Amherst in 1853 (see L123).

209.

To Mary Emerson Haven, February 13, 1859

Sabbath Eve.

Dear Mrs Haven.

Your remembrance surprises me. I hardly feel entitled to it, a most sweet surprise, which can hardly be affirmed of all our surprises. I grieve that I cannot claim it in a larger degree. Perhaps tho', sweeter as it is – unmerited remembrance – “Grace,” the saints would call it – careless girls like me, cannot testify. Thank you for this, and your warm note.

We have hardly recovered laughing from Mr Haven's jolly one. I insist to this day, that I have received internal injuries. Could Mr H. be responsible for an early grave? The Coat is still in the dark, but the mirth to which it has given rise, will gleam when coats and rascals have passed into tradition.

The letters of suspected gentlemen form quite a valuable addition to our family library, and father pursues the search with a mixture of fun and perseverance, which is quite diabolical! I will give you the earliest intelligence of the arrest of our friend, who for the mirth he has afforded, surely merits triumph, more than transportation.

Father is in New York, just now, and Vinnie in Boston – while Mother and I for greater celebrity, are remaining at home.

My mother's only sister has had an invalid winter, and Vinnie has gone to enliven the house, and make the days shorter to my sick aunt. I would like more sisters, that the taking out of one, might not leave such stillness. Vinnie has been all, so long, I feel the oddest fright at parting with her for an hour, lest a storm arise, and I go unsheltered.

She talked of you before she went, often said she missed you, would add a couplet of her own, were she but at home. I hope you are well as I write, and that the far city seems to you like home. I do not know your successors. Father has called upon Mr S. but I am waiting for Vinnie to help me do my courtesies. Mr S. preached in our church last Sabbath, upon “predestination,” but I do not respect “doctrines,” and did not listen to him, so I can neither praise, nor blame. Your house has much of pathos, to those that pass who loved you.

I miss the geranium at the window, and the hand that tended the geranium.

I shall miss the clustering frocks at the door, bye and bye when summer comes, unless myself in a new frock, am too far to see.

How short, dear Mrs Haven! A darting fear – a pomp – a tear – a waking on a morn to find that what one waked for, inhales the different dawn.

Receive much love from

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (Haven 3). Publication: *Indiana Quarterly* (1945). | Vinnie was visiting their aunt, Lavinia Norcross. | Mr S=Reverend Julius Hawley Seelye, who preached in the First Church on February 6, 1859, and was appointed AC professor of philosophy in July 1858, filling the position vacated by Haven. | THJ prints the lines beginning “A darting fear” as poetry. Neither M nor Fr regard them as verse.

210.

To Elizabeth Holland, about February 13, 1859

Transcribed Todd

Not alone to thank you for your sweet note, is my errand, dear Mrs. Holland, tho’ I do indeed, but will you please to help me?

I guess I have done wrong – I don’t know certainly, but Austin tells me so, and he is older than I, and knows more of ordinances.

When Vinnie is here, I ask her – if she says I sin, I say, “Father, I have sinned” – if she sanctions me, I am not afraid, but Vinnie is gone now, and to my sweet elder sister, in the younger’s absence, something guides my feet.

These are the circumstances. Your friend and neighbor, Mr. Chapman, was in town last week, with Mr. Hyde of Ware, as a business ally.

They called upon us Wednesday evening, and were our guests on the evening following. After most pleasant conversations, we parted for the night – the gentlemen then proposing to return next day. Business did not terminate, and sitting next evening with S. as I often do, some one rang the bell and I ran, as is my custom.

What was my surprise and shame, on hearing Mr. Chapman ask for “Mrs D!” K. S., a guest of S.’s, was my confederate, and clinging fast like culprit mice, we opened consultation. Since the dead might have heard us scamper, we could not allege that we did not run, besides, it was untrue, which to people so scared as we, was a minor consideration, but would have its weight with our seniors. I proposed that we ask forgiveness.

K. was impenitent, and demurred. While we were yet deliberating, S. opened the door, announced that we were detected, and invited us in.

Overwhelmed with disgrace, I gasped a brief apology, but the gentlemen simply looked at us with a grave surprise.

After they had retired, Austin said we were very rude, and I crept to my little room, quite chagrined and wretched. Now do you think Mr. Chapman will

forgive me? I do not mind Mr. Hyde of Ware, because he does not please me, but Mr. Chapman is my friend, talks of my books with me, and I would not wound him.

I wrote a little note to him, saying I am sorry, and will he forgive me, and remember it no more? Now will I ask so much of you, that you read it for me, judge if it is said as yourself would say it, were you rude instead of me – that if you approve, when you walk again, you will take it for me to Mr. Chapman's office – tell him for me – intercede as my sister should? Then if he forgives me, I shall write you quickly, but if he should not, and we meet the next in Newgate, know I was a loving felon, sentenced for a door bell.

Emilie

Note: AC Tr78. Publication: *L* (1931). | K.S. = Catherine (Kate) Scott Turner (Anthon), who in early 1859 visited Susan; S. = Susan. Newgate was an infamous London prison. | On February 8, Reuben A. Chapman and William Hyde refereed the question of a new meetinghouse in South Amherst; THJ misdates as February 15. ED's "Wednesday" was February 9.

211.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early 1859

Darling.

The feet of people walking home,
With gayer sandals go,
The Crocus, till she rises
The Vassal of the snow –

The lips at Hallelujah
Long years of practise bore,
Till bye and bye, these Bargmen
Walked singing, on the shore.

Pearls are the Diver's farthings,
Extorted from the sea –
Pinions – the Seraph's wagon,
Pedestrian once – as we –

Night is the morning's canvas –
Larceny – Legacy.
Death, but our rapt attention
To immortality.

○

My figures fail to tell me
 How far the village lies
 Whose Peasants are the angels,
 Whose Cantons dot the skies –

My Classics veil their faces,
 My faith that dark adores,
 Which from it's solemn abbeys
 Such Resurrection pours.

Lovingly,
 Emilie.

Note: AC 71. Publication: *SH*. Note contains several pinholes. | M 37 & 162, Fr16.

212.

To Catherine Scott Turner (Anthon), mid-February 1859

Transcribed Anthon

When Katie walks, this Simple pair accompany her side,
 When Katie runs unwearied they follow on the road,
 When Katie kneels, their loving hands still clasp her pious knee –
 Ah! Katie! Smile at Fortune, with two so knit to thee!

Emilie

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B126) and AC Tr60f (source text H). Publication: *L* (1931). | The H TS (for Susan) includes a signature and Anthon's note that "Emilie knitted a pair of garters for me & sent them over with these lines." The AC TS (for Todd) includes a title ("To Katie Anthon accompanying a pair of garters –") and differs in underlining, punctuation, and word choice: "travel" for "follow" and "bands" for "hands." The title is probably Anthon's. This may have been a gift to Anthon before she left Amherst. Her first known visit was from mid-January to mid-February 1859; her next known visit was October or November 1861. | M 699, Fr49. Only copy.

213.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1859

Whose cheek is this?
 What rosy face
 Has lost a blush today?
 I found her, 'pleiad,' in the woods
 And bore her safe away.

○

Robins, in the tradition
 Did cover such with leaves,
 But which the cheek,
 And which the pall
My scrutiny deceives.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B186). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. Addressed to "Sue." | ED attached a flower and a tiny picture of a bird, cut from the *New England Primer*. M 699, Fr48. Only copy.

214.

To Elizabeth Holland, March 2, 1859

Wednesday.

"Sister."

You did my will. I thank you for it. Let me work for you! What prettier negotiation than of friend for friend? I did not suspect complacency in "Mr Brown of Sheffield"! It is plain that Vinnie is gone – she assays them for me.

Complacency! My Father! in such a world as this, when we must all stand bare-foot before thy jasper doors!

Thank you for putting me on trail. I will make quite a fox, in time, unless I die early.

I gather from "Republican" that you are about to doff your weeds for a Bride's Attire. Vive le fireside! Am told that fasting gives to food marvellous Aroma, but by birth a Bachelor, disavow Cuisine.

Meeting is well worth parting. How kind in some to die, adding impatience to the rapture of our thought of Heaven!

As by the dead we love to sit,
 Become so wondrous dear –
 As for the lost we grapple
 Though all the rest are here –
 In broken Mathematics
 We estimate our prize
Vast, in it's fading ratio
 To our penurious eyes.

I had rather you lived nearer – I would like to touch you. Pointed attentions from the Angels, to two or three I love, make me sadly jealous.

People with Wings at option, look loftily at hands and feet, which induces watchfulness! How gay to love one's friend! How passing gay to fancy that they reciprocate the whim, tho' by the Seas divided, tho' by a single Daisy hidden from our eyes! I would not exchange it for all the funds of the Father. Vinnie is yet in Boston.

Thank you for recollecting. I am somewhat afraid at night, but the Ghosts have been very attentive, and I have no cause to complain. Of course one cant expect one's furniture to sit still all night, and if the Chairs do prance – and the Lounge polka a little, and the shovel give it's arm to the tongs, one dont mind such things! From fearing them at first, I've grown to quite admire them, and now we understand each other, it is most enlivening! How near, and yet how far we are! The new March winds could bring me, and yet "whole legions of Angels" may lie between our lips!

Emilie

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (16). Publication: *LH*. | On February 28, Josiah Holland returned from a lecture tour. ED refers to Brooks (not "Brown") of Sheffield, from *David Copperfield*, a novel she quotes from or alludes to in ten other letters over several years. | M 56, Fr78.

215.

To Catherine Scott Turner (Anthon), March 1859

Transcribed Anthon
Amherst

I never missed a Kate before, – Two Sues – Eliza and a Martha, comprehend my girls.

Sweet at my door this March night another Candidate – Go Home! We don't take Katies here! – Stay! My heart votes for you, and what am I indeed to dispute her ballot? – What are your qualifications? Dare you dwell in the East where we dwell? Are you afraid of the sun? When you hear the new violet sucking her way among the sods, shall you be resolute? All we are strangers – dear – The World is not acquainted with us, because we are not acquainted with her. And Pilgrims! – Do you hesitate? and Soldiers oft – some of us victors, but those I do not see tonight owing to the smoke. – We are hungry, and thirsty, sometimes – We are barefoot – and cold –

Will you still come? Then bright I record you! Kate gathered in March.!

It is a small bouquet, dear – but what it lacks in size, it gains in fadelessness, – Many can boast a hollyhock, but few can bear a rose! And should new flower smile at limited associates, pray her remember, were there many they were not worn upon the breast – but tilled in the pasture! So I rise, wearing her – so I sleep, holding, – Sleep at last with her fast in my hand and wake bearing my flower. –

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.96 (82) TS & AC (source text H). TS at AC varies in punctuation, and "like" is substituted for "take." | Enclosure: "There are two Ripenings".

216.*To Louisa Norcross, April 1859**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Dear Lou

You did not acknowledge my vegetable, perhaps you are not familiar with it. I was reared in the garden you know. It was to be eaten with mustard! Bush, 80 feet high, just under chamber window – much used at this season when other vegetables are gone. You should snuff the hay if you were here today, infantile as yet, homely, as cubs are prone to be, but giving brawny promise of hay cocks “bye and bye.” “Methinks I see you” as school-girls say, perched upon a cock with the “latest work” and confused visions of bumblebees tugging at your hat. Not so far off, cousin, as it used to be that vision and the hat. It makes me feel so hurried, I run and brush my hair so to be all ready.

I enjoy much with a fly, during sister’s absence, not one of your blue monsters, but a timid creature, that hops from pane to pane of her white house, so very cheerfully, and hums and thrums, a sort of speck piano. Tell Vinnie I’ll kill him the day she comes, for I shan’t need him any more, and she don’t mind flies!

Tell Fanny and papa to come with the sweet-williams.

Tell Vinnie I counted three peony noses, red as Sammie Matthew’s just out of the ground, and get her to make the accompanying face. “Bye-Bye”. Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 397–398. Publication: *L* (1894). | Sammie = son of Dick Matthews. Louisa turned seventeen on April 17.

217.*To Elizabeth Holland, about spring 1859*

Baffled for just a day or two,
 Embarrassed – not afraid,
 Encounter in my garden
 An unexpected Maid!
 She beckons, and the Woods start –
 She nods, and all begin –
 Surely – such a country
 I was never in!

Emilie

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (17). Publication: *BM*. Rosebud and ribbon still attached to MS. | M 50, Fr66.

218.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1859

Delayed till she had ceased to know –
 Delayed till in it's vest of snow
 Her loving bosom lay.
 An hour behind the fleeting breath
 Later by just an hour than Death –
 Oh lagging Yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it would be –
 Could but a Crier of the joy
 Have climbed the distant hill! –
 Had not the bliss so slow a pace
 Who knows but this surrendered face
 Were undefeated still?

Oh if there may remaining be
 Any, forgot by Victory
 In her imperial round –
 Show them this meek apparreled thing
 That could not stop to be a king
Doubtful if it be Crowned!

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (245). Publication: *Christian Union*. Addressed "Sue." | M 52, Fr67.

219.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1859

We should not mind so small a flower,
 Except it quiet bring
 Our little garden that we lost
 Back to the Lawn again.

So spicy her Carnations nod,
 So drunken, reel her Bees,
 So silver, steal a hundred Flutes
 From out a hundred trees,

That whoso sees this little flower
 By faith, may clear behold

The Bobolinks around the throne
And Dandelions gold.

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (372). Publication: *SH*. | M 67 Fr82.

220.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early summer 1859

So from the mould,
Scarlet and Gold
Many a Bulb will rise –
Hidden away, cunningly,
From sagacious eyes.

So from Cocoon
Many a Worm
Leap so Highland gay,
Peasants like me,
Peasants like Thee,
Gaze perplexedly.

Emilie.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (313). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 69, Fr110.

221.

To Thomas Dwight Gilbert, around July 25, 1859

Sir,

South winds jostle them –
Bumblebees come –
Hover – hesitate –
Drink, and are gone –
Butterflies pause
On their passage Cashmere –
I – softly plucking
Present them here –

Note: H MS Am 1118 (320). Publication: *Poems* (1891). Addressed “Mr Gilbert.” | Thomas visited his sister Susan on July 25. | M 71, Fr98. Copies sent to Norcrosses (lost), Higginson (1862), and

to Henry Hubbell—transcribed by J. W. Underhill in a letter of July 1, 1861, as sent “with a basket of flowers” (not mentioned in Fr; see Lynch, “Emily Dickinson”).

222.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1859

Pigmy Seraphs – gone astray,
 Velvet people from Vevay,
 Belles from some lost summer day,
 Bees exclusive Coterie –
 Paris could not lay the fold
 Belted down with Emerald!
 Venice could not show a cheek
 Of a tint more lustrous meek.
 Never such an ambuscade
 As of briar and leaf displayed
 For my little damask maid.
 I had rather wear her grace
 Than an Earl's distinguished face –
 I had rather dwell like her
 Than be Duke of Exeter –
 Royalty eno' for me
 To subdue the Bumblebee.

Emily –

Note: AC 634. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 62, Fr96.

223.

To Martha (Mattie) Gilbert Smith, about 1859

Unsent

I have a suitor in the skies – a nobleman is he – and this is all he ever says – Pray
 “come unto me.”

To such a simple wooing I do not reply –

Say? – Shall I say him yes – Ladie – Say – shall I say him nay?

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Pencil. Publication: Richards, *Catalogue* 82 (1978); previously thought missing. Addressed “Mattie” on verso (previously read as “Mother”). | See Fr Appendix 13, A13–7.

224.

To Samuel Bowles, summer 1859

If recollecting were forgetting,
 Then I remember not,
 And if forgetting, recollecting,
 How near I had forgot,
 And if to miss, were merry,
 And to mourn, were gay,
 How very blithe the fingers
 That gathered this, today!

Emilie –

Note: AC 647. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Fascicle 1; M 40 (beginning “Oh if remembering were forgetting –”), Fr9.

225.

To Samuel and Mary Bowles, late July 1859

Dear Friends.

I am sorry you came, because you went away.

Hereafter, I will pick no Rose, lest it fade or prick me.

I would like to have you dwell here. Though it is almost nine o’clock, the skies are gay and yellow, and there’s a purple craft or so, in which a friend could sail. Tonight looks like “Jerusalem.” I think Jerusalem must be like Sue’s Drawing Room, when we are talking and laughing there, and you and Mrs Bowles are by. I hope we may all behave so as to reach Jerusalem. How are your Hearts today? Ours are pretty well. I hope your tour was bright, and gladdened Mrs Bowles. Perhaps the Retrospect will call you back some morning.

You shall find us all at the gate, if you come in a hundred years, just as we stood that day.

If it become of “Jasper,” previously, you will not object, so that we lean there still, looking after you.

I rode with Austin this morning.

He showed me mountains that touched the sky, and brooks that sang like Bobolinks. Was he not very kind? I will give them to you for they are mine, and “all things are mine” excepting “Cephas and Apollos,” for whom I have no taste.

Vinnie’s love brims mine.

Take Emilie.

Note: AC 645. Publication: *L* (1894). | Samuel Bowles wrote in 1859 to his friend Charles Allen that his wife had recovered from a May 15 stillbirth sufficiently to “plan . . . spending Sunday, July 10, in Greenfield.” Apparently, they also stopped in Amherst. | ED alludes to 1 Corinthians 3.21–22: “For

all things are yours; Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come.” “Jerusalem” and “Jasper” are associated with Revelation 21.

226.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1859

Glowing is her Bonnet,
Glowing is her Cheek,
Glowing is her Kirtle,
Yet she Cannot speak!

Better as the Daisy
From “the Summer hill”
Vanish unrecorded
Save by tearful Rill,

Save by loving Sunrise
Looking for her face!
Save by feet unnumbered
Pausing at the place!

Sister.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (258). Publication: *SH*. | M 76, Fr106.

227.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1859

As watchers hang upon the East,
As Beggars revel at a feast
By savory Fancy spread –
As brooks in deserts babble sweet
On ear too far for the delight,
Heaven beguiles the tired.

As that same watcher, when the East
Opens the lid of Amethyst
And lets the morning go –
That Beggar, when an honored Guest,
Those thirsty lips to flagons pressed,
Heaven to us, if true.

Emilie –

Note: AC 653. Pencil. Publication: *BM*. | M 75, Fr120.

228.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1859

Her breast is fit for pearls,
 But I was not a "Diver,"
 Her brow is fit for thrones
 But I have not a crest.
 Her heart is fit for home –
 I – a Sparrow, build there
 Sweet of twigs and twine
 My perennial nest.

Emily.

Note: AC 651. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | *M* 75, Fr121.

229.

To Samuel Bowles, late August 1859

Amherst.

Dear Mr Bowles.

I got the little pamphlet. I think you sent it to me, though unfamiliar with your hand – I may mistake.

Thank you, if I am right. Thank you, if not, since here I find bright pretext to ask you how you are tonight, and for the health of four more, elder and minor "Mary," Sallie and Sam, tenderly to inquire. I hope your cups are full. I hope your vintage is untouched. In such a porcelain life, one likes to be sure that all is well, lest one stumble upon one's hopes in a pile of broken crockery.

My friends are my "estate". Forgive me then the avarice to hoard them! They tell me those were poor early, have different views of gold. I dont know how that is.

God is not so wary as we, else he would give us no friends, lest we forget him! The Charms of the Heaven in the bush are superceded I fear, by the Heaven in the hand, occasionally. Summer stopped since you were here. Nobody noticed here – that is, no men and women. Doubtless, the fields are rent by petite anguish, and "mourners go about" the Woods. But this is not for us. Business enough indeed, our stately Resurrection! A special Courtesy, I judge, from what the Clergy say! To the "natural man", Bumblebees would seem an improvement, and a spicing of Birds, but far be it from me, to impugn such majestic tastes.

Our Pastor says we are a "Worm". How is that reconciled? "Vain – sinful Worm" is possibly of another species.

Do you think we shall "see God"? Think of "Abraham" strolling with him in genial promenade!

The men are mowing the second Hay. The cocks are smaller than the first, and spicier.

I would distill a cup, and bear to all my friends, drinking to her no more astir, by beck, or burn, or moor!

Good night, Mr Bowles! This is what they say who come back in the morning, also the closing paragraph on repealed lips. Confidence in Daybreak modifies Dusk.

Blessings for Mrs Bowles, and kisses for the bairn's lips. We want to see you, Mr Bowles, but spare you the rehearsal of "familiar truths."

Good night,

Emily.

Note: AC 646. Publication: *L* (1894). | Edward gave a speech at the bicentennial celebrations for Hadley held on June 8, 1859, as did Josiah Holland; a pamphlet was printed in August and mentioned by several newspapers, including the *SR*. The Bowleses now have three children: Sarah ("Sallie"); Samuel Bowles IV; and Mary ("Mamie"). | ED quotes "Mourners go about" from Ecclesiastes 12:5.

230.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1859

"Arcturus" is his other name.

I'd rather call him "Star."

It's very mean of Science

To go and interfere!

I slew a worm the other day.

A "Savan" passing by

Murmured "Resurgam" – "Centipede"!

"Oh Lord, how frail are we"!

I pull a flower from the woods –

A monster with a glass

Computes the stamens in a breath –

And has her in a "Class"!

Whereas I took the Butterfly

Aforetime, in my hat,

He sits erect in "Cabinets,"

The Clover bells forgot.

over –

What once was "Heaven"

Is "Zenith" now –

Where I proposed to go
 When time's brief masquerade was done
 Is mapped and charted too.

What if the poles sh'd frisk about
 And stand upon their heads!
 I hope I'm ready for "the worst" –
 Whatever prank ~~it~~ betides!

Perhaps the "kingdom of Heaven's" changed.
 I hope the "Children" there
 Wont be "new fashioned" when I come –
 And laugh at me, and stare.

I hope the Father in the skies
 Will lift his little girl –
 Old fashioned – naughty – everything –
 Over the stile of "Pearl."

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (236). Publication: *Poems* (1891). The reminder to turn the page ("over") and cancellation of "ill" are ED's. | Arcturus is among the brightest stars that can be seen from Earth. "Resurgam" = Latin, "I shall rise again." In the Linnaean system, which ED knew was largely outdated, one counted stamens and pistils to identify flowers. | ED alludes to Matthew 19:14 and Revelation 21:21. | M 73, Fr117.

231.

To Samuel Bowles, about September 6, 1859

If she had been the Mistletoe
 And I had been the Rose,
 How gay opon your table
 My velvet life to Close,
 Since I am of the Druid,
 And she is of the dew,
 I'll deck Tradition's buttonhole
 And send the Rose to you.

E.

Note: AC 648. Publication: *L* (1894). Stain on the paper suggests enclosure. | Mistletoe was linked with Druidic celebrations of the New Year and often used as a Christmas decoration, but the possible enclosure suggests ED sent a rose. | M 48, Fr60.

232.

*To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland, September 1859**Transcribed Todd*

Dear Hollands.

Belong to me! We have no fires yet, and the evenings grow cold. Tomorrow, stoves are set. How many barefoot shiver I trust their Father knows who saw not fit to give them shoes.

Vinnie is sick tonight, which gives the world a russet tinge, usually so red.

It is only a headache, but when the head aches next to you, it becomes important. When she is well, time leaps. When she is ill he lags, or stops entirely.

Sisters are brittle things.

God was penurious with me, which makes me shrewd with him.

1 is a dainty sum! One bird, one cage, one flight; one song in those far woods, as yet suspected by faith only!

This is September, and you were coming in September. Come! Our parting is too long. There has been frost enough. We must have summer now, and "whole legions" of daisies.

The gentian is a greedy flower, and overtakes us all. Indeed, this world is short, and I wish, until I tremble, to touch the ones I love before the hills are red – are gray – are white – are "born again"! If we knew how deep the crocus lay, we never should let her go. Still, crocuses stud many mounds whose gardeners till in anguish some tiny, vanished bulb.

We saw you that Saturday afternoon, but heedlessly forgot to ask where you were going, so did not know, and could not write. Vinnie saw Minnie flying by, one afternoon at Palmer. She supposed you were all there on your way from the sea, and untied her fancy! To say that her fancy wheedled her is superfluous.

We talk of you together, then diverge on life, then hide in you again, as a safe fold. Don't leave us long, dear friends! You know we're children still, and children fear the dark.

Are you well at home? Do you work now? Has it altered much since I was there? Are the children women, and the women thinking it will soon be afternoon? We will help each other bear our unique burdens.

Is Minnie with you now? Take her our love, if she is. Do her eyes grieve her now? Tell her she may have half ours.

Mother's favorite sister is sick, and mother will have to bid her good-night. It brings mists to us all; – the aunt whom Vinnie visits, with whom she spent, I fear, her last inland Christmas. Does God take care of those at sea? My aunt is such a timid woman!

Will you write to us? I bring you all their loves – many.

They tire me.

Emilie.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 258–261. Publication: *L* (1931). | On August 6, the Hollands were in Amherst as part of an excursion with the American Association for the Advancement of Science. All feared that Lavinia Norcross was fatally ill; she died in April 1860.

233.

To Jeanie Ashley Bates (Greenough), mid- to late September 1859

Amherst.

My dear Miss Bates.

We hear of your Father's illness, and are much grieved. I come to ask for him, hoping he may be better today. Please take our love to his sick room, and ask him to spare you a few moments, to write us how he is.

I thought perhaps a Rose might make his chamber bright. I hope your mother and yourself are not fatigued, or ill.

Were I a little nearer neighbor I could be assiduous.

Please have a warm remembrance for yourself and mother, and our frequent prayer for your Father's health.

Aff your friend,

E. E. Dickinson.

Note: Kent Bicknell, *Autographs: Buffalo Bill* Lot No. 55. Unpublished. | ED met Jeanie Bates in February 1855, in Washington, DC. Her father, William Gelston Bates, was reported by the September 15, 1859 *Boston Courier* to be suffering from a "serious illness."

234.

To Samuel Bowles, September or October 1859

Friend,

Sir,

I did not see you. I am very sorry. Shall I keep the Wine till you come again, or send it in by "Dick"? It is now behind the door in the Library, also an unclaimed flower. I did not know you were going so soon – Oh my tardy feet!

Will you not come again? Friends are gems – infrequent. Potosi is a care, Sir. I guard it reverently, for I could not afford to be poor now, after affluence. I hope the hearts in Springfield are not so heavy as they were – God bless the hearts in Springfield!

I am happy you have a "Horse". I hope you will get stalwart, and come and see us many years.

I have but two acquaintance, the "Quick and the Dead" – and would like more.

I write you frequently, and am much ashamed.

My voice is not quite loud enough to cross so many fields, which will, if you please, apologize for my pencil. Will you take my love to Mrs Bowles, whom I remember every day.

Emilie

Vinnie halloos from the world of nightcaps, “dont forget her love!”

Note: AC 649. Postscript in pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles was traveling frequently in September and perhaps visited Amherst. In October, he planned to travel with Nathaniel Banks, then governor of Massachusetts. On Mary Bowles’s stillbirth, see L225.

235.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1859

A poor – torn Heart – a tattered heart,
 That sat it down to rest,
 Nor noticed that the ebbing Day
 Flowed silver to the West;
 Nor noticed night did soft descend,
 Nor Constellation burn,
 Intent upon a vision
 Of Latitudes unknown –

The Angels, happening that way
 This dusty heart espied –
 Tenderly took it up from toil,
 And carried it to God –
 There – sandals for the Barefoot –
 There – gathered from the gales
 Do the blue Havens – by the hand
 Lead the wandering sails –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B175). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). Addressed to “Sue.” | ED ties two pictures to the poem, cut out of her father’s copy of Dickens’s *The Old Curiosity Shop* (published as a book in 1841): in one, a man in a graveyard kisses the hand of a young woman; in the second, four angels lift a young girl up to heaven. | M 83, Fr125.

236.

To Catherine Scott Turner (Anthon), autumn 1859

Transcribed Anthon

Katie –

Last year at this time I did not miss you, but positions shifted, until I hold your black in strong hallowed remembrance, and trust my colors are to you tints slightly

beloved. You cease indeed to talk, which is a custom prevalent among things parted and torn, but shall I class this, dear, among elect exceptions, and bear you just as usual unto the kind Lord?

We dignify our Faith, when we can cross the ocean with it, though most prefer ships –

How do you do this year? I remember you as fires begin, and evenings open at Austin's, without the Maid in black, – Katie, without the Maid in black,

Those were unnatural evenings,

Bliss is unnatural –

How many years, I wonder will sow the moss upon them, before we bind again, a little altered it may be, elder a little it will be, and yet the same as suns, which shine, between our lives and loss, and violets, not last years, but having the Mother's eyes, – Do you find plenty of food at home? Famine is unpleasant – It is too late for "Frogs," or which pleases me better, dear – not quite early enough! The pools were full of you for a brief period, but that brief period blew away, leaving me with – many stems, and but a few foliage! Gentlemen here have a way of plucking the tops of the trees, and putting the fields in their cellars annually, which in point of taste is execrable, and would they please omit, I should have fine vegetation & foliage all the year round, and never a winter month. Insanity to the sane seems so unnecessary, but I am only one – & they are "four and forty," which little affair of numbers leaves me impotent, – aside from this dear Katie, inducements to visit Amherst are as they were,

I am pleasantly located in the deep sea, but love will row you out if her hands are strong, and don't wait till I land, for I'm going ashore on the other side –

Emilie –

Note: AC Tr60c. Publication: JL209. | Anthon apparently had difficulty differentiating ED's periods from commas; we follow her TS. | The "four and forty" may allude to the "four and forty thousand seven hundred and threescore" warriors in 1 Chronicles 5:18.

237.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1859

These are the days when Birds come back –

A very few – a Bird or two,

To take a final look.

These are the days when skies resume

The old – old sophistries of June,

A blue and gold mistake.

Oh fraud that cannot cheat the Bee,
 Almost thy plausibility
 Induces my belief,

 Till ranks of seeds their witness bear,
 And swiftly thro' the altered air
 Hurries a timid leaf.

 Oh Sacrament of summer days!
 Oh last Communion in the Haze,
 Permit a Child to join,

 Thy sacred emblems to partake,
 Thy consecrated bread to take
 And thine immortal wine –

Note: AC 654. Pencil. Publication: *Drum Beat*. | As with some other letter poems, the address has been erased and is illegible—apparently to Sue. | M 81, Fr122.

238.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1859

Besides the autumn poets sing
 A few prosaic days
 A little this side of the snow
 And that side of the Haze.
 A few incisive mornings,
 A few ascetic eves,
 Gone – Mr Bryants' "Golden Rod"
 And Mr Thom'son's "Sheaves."
 Still, is the bustle in the brook,
 Sealed, are the spicy valves.
 Mesmeric fingers softly touch
 The eyes of many Elves –

 Perhaps a squirrel may remain
 My sentiments to share,
 Grant me Oh Lord a sunny mind,
 Thy windy will to bear!

Emilie –

Note: AC 655. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | ED alludes to William Cullen Bryant's "The Death of the Flowers" (1825) and to James Thomson's *The Seasons* (1730), required reading at AA and Mount Holyoke. | M 82, Fr123.

239.

To Mary Bowles, about December 1859

Dear Mrs Bowles.

Since I have no sweet flower to send you, I enclose my heart; a little one, sun-burnt, half broken sometimes, yet close as the spaniel, to it's friends. Your flowers came from Heaven, to which if I should ever go, I will pluck you palms.

My words are far away when I attempt to thank you, so take the silver tear instead, from my full eye. You have often remembered me.

I have little dominion – Are there not wiser than I, who with curious treasure, could requite your gift. Angels fill the hand that loaded

Emily's!

Note: AC 650. Publication: *L* (1894).

240.

To Mary Bowles, about late 1859

“They have not chosen me,” he said,

“But I have chosen them”.

Brave – Broken hearted statement –

Uttered in Bethleem!

I could not have told it,

But since Jesus dared,

Sovreign! Know a Daisy

Thy dishonor shared!

Emily.

Note: AC 652. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 66, Fr87.

241.

To Elizabeth Holland, about December 8, 1859

Transcribed Todd

God bless you, dear Mrs. Holland! I read it in the paper.

I'm so glad it's a little boy, since now the little sisters have some one to draw them on the sled – and if a grand old lady you should live to be, there's something sweet, they say, in a son's arm.

I pray for the tenants of that holy chamber, the wrestler, and the wrestled for. I pray for distant Father's heart, swollen, happy heart!

Savior keep them all!

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 278. Publication: *L* (1894). | Theodore Holland was born December 7, 1859, as announced in the SR. The Hollands' daughters, Annie and Kate, were eight and six.

242.

To Mary Bowles, December 12, 1859

Monday Eve

Dear Mrs Bowles.

You send sweet messages. Remembrance is more sweet than Robins in May Orchards.

I love to trust that round bright fires, some, braver than me, take my pilgrim name. How are papa, mama, and the little people?

Traditions of "Memmes" eyes, and little Sallie's virtues, and Sam's handsome face, are handed down

It storms in Amherst five days – it snows, and then it rains, and then soft fogs like vails, hang on all the houses, and then the days turn Topaz, like a lady's pin.

Thank you for bright boquet, and afterwards Verbena. I made a plant of a little bough of yellow Heliotrope which the boquet bore me, and call it "Mary Bowles." It is many days since the summer day when you came with Mr Bowles, and before another summer day it will be many days. My garden is a little knoll with faces under it, and only the pines sing tunes, now the birds are absent. I cannot walk to the distant friends on nights piercing as these, so I put both hands on the window-pane, and try to think how birds fly, and imitate, and fail, like Mr "Rasselas." I could make a balloon of a Dandelion, but the fields are gone, and only "Prof Lowe" remains to weep with me. If I built my house I should like to call you. I talk of all these things with Carlo, and his eyes grow meaning, and his shaggy feet keep a slower pace. Are you safe tonight? I hope you may be glad. I ask God on my knee to send you much prosperity, few winter days, and long suns. I have a childish hope to gather all I love together, and sit down beside, and smile.

Austin and Sue went to Boston Saturday, which makes the Village very large.

I find they are my crowd. Will you come to Amherst? The streets are very cold now, but we will make you warm. But if you never came, perhaps you could write a letter, saying how much you would like to, if it were "God's will." I give Good night, and daily love to you and Mr Bowles.

Emilie.

Note: AC 658. Publication: *L* (1894). | Mary may have sent flowers for ED's birthday, December 10. There was widespread reporting on Professor Lowe's attempt to cross the Atlantic in a balloon in November and then the postponement of that voyage. Austin and Susan left for Boston on Saturday, December 10. | Samuel Johnson's *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia* (1759) was popular in the nineteenth century.

243.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1859

Going to Heaven!
 I dont know when!
 Pray do not ask me how –
 Indeed, I'm too astonished
 To think of answering you!
 Going to Heaven!
 How dim it sounds!
 And yet it will be done
 As sure as flocks go home at night
 Unto the shepherd's Arm –

Perhaps you're going too!
 Who knows?
 If you should get there first
 Save just a little place for me
 Close to the two I lost!
 The smallest 'robe' will fit me
 And just a bit of 'Crown',
 For you know we do not mind our dress
 When we are going home!

I'm glad I dont believe it.
 For it would stop my breath,
 And I'd like to look a little more
 At such a curious Earth.
 I am glad they did believe it
 Whom I have never found
 Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
 I left them in the ground!

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (259). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). Alludes to Jesus as shepherd (Psalm 23, John 10) and perhaps to Revelation, for descriptions of wearing a robe and crown—although such descriptions also recur in hymns. | M 84, Fr128.

244.

*To Louisa Norcross, December 20, 1859**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Since it snows this morning, dear Loo, too fast for interruption, put your brown curls in a basket, and come and sit with me.

I am sewing for Vinnie, and Vinnie is flying through the flakes to buy herself a little hood. It's quite a fairy morning and I often lay down my needle, and "build a castle in the air" which seriously impedes the sewing project. What if I pause a little longer, and write a note to you! Who will be the wiser? I have known little of you, since the October morning when our families went out driving, and you and I in the dining room decided to be distinguished. It's a great thing to be "great" Loo, and you and I might tug for a life, and never accomplish it, but no one can stop our looking [on, and you know some cannot sing,] but the orchard is full of birds and we all can listen. What if we learn ourselves some day! Who indeed knows?

Sue said you had many little cares, I hope they do not fatigue you. I would not like to think of Loo, as weary now and then. Sometimes I get tired, and I would rather none I love would understand the word.

Do you still attend Fanny Kemble. Aaron Burr and father think her an "animal" but I fear zoölogy has few such instances. I have heard many notably bad readers, and a fine one would be almost a fairy surprise. When will you come again, Loo, for you remember dear you are one of the ones from whom I do not run away! I keep an ottoman in my heart exclusively for you. My love for your father and Fanny. Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 393–94. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. Text in brackets (one line) was cut off Norcross TS and supplied by TS in unknown hand. Tuesday, December 20, there was heavy snow all day. | Frances notes: "(I have omitted some things about mother who was then alive) F." She also speculates whether by Aaron Burr ED "mean[s] Aaron Warner perhaps?"—again signing her comment "F." | Burr / Warner = perhaps Mary Warner's father, Aaron Warner, former professor at AC. | Fanny Kemble, renowned British actor, writer, and abolitionist, gave a series of Shakespeare readings in Boston, beginning December 9 and pausing, temporarily, after the first week of January 1860.

245.

*To Elizabeth Holland, December 1859?**Transcribed Todd*

Will some one lay this little flower on Mrs Holland's pillow?

Emilie

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 285. Publication: *L* (1895). Elizabeth was presumably still recovering from Theodore's birth on December 7.

246.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1859

My “position”!

Cole.

P S – Lest you misapprehend, the unfortunate insect upon the left is Myself, while the Reptile upon the right, is my more immediate friends, and connections.

As ever,

Cole.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B114). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. Pasted on this note is the letter “T,” cut from the *New England Primer*, with the inscription: “Young Timothy / Learnt Sin to fly,” and showing a youth pursued by a wolflike creature with a forked tail. | Bianchi comments: “Sent over the morning after a revel—when my Grandfather with his lantern appeared to take Emily home the hour nearing indecent midnight.” | Cole = Thomas Cole, an American landscape painter, famous for his romantic, naturalist, and allegorical styles.

247.

To Mary Bowles, January 2, 1860

Amherst

I should like to thank dear Mrs Bowles for the little Book, except my Cheek is red with shame because I write so often.

Even the “Lilies of the field” have their dignities.

Why did you find it in green and gold?

The immortal colors –

I take it for an emblem. I never read before what Mr Parker wrote.

I heard that he was “poison.” Then I like poison very well. Austin stayed from service yesterday afternoon, and I, calling upon him, found him reading my Christmas gift. This – together with the fact that Sue asked me the other day how to spell “Puseyite”, looks very suspicious!

I wish the “faith of the fathers” did’nt wear brogans, and carry blue umbrellas. I give you all “New Year”! I think you kept gay Christmas, from the friend’s account, and can only sigh with one not present at “John Gilpin”, “and when he next doth ride a race,” &c. You picked your berries from my Holly – Grasping Mrs Bowles!

Today is very cold, yet have I much boquet upon the window pane of mass and fern. I call them Saint’s flowers, because they do not romp as other flowers do, but stand so still and white. The snow is very tall between our house and Austin’s, which makes the trees so low that they tumble my hair, when I cross the bridge.

I think there will be no spring this year, the flowers are gone so far. Let us have spring in our heart, and never mind the Orchises! Sue looks like “Madame Roland”

in the scarlet cape. I tell her so, and she plays Revolution, which has a fine effect! Please have my love, mother's, and Vinnie's – Carlo sends a brown kiss, and Pussy, a gray and white one, to each of the Children.

Please, now I write so often, make lamplighter of me, then I shall not have lived in vain.

Dear Mrs Bowles, dear Mr Bowles, dear Sally, Sam, and Meme, now all shut your eyes, while I do benediction!

Lovingly,

Emily.

Note: AC 659. Publication: JL213. | Theodore Parker was a Unitarian minister and theologian; his *Two Christmas Celebrations* was reviewed in the SR December 19, 1859. | "Puseyites" followed the theologian Edward Bouverie Pusey, who advocated a return to some Catholic doctrines in the Church of England. "Faith of our Fathers" was a popular hymn. | ED quotes from William Cowper's 1782 comic ballad *John Gilpin*: "And when he next doth ride abroad / May I be there to see." Madame Roland influentially supported and was then a victim of the French Revolution.

248.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

Who never lost, is unprepared
 A Coronet – to find.
 Who never thirsted,
 Flagons, and Cooling Tamarind.
 Who never climbed the weary league,
 Can such a foot explore
 The purple Territories
 On Pizarro's shore?
 How many legions overcome –
 The Emperor will say?
 How many Colors taken
 On Revolution Day?
 How many Bullets bearest?
 Hast thou the Royal scar!
 Angels! Mark "promoted"
 On this soldier's brow!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (377). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | Although the American Civil War did not begin until Confederate firing on Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861, ED uses several martial metaphors in early 1860, especially in messages to Susan; both were well informed about wars elsewhere in the world by the family's newspaper subscriptions. | M 78, Fr136.

249.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

A Lady red, amid the Hill

Her annual secret keeps.

A Lady white, within the field

In chintz and lily, sleeps.

The tidy Breezes, with their Brooms

Sweep Vale, and hill, and tree –

Prithee, my pretty Housewives!

Who may expected be?

The neighbors do not yet suspect!

The woods exchange a smile!

Orchard, and Buttercup, and Bird

In such a little while!

And yet how still the Landscape stands!

How nonchalant the Hedge!

As if the Resurrection

Were nothing very strange!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (227). Publication: *Poems* (1896). | M 78, Fr137.

250.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early spring 1860

Bring me the sunset in a cup –

Reckon the morning's flagons up

And say how many dew!

Tell me how far the morning leaps,

Tell me what time the weaver sleeps

Who spun the breadths of blue!

Write me how many notes there be

In the new Robin's extasy

Among astonished boughs!

How many trips the Mullet makes –

How many Cups the Bee partakes –

The Debauchee of Dews!

Also – who laid the Rainbow’s piers?
 Also – who leads the docile spheres
 By withs of supple blue?
 Whose fingers string the stalactite –
 Who counts the wampum of the night
 To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban house
 And shut the windows down so close
 My spirit cannot see?
 Who’ll let me out some gala day
 With implements to fly away
 Passing Pomposity?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (1). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 79, Fr140.

251.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

Exultation is the going
 Of an inland soul to sea,
 Past the houses – past the headlands,
 Into deep Eternity,

Bred as we, among the mountains,
 Can the sailor understand
 The divine intoxication
 Of the first league out from land?

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (254). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1890). Addressed to “Sue.” | M 81, Fr143.

252.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

I never hear the word ‘Escape’
 Without a quicker blood!
 A sudden expectation!
 A flying attitude!

○

I never hear of prisons broad
 By soldiers battered down –
 But I tug, childish, at my bars
 Only to fail again!

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (272). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). Addressed “Sue.” | M 81, Fr144.

253.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

Like her the Saints retire,
 In a Chapeau of fire,
Martial, as she.
 Like her, the evenings steal
 Purple and Cochineal
 Unto the Day.
 “Departed both”, they say –
 i e gathered away!
 Not found!
 Argues the Aster still –
 Reasons the Daffodil
 Profound!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (284). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | M 90, Fr150.

254.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

Papa Above!
 Regard a Mouse
 O’erpowered by the Cat!
 Reserve within thy Kingdom
 A ‘Mansion’ for the Rat!

 Snug in seraphic Cupboards
 To nibble all the day,
 While unsuspecting Cycles
 Wheel pompously away!

Emilie

Note: Bibliotheca Bodmeriana. Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | ED alludes to John 14:2, “In my Father’s house are many mansions.” | Fascicle 7; M 90, Fr151.

255.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

"Sown in dishonor"?
 Ah, indeed!
 May *this* "dishonor" be?
 If I were half so fine, myself,
 I'd notice nobody!

"Sown in corruption"?
 By no means!
 Apostle is askew!
 Corinthians 1. 15. narrates
 A circumstance, or two!

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (321). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. Addressed to "Sue." | ED quotes from 1 Corinthians 15:42–43. | M 91, Fr153.

256.

To Louisa Norcross, March 1860

Transcribed F. Norcross

The little "apple of my eye," is not dearer than Loo; she knows I remember her, – why waste an instant in defense of an absurdity? My birds fly far off, nobody knows where they go to, but you see I know they are coming back, and other people don't, that makes the difference.

I've had a curious winter, very swift, sometimes sober, for I hav'nt felt well, much, and March amazes me! I didn't think of it, that's all! Your "hay" don't look so dim as it did at one time. I hayed a little for the horse two Sundays ago, and mother thought it was summer, and set one plant "outdoors" which she brought from the deluge, but it snowed since, and we have fine sleighing, now, on one side of the road, and wheeling on the other, a kind of variegated turn-pike quite picturesque to see!

You are to have Vinnie, it seems, and I to tear my hair, or engage in any other vocation that seems fitted to me. Well, the earth is round, so if Vinnie rolls your side sometimes, tisn't strange; I wish I were there too, but the geraniums felt so I couldn't think of leaving them, and one minute carnation pink cried, till I shut her up – see box! Now, my love, robins, for both of you, and when you and Vinnie sing at sunrise on the apple boughs, just cast your eye to my twig!

Poor Plover.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 395–96. Publication *L* (1894). | Vinnie went to stay with the Norcross family for some weeks, leaving Amherst in March.

257.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1860

Dear Sue,

If pain for peace prepares –
Lo, the “Augustan” Years
Our feet await!

If springs, from winter rise,
Can the Anemone’s
Be reckoned up?

If night stands 1st – then noon –
To gird us for the sun –
What gaze –

When from a thousand skies
On our developed eyes
Noons blaze!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B 136). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. ED refers to the Pax Augusta (also called the Pax Romana), 27 BCE to 180 CE. | M 91, Fr155.

258.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, April 1860

I cant tell you, but you feel it –
Nor can you tell me –
Saints, with ravished slate and pencil
Solve our April Day!

Sweeter than a vanished Frolic
From a vanished Green!
Swifter than the Hoofs of Horsemen,
Round a Ledge of Dream!

Modest – let us walk among it –
With our “faces veiled” –
As they say, polite ‘Archangels’
Do in meeting God!

Not for me to prate about it!
 Not for you to say
 To some fashionable Lady,
 “Charming April Day”!

Rather, Heaven’s ‘Peter Parley,’
 By which Children – slow –
 To sublimar Recitation,
 Are prepared to go!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (269). Publication: *SH*. | Samuel Griswold Goodrich wrote and published moral tales for the instruction of children under the pseudonym “Peter Parley.” | ED may allude to Isaiah 6:2, which depicts seraphim veiling their faces with their wings. | M 93, Fr164.

259.

To Lavinia Dickinson, around April 18, 1860

Transcribed Todd

Vinnie, –

I can’t believe it, when your letters come, saying what Aunt L_ said ‘just before she died.’ Blessed Aunt L_ now; all the world goes out, and I see nothing but her room, and angels bearing her into those great countries in the blue sky of which we don’t know anything.

Then I sob and cry till I can hardly see my way ’round the house again; and then sit still and wonder if she sees us now, if she sees me, who said that she ‘loved Emily.’ Oh! Vinnie, it is dark and strange to think of summer afterward! How she loved the summer! The birds keep singing just the same. Oh! The thoughtless birds!

Poor little L_! Poor F_! You must comfort them!

If you were with me, Vinnie, we could talk about her together.

And I thought she would live! I wanted her to live so, I thought she could not die! To think how still she lay while I was making the little loaf, and fastening her flowers! Did you get my letter in time to tell her how happy I would be to do what she requested? Mr Brady is coming to-morrow to bring arbutus for her. Dear little aunt! Will she look down?

You must tell me all you can think about her. Did she carry my little bouquet? So many broken-hearted people have got to hear the birds sing, and see all the little flowers grow, just the same as if the sun hadn’t stopped shining forever! . . . How I wish I could comfort you! How I wish you could comfort me, who weep at what I did not see and never can believe. I will try and share you a little longer, but it is so long, Vinnie.

We didn't think, that morning when I wept that you left me, and you, for other things, that we should weep more bitterly before we saw each other.

Well, she is safer now than 'we know or even think.' Tired little aunt, sleeping ne'er so peaceful! Tuneful little aunt, singing, as we trust, hymns than which the robins have no sweeter ones.

Good-night, broken hearts, L_, and F_, and Uncle L_. Vinnie, remember Sister.

Note: TS missing; source copy from *L* (1894). Publication: *L* (1894). | Aunt L = Lavinia Norcross, who died on April 17; Uncle L = Uncle Loring. Vinnie remained briefly after the death with her uncle Loring and cousins Loo and Fanny.

260.

To Elizabeth Holland, April 1860

Transcribed Todd

How is your little Byron? Hope he gains his foot without losing his genius. Have heard it ably argued that the Poet's genius lay in his foot – as the Bee's Prong and his song are concomitant.

Are you stronger than these? To assault so minute a creature seems to me malign, unworthy of Nature – but the Frost is no respecter of Persons.

I should be glad to be with you, or to open your letter. Blossoms belong to the Bee, if needs be by Habeas Corpus.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 279. Publication: *L* (1894). | When only a few months old, Theodore Holland was operated on to correct a congenital problem with the tendons of one foot.

261.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early spring 1860

Some Rainbow – coming from the Fair!
 Some Vision of the World Cashmere
 I confidently see!
 Or else a Peacock's purple train
 Feather by feather – on the plain –
 Fritters itself away!

The dreamy Butterflies bestir!
 Lethargic pools resume the whirr
 Of last year's sundered tune –
 From some old Fortress on the Sun

Baronial Bees march – one by one –
In murmuring platoon!

The Robins stand as thick today
As flakes of snow did, yesterday –
On fence, and roof – and twig –
The Orchis binds her feather on
For her old lover – Don the sun –
Revisiting the Bog.

Without Commander – countless – still –
The Regiments of Wood and Hill
In bright detachments stand!
Behold! Whose multitudes are these?
The Children of whose Turbaned seas,
Or what Circassian Land!

Emily.

Dear Sue –

I havnt “paid you an attention” for some time.
Girl.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (319). Publication: *Poems* (1890), with title “Summer’s Armies.” | Circassians (from the northwest Caucasus, including Chechnya) were in the news because the final years of the Russian-Circassian War (1763–1864) involved their massacre and forced emigration; in fable, Circassians were the world’s most beautiful people. | M 92, Fr162.

262.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, spring 1860

She died at play –
Gambolled away
Her lease of spotted hours.
Then sank as gaily as a Turk
Upon a Couch of flowers –

Her ghost strolled softly o’er the hill
Yesterday, and today –
Her vestments as the silver fleece –
Her countenance, as spray –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (310). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 80, Fr141.

263.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late April 1860**Transcribed S. Dickinson*

Dear S.: This is the only thing I saw in my life I did not think I could have written myself. You stand nearer the world than I do. Send me everything she writes.

Note: Missing. Publication: *Sunday SR*, February 1, 1903. In her 1903 article, Susan says she sent ED Harriet Prescott's "Circumstance" (*AM*, May 1860) and that ED responded immediately with the note above.

264.*To Susan Davis Phelps, shortly after May 8, 1860*

Dear Petite,

"When thou goest through the Waters, I will go with thee"

Emilie –

Note: Smith. Publication: JL221. Sent with a rosebud. | Susan Phelps's engagement with Henry Emmons was broken May 8, 1860. | ED slightly misquotes Isaiah 43.2.

265.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1860*

Dust is the only secret –
 Death – the only one
 You cannot find out all about
 In his native town –
 Nobody knew his Father –
 Never was a Boy –
 Had'nt any playmates
 Nor "Early history" –
 Industrious – Laconic –
 Punctual – sedate –
 Bolder than a Brigand –
 Swifter than a Fleet –
 Builds like a Bird – too –
 Christ robs the nest –
 Robin after Robin
 Smuggled to rest –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (248). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | Legends associate robins with Jesus and with selfless service. | M 100, Fr166.

266.

To Catherine Scott Turner (Anthon), early summer 1860

Transcribed Anthon

The prettiest of pleas, dear, but with a Lynx like me quite unavailable, – Finding is slow, facilities for losing so frequent in a world like this, I hold with extreme caution, a prudence so astute may seem unnecessary, but plenty moves those most dear, who have been in want, and Saviour tells us, Kate, “the poor are always with us” – Were you ever poor? I have been a Beggar, and rich tonight, as by God’s leave I believe I am, The “Lazzaroni’s” faces haunt, pursue me still! You do not yet “dislimn,” Kate, Distinctly sweet your face stands in its phantom niche – I touch your hand – my cheek your cheek – I stroke your vanished hair, Why did you enter, sister, since you must depart? Had not its heart been torn enough but you must send your shred? Oh! our Condor Kate! Come from your crags again! Oh! Dew upon the bloom fall yet again a summer’s night. Of such have been the friends which have vanquished faces – sown plant by plant the churchyard plats and occasioned angels. – There is a subject dear – on which we never touch, Ignorance of its pageantries does not deter me – I, too went out to meet the “Dust” early in the morning, I, too in Daisy mounds possess hid treasure – therefore I guard you more – You did not tell me you had once been a “Millionaire.” Did my sister think that opulence could be mistaken? – Some trinket will remain – some babbling plate or jewel! – I write you from the summer. The murmuring leaves fill up the chinks thro’ which the winter red shone, when Kate was here, and Frank was here – and “Frogs,” sincerer than our own splash in their Maker’s pools – Its but a little past – dear – and yet how far from here it seems – fled with the snow! So through the snow go many loving feet parted by “Alps” how brief from Vineyards and the Sun! – Parents and Vinnie request love to be given Girl –

Emilie –

Note: H MS Am 1118.96 (82) (source copy); AC T60b (made for Todd). Publication: *L* (1894). | AC TS differs in punctuation, underlining, and wording: “rend” for “send”; also, after “pursue me still!” Anthon comments “Orthography of term probably incorrect.” She may misread ED’s sloping marks as commas; we follow her TS. | Frank = Frank Gilbert, Susan’s brother. | “Lazzaroni” were the poorest class in Naples, many of whom joined with Garibaldi in 1860; in the United States, the word sometimes referred to workers and the poor. | Versions of Christ’s “For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always” are found in Matthew, Mark, and John.

267.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1860

Except to Heaven – she is nought.
 Except for Angels – lone –
 Except to some wide-wandering Bee,
 A flower superfluous, blown.

 Except for winds – provincial –
 Except for Butterflies
 Unnoticed as a single dew
 That on the Acre lies,

 The smallest Housewife in the grass,
 Yet take her from the lawn
 And somebody has lost the face
 That made Existence – Home –

 Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (251). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1890). | M 101, Fr173.

268.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1860

To learn the transport thro' the pain –
 As Blind men learn the sun –
 To die of thirst, suspecting
 That Brooks in meadows run –

 To stay the homesick – homesick feet
 Opon a foreign shore,
 Haunted by native lands – the while –
 And blue – beloved Air –

This is the sovereign anguish –
This – the signal wo,
These are the patient "Laureates,"
 Whose stanza, hushed, below,

 Breaks in victorious Carol,
 Inaudible – indeed –
 To us – the duller Cornets
 Of the mysterious "Band" –

 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (363). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 95, Fr178.

269.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1860

The sun kept stooping – stooping – low –
 The Hills to meet him – rose –
 On his part – what Transaction!
 On their part – what Repose!

Deeper and deeper grew the stain
 Opon the window pane –
 Thicker and thicker stood the feet
 Until the Tyrian

Was crowded dense with Armies,
 So gay – so Brigadier –
 That I felt martial stirrings,
 Who once the Cockade wore –

Charged, from my chimney corner –
 But nobody was there!

Emily.

Note: Morgan Library. Pencil. Publication: BM. | M 94, Fr182.

270.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, August 8, 9, or 10, 1860

Dear Sue,

God bless you for the Bread! Now – Can you spare it? Shall I send it back?

Will you have a Loaf of mine – which is spread? Was silly eno' to cut six, and have three left.

Tell me just as it is, and I'll send home your's, or a Loaf of mine, spread, you understand – Great times – Love for Fanny.

Wish Pope to Rome – that's all –

Emily.

Esqr in parlor –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B61). Pencil. Publication: JL224. | The *Hampshire Gazette* of August 14 reported that Governor Banks (presumably ED's "Pope") and his wife were Edward's guests during commencement exercises; Banks was in Amherst from August 8–10.

271.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, around August 1860

A little bread, a crust – a crumb,
 A little trust, a Demijohn,
 Can keep the soul alive,
 Not portly – mind!
 But breathing – warm –
Conscious, as old Napoleon
 The night before the Crown!

A modest lot, a fame petite,
 A brief campaign of sting and sweet,
 Is plenty! is enough!
 A sailor's business is the shore,
 A soldier's – Balls!
 Who asketh more
 Must seek the neighboring life!

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (228). Pencil. Publication: NEQ (1947). Addressed "Sue." | M 120, Fr135.

272.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, mid-September 1860

Transcribed F. Norcross

Bravo, Loo, the cape is a beauty, and what shall I render unto Fan, for all her benefits? I will take my books and go into a corner and give thanks! Do you think I am going "upon the boards" that I wish so smart attire? Such are my designs, tho' I beg you not to disclose them! May I not secure Loo, for drama, and Fan, for comedy? You are a brace of darlings, and it would give me joy to see you both, in any capacity. Will treasure all till I see you. Never fear that I shall forget! In event of my decease, I will still exclaim "Dr. Thompson," and he will reply, "Miss Montague." My little Loo pined for the hay in her last communication. Not to be saucy, dear! we shan't have any more [before the first of March, Dick having] hid it all in the barn, in a most malicious manner; but he has not brought the sunset in, so there is still an "inducement" to my little girls. We have a sky or two, well worth consideration, and trees, so fashionable, they make us all passée.

I often remember you both, last week.

I thought that flown mama, could not, as was her wont, shield from crowd, and strangers, and was glad Eliza was there. I knew she would guard my children,

as she has often guarded me, from publicity, and help to fill the deep place, never to be full. Dear cousins – I know you both better than I did, and love you both better, and always have a chair for you in the smallest parlor in the world, to wit, my heart.

This world is just a little place, just the red in the sky, before the sun rises, so let us keep fast hold of hands, that when the birds begin, none of us be missing.

“Burnham” must think Fanny a scholastic female. I wouldn’t be in her place! If she feels delicate about it, she can tell him the books are for a friend in the East Indies. Won’t Fanny give my respects to the “Bell & Everett party” if she passes that organization on her way to school. I hear they wish to make me Lieut Governor’s daughter. Were they cats I would pull their tails, but as they are only patriots, I must forego the bliss.

Love to papa.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 399–401. Publication: *L* (1894) in part; omitted text restored. Text in brackets was cut off Norcross TS and supplied by Todd TS. | Louisa and Fanny were in Amherst for commencement. Joseph P. Thompson was a commencement speaker, who may have mistaken ED for “Miss Montague,” a cousin. Eliza Coleman evidently chaperoned the Norcrosses (now eighteen and thirteen). | John Bell and Edward Everett were candidates for president and vice president on the Constitutional Union party ticket. On September 18, Edward declined the nomination for lieutenant governor on this ticket. He was in Boston for the convention, staying with the Norcrosses. | “Burnham” = Burnham Antique Book Shop.

273.

To Samuel Bowles, October 1860

Sunday night.

Dear Mr Bowles.

I am much ashamed. I misbehaved tonight. I would like to sit in the dust. I fear I am your little friend no more, but Mr Jim Crow.

I am sorry I smiled at women.

Indeed, I revere holy ones, like Mrs Fry and Miss Nightingale. I will never be giddy again. Pray forgive me now: Respect little Bob o’ Lincoln again!

My friends are a very few. I can count them upon my fingers, and besides, have fingers to spare.

I am gay to see you – because you come so scarcely, else I had been graver.

Good night, God will forgive me – Will you please to try?

Emily.

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 201. Publication: JL223. | Bowles was in Amherst in early and mid-October. | “Jim Crow” = character in a minstrel act by Thomas Dartmouth Rice in the 1830s; this buffoonlike routine, supposedly modeled on a slave performance, popularized “Jim Crow” in the prewar years as the name for blackface portrayals of African Americans. | Elizabeth Fry = English philanthropist and social reformer; Florence Nightingale, also a social reformer, came to prominence for training and managing nurses during the Crimean War (1853–1856). | On October 26, the Reverend John Lord began a prominently advertised series of lectures, “Great Representative Women,” at the Amherst Baptist Church.

274.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, shortly before October 19, 1860

Dear Sue,

You cant think how much I thank you for the Box.

Wont you put the things in this one – it is’nt half so pretty, you know, but it’s such a bother to tip one’s duds out –

Thank Sue, so much.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B98). Pencil. Publication: FF. | ED and Vinnie left for Middletown, Connecticut, to visit Eliza Coleman on October 19. Susan apparently sent a box for packing clothes.

275.

To Mary R. Ward, late October 1860

Dear Mrs Ward.

I hope you are not too ill to taste my punch, and Jelly.

Please accept my love, with Mother’s and Vinnie’s, and tell us how you are today, through the little Boy.

Your friend,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 837. Publication: JL218. | Josephine (one of Mary’s six daughters) was born October 20, 1860.

276.*To Mary Bowles, soon after November 8, 1860**Transcribed Todd*

Don't cry, dear Mary.

Let us do that for you, because you are too tired now. We don't know how dark it is, but if you are at sea, perhaps when we say that we are there, you won't be as afraid.

The waves are very big, but every one that covers you, covers us, too.

Dear Mary, you can't see us, but we are close at your side. May we comfort you?

Lovingly

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.18, 320. Publication: *L* (1894). | This is the first time ED refers to Mary Bowles by her first name; Mary had just suffered a third stillbirth. As Samuel wrote to Charles Allen on November 8, "As before – a dead boy. Three dead boys! . . . [Mary] suffered terribly."

277.*To Louisa Norcross, between December 2 and 7, 1860**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Dear peacock,

I received your feather with profound emotion. It has already surmounted a work, and crossed the Delaware. Doubtless you are moulting à la canary bird – hope you will not suffer from the reduction of plumage these December days. The latitude is quite stiff for a few nights, and gentlemen and ladies who go barefoot in our large cities, must find the climate uncomfortable. A land of frosts and snows is not precisely the land for me; hope you find it congenial. I believe it is several hundred years since I met you and F yet I am pleased to say, you do not become dim; I think you rather brighten as the hours fly. I should love to see you dearly girls, perhaps I may, before south winds, but I feel rather confused today, and the future looks "higglety-pigglety."

You seem to take a smiling view of my finery. If you knew how solemn it was to me, you might be induced to curtail your jests. My sphere is doubtless calicoes, nevertheless I thought it meet to sport a little in wool. The mirth it has occasioned will deter me from further exhibitions! Won't you tell "the public" that at present I wear a brown dress with a cape, if possible browner, and carry a parasol of the same! We have at present one cat, and twenty four hens, who do nothing so vulgar as lay an egg, which checks the ice-cream tendency.

I miss the grasshoppers much, but suppose it is all for the best. I should become too much attached to a trotting world.

My garden is all covered up by M__'s snow; picked gilliflower Tuesday, now gilliflowers are asleep. The hills take off their purple frocks, and dress in long white nightgowns.

There is something fine and something sad in the year's toilet.

We often talk of you and your father these new winter days. Write dear, when you feel like it. Lovingly

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 407–408. Publication: *L* (1894) in part; text corrected (replacing “snows” for “zeroes”) and omitted text restored. | In September, Louisa sent ED a cape (L272), perhaps the referent for her “finery.”

278.

To Samuel or Mary Bowles, about early 1861

If it had no pencil,
Would it try mine –
Worn – now – and dull – sweet,
Writing much to thee.
If it had no word,
Would it make the Daisy,
Most as big as I was,
When it plucked me?

Emily –

Note: AC 695. Publication: *BM*. Pinned around the stub of a pencil. | M 527, Fr184. Only copy.

279.

To Samuel Bowles, early 1861

Dear Mr Bowles.

Thank you.

“Faith” is a fine invention
When Gentlemen can see –
But Microscopes are prudent
In an Emergency.

You spoke of the “East.” I have thought about it this winter.

Dont you think you and I should be shrewder, to take the Mountain Road?

That Bareheaded life – under the grass – worries one like a Wasp –
 The Rose is for Mary.
 Emily.

Note: AC 660. Publication: *L* (1894). | “Faith” was a word that Bowles used often in letters to Austin and Susan. | M 119, 137; Fr202.

From Fidelia Hayward Cooke to Samuel Bowles, early 1861

Enclosed in this was a sprig of white pine, which I have carefully preserved; I have also laid aside for you a letter of thanks from Clara Pease. You may expect to hear from the children by the next bulletin. I hope you are all well.

F. H. C.

Note: AC 796a. Publication: JL220n, author unidentified. | Cooke was SR literary editor, who was forwarding mail while the Bowleses were in New York, December 1860–January 1861. Written on the verso of “A feather from the Whippowil.”

280.

To Samuel Bowles, early 1861

A feather from the Whippowil
 That everlasting – sings!
 Whose galleries – are Sunrise –
 Whose Opera – the Springs –
 Whose Emerald Nest the Ages spin
 Of mellow – murmuring thread –
 Whose Beryl Egg, what School Boys hunt
 In “Recess” – Overhead!

Emily.

Note : AC 796. Publication: *L* (1894). Sent with a sprig of white pine, with note from Fidelia H. Cooke on verso. | M 135, Fr208; titled “Pine Bough” in Fascicle 12.

281.

To Samuel Bowles, about 1861

I’ll send the feather from my Hat!
 Who knows – but at the sight of that
 My Sovereign will relent?
 As trinket – worn by faded Child –

Confronting eyes long – comforted –
Blisters the Adamant!

Emily –

Note: AC 665. Publication: *L* (1894). | *M* 701, Fr196. Only copy.

282.

To “Master” winter / early spring 1861

Draft

Oh’ did I offend it – ~~Did’nt it want me to tell it the truth,~~ Daisy – Daisy – offend it – who bends her smaller life to his ^it’s^, meeker ^lower^ every day – who only asks – a task – ~~who~~ something to do for love of it – some little way she cannot guess to make that master glad –

A love so big it scares her, rushing among her small heart – pushing aside the blood – and leaving her ^all^ faint and white in the gust’s arm –

Daisy – who never flinched thro’ that awful parting – but held her life so tight he should not see the wound – who would have sheltered him in her childish bosom ^Heart^ – only it was’nt big eno for a Guest so large – This Daisy – grieve her Lord – and yet it ^she^ often blundered – perhaps she grieved ^grazed^ his taste – perhaps her odd – Back woods man life ^ways^ ~~troubled~~ ^teased^ his finer sense ^nature^ – Daisy ~~fea~~ knows all that – but must she go unpardoned – teach her grace – ^preceptor^ teach her majesty –

Slow ^Dull^ at patrician things – Even the wren upon her nest learns ^knows^ more than Daisy dares –

Low at the knee that bore her once unto royal ^wordless^ rest, ~~now=~~ Daisy ~~stoops=a~~ kneels, a culprit – tell her her ~~offence~~ fault – Master –, if it is ~~not so~~ small eno to cancel with her life, ~~Daisy~~ ^she^ is satisfied – but punish – ^do nt ~~not~~ banish her – Shut her in prison – Sir – only pledge that you will forgive – some time – before the grave, and Daisy will not mind – she will awake in his^your^ likeness –

Wonder stings me more than the Bee – who did never sting me – but made gay music with his might wherever I ~~may should~~ did go – Wonder wastes my pound, you said I had no size to spare –

You send the water over the Dam in my brown eyes –

I’ve got a cough as big as a thimble – but I dont care for that – I’ve got a Tomahawk in my side but that dont hurt me much. ~~If you~~ Her Master stabs her more – Wont he Come to her – or will he let her seek him, never minding ~~whateve~~ so long wandering, ^if^ ~~out~~ to him at last –

Oh how the sailor strains, when his boat is filling – Oh how the dying tug, till the angel comes. Master – open your life wide, and take me in forever, I will never

be tired – I will never be noisy when you want to be still – I will be ~~glad as the~~
 your best little girl – nobody else will see me but you – but that is enough – I shall
 not want any more – and all that Heaven will ~~prove~~ disappoint ^only^ me –
 ^because^ will be its' not so dear

Note: AC 829. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. Unknown if a clean copy was sent; addressee unidentified. | Punctuation after “Oh,” the letter’s first word, may be an incomplete exclamation mark; someone writes in a repetition of a few of ED’s words, perhaps to clarify. In the final line, the inserted “because” may be an alternative for “will be.”

283.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, early spring 1861

Transcribed F. Norcross

Send a sundown for L, and a crocus for F Shadow had no stem, so they could not pick him

D. fed greedily upon Harpers magazines while here – Suppose he is restricted to Martin Luther’s works at home – It is a criminal thing to be a boy in a godly village, but may be he will be forgiven.

Note: AC Tr50. Publication: *L* (1894). | D=perhaps John Langdon Dudley, minister at the South Congregational Church of Middletown, Connecticut; he and Eliza Coleman married June 6, 1861.

284.

To Elizabeth Dickinson (Currier), about April 1861

I send a Violet, for Libby. I should have sent a stem, but was overtaken by snow drifts – I regret deeply, not to add a Butterfly, but have lost my Hat, which precludes my catching one. Shall send “Little Jennie” as soon as I know where the Owner is. Am much ashamed to have kept it so long – Emily.

Note: AC 639a. Publication: JL188. | The month of April included extended periods of fine weather and days of considerable snow. | Sheet music of “Little Jennie,” by Frank Howard, appeared in 1861.

285.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about April 1861

Will Susan please lend Emily “Life in the Iron Mills,” and accept Blossom
from Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B133). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | Rebecca Harding Davis’s “Life in the Iron-Mills” appeared in the April 1861 *AM*.

286.

To Samuel Bowles, about spring 1861

I’ve nothing else, to bring, you know –
So I keep bringing these –
Just as the Night keeps fetching stars –
To our familiar eyes.
Maybe – we should’nt mind them –
Unless they did’nt come
Then – maybe it would puzzle us
To find our way Home!

Emily.

Note: Jones. Publication: *FP* | M 124, Fr253.

287.

To Samuel Bowles, May 1861

Mr Bowles,

Keep the Yorkshire Girls, if you please, with the faith of their friend, and your’s –
E –

Note: AC 666. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | ED sent Bowles a copy of the Brontë sisters’ *Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell* (1846).

288.

To Samuel Bowles, about spring 1861

I cant explain it, Mr Bowles –
Two swimmers wrestled on the spar
Until the morning sun –

When One turned, smiling, to the land –
 Oh God! the other One!
 The stray ships – passing, spied a face
 Upon the waters borne,
 With eyes, in death, still begging – raised,
 And hands – beseeching – thrown!

Note: AC 692. Pencil. Publication: *Home*. | M 113, Fr227.

289.

To Samuel Bowles, spring 1861

Title divine – is mine!
 The Wife, without the Sign!
 Acute Degree – conferred on me –
 Empress of Calvary!
 Royal – all but the Crown!
 Betrothed – without the swoon
 God sends us Women –
 When you – hold – Garnet to Garnet –
 Gold – to Gold –
 Born – Bridalled – Shrouded –
 In a Day –
 “My Husband” – women say –
 Stroking the Melody –
 Is this – the way?

Heres – what I had to “tell you” –
 You will tell no other? Honor – is it’s own pawn –

Note: AC 678. Publication: *LL*; this version, *H*. | ED also wrote “Honor is it’s own pawn” in her first letter to Higginson, April 1862 (L337). | M 701, Fr194. Sent to S. Dickinson as letter-poem, significantly variant (1865).

290.

To Samuel Bowles, about spring 1861

What shall I do – it whimpers so –
 This little Hound within the Heart
 All day and night with bark and start –
 And yet, it will not go –
 Would you untie it, were you me –

Would it stop whining – if to Thee,
I sent it – even now?

It should not teaze you –
By your chair – or, on the mat –
Or if it dare – to climb your dizzy knee –
Or – sometimes at your side to run –
When you were willing –
Shall it come?
Tell Carlo –
He'll tell me!

Emily.

Note: AC 664. Publication: *BM*. | M 104, Fr237.

291.

To Samuel Bowles, about spring 1861

I stole them from a Bee –
Because – Thee –
Sweet plea –
He pardoned me –

Emily –

Note: AC 662. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 113, Fr226.

292.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, May 1861

Musicians wrestling Everywhere!
All day – among the crowded air
I hear the silver strife –
And waking, long before the morn
Such Transport breaks upon the Town
I think it that “new life”!

It is not Bird – it has no Nest –
Nor “Band”, in brass and scarlet drest –
Nor Tamborin – nor Man.
It is not Hymn from pulpit read –
The Morning Stars – the Treble led
On Time's first Afternoon!

Some say – it is the “Spheres” at play!
 Some say – that bright Majority
 Of vanished Dames – and Men –
 Some think it service in the place
 Where we – with late – celestial face –
 Please God – shall ascertain!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (289). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | There were several thunderstorms in May. | M 109, Fr229.

293.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1861

A slash of Blue –
 A sweep of Gray –
 Some scarlet patches on the way,
 Compose an evening sky –
 A little Purple – slipped between –
 Some Ruby Trowsers hurried on –
 A Wave of Gold –
 A Bank of Day –
 This just makes out the morning sky!

Note: AC 663. Pencil. Publication: *UP*. Addressed to “Sue” (erased). | M 114, Fr233.

294.

To Samuel Bowles, spring or early summer 1861

Dear friend

If you doubted my Snow – for a moment – you never will – again – I know –
 Because I could not say it – I fixed it in the Verse – for you to read – when your
 thought wavers, for such a foot as mine –

Through the strait pass of suffering –
 The Martyrs – even – trod.
 Their feet – upon Temptation –
 Their faces – upon God –

A stately – shriven – Company –
 Convulsion – playing round –

Harmless – as streaks of meteor –
 Opon a Planet's Bond –
 Their faith – the everlasting troth –
 Their expectation – fair –
 The Needle – to the North Degree –
 Wades – so – thro' polar Air!

Note: AC 679. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | M 376, Fr187.

295.

To Samuel Bowles, about June 10, 1861

Dear friend.

How hard to thank you – but the large Heart – requites itself. Please to need me – I wanted to ask you to receive Mr Browning – from me – but you denied my Bronte – so I did not dare – Is it too late – now? I should like so much, to remind you – how kind you had been to me.

You could choose – as you did before – if it would not be obnoxious – except where you “measured by your heart”, you should measure – this time – by mine. I wonder which would be biggest! Austin told – Saturday morning – that you were not so well – 'twas Sundown – all day – Saturday – and Sunday – such a long Bridge – no news of you – could cross! Teach us to miss you less – because the fear to miss you more – haunts us – all the time. We did'nt care so much – once – I wish it was then – now – but you kept tightening – so – it cant be stirred – today – You did'nt mean to be worse – did you? Was'nt it a mistake? Wont you decide soon – to be the strong man we first knew? 'Twould lighten things – so much – and yet that man – was not so dear – I guess you'd better not – We pray for you, every night – a homely shrine – our knee – but Madonna looks at the Heart – first – Dear Friend – dont discourage!

Affy, Emily.

Note: AC 667. Publication: *L* (1894). | On June 8, Austin visited Bowles, who was in Northampton from June 7–11 because of ill health.

296.

To Samuel Bowles, about June 1861

No Wilderness can be
 Where this attendeth thee –
 No Desert Noon –
 No fear of frost to come

Haunt the perennial bloom –
But Certain June!

Emily –

Note: AC 661. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Second stanza of “For this accepted breath.” M 110, Fr230.

297.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, perhaps June 1861

Transcribed Lyman

[Dull days] I especially love them because, ~~from~~^{by} kindly thirst they give, I can drink deeper of the sun: just now for instance I would be glad of a little mist, a furlough, for June has been bombarding us, boom after boom of summer glory – a very cannonade of splendors.

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. Bracketed description is Lyman’s. | During the Civil War, he served in the Confederate Army (mostly in commissary and hospital work) until September 1863, when he returned North. Several words have military resonance, suggesting that the war has begun; but the first major battle took place July 21, 1861, so days might still have been “dull” (Lyman’s word) in June.

298.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about June 19, 1861

Is it true, dear Sue?
Are there two?
I should’nt like to come
For fear of joggling Him!
If you could shut him up
In a Coffee Cup,
Or tie him to a pin
Till I got in –
Or make him fast
To “Toby’s” fist,
Hist! Whist! I’d come!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B140). Publication: *LL*. Missing last line and signature, reconstructed from facsimile in JL232. | Susan’s first child, Ned, was born on June 19. Toby = cat. | M 700, Fr189. Only copy.

299.

To "Master," summer 1861

Draft

Master.

If you saw a bullet hit a Bird – and he told you he was'nt shot – you might weep at his courtesy, but you would certainly doubt his word –

One drop more from the gash that stains your Daisy's bosom – then would you believe? Thomas' faith in Anatomy, was stronger than his faith in faith. God made me – Sir – ^Master – ^ I did'nt be – myself – He^I^ dont know how it was done – He built the heart in me – Bye and bye it outgrew me – and like the little mother – with the big child – I got tired holding him – I heard of a thing called "Redemption" – which rested men and women – You remember I asked you for it – you gave me something else – I forgot the Redemption in the Redeemed – I did'nt tell you for a long time, but I knew you had altered me – I was ^and^ tired – no more – so dear did this stranger become, that were it, or my breath – the alternative – I had tossed the fellow away with a smile. I am older – tonight, Master – but the love is the same – so are the moon and the crescent – If it had been God's will that I might breathe where you breathed – and find the place – myself – at night – if I never ^can^ forget that I am not with you, and that sorrow and frost are nearer than I – if I wish with a might I cannot repress – that mine were the Queen's place – the love of the – Plantagenet is my only apology – To come nearer than Presbyteries – and nearer than the new coat – that the Tailor made – the prank of the Heart at play on the Heart – in holy Holiday – is forbidden me –

You make me say it over – I fear you laugh – when I do not see – ~~but~~ "Chillon" is not funny. Have you the Heart in your breast – Sir – is it set like mine – a little to the left – has it the misgiving – if it wake in the night – perchance – itself to it – a timbrel is it – itself to it a tune?

These things are reverent ^holy^, Sir, I touch them reverently ^hallowed^, but persons who pray – dare remark our "Father"! You say I do not tell you all – Daisy "confessed – and denied not."

Vesuvius dont talk – Etna – dont – ~~They~~ said ^2^ a syllable – one^1^ of them – a thousand years ago, and Pompeii heard it, and hid forever – She could'nt look the world in the face, afterward – I suppose – Bashful Pompeii! "Tell you of the want" – you know what a leech is, dont you – and ^remember that^ Daisy's arm is small – and you have felt the Horizon, hav'nt you – and did the sea – ^n^ever come so close as to make you dance?

I dont know what you can do for it – thank you – Master – – but if I had the Beard on my cheek – ^like you,^ and you – had Daisy's petals – and you cared so for me – what would become of you? Could you forget ^me^ in fight, or flight, or the foreign land? Could'nt Carlo, and you and I walk in the meadows an hour – and nobody care but the Bobolink – and his a silver scruple? I used to think when

I died – I could see you – so I died as fast as I could – but the “Corporation” are going ^too^ – so ^Heaven^ Eternity wont be sequestered – ^now^~~at all~~ – Say I may wait for you – Say I need go with no stranger to the to me – untried ^fold^country – I waited a long time – Master – but I can wait more – wait till my hazel hair is dappled – and you carry the cane – then I can look at my watch – and if the Day is too far declined – we can take the chances ^for^ of Heaven –

What would you do with me if I came “in white”? Have you the little chest, to put the alive – in?

I want to see you more – Sir – than all I wish for in this world – and the wish – altered a little – will be my only one – for the skies –

Could you come to New England, ~~this Summer~~ = could^would^ you come to Amherst – Would you like to come – Master?

~~Would it do harm = yet we both fear God =~~ Would Daisy disappoint you – no – she would’nt – Sir – it were comfort forever – just to look in your face, while you looked in mine – then I could play in the woods – till Dark – till you take me where Sundown cannot find us – and the true keep coming – till the town is full. ~~Will you tell me if you will?~~

I didn’t think to tell you, you didn’t come to me “in white”, nor ever told me why,

No Rose, yet felt myself a’bloom,
No Bird – yet rode in Ether.

Note: AC 828. Ink; last paragraph and poem are in pencil. Publication: *Home*. | ED uses numerals to transpose the phrases “said a syllable – one of them” so that it would read: “one of them said a syllable.” She inserts + before “No Rose,” the mark she typically uses when she provides an alternative—although here there is none. | M 528, Fr190.

300.

To Mary Warner Crowell, about August 13, 1861

Dear Mary,

You might not know I remembered you, unless I told you so –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L34). Pencil. Publication: Crowell, *Mount Holyoke Alumnae Quarterly* 29 (1946). | Mary married Edward C. Crowell on August 13, 1861.

301.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1861

Could I – then – shut the door –
 Lest my beseeching face – at last –
 Rejected – be – of Her?

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B125). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). Addressed to Sue. | M 700, Fr188. Only copy.

302.

To Mary Bowles, about late August 1861

Mary.

I do not know of you, a long while – I remember you – several times – I wish I knew if you kept me? The Doubt like the Mosquito, buzzes round my faith.

We are all human – Mary – until we are divine – and to some of us – that is far off, and to some [of] us – near as the lady, ringing at the door – perhaps that's what alarms – I say I will go myself – I cross the river – and climb the fence – now I am at the gate – Mary – now – I am in the hall – now I am looking your heart in the eye!

Did it wait for me – Did it go with the Company? Cruel Company – who have the stocks – and farms – and creeds – and it has just it's heart! I hope you are glad – Mary – no pebble in the Brook – today – no film on noon –

I can think how you look – You cant think how I look – I've got more freckles, since you saw me – playing with the schoolboys – then I pare the "Juneating" to make the pie – and get my fingers "tanned".

Summer went very fast – she got as far as the woman from the Hill – who brings the Blue berry, and that is a long way – I shall have no winter this year – on account of the soldiers – Since I cannot weave Blankets, or Boots – I thought it best to omit the season – Shall present a "Memorial" to God – when the Maples turn –

Can I rely on your "name"? How is your garden, Mary? Are the Pinks true – and the Sweet Williams, faithful? I've got a Geranium – like a Sultana – and when the Humming birds come down – Geranium and I shut our eyes – and go far away –

Ask "Meme" – if I shall catch her a Butterfly with a vest like a Turk? I will – if she will build him a House – in her "Morning-Glory". Vinnie would send her love, but she put on a white frock, and went to meet Tomorrow – a few minutes ago – Mother would send her love – but she is in the "Eave spout", sweeping up a leaf, that blew in, last November – Austin would send his – but he dont live here – now – He married – and went East –

I brought my own, myself, to you and Mr Bowles – Please remember me,
because I remember you – Always.

My River runs to thee –
Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?
My River waits reply –
Oh Sea – look graciously.
I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks –
Say – Sea –

Take Me!

Note: AC 669. Publication: *L* (1894). | “Meme” = Mary (“Mamie”) Bowles, now seven years old. “Juneating” is an early season apple. | The Civil War began with the Confederate firing on Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861. The heavy fighting of the July 21 Battle of Bull Run (First Manassas) was the first indication that this war could not be won quickly. | The “morning-glory” refers to Mary Clemmer Ames’s August 1859 poem, in which “Mamie comes to breakfast with morning glories crowned.” | M 107, Fr219.

303.

To Samuel Bowles, about 1861

The Juggler’s Hat her Country is –
The Mountain Gorse – the Bee’s –

Note: AC 668. Publication: *L* (1894). Addressed to “Mr Bowles.” | M 700, Fr186. Only copy.

From Susan Gilbert Dickinson to Emily Dickinson, late summer 1861

Private

I have intended to write you Emily to-day but the quiet has not been mine – I
send you this, lest I should seem to have turned away from a kiss –

If you have suffered this past Summer – I am sorry – [for] I Emily bear a sorrow
that I never uncover – If a nightingale sings with her breast against a thorn, why
not we? When I can, I shall write –

Sue –

Note: H MS Am 1118.95 (250). Pencil. | The paper has been cut into three horizontal strips, as though to excise the middle section, but all parts of the letter are extant except the word “for,” here inferred (in square brackets).

304.

To Edward Huntington Dwight, about September 12, 1861

Will little Ned lay these on Mama's pillow?

Softly – not to wake her!

Emily.

Note: AC 74. Publication: JL237. | Reverend Edward S. Dwight resigned his pastorate at the First Church in August because of his wife's illness; she died September 11, 1861. Their son Ned was five years old.

305.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, autumn 1861

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers,
Untouched by morning –
And untouched by noon –
Lie the meek members of the Resurrection –
Rafter of satin – and Roof of stone –

Grand go the Years – in the Crescent – above them –
Worlds scoop their Arcs –
And Firmaments – row –
Diadems – drop – and Doges – surrender –
Soundless as dots – on a Disc of snow –

Perhaps this verse would please you better – Sue –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B74a). Pencil. Publication: SR, 1862. | The facts we know about the circulation of this poem to Susan are: 1) ED bound "Safe in their Alabaster Chambers" in Fascicle 6 in 1859; 2) sometime between 1859 and spring 1861, ED sent Susan the poem; 3) in June 1861, Susan gave that copy to Bowles, who visited Amherst about June 17th; Bowles apparently passed it on to the newspaper, where it was published almost a year later, on March 1, 1862, dated June 1861; 4) ED sent the poem with a new second stanza to Susan in 1861. For Susan's response to publication, see March 1862. | M 83 & 122, Fr124. ED bound this poem into two fascicles (6 and 10), including all alternate second stanzas in Fascicle 10.

From Susan Gilbert Dickinson to Emily Dickinson, autumn 1861

I am not suited dear Emily with the second verse – It is remarkable as the chain lightening that blinds us hot nights in the Southern sky but it does not go with the ghostly shimmer of the first verse as well as the other one. It just occurs to me that the first verse is complete in itself it needs no other, and can't be coupled – Strange things always go alone – as there is only one Gabriel and one Sun – You never made a peer for that verse, and I guess you[r] kingdom does'nt hold one – I always go to the fire and get warm after thinking of it, but I never can again. The flowers are sweet and bright and look as if they would kiss one – ah, they expect a humming-bird – Thanks for them of course – and not thanks only recognition either – Did it ever occur to you that is all there is here after all. “Lord that I may receive my sight” –

Susan is tired making bibs for her bird – her ring-dove – he will paint my cheeks when I am old to pay me –

Sue –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B74b). Publication: JL238. Addressed: “Emily – Pony Express.” | For the blind beggar to whom Jesus gives sight, see Luke 18, Matthew 20, and Mark 10.

306.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, autumn 1861

Is this frostier?

Springs – shake the Sills –
 But – the Echoes – stiffen –
 Hoar – is the Window – and numb – the Door –
 Tribes of Eclipse – in Tents of Marble –
 Staples of Ages – have buckled – there –

Dear Sue –

Your praise is good – to me – because I know it knows – and suppose – it means –
 Could I make you and Austin – proud – sometime – a great way off – 'twould give me taller feet –

Here is a crumb – for the “Ring dove” – and a spray, for his Nest, a little while ago – just – “Sue” –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B74c). Publication: JL238. | Third version of stanza 2 of “Safe in their Alabaster Chambers” (two stanzas); ED recorded a fourth version in Fascicle 10, never circulated. M 83 & 122, Fr124.

307.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1861

Sue,

“Morning” – means “Milking”
 To the Farmer –
 Dawn – to the Appenine –
 Dice – to the Maid.
 “Morning” means, just – Chance
 To the Lover,
 Just – Revelation –
 To the Beloved –

 Epicures – date a Breakfast, by it!
 Heroes – a Battle –
 The Miller – A Flood –
 Faintgoing Eyes – their lapse – from sighing –
 Faith – the Experiment
 Of Our Lord!

Emily

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (288). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 312, Fr191.

308.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1861

Dear Sue –

I’m thinking on that other morn –
 When Cerements – let go –
 And Creatures – clad in Victory –
 Go up, by two – and two!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B191). Publication: *BM*. | First line perhaps written as prose. Last three lines (or variant second stanza, of two) of “’Tis Anguish grander than Delight”; M 461, Fr192.

309.

To Samuel Bowles, late September or early October 1861

I came to buy a smile – today –
 But just a single smile –
 The smallest one upon your face
 Will suit me just as well –
 The one that no one else would miss
 It shone so very small –
 I'm pleading at the "counter" – Sir –
 Could you afford to sell –

I've Diamonds – on my fingers –
 You know what Diamonds are?
 I've Rubies – like the Evening Blood –
 And Topaz – like the star!
 'Twould be "a Bargain" for a Jew!
Say – May I have it – Sir?

Emily.

Note: Karpeles. Publication: *FP* | Austin visited Bowles in Springfield in late September and on October 9. On October 12, Bowles wrote thanking him for the visit and instructing him to thank "Emily and Vinnie, with my love, for their little pleasant notes." | M 127, Fr258.

310.

To Samuel Bowles, late October 1861

Perhaps you thought I didn't care – because I stayed out, yesterday, I did care, Mr Bowles – I pray for your sweet health – to "Alla" – every morning – but something troubled me – and I knew you needed light – and air – so I didn't come – Nor have I the conceit that you noticed me – but I couldn't bear that you, or Mary, so gentle to me – should think me forgetful – It's little, at the most – we can do for our's, and we must do that – flying – or our things are flown! Dear friend, I wish you were well –

It grieves me till I cannot speak, that you are suffering. Wont you come back? Cant I bring you something? My little Balm might be o'erlooked by wiser eyes – you know – Have you tried the Breeze that swings the Sign – or the Hoof of the Dandelion? I own 'em – Wait for mine!

This is all that I have to say – Kinsmen need say nothing – but “Swiveller” may be sure of the

“Marchioness.”

Love for Mary.

Note: AC 671. Publication: *L* (1894). | Still suffering from sciatica, Bowles went to Northampton October 16 to enter Dr. Edward E. Denniston’s water-cure establishment. During his stay, he visited Austin and Susan in Amherst at least twice and sent Susan a copy of *Great Expectations*. | Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness are characters in Dickens’s *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

311.

To Louisa Norcross, late October or early November 1861

Transcribed Todd

Your letters are real, just the tangled road children walked before you, some of them to the end, and others but a little way, even as far as the fork in the road. That Mrs Browning fainted, we need not read Aurora Leigh to know, when she lived with her English aunt; and ‘George Sand’ ‘must make no noise in her grandmother’s bed-room.’ Poor children! Women, now, queens, now! And one in the Eden of God. I guess they both forget that now, so who knows but we, little stars from the same night, stop twinkling at last? Take heart, little sister, twilight is but the short bridge, and the moon stands at the end. If we can only get to her! Yet, if she sees us fainting she will put out her yellow hands. When did the war really begin

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.19, 406; AC Tr50e. Publication: *L* (1894). Final sentence only at AC. | In the AC TS, Todd writes “moon (or morn),” suggesting that Norcross could not read ED’s writing; her Y TS has “moon.” | Barrett Browning published *Aurora Leigh* in 1856; she died June 29, 1861. Julia Ward Howe’s “George Sand” appeared in the November 1861 *AM* and tells of Sand’s grandmother, in “her chamber” instructing the young Sand to “Amuse yourself quietly.” Issues of *AM* were always available at least a week before the stated month of publication.

312.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about second half of 1861

Just so – Jesus – raps –
 He – does’nt weary –
 Last – at the Knocker –

And first – at the Bell.
 Then – on divinest tiptoe – standing –
 Might He but spy the lady's soul –
 When He – retires –
 Chilled – or weary –
 It will be ample time for – me –
 Patient – upon the steps – until then –
 Heart! I am knocking – low at thee.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (282). Publication: *SH*. Addressed to Sue. | M 130, Fr263.

313.

To Samuel Bowles, late November or early December 1861

Dear Mr Bowles,

It grieves us – that in near Northampton – we have now – no friend – and the old – foreigner – look blurs the Hills – that side – It will be bravest news – when our friend is well – tho' "Business" leaves but little place for the sweeter sort.

The hallowing – of pain – makes one afraid to convalesce – because they differ – wide – as Engines – and Madonnas. We trust no City give our friend – the "Helena" feeling.

The Cages – do not suit the Swiss – well as steeper Air.

I think the Father's Birds do not all carol at a time – to prove the cost of Music – not doubting at the last – each Wren shall bear its' "Palm" –

To take the pearl – costs Breath – but then a pearl is not impeached – let it strike the East!

Dear Mr Bowles – We told you we did not learn to pray – but then our freckled bosom bears its' friends – in its' own way – to a simpler sky – and many's the time – we leave their pain with the "Virgin Mary."

Jesus! thy Crucifix
 Enable thee to guess
 The smaller size –

Jesus! thy second face
 Mind thee – in Paradise –
 Of Our's.

Emily.

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 201. Publication: JL242. | Bowles left Northampton for the Brevoort Hotel in New York as he and Mary prepared for the mid-December birth of their fourth child. | M 141, Fr197.

314.

To Edward Strong Dwight, mid-December 1861

Dear friend.

We thought for sorrow – perhaps you had rather no one talk – but we had rather go away – when our friend is glad – We never like to leave the eye that is full of tears – and if too – it be one that always looked so kind on us – that makes it harder. I suppose your friend – the Stranger – can comfort more than all of us – but that is Dusk – to me – and so I knock tonight – on that far Study door – that used to open kindly – but if you’d rather see no one – you need not say “Come in.”

Upon these winter nights, I have much recollection of evenings passed with you, and her, at the “parsonage” – and the fire crackles – still – and her Cheek softly reddens – and then I strain my eyes to that low sleep – she takes – and something bars my throat. I presume it is better – where she is – and holier – and safer – but then I like my little friend when I can see it’s face – and that’s so far –

I took her notes – today – I had a tiny pacquet – prompted by gentle gratitude for trifling favor done – I held them to my lips – I put them in my breast – to see if I could warm them – and then the tears fell so – I feared that they would blot them out – as they were but in pencil, and so I laid them back. These – and the little Tennyson – in which she wrote my name – are all I have of her – yet of so sweet a life all – is memorial – and I – to her remembrance – as to a timid portrait, the lady – quite transfigured – now – turn every day – I think it sad to have a friend – it’s sure to break the Heart so, and yet – if it had none – the Heart must seek another trade.

I hope that Annie and Ned – are well – Tell them the lady who loved Mama – could not forget them –

Father and Mother talk of you – with frequent affection, and when you shall please – will always be happy to see you.

Mr and Mrs Sweetser – too – bear you in strong remembrance – and many more – I doubt not, whom I do not meet – I hope Mrs Waterman is well – please give her my love, and tell her I will remember her Daughter. Affy,

Emily.

Note: AC 21. Publication: JL243. | Dwight’s wife, Lucy, died September 11, 1861. Nancy Ann Waterman was Lucy’s mother; all were living in the Waterman home in Gorham, Maine. | The Sweetsters = Luke and Abby.

315.

To Mary Bowles, about December 20, 1861

Dear Mary –

Can you leave your flower long enough – just to look at mine?

Which is the prettiest? I shall tell you myself – some day – I used to come – to comfort you – but now – to tell you how glad I am – and how glad we all are – I wish it were a lady – for then – it would be just big enough – to waltz – with Austin's little Boy – but they can play Ball – together – and that will do as well! You must not stay in New York – any more – you must come back – now – and bring the Blanket to Massachusetts – where we can all look. What a responsible shepherd – Four lambs – in it's flock! Shall you be glad to see us – or shall we seem old-fashioned – by the face in the crib?

Tell him – I've got a pussy – for him – with a spotted Gown – and a Dog – with Ringlets –

We have very cold days – since you went away – and I think you hear the wind blow, far as the Brevoort House – it comes from so far – and crawls so – Dont let it blow Baby away – Will you call him Robert, for me. He is the bravest man – alive – but his Boy – has no Mama – That makes us all weep, dont it?

Good night – Mary –

Emily.

Note: AC 672. Publication: *L* (1894). | Charles Allen Bowles was born December 19, 1861; the *SR* announced the birth on December 20. ED's suggestion of "Robert" was stimulated by the June death of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

316.

To Mary Bowles, after December 20, 1861

Baby –

Teach Him – when He makes the names –

Such an one – to say –

On his babbling – Berry – lips –

As should sound – to me –

Were my Ear – as near his nest,

As my thought – today –

As should sound –

"Forbid us not" –

Some like "Emily."

Note: AC 673. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 701, Fr198. Only copy.

317.

To Samuel Bowles, between Christmas 1861 and early 1862

Dear Mr Bowles.

I cant thank you any more – You are thoughtful so many times, you grieve me always – now. The old words are numb – and there a’nt any new ones – Brooks – are useless – in Freshet-time –

When you come to Amherst, please God it were Today – I will tell you about the picture – if I can, I will –

“Speech” – is a prank of Parliament –

“Tears” – a trick of the nerve –

But the Heart with the heaviest freight on –

Does’nt – always – move –

Emily.

Note: AC 691. Publication: *L* (1894). | As usual, at Christmas Bowles sent a photograph of himself; Susan described him as looking “paler, and thinner, than when you were here.” | ED uses the phrase “when the Heart has on it’s great freight” to Dwight (L322). | M 700, Fr193. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

318.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late 1861 or early 1862

Transcribed Todd

Uncle told us you were too busy. Fold your little hands – the heart is the only workman we cannot excuse.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 413. Publication: *L* (1894). | “Uncle” = Loring Norcross, the girls’ father.

319.

To Louisa Norcross, January 1, 1862

Transcribed F. Norcross and Todd

Your letter didn’t surprise me – Loo – I brushed away the sleet from eyes familiar with it – looked again to be sure I read it right – and then took up my work hemming strings for mother’s gown. I think I hemmed them faster for knowing you weren’t coming, my fingers had nothing else to do. Odd, that I who say “no” so much – cannot bear it from others. Odd, that I who run from so many, cannot brook that one turn from me. Come when you will, Loo, the hearts are never shut

here. I don't remember "May." Is that the one that stands next April? And is that the month for the river-pink?

Mrs. A. had news of the death of her boy today, from a wound at Annapolis. Telegram signed by "Frazer Stearns." You remember him. Another one died in October – from fever caught in the camp. Mrs. Adams herself has not [risen from bed since then. "Happy] new Year" step softly over such doors as these! "Dead! Both her boys! One of them shot by the sea – in the East, and one of them shot in the West by the "sea."

Desperate bandit boys – fit to die as Robin Hood! Christ be merciful! Frazer Stearns is just leaving Annapolis. His father has gone to see him today. I hope that ruddy face won't be brought home frozen. Poor little widow's boy, riding tonight in the mad wind – back to the village burying-ground where he never dreamed of sleeping. Ah! the dreamless sleep!

Did you get the letter I sent a week from Monday? You did not say, and it makes me anxious, and I sent a scrap for Saturday last, that too? Lou, I wanted you very much – and I put you by with sharper tears than I give to many. Won't you tell me about the chills – what the doctor says? I must not lose you, sweet. Tell me if I could send a tuft to keep the cousin warm, a blanket of a thistle say, or something!

Much love and Christmas, and sweet year, for you and Fanny and papa.
Emilie.

Dear little Fanny's note received, and shall write her soon. Meanwhile, we wrap her in our heart to keep her tight and warm.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 410–413. Publication: *L* (1894) in part; omitted text restored. Words in brackets are cut off Norcross TS and supplied by Todd's printer copy; last three sentences and PS are from Todd. | Mrs A = Mary Holmes Adams, the widow of AC professor of astronomy and zoology, Charles Baker Adams. Two of her sons died in the war in 1861: Charles Breck Adams in September and Sylvester Holmes Adams in December, at Annapolis. Frazar Stearns died in battle March 14; see L330.

320.

To Samuel Bowles, early January 1862

Dear Mr Bowles.

Victory comes late,
And is held low to freezing lips
Too rapt with frost
To mind it!
How sweet it would have tasted!

Just a drop!
Was God so economical?
 His table's spread too high
 Except we dine on tiptoe!
Crumbs fit such little mouths –
Cherries – suit Robins –
 The Eagle's golden breakfast – dazzles them!
 God keep his vow to "Sparrows"
 Who of little love,
 Know how to starve!

Emily.

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 201. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | God's vow to sparrows is that they shall not "fall" without God's notice (Matthew 10:29–31 and Luke 12:6). | M 357, Fr195.

321.

To Samuel Bowles, January 11 or 12, 1862

Dear friend.

Are you willing? I am so far from Land – To offer you the cup – it might some Sabbath come my turn – Of wine how solemn – full!

Did you get the Doubloons – did you vote upon "Robert"? You said you would come in "Febuary". Only three weeks more to wait at the Gate!

While you are sick – we – are homesick – Do you look out tonight? The Moon rides like a Girl – through a Topaz Town – I dont think we shall ever be merry again – you are ill so long –

When did the Dark Happen?

I skipped a page – tonight – because I come so often – now – I might have tired you.

That page is fullest, tho'. Vinnie sends her love. I think Father and Mother care a great deal for you – and hope you may be well. When you tire with pain – to know that eyes would cloud, in Amherst – might that comfort – some? Emily.

We never forget Mary –

Notes: AC 675. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Bowleses were still at the Brevoort Hotel in New York after the birth of their son.

322.

To Edward Strong Dwight, January 12, 1862

Amherst –

Dear friend.

I made the mistake – and was just about to recall the note – misenveloped to you – and your's – to the other friend – which I just knew – when my “Sister’s” face – put the world from mind – nor should I mention it, except my familiar address – must have surprised your taste. I have the friend who loves me – and thinks me larger than I am – and to reduce a Glamour, innocently caused – I sent the little Verse to Him. Your gentle answer – undeserved, I more thank you for.

My little Sister’s face – so dear – so unexpected – filled my eyes with the old rain – and I hid my face in my Apron – my only shelter – now she sleeps, and wondered why a love was given – but just to tear away – I cared for Her – so long – she spoiled me for a ruder love – and other women – seem to me bristling – and very loud.

Do you remember telling me that I “should soon forget you both”? You did not mean to deceive me – but you made the mistake!

If you please – I remember more – and not, “less” – as you said. You thought the portrait “might remind me of my former friend.”

I trust she is more my friend – today – when I cannot see her – and learn it from her own sweet lips.

The World is not the shape it was – when I went to your House – a little tipsy – maybe – that I could have a friend – so near – who found them at rare distances – as Mints – and precious stones – but I will not review a time – that cuts – at every step. You were very thoughtful – to send me the face – How tenderly I thank you – it’s preciousness to you – will tell. It is exquisitely like her – we all think – and at Austin’s – where it was borne in a little basket – through the storm – last night.

I do not ask if you are “better” – because split lives – never “get well” – but the love of friends – sometimes helps the staggering – when the Heart has on it’s great freight.

Dear friend – I read the verse – You must not deny your little Church – who “called” no pastor – yet – Again, I thank you for the face – her memory did not need –

Sufficient troth – that she will rise –
Deposed – at last – the Grave –
To that new fondness –
Justified – by Calvaries of love –

Emily.

Note: AC 22. Publication: JL246. Postmark: Amherst MS Jan 13 1862. | Dwight had sent ED a photograph of his late wife. | Last stanza (of seven) of "There came a day – at Summer's full –": M 155, Fr325. Sent to Higginson (1862) and S. Dickinson (lost).

323.

To Frances Norcross, February 17, 1862

Transcribed F. Norcross

Dear Fanny.

I fear you are getting as driven as Vinnie. We consider her standard for super human effort erroneously applied. Dear Louisa remembers the basket Vinnie "never got to." But we must blame with lenience. Poor Vinnie has been very sick, and so have we all, and I feared one day our little brothers would see us no more, but God was not so hard. Now health looks so beautiful, the tritest "How do you do" is living with meaning. No doubt you "heard a bird," but which route did he take? Hasn't reached here yet? Are you sure it wasn't a "Down brakes"? Best of ears will blunder! Unless he come by the first [of April, I shan't countenance him.] We have had great weather – Thermometer two below zero all day, without a word of apology. Summer was always dear, but such a kiss as she'll get from me, if I ever see her again, will make her cry I know.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 414. Publication: *L* (1894). Fanny writes "Unfinished" at end of TS; the words in brackets are cut off her TS and supplied by Todd's. On February 17 it was unusually cold: 2 below 0, Fahrenheit.

324.

To Samuel Bowles, late February 1862

Dear friend.

You remember the little "Meeting" – we held for you – last spring? We met again – Saturday – 'Twas May – when we "adjourned" – but then Adjourns – are all – The meetings wore alike – Mr Bowles – The Topic – did not tire us – so we chose no new – We voted to remember you – so long as both should live – including Immortality. To count you as Ourselves – except sometimes more tenderly – as now – when you are ill – and we – the haler of the two – and so I bring the Bond – we sign so many times – for you to read, when Chaos comes – or Treason – or Decay – still witnessing for Morning.

We hope – it is a tri-Hope – composed of Vinnie's – Sue's – and mine – that you took no more pain – riding in the sleigh.

We hope our joy to see you – gave of it's own degree – to you – We pray for your new health – the prayer that goes not down – when they shut the church –

We offer you our cups – stintless – as to the Bee – the Lily, her new Liquors – Would you like Summer? Taste of our’s – Spices? Buy, here!

Ill! We have Berries, for the parching!
 Weary! Furloughs of Down!
 Perplexed! Estates of Violet – Trouble ne’er looked on!
 Captive! We bring Reprieve of Roses!
 Fainting! Flasks of Air!
 Even for Death – a Fairy medicine –
 But, which is it – Sir? Emily

Note: AC 677. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles visited Amherst on February 21, a Friday. ED describes a “Saturday” meeting, apparently to discuss Bowles’s visit and health. | Poem (“Would you like Summer?”) begins midline in letter. M 702, Fr272. Only copy.

From Susan Gilbert Dickinson to Emily Dickinson, around March 1, 1862

Never mind Emily – to-morrow will do just as well – don’t bother – I’m “not an hard master” – You know Maggie is out, & I don’t like to leave my fold – There were two or three little things I wanted to talk with you about without witnesses but to-morrow will do just as well – Has girl read Republican? It takes as long to start our Fleet as the Burnside. Emily – All’s well –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B94). Publication: Leyda. Susan wrote “Emily – All’s well” on the outer fold of the letter. Written after “Safe in their Alabaster Chambers” was printed in the March 1, 1862, *SR*; Susan apparently gave a copy of the poem to Bowles during his June 1861, visit to Amherst (see L305). | Civil War general Ambrose Burnside was notoriously slow in moving troops under his command forward.

325.

To Samuel Bowles, around March 5, 1862

While Asters,
 On the Hill –
 Their Everlasting fashions – set,
 And Covenant Gentians, Frill!

Emily.

Note: AC 670. Publication: *L* (1894). | Austin visited Bowles on March 5, probably delivering this note. | Variant lines 14–16, “It will be Summer – eventually” (twenty lines). M 199, Fr374.

326.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early 1862

Dear Sue.

Your – Riches – taught me – poverty!
 Myself, a “Millionaire”
 In little – wealths – as Girls can boast –
 Till broad as “Buenos Ayre” –
 You drifted your Dominions,
 A Different, Peru –
 And I esteemed – all – poverty,
 For Life’s Estate – with you!

Of “Mines,” I little know – myself –
 But just the names, of Gems –
 The Colors – of the Commonest –
 And scarce of Diadems –
 So much – that did I meet the Queen –
 Her glory – I should know –
 But this – must be a different wealth –
 To miss it – beggars – so!

I’m sure ’tis “India”, all day –
 To those who look on you –
 Without a stint – without a blame –
 Might I – but be the Jew!
 I know it is “Golconda” –
 Beyond my power to dream –
 To have a smile – for mine – each day –
 How better – than a Gem!

At least – it solaces – to know –
 That there exists – a Gold –
 Altho’ I prove it, just in time –
 Its’ distance – to behold!
 Its’ far – far – Treasure – to surmise –
 And estimate – the Pearl –
 That slipped, my simple fingers, thro’
 While yet – a Girl, at school!

Dear Sue –

You see I remember.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B44). Publication: *FF* without poem; poem in *AM* (1891). | M 165, Fr418.
Sent to Higginson (1862).

327.

To Samuel Bowles, around March 1862

Dear friend.

If I amaze[d] your kindness – My Love is my only apology. To the people of
“Chillon” – this – is enoug[h] I have met – no othe[rs.] Would you – ask le[ss] for
your Queen – M[r] Bowles?

Then – I mistake – [my] scale – To Du[kes] ’tis daily, to be gran[d] and not a
“Sunday” Su[m] [En]closed – is my [d]efence –

[Fo]rgive the Gills that ask for Air – if it is harm – to breathe!

To “thank” you – [s]hames my thought!

[Sh]ould you but fail [at] – Sea –

[In] sight of me –

[Or] doomed lie –

[Ne]xt Sun – to die –

[O]r rap – at Paradise – unheard –

I’d harass God –

Until He let [you] in!

Emily.

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 201. Publication: JL249. Outside edges of paper torn irregularly; conjectured text in brackets. | Bowles was planning a trip to Europe and set sail on April 9. | M 702, Fr275. Only copy.

328.

To Louisa Norcross, early 1862

Transcribed F. Norcross

Thank you dear for the passage

How long to live the truth is.

A word is dead, when it is said

Some say –

I say it just begins to live

That day

Note: AC Tr66. Publication: *L* (1894). Frances copied “A word is dead” a second time for Todd after seeing that in her 1894 *Letters* Todd misplaced it as written in 1872. | M 702, Fr278. Only copy (MS destroyed).

329.

To Mary Bowles, March 16, 1862

Sunday night.

Dear Mary –

Could you leave “Charlie”, long enough? Have you time for me? I sent Mr Bowles – a little note – last Saturday morning – asking him – to do an errand for me –

I forgot he was going to Washington – or I should’nt have troubled him – so late – Now – Mary – I fear he did not get it – and you tried to do the errand for me – and it troubled you – Did it? Will you tell me? Just say with your pencil – “it didn’t tire me – Emily” – and then – I shall be sure – for with all your care – I would not have taxed you – for the world –

You never refused me – Mary – you cherished me – many times – but I thought it must seem so selfish – to ask the favour of Mr Bowles – just as he went from Home – only I forgot that –

Tell me – tonight – just a word – Mary – with your own hand – so I shall know I harassed none – and I will be so glad –

Austin told us of Charlie – I send a Rose – for his small hands –

Put it in – when he goes to sleep – and then he will dream of Emily – and when you bring him to Amherst – we shall be “old friends”.

Dont love him so well – you know – as to forget us – We shall wish he was’nt there – if you do – I’m afraid – shant we?

I’ll remember you – if you like me to – while Mr. Bowles is gone – and that will stop the lonely – some – but I cannot agree to stop – when he gets home from Washington.

Good night – Mary –

You wont forget my little note – tomorrow – in the mail – It will be the first one you ever wrote me – in your life – and yet, was I the little friend – a long time? Was I, Mary? Emily.

Note: AC 676. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles was traveling between March 8 and around the 20th.

330.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, March 22 to 31, 1862

Transcribed F. Norcross and Todd

Dear children,

You have done more for me –’tis least I can do, to tell you of brave Frazer. “Killed” at Newbern, darlings. His big heart shot away by a “minie ball.”

I had read of those – I didn’t think Frazer would carry one to Eden with him. Just as he fell, in his soldier’s cap, with his sword at his side, Frazer rode through

Amherst. Classmates to the right of him, and classmates to the left of him, to guard his narrow face! He fell by the side of Prof Clark, his superior officer – lived ten minutes, in a soldier's arms, asked twice for water – murmured just "My God" and passed! Sanderson his classmate, made a box of boards in the night, put the brave boy in – covered with a blanket, rowed six miles to reach the boat, so poor Frazer came. They tell that Col Clark cried like a little child – [when he missed his pet, and could] hardly resume his post. They loved each other very much. Nobody here could look on Frazer – not even his father. The doctors would not allow it.

The bed on which he came was enclosed in a large casket shut entirely and covered from head to foot with the sweetest flowers. He went to sleep from the village church, crowds came to tell him Good night. Choirs sang to him – pastors told how brave he was – early soldier heart. And his family bowed their heads as the reeds the wind shakes.

So our part in Frazer is done, but you must come next Summer and we will mind ourselves of this young crusader – too brave that he could fear to die. We will play his tunes, maybe he can hear them, we will try to comfort his broken hearted Ella, who as the clergyman said "gave him peculiar confidence." Austin is stunned completely. Let us love better, children, its most that's left to do.

Love from Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 418–419. TS of last page may not be in Todd's hand. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets are cut off the Norcross TS; they, and the last two and a half sentences, are from Todd printer copy. | Frazer Augustus Stearns, a 1st Lieutenant in the 21st MA Volunteers, was killed by a minié ball at New Bern, North Carolina March 14; news reached Amherst on the 18th and the funeral was held on the 22nd. Frazer was the son of AC President William Stearns and a close friend of Austin's. ED consistently misspells his name as Frazer.

331.

To Samuel Bowles, late March 1862

Dear friend.

Will you be kind to Austin – again? And would you be kinder than sometimes – and put the name – on – too – He tells me to tell you – He could not thank you – Austin is disappointed – He expected to see you – today –

He is sure you wont go to Sea – without first speaking to Him. I presume if Emily and Vinnie knew of his writing – they would entreat Him to ask you – not – Austin is chilled – by Frazer's murder –

He says – his Brain keeps saying over "Frazer is killed" – "Frazer is killed," just as Father told it – to Him. Two or three words of lead – that dropped so deep, they keep weighing –

Tell Austin – how to get over them!

He is very sorry you are not better – He cares for you, when at the Office – and afterwards – too – at Home – and sometimes – wakes at night, with a worry for you – he didn't finish – quite – by Day – He would not like it – that I betrayed Him – so you'll never tell. And I must betray Sue – too –

Do not think it dishonorable –

I found out – accidentally – that She was trying to find out – if you had a little "Drinking Flask" – to take abroad with you – I would like to serve – Sue – and if you will tell me by Monday's mail, whether you have one – and promise me – for her sake – not to get one – if you hav'nt – I can fix the telling her – Mary sent beautiful flowers. Did she tell – you?

Austin hopes his errand will not tire you.

Note: AC 680. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles learned about Frazar Stearns's death on March 21; he then wrote to Susan and Austin that he would not visit that weekend; instead, Austin visited him about March 26.

332.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1862

Defeat – whets Victory – they say –
 The Reefs – in old Gethsemane –
 Endear the Coast – beyond!
 'Tis Beggars – Banquets – can define –
 'Tis parching – vitalizes Wine –
 "Faith" bleats – to understand!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (246). Publication: *Poems* (1891). Last stanza (of four) of "I should have been too glad, I see"; M 346, Fr283. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

333.

To Samuel Bowles, first days of April 1862

Dear friend.

The Hearts in Amherst – ache – tonight – You could not know how hard – They thought they could not wait – last night – until the Engine – sang – a pleasant tune – that time – because that you were coming – The flowers waited – in the Vase – and love got peevish, watching – A Rail Road person, rang, to bring an evening

paper – Vinnie tipped Pussy, over, in haste to let you in – and I, for Joy – and Dignity – held tight in my chair – My Hope put out a petal –

You would come – today – but Sue and Vinnie, and I, keep the time, in tears – We dont believe it, now, “Mr Bowles – not coming”! Would’nt you, tomorrow – and this but be a bad Dream – gone by – next morning?

Please do not take our spring – away – since you blot Summer – out!

We cannot count our tears – for this – because they drop so fast – and the Black eye – and the Blue eye – and a Brown – I know – hold their lashes – full –

Part – will go to see you – I cannot tell how many – now – It’s too hard – to plan – yet – and Susan’s little “Flask” – poor Susan – who doted so on putting it in your own hand –

Dear friend – we meant to make you – brave – but moaned – before we thought. If we should play ’twas Austin – perhaps we could’nt let him go – to do Good night – to you – If you’ll be sure and get well – we’ll try to bear it – If we could only care – the less – it would be so much easier – Your letter, troubled my throat. It gave that little scalding, we could not know the reason for, till we grow far up.

I must do my Good night, in crayon – I meant to – in Red. Love for Mary. Emily.

Note: AC 681. Publication: JL259. | Bowles had hoped to visit Amherst in very late March or the first days of April but didn’t. He wrote to Austin and Sue on April 3 to apologize for not coming. Before sailing for Europe on April 9, however, he thanked them for their April 5 visit and Emily’s note.

334.

To Mary Bowles, not long after April 9, 1862

Dear Mary –

When the Best is gone – I know that other things are not of consequence – The Heart wants what it wants – or else it does not care –

You wonder why I write, so – Because I cannot help – I like to have you know some care – so when your life gets faint for it’s other life – you can lean on us – We wont break, Mary – We look very small – but the Reed can carry weight –

Not to see what we love, is very terrible – and talking – does’nt ease it, and nothing does – but just itself –

The Eyes and Hair, we chose – are all there are – to us – Is’nt it so – Mary?

I often wonder how the love of Christ, is done – when that, below, holds – so –

I hope the little “Robert” coos away the pain – Perhaps your flowers, help – some –

Vinnie and Sue, are making Hot beds – but then, the Robins plague them so – they dont accomplish much –

The Frogs sing sweet – today – They have such pretty – lazy – times – how nice, to be a Frog! Sue – draws her little Boy, pleasant days – in a Cab – and Carlo, walks behind, accompanied by a Cat – from each establishment –

It looks funny to see so small a man, going out of Austin's House – Mother sends her love to you – She has a sprained foot – and can go, but little, in the House, and not abroad – at all. Dont dishearten – Mary – We'll keep thinking – of you – Kisses for all – Emily –

Note: AC 682. Publication: JL262. | ED liked to call the Bowles's son "Robert" (for Browning), although she knew he was named Charles. Sue's "little Boy" = Ned, then around ten months old.

335.

To Catherine Scott Turner (Anthon), soon after April 12, 1862 Transcribed K. Anthon

Thank you, Katie, it was relief, you had'nt spoke so long, I got a bad whim – Please don't leave Emily again, it gnarls her character! You say winter was long. We thought so too, but it went by – Call nothing long, Katie, that stops! I read about your fire, in the "Midnight Cry" – Vinnie's favourite journal – "Katie, is doubtless in ashes," I thought, I'm much obliged to God for not burning you up. Sue's little boy rides by with a long stick in his hand, beating imaginary beasts. – He is fond of Hens and other Songsters, and visits a colt in our barn demi-daily; The decease of a cat connected with the estate solemnized us Friday. – "Tabby" is still on "praying ground." and catches dandelions mistaking them for Topaz mice, – Will folks get rested, Katie? – You spoke of "Heaven" you know. "I" will take so many beds. Theres you & me & Vinnie & the "other house." & the Israelites & those Hittite folks, it does appear confused to me! – Come & have tea with us again Katie! How it rained that night! We must take many a tea together in a Northeast storm o' Saturday nights, before Da Vinci's supper!

So tired, Katie, so good night. Speak, will it more to
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B126). Publication: JL317. | The Cooperstown, New York, fire to which ED refers broke out on April 10 and was reported on the 12th, in the *SR*. *Midnight Cry* = Adventist journal.

336.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early spring 1862

The Bumble of a Bee –
A Witchcraft, yieldeth me.

If any ask me "Why" –
 'Twere easier to die
 Than tell!

The Red upon the Hill
 Taketh away my will –
 If anybody sneer,
 Take care, for God is near,
 That's all!

The Breaking of the Day –
 Addeth to my Degree –
 If any ask me "how" –
 Artist who drew me so –
 Must tell!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B195). Publication: *Poems* (1890). | M 106, Fr217.

337.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, April 15, 1862

Mr Higginson,

Are you too deeply occupied, to say if my Verse is alive?
 The Mind is so near itself – it cannot see, distinctly – and I have none to ask –
 Should you think it breathed – and had you the leisure to tell me, I should feel
 quick gratitude –

If I make the mistake – that you dared to tell me – would give me sincerer honor –
 toward you –

I enclose my name – asking you, if you please – Sir – to tell me what is true?
 That you will not betray me – it is needless to ask – since Honor is it's own pawn –

E. Dickinson

Note: BPL 1093 (1). Publication: *AM* (1891). Postmark: Palmer Ms Apr 15 1862. | ED responds to Higginson's "Letter to a Young Contributor," published in the April 1862 *AM*, in which he offered practical advice to any "young gentleman or young lady" who wrote. Some of her language echoes his essay. She signed her name on a card enclosed in its own envelope. | Enclosures: "Safe in their Alabaster Chambers –"; "The nearest Dream recedes – unrealised –"; "We play at Paste –"; "I'll tell you how the Sun rose –".

338.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, April 28, 1862

Mr Higginson,

Your kindness claimed earlier gratitude – but I was ill – and write today, from my pillow. Thank you for the surgery – it was not so painful as I supposed. I bring you others – as you ask – though they might not differ – While my thought is undressed – I can make the distinction, but when I put them in the Gown – they look alike, and numb.

You asked ‘how old I was?’ I made no verse, but one or two – until this winter – Sir –

I had a terror – since September – I could tell to none – and so I sing, as the Boy does by the Burying Ground, because I am afraid – You inquire my Books – For Poets – I have Keats, and Mr and Mrs Browning. For Prose – Mr Ruskin – Sir Thomas Browne, and the Revelations. I went to school – but in your manner of the phrase – had no education. When a little Girl, I had a friend, who taught me Immortality – but venturing too near, himself – he never returned – Soon after, my Tutor, died – and for several years, my Lexicon, was my only companion – Then I found one more – but he was not contented I be his scholar – so he left the Land.

You ask of my Companions. Hills – Sir – and the Sundown – and a Dog – large as myself, that my Father bought me – They are better than Beings, because they know – but do not tell – and the noise in the Pool, at noon – excels my Piano. I have a Brother and Sister – My Mother does not care for thought – and Father, too busy with his Briefs – to notice what we do – He buys me many Books, but begs me not to read them – because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me – and address an Eclipse, every morning – whom they call their “Father.” But I fear my story fatigues you – I would like to learn – Could you tell me how to grow – or is it unconveyed – like Melody – or Witchcraft?

You speak of Mr Whitman – I never read his Book – but was told that he was disgraceful –

I read Miss Prescott’s “Circumstance,” but it followed me, in the Dark, so I avoided her –

Two Editors of Journals came to my Father’s House, this winter – and asked me for my mind, and when I asked them “Why,” they said I was penurious – and they, would use it for the world –

I could not weigh myself – myself –

My Size felt small – to me – I read your Chapters in the Atlantic – and experienced honor for you – I was sure you would not reject a confiding question –

Is this – Sir – what you asked me to tell you?

Your friend,

E – Dickinson.

Note: BPL 1093 (4). Publication: AM (1891). Postmark: Palmer Ms Apr 28 1862. | The friend who taught ED “Immortality” may be Benjamin Franklin Newton. | ED knew several editors, including Charles Humphreys Sweetser (AC 1862), who worked at the SR and co-edited *Songs of Amherst College* (1860) with William Morton Pomeroy (AC 1861). In 1863, Charles founded *The Round Table* with Henry Edwards Sweetser—which did publish one of ED’s poems in 1864. There is no evidence that Bowles or Holland—the two most famous editors she knew—ever encouraged her to publish and they are unlikely to have visited her together. | Harriet Prescott (Spofford)’s “Circumstance” appeared in the May 1860 AM (see L263). The Bible, Browning, Keats, Ruskin, and Sir Thomas Browne are all mentioned in “Letter to a Young Contributor,” and Higginson was a patron of Prescott’s. | Enclosures: “There came a Day at Summer’s full”; “Of all the Sounds despatched abroad”; and “South Winds jostle them –” (Higginson mistakenly reports different enclosures in his 1891 essay).

From Charles Wadsworth to Emily Dickinson, about late April 1862

My dear Miss Dickenson

I am distressed beyond measure at your note, received this moment,—I can only imagine the affliction which has befallen, or is now befalling you

Believe me,—be what it may, you have all my sympathy, and my constant, earnest prayers—

I am very, very anxious to learn more definitely of your trial—and though I have no right to intrude upon your sorrows Yet I beg you to write me, though it be but a word;

In great haste

Sincerely and most

Affectionately Yours—

Note: AC 1012. Publication: *Home*. Unsigned but with embossed crest “C.W.” that Wadsworth used only during his time at the Arch Street Church in Philadelphia; he moved to San Francisco May 1, 1862. ED may have shared with him the “terror” mentioned April 28 to Higginson (L338).

339.

To Louisa Norcross, shortly after May 4, 1862

Transcribed F. Norcross

When you can leave your little children L, you must tell us all you know about dear M’s going, so sudden, and shocking to us all, we are only bewildered and cannot believe the telegrams. I want so much to see you, and ask you what it means, and why this young life’s sacrifice sh’d come so soon, and not far off? I wake in the morning saying “Mira, no more Mira in this world,” and the thought of that young face in the dark, makes the world so sorrowful, I cover

my face with the blanket, so the robins' singing can not get through, I had rather not hear it. [Was Mira willing to leave us all? I want so much to know] if it was very hard, husband and babies and big life and sweet home by the sea. I should think she would rather have stayed. She came to see us first in May, I remember her frock, and how prettily she fixed her hair, and she and V. took long walks and got home to tea at sundown, and now remembering is all there is, and – no more Mira. I wish 'twas plainer, Loo, the anguish in this world. I wish one could be sure the suffering had a loving side. The thought to look down some day, and see the crooked steps we came from a safer place, must be a precious thing.

Loo, you are a dear child to go to Uncle J., and all will thank you, who love him. We will remember you every day, and the little children, and make a picture to ourself, of the small mama.

Father and V. would have gone immediately to Lynn but got the telegram too late. Tell Uncle they wanted to. But what can Emily say?

Their Father who art in Heaven, remember them and her.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 425–427. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets cut off Norcross's TS are supplied by Todd's. | Uncle J=Joel Warren Norcross. M=Mira (Lamira H. Jones) Norcross, who died May 4, 1862 at the New York Hotel, where she was treated for consumption. After her death, she was moved to the family home in Lynn, where Loo went to look after her and Joel's young children, Anna and William. In 1864, Anna stayed with ED and the Norcross sisters in Cambridge. | In the final line, ED slightly alters the beginning of the Lord's Prayer.

340.

To Joel Warren Norcross, early May 1862

Will it comfort my sorrowing Uncle, to know that Emily, cares? Words mean very little, when the face is gone, that made our lifetime sweet – yet it grieves me so – I thought my low "I'm sorry", would not burden you –

When our great Rest is taken – the little pillows friends can bring, cool a weary head –

I didn't know dear Mira, so well as the other Nieces, knew her – but I was always thinking to, when she came next time – "next summer" – and now, I can't believe my opportunity is done –

She wasn't so far from Nellie Converse – as she supposed – when she talked with me, and sobbed like a child, whose schoolmate had been stolen –

Nor so far from the other Aunt – snatched like herself, in Spring. I do not think the Birds, mind our going to sleep. I notice they sing louder –

They may know Heaven – better than we – down here – so far away – and sing so, for our sakes – I am glad Mira was not afraid – That will always be comforting to you – and that you were with her – and that she could talk with you – and that

Will it Comfort- My
Sorrowing Uncle, I:-
Know that Emily, care?
Words mean very little,
when the face is
gone. That made our
Lifetime sweet. - yet it
grieves me so. I thought
my love "In song" would
not burden you.
When our great Rest-
is taken. the little
killars, friends can bring,
cool a man's head.

Figure 6. To Joel Warren Norcross, early May 1862. First page of letter;
discovered in 1995 (H MS Am 1118.7 [*87M-20]).

Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mrs Wood, and Etta, were there – to make her Good night pleasant – as among sweet neighbor's faces – I hope we shall be more mindful of each other, for just her sake – learning a quicker tenderness, from finding her no more –

So many brave – have died, this year – it dont seem lonely, as it did – before Battle begun –, then, too, dear Uncle – Many weep – so you are not alone –

I cant believe it, while I write – that Mira wont come back –

I never shall believe it. "Twill always seem to me – and more, as months go by – that she is on a journey, through pleasant lands – I cannot see – but may – some day – like her –

Uncle Loring, writes that you are not well – I hope you will soon be better –

Annie, and Will, will need you more – now Mama, is gone –

Loo will make your Home as sweet, as her fingers can –

She is mine, you know, but I will lend her to you, dear Uncle, because you need her most –

Mother sends much love – and talks tearfully of you –

Affy, Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-20). Publication: Longworth, 'Upon Concluded Lives,' (1995). | Annie was six and Will was three. ED's "other Aunt," Lavinia Norcross, died in April 1860. "Battle" may allude generally to the ongoing Civil War or to the unprecedented carnage of the Battle of Shiloh (a Union victory) April 6-7.

341.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, June 7, 1862

Dear friend.

Your letter gave no Drunkenness, because I tasted Rum before – Domingo comes but once – yet I have had few pleasures so deep as your opinion, and if I tried to thank you, my tears would block my tongue –

My dying Tutor told me that he would like to live till I had been a poet, but Death was much of Mob as I could master – then – and when far afterward – a sudden light in Orchards, or a new fashion in the wind troubled my attention, I felt a palsy, here – the Verses just relieve –

Your second letter surprised me, and for a moment, Swung – I had not supposed it. Your first – gave no dishonor, because the True – are not ashamed – I thanked you for your justice, but could not drop the Bells whose jingling cooled my Tramp – Perhaps the Balm, seemed better, because you bled me, first.

I smile when you suggest that I delay "to publish" – that being foreign to my thought, as Firmament to Fin –

If fame belonged to me, I could not escape her – if she did not, the longest day would pass me on the chase – and the approbation of my Dog, would forsake me – then – My Barefoot – Rank is better –

You think my gait “spasmodic” – I am in danger – Sir –
 You think me “uncontrolled” – I have no Tribunal.

Would you have time to be the “friend” you should think I need? I have a little shape – it would not crowd your Desk – nor make much Racket as the Mouse, that dents your Galleries –

If I might bring you what I do – not so frequent to trouble you – and ask you if I told it clear – ’twould be control, to me –

The Sailor cannot see the North – but knows the Needle can – The “hand you stretch me in the Dark”, I put mine in, and turn away – I have no Saxon, now –

As if I asked a common Alms,
 And in my wondering hand
 A Stranger pressed a Kingdom,
 And I, bewildered, stand –
 As if I asked the Orient
 Had it for me a Morn –
 And it should lift it’s Purple Dikes,
 And shatter me with Dawn!

But, will you be my Preceptor, Mr Higginson?
 Your friend

E Dickinson –

Note: BPL 1093 (8). Publication: AM (1891). Postmark: Palmer Mass Jun 7 1862. | Spasmodic designated an extremely popular British school of verse in the 1840s and 1850s. Sometimes used derogatorily, the term was applied to many poets ED admired, including Barrett Browning, Tennyson, and Longfellow. See L133 and 135 for ED’s enthusiasm about Spasmodic poet Alexander Smith. | M 37, Fr14. In abandoned letter to unknown (1884).

342.

To Samuel Bowles, early to mid-June 1862

Dear friend.

You go away, and where you go, we cannot come – but then the months have names – and each one comes but once a year, and though it seems they never could, they sometimes do – go by.

We hope you are more well, than when you lived in America, and that those Foreign people are kind, and true, to you. We hope you recollect each life you left behind, even our’s, the least –

We wish we knew how Amherst looked, in your memory. Smaller than it did, may be, and yet things swell, by leaving – if big in themselves – We hope you will not alter, but be the same we grieved for, when the “China” sailed. If you should

like to hear the news, we did not die – here – We did not change. We have the Guests we did, except yourself – and the Roses hang on the same stems, as before you went. Vinnie trains the Honeysuckle, and the Robins steal the string for Nests – quite, quite as they used to – I have the Errand from my heart – I might forget to tell it.

Would you please to come Home? The long life's years are scant, and fly away, the Bible says, like a told story – and sparing is a solemn thing, somehow, it seems to me – and I grope fast, with my fingers, for all out of my sight I own – to get it nearer –

I had one letter from Mary – I think she tries to be patient – but you would'nt want her to succeed, would you, Mr Bowles?

It's fragrant news, to know they pine, when we are out of sight. It is most Commencement. The little Cousin from Boston, has come, and the Hearts in Pelham, have an added thrill. We shall miss you, most, dear friend, who annually smiled with us, at the Gravities. I question, if even Dr Vaill, have his wonted applause.

Should anybody where you go, talk of Mrs. Browning, you must hear for us, and if you touch her Grave, put one hand on the Head, for me, her unmentioned Mourner –

Father and Mother, and Vinnie, and Carlo, send their love to you, and warm wish for your health – and I am taking lessons in prayer, so to coax God to keep you safe – Good night, dear friend. You sleep so far, how can I know you hear?

Emily.

Note: AC 683. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles typically attended AC commencement exercises (in 1862, July 6–10) and wrote the *SR* account of these "Gravities." "little Cousin" = Louisa Norcross.

343.

To Eudocia Flynt, July 20 or 21, 1862

Dear Mrs Flint.

You and I, didn't finish talking. Have you room for the sequel, in your Vase?

All the letters I could write,
 Were not fair as this –
 Syllables of Velvet –
 Sentences of Plush –
 Depths of Ruby, undrained –
 Hid, Lip, for Thee,
 Play it were a Humming Bird
 And sipped just Me –

Emily.

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Publication: *YUL Gazette* (1931). | Flynt is the second wife of Emily Norcross Dickinson's cousin William Norcross Flynt. Letter dated by Flynt in her diary on July 21: "Had a letter from Emily Dickinson!!!!!" She attended AC commencement exercises July 10. | M202, Fr380.

344.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1862

I showed her Hights she never saw –
 "Would'st Climb," I said?
 She said – "Not so" –
 "With me –" I said, With me?
 I showed her Secrets – Morning's Nest –
 The Rope the Nights were put across –
 And now – "Would'st have me for a Guest"?
 She could not find her Yes –
 And then, I brake my life, And Lo,
 A Light, for her, did solemn glow,
 The larger, as her face withdrew,
 And could she, further, "No"?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (276). Publication: *SH*. | M 182 (as "He showed me Hights I never saw –"), Fr346.

345.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, July 22, 1862

Could you believe me without? I had no portrait, now, but am small, like the Wren, and my Hair is bold, like the Chestnut Bur, and my eyes, like the Sherry in the Glass, that the Guest leaves – Would this do just as well?

It often alarms Father – He says Death might occur, and he has Molds of all the rest, but has no Mold of me, but I noticed the Quick wore off those things, in a few days, and forestall the dishonor – You will think no caprice of me –

You said "Dark." I know the Butterfly, and the Lizard, and the Orchis –
 Are not those your Countrymen?

I am happy to be your scholar, and will deserve the kindness, I cannot repay.
 If you truly consent, I recite, now,

Will you tell me my fault, frankly as to yourself, for I had rather wince, than die.
 Men do not call the Surgeon, to commend – the Bone, but to set it, Sir, and fracture within, is more critical. And for this, Preceptor, I shall bring you – Obedience – the

Blossom from my Garden, and every gratitude I know. Perhaps you smile at me – I could not stop for that – My Business is Circumference –

An ignorance, not of Customs, but if caught with the Dawn, or the Sunset see me, myself the only Kangaroo among the Beauty, Sir, if you please, it afflicts me, and I thought that instruction would take it away.

Because you have much business, beside the growth of me – you will appoint, yourself, how often I shall come – without your inconvenience. And if at any time, you regret you received me, or I prove a different fabric to that you supposed – you must banish me –

When I state myself, as the Representative of the Verse – it does not mean – me – but a supposed person. You are true, about the “perfection.”

Today, makes Yesterday mean –

You spoke of Pippa Passes. I never heard anybody speak of Pippa Passes, before – You see my posture is benighted.

To thank you, baffles me – Are you perfectly powerful? Had I a pleasure you had not, I could delight to bring it. Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (9). Publication: AM (1891). Postmark: Palmer Mass. Jul [2?] 1862. | Browning's “Pippa Passes” was published in 1841. | ED alludes to Higginson's *Out-Door Papers* by referring to plants and animals as his “Countrymen.” She varies the phrase beginning “My Business is” twice to the Hollands (L346). | Enclosures: “Of Tribulation – these are They,”; “Your Riches, taught me, poverty –”; “Some keep the Sabbath going to Church –”; “Success – is counted sweetest”.

346.

To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland, summer 1862

*Transcribed Todd
Friday*

Dear Friends.

I write to you. I receive no letter.

I say “they dignify my trust.” I do not disbelieve. I go again. Cardinals wouldn't do it – Cockneys wouldn't do it, but I can't stop to strut, in a world where Bells toll. I hear thro' visitor in town, that “Mrs Holland is not strong.” The little Peacock in me, tells me not to inquire again – then I remember my tiny friend – how brief she is – how dear she is, and the Peacock quite dies away. Now, you need not speak, for perhaps you are weary, and “Herod” requires all your thought, but if you are well – let Annie draw me a little picture of an erect flower;

If you are ill, she can hang the flower a little on one side!

Then, I shall understand and you need not stop to write me a letter. Perhaps you laugh at me! Perhaps the whole United States are laughing at me too!

I can't stop for that! My business is to love. I found a Bird, this morning, down – down – on a little bush at the foot of the garden, and wherefore sing, I said, since nobody hears?

One sob in the throat, one flutter of bosom –
 “My business is to sing” – and away she rose!

How do I know but cherubim, once, themselves, as patient, listened, and applauded her unnoticed Hymn?

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives 68.17, 280–282. Publication: *L* (1894). | Letter dated in part because the “world where bells toll” suggests the Civil War, when thousands of soldiers died; the locution “United States are” changed after the War to singular: United States is. | Edward Bulwer-Lytton’s popular tragedy *Richelieu* (1839) portrays the life of Cardinal Richelieu (1585–1642); it was performed by two famous American actors in 1862.

347.

To Austin Dickinson, about summer 1862

The Grass so little has to do –
 A Sphere of simple Green –
 With only Butterflies to brood
 And Bees to entertain –

And stir all day to pretty Tunes
 The Breezes fetch along –
 And hold the Sunshine in it’s lap
 And bow to everything –

And thread the Dewes, all night, like Pearls,
 And make itself so fine
 A Duchess were too common
 For such a noticing –

And even when it dies – to pass
 In Odors so divine –
 Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep,
 Or Spikenards, perishing –

And then, in Sovreign Barns to dwell,
 And dream the Days away,
 The Grass so little has to do
 I wish I were a Hay –

Note: LOC. Publication: *Poems* (1890). Addressed “Austin –.” | M 202, Fr 379.

348.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, August 1862

Dear friend.

Are these more orderly? I thank you for the Truth –

I had no Monarch in my life, and cannot rule myself, and when I try to organize, my little Force explodes, and leaves me bare and charred –

I think you called me “wayward”. Will you help me improve?

I suppose the pride that stops the Breath, in the Core of Woods, is not of Ourself –

You say I confess the little mistake, and omit the large – Because I can see Orthography, but the Ignorance out of sight, is my Preceptor’s charge –

Of “shunning Men and Women” – they talk of Hallowed things, aloud, and embarrass my Dog – He and I dont object to them, if they’ll exist their side. I think Carl would please you – He is dumb, and brave – I think you would like the Chestnut Tree, I met in my walk. It hit my notice suddenly – and I thought the Skies were in Blossom –

Then there’s a noiseless noise in the Orchard, that I let persons hear – You told me in one letter, you could not come to see me, “now,” and I made no answer, not because I had none, but did not think myself the price that you should come so far –

I do not ask so large a pleasure, lest you might deny me –

You say “Beyond your knowledge”. You would not jest with me, because I believe you, but Preceptor, you cannot mean it? All men say “What” to me, but I thought it a fashion –

When much in the Woods As a little Girl, I was told that the Snake would bite me, that I might pick a poisonous flower, or Goblins kidnap me, but I went along and met no one but Angels, who were far shy of me, than I could be of them, so I hav’nt that confidence in fraud which many exercise.

I shall observe your precept – though I dont understand it, always.

I marked a line in One Verse, because I met it after I made it, and never consciously touch a paint, mixed by another person –

I do not let go it, because it is mine. Have you the portrait of Mrs Browning? Persons sent me three – If you had none, will you have mine?

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (15). Publication: AM (1891). | Carl = typo for Carlo. | Enclosures: “Before I got my eye put out” and “I cannot dance upon my Toes –”.

349.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1862

The Wind did'nt come from the Orchard – today!

Farther than that!

Nor stop to play with the Hay –

Nor ogle a Hat

He's a transitive fellow – very –

Rely on that!

When he leave a Burr at the door –

We say he has Climbed a Fir!

But – the Fir is where?

Declare! Were you ever there?

If he bring Odors of Clovers –

And that is his business – not our's –

Then he has been with the Mowers –

Whetting away the Hours

To sweet pauses of Hay –

A way he has

Of a June Day!

If He fling Dust, and pebble –

Little Boy's Hats – and stubble –

With an occasional steeple –

And a hoarse 'Get out of the way – I say,'

Who'd be the fool to stay?

Would you! Say! Would you be the fool – to stay?

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (357). Publication: *FF*. Susan writes "Printed 1860" on last page, but the poem was first printed in 1932. | M 245, Fr494.

350.

To Samuel Bowles, August 1862

Dear Mr Bowles.

Vinnie is trading with a Tin peddler – buying Water pots for me to sprinkle Geraniums with – when you get Home, next Winter, and Vinnie and Sue, have gone to the War –

Summer a'nt so long as it was, when we stood looking at it, before you went away, and when I finish August, we'll hop the Autumn, very soon, and then 'twill

be Yourself. I dont know how many will be glad to see you, because I never saw your whole friends, but I have heard, that in large Cities, noted persons chose you. Though how glad those I know, will be – is easier told.

I tell you, Mr Bowles, it is a Suffering, to have a sea – no care how Blue, between your Soul, and you. The Hills you used to love when you were in Northampton, miss their old lover, could they speak, and the puzzled look, deepens in Carlo's forehead, as Days go by, and you never come.

I've learned to read the Steamer place – in Newspapers – now. It's most like shaking hands, with you, or more like your ringing at the door, when Sue says you will call.

We reckon your coming by the Fruit –

When the Grape gets by, and the Pippin, and the Chestnut – when the Days are a little short by the clock – and a little long by the want – when the sky has new Red Gowns, and a Purple Bonnet, then we say, you will come – I am glad that kind of time, goes by – It is easier to look behind at a pain, than to see it coming. A soldier called, a Morning ago, and asked for a Nosegay, to take to Battle – I suppose he thought we kept an Aquarium. How sweet it must be to One to come Home, whose Home is in so many Houses, and every Heart a “Best Room”! I mean you, Mr Bowles.

Sue gave me the paper, to write on – so when the writing tires you – play it is Her, and “Jackey”, and that will rest your eyes – for have not the Clovers, names, to the Bees?

Emily.

Note: AC 684. Publication: *L* (1894). | “Jackey” = family nickname for Ned. | Over 300 soldiers from the Amherst region served in the Union army, including African Americans serving in the 54th Massachusetts and 5th Calvary.

351.

To Louisa Norcross, late August 1862

Transcribed Todd and F. Norcross

Dear, you come nearer and nearer; by and by I think we will not unclasp at all, but I will wear you every day.

The seeing pain one can't relieve makes a demon of one. If angels have the heart beneath their silver jackets, I think such things could make them weep, but Heaven is so cold! It will never look kind to me that God, who causes all, denies such little wishes. It could not hurt His glory, unless it were a lonesome kind. I must conclude it is.

I'm afraid that home is almost done, but do not say I fear so. Perhaps God will be better. They're so happy you know. That makes it doubtful. Heaven hunts round for those that find itself below, and then it snatches –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 404. AC Tr50. Unpublished as presented here; L (1894) in part. Only the final excerpt in this grouping is extant in Norcross's TS. | Louisa had been caring for Joel Warren Norcross's children after their mother's death.

352.

To unknown, about late summer 1862

Unsent

Going to Him! Happy letter!
 Tell Him –
 Tell Him the page I didn't write –
 Tell Him – I only said the Syntax,
 And left the Verb and the pronoun – out –
 Tell Him just how the fingers hurried –
 Then – how they waded – slow – slow –
 And then you wished you had eyes in your pages,
 So you could see what moved them so –

 Tell Him – it wasn't a Practiced Writer –
 You guessed – from the way the Sentence toiled –
 You could hear the Boddice tug, behind you,
 As if it held but the might of a child –
 You almost pitied it – you – it worked so –
 Tell Him – No – you may quibble there –
 For it would split His Heart, to know it,
 And then you and I, were silenter.

 Tell Him – Night finished, before we finished,
 And the Old Clock kept neighing "Day"!
 And you – got sleepy,
 And begged to be ended –
 What could it hinder so – to say?
 Tell Him – just how she sealed you – Cautious!
 But – if He ask where you are hid
 Until tomorrow – Happy letter!
 Gesture Coquette – and shake your Head!

Emily.

Note: AC 862. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | ED kept two signed copies of this poem, one unfolded, beginning “Going – to – Her.” This copy was folded as if to send and was thought to have been sent to Bowles; the MS resides in the Bowles correspondence file, although RWF states that it remained unsent. | M 529 (as “Going – to – Her”), Fr277. Sent to Norcrosses (lost), beginning “Going to them, happy letter!”

353.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late summer 1862

“Wolfe” demanded during Dying
 “Which Control the Day”?
 “General, the British” – “Easy”
 Answered Wolfe, “to die” –

 “Montcalm”, his opposing Spirit
 Rendered with a smile –
 “Sweet”, said he – “My own Surrender
 Liberty’s forestall.”

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (379). Publication: *BM*. | Written around the anniversary of the Battle of Quebec (September 1759), when both Major General James Wolfe and the French general Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, were killed; the British defeated the French. Recent major Civil War battles may have called this anniversary to mind—potentially including the Second Battle of Bull Run (August 29–30, Confederate victory); Harper’s Ferry (September 12–15, Confederate victory); and Antietam (September 17, Union victory but massive death toll). For another reference to the Battle of Quebec, see L532. | M 240, Fr482.

354.

To Samuel Bowles, September or October 1862

The Zeroes – taught us – Phosphorus –
 We learned to like the Fire
 By playing Glaciers – when a Boy –
 And Tinder – guessed – by power
 Of Opposite – to balance Odd –
 If White – a Red – must be!
 Paralysis – our Primer – dumb –
 Unto Vitality!

I could’nt let Austin’s note go – without a word – Emily –

Note: AC 694. Publication: *Letters* (1894). | Bowles spent much of September in Switzerland, land of 1,800 glaciers, returning to Springfield in November. Austin corresponded with him while he was abroad, and Dickinson adds her “word.” | M 366, Fr284.

355.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, October 6, 1862

Did I displease you, Mr Higginson? But wont you tell me how?

Your friend,

E – Dickinson.

Note: BPL 1093 (16). Publication: *AM* (1891). Postmark: Palmer Mass Oct 06 1862. | In his 1891 essay, Higginson writes that “Sometimes there would be a long pause, on my part, after which would come a plaintive letter, always terse, like this.”

356.

To Austin Dickinson, autumn 1862

Austin –

Father said Frank Conkey – touched you –

A Burdock – clawed my Gown –

Not Burdock's – blame –

But mine –

Who went too near

The Burdock's Den –

A Bog – affronts my shoe –

What else have Bogs – to do –

The only trade they know –

The splashing Men!

Ah – pity – then!

'Tis Minnows can despise!

The Elephant's – calm eyes

Look further On!

Emily –

Note: AC 626. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | Ithamar Francis Conkey was an Amherst lawyer who was a political rival of Edward's. The elephant was not yet associated with the Republican Party, but signaled gravitas at political conventions and entertainments. | M 479, Fr289.

357.

To Maria Whitney, about autumn 1862

A Charm invests a face
Imperfectly beheld –
The Lady dare not lift her Vail,
For fear it be dispelled,
But peers beyond her mesh,
And wishes, and denies,
Lest interview – annul a want,
That Image – satisfies –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (2). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | Whitney was living at the family home in Northampton and often visited Susan and Austin; she was a close friend of Bowles. | M 172, Fr430.

358.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, autumn 1862

Nature – sometimes sears a Sapling –
Sometimes – scalps a Tree –
Her Green People recollect it,
When they do not die –
Fainter Leaves – to further Seasons
Dumbly testify –
We – who have the Souls
Die oftener – not so vitally –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (292). Publication: *BM*. | M 230, Fr457.

359.

To Elizabeth (and perhaps Josiah) Holland, late October or early to mid-November 1862

The Day undressed – Herself –
Her Garter – was of Gold –
Her Petticoat – of Purple plain –
Her Dimities, as old

○

Exactly – as the World,
 And yet the newest Star –
 Enrolled upon the Hemisphere
 Be wrinkled – much as Her –

Too near to God – to pray –
 Too near to Heaven – to fear –
 The Lady of the Occident
 Retired without a care –

Her Candle so expire
 The flickering be seen
 On Ball of Mast in Bosphorus –
 And Dome – and Window Pane –

Emily –

Note: AC 813. Publication: *UP*. | Perhaps because of the late October revolution in Greece, there were several newspaper articles during this period about the Bosphorus, including November 13, about Turkish women of all classes and religions gathering near the Bosphorus, wearing silks “of purple and pink.” | M 246, Fr495.

360.

To Samuel Bowles, shortly after November 15, 1862

Dear friend.

Had We the Art like You – to endow so many, by just recovering our Health,
 'twould give us tender pride – nor could we keep the news – but carry it to you –
 who seem to us to own it most –

So few that live – have Life – it seems of quick importance – not one of those –
 escape by Death – And since you gave us Fear – Congratulate us – for Ourselves –
 you give us safer – Peace.

How extraordinary that Life's large Population contain so few of power to us –
 and those – a Vivid Species – who leave no mode, like Tyrian Dye.

Remembering these Minorities – permit our gratitude for you –

We ask that you be cautious – for many sakes – excelling Our's – To recapitulate
 the Stars – were useless as Supreme – Yourself is Your's – dear friend – but ceded – is
 it not – to here and there a minor Life? Do not defraud These – for Gold – may be
 bought – and Purple – may be bought – but the sale of the Spirit – never did occur –

Do not yet work – No Public so exorbitant of Any – as it's Friend, and we can
 wait your Health –

Besides – there is an idleness – more Tonic than Toil –

The loss by Sickness – was it loss –
 Or that Etherial Gain –
 You earned by measuring the Grave –
 Then – measuring the Sun.

Be sure, dear friend, for Want, you have Estates of Lives – Emily.

Note: AC 685. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles landed at Boston on November 15, after over seven months abroad. Austin visited him in Springfield a week later. | “My first well Day – since many ill –” (last of seven stanzas); M 296, Fr288.

361.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1862

He fumbles at your Soul
 As Players at the Keys
 Before they drop full Music on –
 He stuns you by degrees –
 Prepares your brittle nature
 For the Etherial Blow
 By fainter Hammers – further heard –
 Then nearer – Then so slow
 Your Breath has time to straighten –
 Your Brain – to bubble cool –
 Deals – One – imperial – Thunderbolt –
 That scalps your naked Soul –

 When Winds take Forests in their Paws –
 The Universe – is still –

 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (262). Publication: *Poems* (1896). | M 236, Fr477.

362.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1862

It sifts from Leaden Sieves –
 It powders all the Wood.
 It fills with Alabaster Wool
 The Wrinkles of the Road –

It makes an even Face
 Of Mountain, and of Plain –
 Unbroken Forehead from the East
 Unto the East again –

It reaches to the Fence –
 It wraps it Rail by Rail
 Till it is lost in Fleeces –
 It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack, and Stem,
 A Summer's empty Room –
 Acres of Joints, where Harvests were,
 Recordless, but for them –

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts
 As Ankles of a Queen –
 Then stills it's Artisans, like Ghosts –
 Denying they have been –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (278). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 248, Fr291. Sent to Higginson (1871) and Niles (1883).

363.

To Samuel Bowles, December 17 to 18, 1862

Dear friend

I cannot see you. You will not less believe me. That you return to us alive, is better
 than a Summer – And more to hear your voice below, than News of any Bird,
 Emily –

Note: AC 686. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles wrote a friend that he went to Amherst on the 17 December and returned on the 18th, "having a cordial greeting from all the good people, and a pleasant renewing of my friendships there."

364.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1862

Dropped into the Ether Acre!
 Wearing the Sod Gown –
 Bonnet of Everlasting laces –

Brooch – frozen on!
 Horses of Blonde –
 And Coach – of Silver –
 Baggage – a strapped Pearl!
 Journey of Down –
 And Whip of Diamond –
 Riding to meet the Earl!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (247). Publication: *SH*. | May allude to Goethe's "The Erl-King," a figure for death. | M 377, Fr286. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

365.

To Samuel Bowles, late December 1862

Dear friend.

I did not need the little Bat, to enforce your memory – for that can stand alone, like the best Brocade, but it was much – that far, and ill, you recollected me – Forgive me if I prize the Grace – superior to the Sign –

Because I did not see you, Vinnie and Austin, upbraided me – They did not know I gave my part – that they might have the more – but then the Prophet had no fame in his immediate Town – My heart led all the rest –

I think that what we know, we can endure that others doubt, until their faith be riper. And so, dear friend, who knew me, I make no argument – to you –

Did I not want to see you? Do not the Phebes want to come? Oh They of little faith! I said I was glad that you were alive – Might it bear repeating? Some phrases are too fine to fade – and Light but just confirms them – Few absences could seem so wide as your's has done, to us – If 'twas a larger face – or we a smaller Canvas – we need not know – now you have come –

We hope often to see you – Our poverty, entitle us – and friends are nations in themselves – to supersede the Earth –

'Twould please us, were you well, and could your health be had by sacrifice of Ours – 'twould be contention for the place – We used to tell each other, when you were from America, how failure in a Battle, were easier, and you here –

I will not tell you further –

Perhaps you tire – now – A small weight, is obnoxious – upon a weary Rope – but had you Exile – or Eclipse – or so huge a Danger, as would dissolve all other friends – 'twould please me to remain –

Let others – show this Surry's Grace –
 Myself – assist his Cross –

Emily –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 201. Publication: JL277. | ED alludes to George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), in which Mrs. Glegg had "a brocaded gown that would stand up empty." Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, major writer of early modern poetry and the first to publish blank verse, was beheaded for treason. | Civil War battles of late 1862 include the December 13 Battle of Fredricksburg, Virginia, a Confederate victory. | M 703, Fr290. Only copy.

366.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late December 1862 or early January 1863

Transcribed Todd

Sorrow seems more general than it did, and not the estate of a few persons, since the war began; and if the anguish of others helped one with one's own, now would be many medicines.

'Tis dangerous to value, for only the precious can alarm. I noticed that Robert Browning had made another poem, and was astonished – till I remembered that I, myself, in my smaller way, sang off charnel steps. Every day life feels mightier, and what we have the power to be, more stupendous.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 420. Publication: *L* (1894). | The *SR Weekly* of December 27 reported a new edition of Browning's works, and a new poem, "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." Barrett Browning died in June 1861. | December 31 to January 3 was the Battle of Stones River, Tennessee, a Union victory that freed middle Tennessee from Confederate control but with an estimated 23,000 casualties.

367.

To Samuel Bowles, first half of 1863

Just Once – Oh Least Request –
 Could Adamant refuse
 So small a Grace –
 So scanty put –
 Such Agonizing terms?

Would not a God of Flint
 Be conscious of a Sigh
 As down His Heaven dropt remote –
 "Just once" – Sweet Deity?

Emily –

Note: AC 701. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 238, Fr478.

368.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about January 21, 1863

Transcribed F. Norcross

What shall I tell these darlings – except that my father and mother are half their father and mother, and my home half theirs, whenever, and for as long as they will. And sometimes a dearer thought than that creeps into my mind, but it is not for tonight. Wasn't dear papa so tired always after Mama went, and wasn't it almost sweet to think of the two together these new winter nights? The grief is our side, darlings, and the glad is theirs. Vinnie and I sit down tonight – while mother tells what makes us cry though we know it is well and easy, with uncle and papa, and only our part hurts. Mother tells how gently he looked on all who looked at him – How he held his bouquet sweet, as he [were a guest in a friend's parlor] and must still do honor. The meek mild gentleman who thought no harm but peace toward all.

Vinnie intended to go, but the day was cold, and she wanted to keep Uncle Loring as she talked with him, always, instead of this new way. She thought too, for the crowd, she could not see you, children, and she would be another one to give others care. Mother said Mr Vail, yes, dears even Mr. Vail, at whom we sometimes smile, talked about "Lorin and Laviny" and his friendship towards them, to your fathers guests. We won't smile at him any more now, will we? Perhaps he'll live to tell some gentleman of us, who make merry of him.

But never mind that now. When you have strength, tell us how it is, and what we may do for you, of comfort, or of service. Be sure you crowd all others out, precious little cousins. Good night. Let Emily sing for you because she cannot pray.

It is not dying hurts us so –
 'Tis living hurts us more.
 But dying is a different way,
 A kind, behind the door –
 The Southern custom of the bird
 That soon as frosts are due –
 Adopts a better latitude.
 We are the birds that stay,
 The shiverers round farmers' doors.
 For whose reluctant crumb –
 We stipulate – till pitying snows
 Persuade our feathers Home.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 430 & 432. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS; supplied by Todd's. | Loring Norcross died on January 17; the funeral was on

January 20 in Monson. Both ED's parents attended. Reverend Joseph Vaill conducted the service. | M 290, Fr528.

369.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about January 1863

Amherst

Dear friend

I did not deem that Planetary forces annulled – but suffered an Exchange of Territory, or World –

I should have liked to see you, before you became improbable. War feels to me an oblique place – Should there be other Summers, Would you perhaps come?

I found you were gone, by accident, as I find Systems are, or Seasons of the year, and obtain no cause – but suppose it a treason of Progress, that dissolves as it goes. Carlo – still remained, and I told him,

Best Gains – must have the Losse's test –
To constitute them – Gains.

My Shaggy Ally assented –

Perhaps Death, gave me awe for friends, striking sharp and early, for I held them since, in a brittle love, of more alarm, than peace. I trust you pass the limit of War, and though not reared to prayer – when service is had in Church, for Our Arms, I include yourself – I, too, have an "Island", whose "Rose and Magnolia" are in the Egg, and it's "Black Berry" but a spicy prospective, yet as you say, "fascination" is absolute of Clime. I was thinking, today – as I noticed, that the "Supernatural," was only the Natural, disclosed –

Not "Revelation", 'tis, that waits,
But our unfurnished eyes –

But I fear I detain you –

Should you, before this reaches you, experience immortality, who will inform me of the Exchange? Could you, with honor, avoid Death, I entreat you – Sir – It would bereave

Your Gnome –

I trust the "Procession of Flowers" was not a premonition –.

Note: BPL 1093 (17). Publication: AM (1891). | "Losse's" = Losses'. | The January 3 SR reported that in December Higginson became Colonel of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, the first African American army regiment. Higginson's "The Procession of the Flowers" appeared in the December AM. | Enclosure: "The Soul unto itself." | "Best Gains": M 703, Fr499 (only copy); "Not 'Revelation'": M 703, Fr500. Perhaps sent to S. Dickinson (lost).

370.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about first half of 1863

The Soul unto itself
 Is an imperial friend,
 Or the most agonizing Spy
 An Enemy – could send –
 Secure against it's own –
 No treason it can fear –
 Itself – it's Sovereign – Of itself
 The Soul should stand in awe –

Emily –

Note: AC 690. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 264, Fr579. Sent to Higginson (1863).

371.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1863

Sue –

Give little Anguish,
 Lives will fret –
 Give Avalanches,
 And they'll slant,
 Straighten – look cautious for their Breath –
 But make no syllable – like Death –
 Who only shows his Marble Disc –
 Sublimier sort – than Speech –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (256). Publication: *CP* (1924). | M 167, Fr422.

372.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, early February 1863

Transcribed F. Norcross and Todd

So many ask for the children that I must make a separate letter to tell them what they say, and leave my kisses till next time.

Eliza D. wrote last week, faint note in pencil – dressed in blankets, and propped up, having been so sick – and yet too weak to talk much, even with her slate. She

said this of you, I give it in her own word, "Make them know I love them," and added should have written immediately herself, except for weakness.

Mr. Dwight asks for you in the phrase "Of your sweet cousins." He does not yet know papa is asleep – only very weary.

The milliner at the head of the street wipes her eye for Fanny and Lou, and a tear rumples her ribbons. Mr & Mrs Sweetser care – Mrs Sweetser most tenderly.

Austin, whom Lou and Fanny might not think so thoughtful, tells how their mother and father were all the relatives he had who cared for him, a boy, and such as he could do for their little girls, would be gladly done. S_ says "Lou and Fanny are alone" with a lower tone, and Vinnie and I reply "no." Sweet that some know better. Even Dick's wife, simple dame, with a kitchen full, and the grave besides, of little ragged ones, wants to know "more about" you, and follows mother to the door, who has called with bundle.

Dick says, in his wise way, he "shall always be interested in them young ladies." One little lady of his own, you know, is in Paradise. That makes him tender-minded.

Be sure you don't doubt about the sparrow.

Poor H. and Z. in their genteel antique way express their sympathy, mixing admiring anecdotes of your father and mother's youth, when they, God help them, were not so sere. Besides these others, children, shall we tell them who else cherish, every day the same, the bright day and the black one too – Could it be Emily?

Would it interest the children to know that crocuses come up, in the garden off the dining-room? and a fuchsia, that pussy partook mistaking it for strawberries, and that we have primroses – like the little pattern sent in last winter's note – and heliotrope by the apr[ons'] full, the mountain colored on[e – and] a jessamine bud, you [know the little] odor like Lubin, [and] gilliflowers, magenta, and few mignonette and sweet alyssum bountiful and carnation buds?

Will it please them to know that the ice-house is filled, to make their tumblers cool next Summer – and once in a while a cream?

And that father has built a new road round the pile of trees between our house and Mr S's, where they can take the soldier's shirt to make, or a sweet poem, and no man find them, but the fly and he such a little man. Love dears, from us all, and wont you tell us how you are? We seem to hear so little.

Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 433–436. AC Tr50. Publication: *L* (1894) in part; omitted text restored. Norcross TS begins "Poor H."; words cut off of Norcross's TS (in brackets) are provided by Todd's, who copied the TS before it was damaged. | Todd alters "S" to "he," in "S says"; S = Susan. She transcribes then cancels much of the fifth paragraph, beginning "Austin" and ending "know better." | H and Z = cousins Harriet and Zebina Montague; Mr S = Luke Sweetser. | Throughout the war, women in Amherst and other northern cities organized

sewing circles, prepared medical supplies, and engaged in other activities to support Union troops. | ED kept a greenhouse of flowers off the dining room.

373.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about mid-February 1863

Amherst

Dear friend –

You were so generous to me, that if possible I offended you, I could not too deeply apologize.

To doubt my High Behavior, is a new pain – I could be honourable no more – till I asked you about it. I knew not what to deem myself – Yesterday “Your Scholar,” but Might I be the One you Tonight, forgave, ’tis a Better Honor – Mine is but just the Thief’s Request –

Please, Sir, Hear

“Barabbas” –

The possibility to pass
Without a Moment’s Bell,
Into Conjecture’s presence,
Is like a face of Steel
That suddenly looks into our’s
With a Metallic Grin,
The Cordiality of Death
Who Drills his welcome – in –

Note: BPL 1093 (19). Publication: *L* (1894). ED draws a line beneath the end of the poem, perhaps as a substitute for her signature. | The *SR* (February 14) and the *Amherst Farmer’s Cabinet* (February 19) reported that Higginson’s company was involved in fighting in the last week of January; an officer commanding a Union boat was killed. | ED used the line “Mine is but the thief’s request” in *L*204 (1858). | Barabbas was a Jewish insurrectionist released by Pontius Pilate when the crowd voted to free him rather than Jesus; related in all four gospels. | Final eight (of sixteen) lines of “That after Horror – that ’twas us –”; M 129, Fr243.

374.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1863

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad
There’s not a Charge to me

Like that old measure in the Boughs –
 That Phraseless Melody –
 The Wind does – working like a Hand –
 Whose fingers comb the Sky –
 Then quiver down, with tufts of tune –
 Permitted Gods – and me –

Inheritance it is to Us
 Beyond the Art to Earn –
 Beyond the trait to take away
 By Robber – since the Gain
 Is gotten not of fingers,
 And inner than the Bone
 Hid golden, for the Whole of days –
 And even in the Urn,
 I cannot vouch the merry Dust
 Do not arise and play,
 In some odd Pattern of it's own –
 Some quainter Holiday –
 When Winds go round and round in Bands –
 And thrum upon the Door –
 And Birds take places – overhead,
 To bear them Orchestra –

I crave Him Grace of Summer Boughs –
 If such an Outcast be –
 Who never heard that Fleshless Chant –
 Rise solemn on the Tree –
 As if some Caravan of Sound –
 Off Deserts in the Sky –
 Had parted Rank,
 Then knit and swept
 In Seamless Company –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (301). Publication: *CP*. | M 146, Fr334. Sent to Higginson (1862).

375.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1863

For largest Woman's Heart I knew,
 'Tis little I can do –
 And yet the largest Woman's Heart
 Can hold an Arrow – too –
 And so, instructed by my own,
 I tenderer, turn me to.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B28). Publication: *FF* | M 297, Fr542.

376.

To Gertrude Vanderbilt, about mid-March 1863

Transcribed Todd

They have a little odor
 That to me is metre, nay 'tis poesy
 And spiciest at fading celebrate
 A habit of a laureate

Emily

Note: AC Tr59. Publication: Bingham, *Ancestors' Brocades*. Susan visited Vanderbilt, her friend, in Brooklyn, mid-March 1863. | M 403, Fr505.

377.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1863

She dwelleth in the Ground –
 Where Daffodils abide –
 Her Maker – Her Metropolis –
 The Universe – Her Maid –

 To fetch Her Grace and Hue –
 And fairness, and Renown –
 The Firmament's – To pluck Her –
 And fetch Her Thee – be mine – Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (311). Publication: *BM*. Twice ED sent this poem "With a Crocus" (Norcrosses) or other flower; there is no evidence of a flower sent to Susan. Crocuses are late winter / early spring flowers. | M 374, Fr744. Sent to unidentified recipient (1863) and Norcrosses (lost).

378.*To Louisa Norcross, May 29, 1863**Transcribed F. Norcross*

I said I should come “in a day.” Emily never fails except for a cause that you know, dear Loolie.

The nights turned hot, when Vinnie was gone, and I must keep no window raised for fear of prowling “Booger,” and I must shut my door for fear front door slide open on me at the “dead of night,” and I must keep gas burning to light the danger up – so I could distinguish it – these gave me a snarl in the brain which don’t unravel yet, and that old nail in my breast pricked me; these, dear, were my cause. Truth is so best of all I wanted you to know. Vinnie will tell of her visit. About Commencement, children, I can have no doubt, if you should fail me then, my little life would fail of itself. Could you only lie in your little bed and smile at [me, that would be support. Tell the doctor] I am inexorable. Besides I shall heal you quicker than he. You need the balsam word. And who is there to cut the cake, ask Fanny – and chirp to those trustees? Tell me dears, by the coming mail, that you will not fail me.

Jennie Hitchcock’s mother was buried yesterday, so there is one orphan more, and her father is very sick besides. My father and mother went to the service, and mother said while the minister prayed a hen with her chickens came up, and tried to fly into the window. I suppose the dead lady used to feed them, and they wanted to bid her Good-bye.

Life is death we’re lengthy at,
Death the hinge to life.

Love from all. Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 428. Publication: *L* (1894). Text in brackets was cut off Norcross TS; words supplied by Todd TS. | Orra White Hitchcock died on May 26 and was buried on May 28. | M 703, Fr502. Only copy.

379.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late May / early June 1863**Transcribed F. Norcross*

The little girls have alarmed me so that notwithstanding the comfort of A_’s assurance that “they will come” I am still hopeless and scared, and regard “Commencement” as some vast anthropopic bear, ordained to eat me up. What made ’em scare ’em so? Didn’t they know Cousin Aspen couldn’t stand alone? I remember a tree in “McLean St,” when you and we were a little girl, whose leaves went topsy-turvy as often as a wind, and showed an ashen side – that’s fright, that’s Emily. Lou and Fanny were that wind, and the poor leaf, who? Won’t they stop a’blowing?

Commencement would be a dreary spot without my double flower, that sows itself, and just comes up, when Emily seeks it most. A_ gives excellent account – I trust not overdrawn. “Health and aspect admirable, and lodgings very fine.” Says the rooms were marble, even to the flies; Do they dwell in Carrara? Did they find the garden in the gown? Should have sent a farm but feared for our button-hole. Hope to hear favorable news, on receipt of this. Please give date of coming, so we might prepare our heart.

Emily.

Think Emily lost her wits – but she found ’em likely Don’t part with wits long at a time in this neighborhood –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 416. PS comes from fragments sent by Fanny (AC Tr50a) and matches the tone of this letter. Publication: *L* (1894). THJ prints the postscript as part of JL234. | A = Austin. Carrara = town in Italy, famous for its marble. AC commencement took place July 5–9, 1863.

380.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1863

If What we could
Were what we would;
Criterion be small –
It is the Ultimate, of Talk –
The impotence to tell.

Emily.

Note: Private hands. MS presented by Bianchi to Georgiana and Franklin H. Mills. She or they pasted it into *The Single Hound*, sold at auction by James Jaffe Rare Books, 2015. Publication: *SH*. | Fascicle 28; M 295, Fr540.

381.

To Samuel Bowles, about June 24, 1863

So glad we are – a Stranger’d deem
’Twas sorry, that we were –
For where the Holiday should be
There publishes a Tear –
Nor how Ourselves be justified –
Since Grief and Joy are done

So similar – An Optizan
 Could not decide between –

Emily –

Note: AC 687. Publication: *L* (1894). | Perhaps sent around the time Bowles visited on June 24. ED accidentally wrote “limilar” for “similar” in the penultimate line, then canceled the “l” and added “s”; printed as corrected, here. | M 278, Fr608.

382.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, shortly after June 24, 1863

The Soul that hath a Guest
 Doth seldom go abroad –
 Diviner Crowd at Home –
 Obliterate the need –

And Courtesy forbid
 A Host’s departure When
 Opon Himself be visiting
 The Emperor of Men –

Emily –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Publication *SH*. | M 270, Fr592.

383.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late June 1863

Her – “last Poems” –
 Poets ended –
 Silver perished with her tongue –
 Not on Record bubbled Other –
 Flute, or Woman, so divine –
 Not unto it’s Summer – Morning
 Robin – uttered – half – the tune –
 Gushed too free for the adoring,
 From the Anglo-Florentine.
 Late – the Praise –
 ’Tis dull – conferring
 On a Head too high to crown –
 Diadem – or Ducal Showing –

Be it's Grave – sufficient Sign –
 Yet, if We – no Poet's Kinsman,
 Suffocate – with easy wo –
 What and if Ourselves a Bridegroom,
 Put Her down – in Italy?

Emily –

Note: Bibliotheca Bodmeriana. Publication: *SH*. | Barrett Browning's *Last Poems* was issued in 1862; she died June 30, 1861. Austin and Susan's wedding anniversary was July 1. | M 274, Fr600. Copy retained as loose poem or, perhaps, sent to Bowles.

384.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1863

For Death, or rather
 For the things 'twill buy,
 These – put away
 Life's Opportunity –

The things that Death will buy
 Are Room –
 Escape from Circumstances –
 And a Name –

How Gifts of Life –
 With Death's Gifts – may Compare –
 We know not,
 For the Rates stop – Here –

Emily –

Note: Dumbarton Oaks. Publication: *SH*. There were several major battles fought during 1863, but the bloodiest battle of the Civil War took place July 1–3, in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, resulting in more than 50,000 casualties. This Union victory turned the tide of the war, decisively defeating Confederate General Lee's ambition to invade the North. Because it was the first battle fought on Northern ground, it was widely reported in Northern newspapers and observed with great anxiety. | M 325; Fr 644.

385.*To Maria Avery Howard, summer 1863**Transcribed Lydia Avery Coonley*

Will pass without
 a parting,
 So to spare
 Certificate of absence,
 Deeming where
 I left Her, I
 could find Her
 If I tried –
 This way – I keep
 from missing
 Those who died

Emily

Note: AC Tr65. Publication: *L* 1894. | Coonley was Howard's niece. We follow her transcription, which follows MS lineation literally and begins "Will" not "We'll," as in Fr. It also includes part of her aunt's letter: "I used to visit Amherst quite often & knew well all the Dickinsons, father, mother, Emily, Vinnie & Austin—the latter married Mr. Arms' niece, Susan Gilbert, sister of Mrs. Smith of Geneva. . . . I could tell you many an anecdote of the eccentric but clever family & of Emily, some wh. are never likely to appear in print. When I was last in Amherst Emily sent for me to come & see her, she w'd not go out, even to Sue's & the day I left sent me by a servant the lines wh. I enclose, with an oleander blossom tied with black ribbon to say goodbye instead of coming to do it herself." | Oleander blooms throughout the summer. | M 455, Fr503, as "We'll pass without the parting".

386.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, summer 1863*

The One who could repeat the Summer day –
 Were greater than itself – though He
 Minutest of Mankind should be –

 And He – could reproduce the Sun,
 At period of going down –
 The Lingerer, and the Stain, I mean –

 When Orient have been outgrown,
 And Occident – become Unknown –
 His name – remain –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (346). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 280, Fr549.

387.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1863

I send two Sunsets –
 Day and I – in competition – ran –
 I finished Two, and several Stars
 While He – was making One –
 His Own is ampler – but as I
 Was saying to a friend –
 Mine – is the more Convenient
 To Carry in the Hand –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B154). Publication: *SH*. | M 284, Fr557.

388.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1863

The Day came slow – till Five o'clock –
 Then sprang before the Hills
 Like Hindered Rubies, or the light
 A sudden Musket – spills –

The Purple could not keep the East –
 The Sunrise shook abroad
 Like Breadths of Topaz – packed a Night –
 The Lady just unrolled –

The Happy Winds – their Timbrels took –
 The Birds – in docile Rows
 Arranged themselves around their Prince –
 The Wind – is Prince of Those –

The Orchard sparkled like a Jew –
 How mighty 'twas to be
 A Guest – in this stupendous place –
 The Parlor – of the Day!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (326). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 261, Fr572. Sent to Ns (lost).

389.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1863*

No Romance sold unto
 Could so enthrall a Man
 As the perusal of
 His individual One –
 'Tis Fiction's – to dilute to Plausibility
Our novel – When 'tis small enough
 To Credit – 'Tis'nt true!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (296). Publication: *SH*. | M 269, Fr590.

390.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, early August 1863**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Just a word for my children, before the mails shut. Lou left a tumbler of sweet peas on the green room bureau. I am going to leave them there till they make pods and sow themselves in the upper drawer, and then I guess they'll blossom about Thanksgiving time. There was a thunder-storm here Saturday at car-time, and Emily was glad her little ones had gone before the hail and rain, lest it frighten them. She fancied how they'd hide in the bed with awnings overlooking Mrs Bradford's. Miss two such as they, wish the visit had just begun instead of ending now; next time we'll leave "the mountains" out and tell good Dr Gregg to recommend the orchards.

I defrauded Loo, of a spool of thread, we will "settle" however – and Fanny's ruff is set high in my book of remembrance. They must be good children and recollect, as they agreed and grow so strong in health that Emily wont know them, when they show again. Love from Aunt O, and Uncle A., and the boys. Such a purple morning, even to the morning glory that climbs the cherry tree. The cats desire love to Fanny.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 421. Publication: *L* (1894); omitted text restored. | Aunt O and Uncle A = Olivia and Alfred Norcross. | Both cousins attended the AC commencement.

391.

Probably to Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1863

To love thee year by year
 May less appear,
 Than sacrifice – and cease –
 However – Dear –
 Forever might be short, I thought, to show –
 And so I pieced it with a flower – now –

 Emily –

Note: Private hands. Sold by Peter Harrington Rare Books, 2011; digital copy provided by Stephen J. Gertz. Previously thought lost. Publication: *SH*. | M 304, Fr618.

392.

To Samuel Bowles, about second half of 1863

Just to be Rich –
 To waste my Guinea
 On so Broad a Heart –
 Just to be Poor –
 For Barefoot Pleasure
 You – Sir – Shut me out –

 Emily –

Note: AC 693. Publication: *BM*. | “Sweet – You forgot – but I remembered” (last of three stanzas): M 321, Fr635.

393.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late summer 1863

“Nature” is what we see –
 The Hill – the Afternoon –
 Squirrel – Eclipse – the Bumble bee –
 Nay – Nature is Heaven –
 Nature is what we hear –
 The Bobolink – the Sea –
 Thunder – the Cricket –
 Nay – Nature is Harmony –
 Nature is what we know,

Yet have no art to say,
 So impotent our wisdom is
 To her Simplicity

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (293). Publication: *SH*. | M 361, Fr721.

394.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late summer 1863

Except the smaller size
 No Lives are Round –
 These – hurry to a Sphere –
 And show – and end –

 The Larger – slower grow –
 And later hang –
 The Summers of Hesperides
 Are long –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (250). Publication: *AM* (1891). | A child (probably Ned, who was five or six) scribbled and drew on the MS. | Stanzas 1 and 2 of four; M 277, Fr606. Sent to Higginson (1866).

395.

To Maria Whitney, early September 1863

But little Carmine hath her face –
 Of Emerald scant, her Gown –
 Her beauty is the love she doth –
 Itself – exhibit – mine –

Emily –

Note: Private hands: auctioned Christie's, 1989, from Oresman estate. Facsimile available. Publication: *UP*. | M 287, Fr566.

396.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late summer 1863**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Did the “stars differ” from each other in anything but “glory” there would be often envy. The competitions of the sky corrodeless ply.

Note: AC Tr50a. Publication: *L* (1894). THJ transcribes “The competitions of the sky corrodeless ply” as verse. | ED quotes 1 Corinthians 15:41: “There is . . . another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.”

397.*To Samuel Bowles, October 1863*

Saturday

Mother never asked a favor of Mr Bowles before – that He accept from Her the little Barrel of Apples –

“Sweet Apples” – She exhorts me – with an occasional Baldwin – for Mary, and the squirrels Emily

Note: Facsimile in *L* (1894). Publication: *L* (1894). | On October 3 the Bowleses returned to the Brevoort Hotel, as Mary was expecting another child. Dwight Whitney Bowles was born November 15.

398.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, October 7, 1863**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Wednesday.

Dear children,

Nothing has happened but loneliness, perhaps too daily to relate. Carlo is consistent, has asked for nothing to eat or drink, since you went away. Mother thinks him a model dog, and conjectures what he might have been, had not Vinnie “demoralized” him. Margaret objects to furnace heat on account of bone decrepitudes, so I dwell in my bonnet and suffer comfortably.

Father didn’t go to Northampton, the omnibus meeting was postponed, so I have to roast meat and vegetables much against my will.

Miss K called last evening to inspect your garden, I gave her a lanthorn, and she went out, and thanks you very much. No one has “called” so far, but one old lady to look at a house. I directed her to the cemetery to spare expense of moving. I got down before father this morning, and spent a few moments profitably with the South Sea rose. Father detecting me, advised wiser employment, and read at family devotions the chapter of the gentleman with one talent. I think he thought my conscience

would adjust the gender. Margaret washed today and accused Vinnie of calicoes. I put her shoe and bonnet in to have them nice when she got home. I found a milliner's case in Miss N.s wardrobe and have opened business. I have removed a geranium leaf, and supplied a lily in Vinnie's parlor vase. The sweet peas are unchanged. Cattle show is tomorrow. The coops and committees are passing now. A_ calls for food and superior solace. They are picking the Baldwin apples. Be good children, and mind the vicar. Tell me precisely how Wakefield looks, since I go not myself.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 423. Publication: *L* (1894); omitted text restored. "Family" is canceled (in "family devotions") but unclear whether cancellation is Fanny's or Todd's. | Margaret O'Brien worked for the Dickinsons, 1855–1865. Miss K = Kingman; Miss N = Norcross. | The annual regional Cattle Show was held in Amherst on October 8–9. | The "South Sea rose" may refer to Melville's *Typee* (1846).

399.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about second half of 1863

The Future – never spoke –
Nor will He – like the Dumb –
Reveal by sign – a syllable
Of His Profound To Come –

But when the News be ripe,
Presents it – in the Act –
Forestalling Preparation –
Escape – or Substitute –

Indifferent to Him –
The Dower – as the Doom –
His Office – but to execute
Fate's – Telegram – to Him –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (336). Publication: *SH*. | M 322, Fr638.

400.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about second half of 1863

The Soul's Superior instants
Occur to Her – alone –

When friend – and Earth's Occasion
Have infinite withdrawn –

Or She – Herself – ascended
To too remote a Hight
For lower Recognition
Than Her Omnipotent –

This Mortal Abolition
Is seldom – but as fair
As Apparition – subject
To Autocratic Air –

Eternity's disclosure
To favorites – a few –
Of the Colossal substance
Of Immortality

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (350). Publication: *SH*. | M 319, Fr630.

401.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, after September 1863

Transcribed Lyman

[Bible] Some years after we saw each other last I fell to reading the Old & New Testament. I had known it as an arid book but looking I saw how infinitely wise & how merry it is.

Anybody that knows grammar must admit the surpassing splendor & force of its speech, but the fathomless gulfs of meaning – those words which He spoke to those most necessary to him, hints about some celestial reunion – yearning for a oneness – has anyone fathomed that sea? I know those to whom those words are very near & necessary, I wish they were more so to me, for I see them shedding a serenity quite wonderful & blessed. They are great bars of sunlight in many a shady heart.

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. Bracketed description is Lyman's. | Lyman was taken prisoner while in the Confederate army and then returned North in September 1863. They had last seen each other in 1851.

402.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, mid-October 1863 Transcribed F. Norcross and Todd

I should be wild with joy to see my little lovers, the writing them is not so sweet as their two faces that seem so small way off, and yet have been two weeks from me, two wishful wandering weeks; now, I begin to doubt if they ever came.

I bid the stiff “good night” and the square good morning, to the lingering guest – I finish Mama’s sacque, all but the overcasting, that fatal sacque you recollect –

I pick up tufts of mignonette, and sweet alyssum for winter, dim as winter seems, these red and gold and ribbon days. I am sure I feel as Noah did, docile, but somewhat skeptic, under the satinet. No frost at our house yet. Thermometer frost I mean. Mother had a new tooth Saturday, you know Dr. S. had promised her one for a long time. “Teething” didn’t agree with her, and she kept her bed, Sunday, with a face that would take a premium at any cattle show in the land. Came to town next morning, with slightly reduced features, but no eye on the left side. Doubtless we are “fearfully and wonderfully made” and occasionally grotesquely.

L. goes to Sunderland Wednesday, for a minute or two, leaves here at 6½ – what a fitting hour, and will breakfast the night before; such a smart atmosphere! The trees stand right up straight when they hear her boots, and will bear crockery wares instead of fruit, I fear. She hasn’t starched the geraniums yet, but will have ample time, unless she leaves before April. Emily is very mean, and her children in dark mustn’t remember what she says about damsel.

Grateful for little notes, and shall ask for longer when my birds locate. Would it were here. Three sisters are prettier than one. Tabby is a continual shrine, and her jaunty ribbons put me in mind of fingers far out at sea. Fanny’s admonition made me laugh and cry too. In the hugest haste, and the engine waiting.

Emily.

Note: AC Tr50b / c; starting “crockery,” Todd TS at Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 460–462. Publication: *L* (1894). | Dr. S = Chester Stratton, a surgeon dentist; L = Aunt Libbie. | Because the cousins were orphaned by the death of their father in January and could not afford to maintain their family home, they were seeking a place to “locate.”

403.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1863

Ungained – it may be
By a Life’s low Venture –
But then
Eternity enable the endeavoring
Again.

Springfield

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (368). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | The Bowleses lived in Springfield. | “Each Life converges to some Centre –” (last of five stanzas): M 362, Fr724.

404.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1863

Like Some Old fashioned Miracle
When Summertime is done –
Seems Summer’s Recollection
And the Affairs of June

As infinite Tradition
As Cinderella’s Bays –
Or little John – of Lincoln Green –
Or Blue Beard’s Galleries –

Her Bees have a fictitious Hum –
Her Blossoms, like a Dream –
Elate us – till we almost weep –
So plausible – they seem –

Her Memories like Strains – Review –
When Orchestra is dumb –
The Violin in Baize replaced –
And Ear – and Heaven – numb –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B178). Publication: *SH*. On verso, addressed “Combined Girl.” | The folktales of Cinderella, Robin Hood (with his second in command, Little John), and Bluebeard were well known in the nineteenth century. | M 218, Fr408.

405.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, about late 1863

Transcribed Lyman

[Words] We used to think, Joseph, when I was an unsifted girl and you so scholarly that words were cheap & weak. Now I dont know of anything so mighty. There are [those] to which I lift my hat when I see them sitting princelike among their peers on the page. Sometimes I write one, and look at his outlines till he glows as no sapphire.

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. Bracketed description is Lyman's. | ED quotes *Hamlet*, Polonius to Ophelia: "you speak like a green girl, / Unsifted in such perilous circumstance."

406.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1863

Essential Oils are wrung –
 The Attar from the Rose
 Is not expressed by Suns – alone –
 It is the gift of Screws –
 The General Rose decay –
 While this – in Lady's Drawer
 Make Summer, when the Lady lie
 In Spiceless Sepulchre.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (249). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 358, Fr772.

407.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about mid-December 1863

Ah – Teneriffe!
 Retreating Mountain!
 Purples of Ages – pause for you –

 Sunset – reviews her Sapphire Regiment –
 Day – drops you her Red Adieu!

 Still – Clad in your mail of ices –
 Thigh of Granite – and thew – of Steel –
 Heedless – alike – of pomp, or parting

 Ah, Teneriffe!
 I'm kneeling – still –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (226). Publication *SH*. | Tenerife is home to the third largest volcano in the world. | M 377, Fr752.

408.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1863

Nor Myself to Him, by accent
 Forfeit probity.
 Weariness of Him, were quainter
 Than monotony
 Knew a particle, of Space's
 Vast society –
 Neither if He visit other –
 Do He dwell or nay
 Know I – just instinct esteem Him
 Immortality – Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (297). Pencil. Publication: *FP*. | A leaf has been torn away, leaving only the final ten lines of "Conscious am I in my Chamber" (of twenty lines); M 380, Fr773.

409.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1863

We miss Her, not because We see –
 The Absence of an Eye,
 Except it's Mind accompany
 Abridge Society

 As slightly as the Routes of Stars –
 Ourselves – asleep below –
 We know that their superior Eyes
 Include Us – as they go –

 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (370). Publication: *BM*. | M 358, Fr771.

410.

To Samuel Bowles, early 1864

Nature, and God, I neither knew
 Yet both, so well knew me
 They startled, like Executors
 Of an identity –
 Yet neither, told, that I could learn –

My secret, as secure
 As Herschel's private interest,
 Or Mercury's Affair –

Emily –

Note: AC 698. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Sir William Herschel and his son, Sir John, made important discoveries in astronomy and were frequently in the news in January and February 1864. | When Mercury informed Venus's husband (Vulcan) that she and Mars were having an affair, Vulcan trapped the lovers on their bed and revealed them to the gods. | M 432, Fr803.

411.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1864

One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted –
 One need not be a House –
 The Brain has Corridors – surpassing
 Material Place –

Far safer, of a midnight meeting
 External Ghost
 Than it's interior confronting –
 That cooler Host.

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop,
 The Stones a'chase –
 Than unarmed, one's a'self encounter –
 In lonesome Place –

Ourself behind ourself, concealed –
 Should startle most –
 Assassin hid in our Apartment
 Be Horror's least –

The Body – borrows a Revolver –
 He bolts the Door –
 O'erlooking a superior spectre –
 Or More –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (304). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 217, Fr407.

412.

To Joel Warren Norcross(?), about early 1864

From Us she wandered now, a Year –
 Her tarrying, unknown.
 If Wilderness prevent Her feet,
 Or that Etherial Zone
 No Man has seen and lived,
 We ignorant must be –
 We only know what time of Year
 We felt the Mystery –

Note: Lehigh Digital Collection 818.4 D553fr 1863. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | Perhaps prompted by the wedding anniversary of Lamira and Joel Warren Norcross (January 1854) and her death in May 1862. | M 498, Fr794. Copy possibly sent to Norcrosses (lost).

413.

To Josiah Holland, about early 1864

Truth – is as old as God –
 His Twin Identity,
 And will endure as long as He –
 A Co Eternity –
 And perish, on the Day
 That He is borne away
 From Mansion of the Universe –
 A lifeless Deity –

 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (99). Publication: *L* (1894). Addressed “Doctor.” | M 447, Fr795.

414.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1864

The Definition of Beauty, is
 That Definition is none –
 Of Heaven, easing Analysis,
 Since Heaven and He
 Are One –

 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (328). Publication: *LL*—as prose. | M 500, Fr797.

415.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1864

Soil of Flint, if steady tilled,
Will refund the Hand –
Seed of Palm, by Lybian Sun
Fructified in Sand –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (316). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | ED consulted with an eye specialist, Dr. Henry W. Williams, in Boston, on February 4. His advice convinced her to return to Cambridge for seven months of treatment under his supervision, leaving home in late April. | “On the Bleakness of my Lot” (second of two stanzas); M 395, Fr862.

416.

To Maria Whitney, about February 11, 1864

How well I knew Her not
Whom not to know – has been
A Bounty in prospective – now
Next door to mine, the pain –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (4). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Austin visited Whitney in Northampton on February 11 before she sailed for California on the 13th to look after the six children of her dead sister, Elizabeth Whitney Putnam, who died June 1863. | M 432, Fr813.

417.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early spring 1864

To be alive, is power –
Existence – in itself –
Without a further function –
Omnipotence – Enough –
To be alive, and Will –
’Tis able as a God –
The Further of Ourselves, be what –
Such being Finitude?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (362). Publication: *SH*. | M 398, Fr876.

418.

To Elizabeth (and perhaps Josiah) Holland, about early spring 1864

The Wind begun to knead the Grass,
 As Women do a Dough –
 He flung a Hand full at the Plain –
 A Hand full at the Sky –
 The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees,
 And started all abroad –
 The Dust did scoop itself like Hands –
 And threw away the Road –
 The Wagons quickened on the Street –
 The Thunders gossiped low –
 The Lightning showed a Yellow Head,
 And then a livid Toe –
 The Birds put up the Bars to Nests –
 The Cattle flung to Barns –
 Then Came one drop of Giant Rain,
 And then, as if the Hands
 That held the Dams – had parted hold –
 The Waters Wrecked the Sky –
 But overlooked my Father's House,
 Just Quartering a Tree –

Emily –

Note: AC 814. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 531, Fr796. Sent to S. Dickinson (1866), Higginson (1873, lost), and Niles (1883, referred to as “a Thunder Storm”).

419.

To Louisa Norcross, around April 1864

Transcribed Todd

Thank you for the daisy. With nature in my ruche I shall not miss the spring.
 What would become of us, dear, but for love to reprieve our blunders?

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 404. Publication: *L* (1894). Fragment from letter probably sent before ED left Amherst for Cambridge in late April; she remained in Cambridge for eye treatment, living with her Norcross cousins, until November 21. Once in treatment, ED wrote only with pencil.

420.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid- to late April 1864*

I could not drink it, Sue,
 Till you had tasted first –
 Though cooler than the Water – was
 The Thoughtfulness of Thirst –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B139). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Probably sent before ED left for Cambridge. | M 433, Fr816.

421.*To Lavinia Dickinson, May 1864*

[Cambridge]

Dear Vinnie,

I miss you most, and I want to go Home and take good care of you and make you happy every day.

The Doctor is not willing yet, and He is not willing I should write – He wrote to Father, himself, because He thought it not best for me –

You wont think it strange any more, will you?

Loo and Fanny take sweet care of me, and let me want for nothing, but I am not at Home, and the calls at the Doctor's are painful, and dear Vinnie, I have not looked at the Spring –

Wont you help me be patient?

I cannot write but this, and send a little flower, and hope you wont forget me, because I want to come so much I cannot make it show.

Emily –

Note: AC 628. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

422.*To Lucretia Gunn Bullard, about late spring 1864*

[Cambridge]

The lovely flowers embarrass me,
 They make me regret I am not a Bee –

Was it my blame or Nature's?

Thank you, dear Aunt, for the thoughtfulness, I shall slowly forget – The beautiful Plant would entice me, did I obey myself, but the Doctor is rigid –

Will you believe me grateful, who have no Argument?
Truly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.17 (3). Pencil. Publication: *Boston Cooking-School Mag.* Apparently in response to a gift of wisteria; the Bullards lived in Cambridge. | M 703, Fr808. Only copy.

423.

To unknown, about late spring 1864

Unsent?
[Cambridge]

These Strangers, in a foreign World,
Protection asked of me –
Befriend them, lest Yourself in Heaven
Be found a Refugee –

Emily –

Note: AC 469. Pencil. Publication: *BM.* | M 533, Fr805. Only copy.

424.

To Austin Dickinson, about May 1864

[Cambridge]

“Soto” – Explore Thyself –
Therein – Thyself shalt find
The “Undiscovered Continent” –
No Settler – had the Mind –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B19). Pencil. Publication: *FF.* | Spanish conquistador Hernando de Soto died in May 1542. | M 434, Fr814.

425.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early June 1864

[Cambridge]

Sweet Sue,

There is no first, or last, in Forever –
It is Centre, there, all the time –
To believe – is enough, and the right of supposing –

Take back that “Bee” and “Buttercup” – I have no Field for them, though for the Woman whom I prefer, Here is Festival – When my Hands are cut, Her fingers will be found inside.

Our beautiful Neighbor “moved” in May – It leaves an unimportance.

Take the Key to the Lily, now, and I will lock the Rose –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B56). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | The neighbor who “moved” in May was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who died May 19, 1864.

426.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, mid-June 1864

[Cambridge]

Dear friend,

Are you in danger –

I did not know that you were hurt. Will you tell me more? Mr Hawthorne died –

I was ill since September, and since April, in Boston, for a Physician’s care – He does not let me go, yet I work in my Prison, and make Guests for myself –

Carlo did not come, because that he would die, in Jail, and the Mountains, I could not hold now, so I brought but the Gods –

I wish to see you more than before I failed, Will you tell me your health?

I am surprised and anxious, since receiving your note –

The Only News I know

Is Bulletins All day

From Immortality.

Can you render my Pencil?

The Physician has taken away my Pen.

I enclose the address from a letter, lest my figures fail – Knowledge of your recovery, would excel my own,

E – Dickinson

Note: BPL 1093 (20). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1891). Enclosed letter with address is from Vinnie. | Higginson was grazed by grapeshot or an exploded shell in July 1863. Poor health compelled him to retire from active service in October 1864. | First stanza (of four); M 405, Fr820.

427.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about June 1864

[Cambridge]

Thank Susan for the effort, I shall not mind the Gloves –
 I knew it was the Bell, and not the Noon, that failed – For caution of my Hat,
 He says, the Doctor wipes my cheeks, so the Old Thimble will do –
 I knew it was “November,” but then there is a June when Corn is cut, whose op-
 tion is within. That is why I prefer the Power, for Power is Glory, when it likes, and
 Dominion, too – To include, is to be touchless, for Ourselves cannot cease – Haw-
 thorne’s interruption does not seem as it did – Noon is Morning’s Memoir, and I
 notice

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B161). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. End of letter is missing.

428.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about June 19, 1864

[Cambridge]

My little Uncle must remember me till I come Home a Hundred miles to see
 his Braided Gown –
 Emily knows a Man who drives a Coach like a Thimble, and turns the Wheel
 all day with his Heel – His name is Bumblebee. Little Ned will see Him, before
 His Niece.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B16). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | Probably for Ned’s third birthday; an
 Amherst dressmaker made a dress for him at this time.

429.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, between May and November 1864

[Cambridge]

The difference between Despair
 And Fear, is like the One
 Between the instant of a Wreck
 And when the Wreck has been –
 The Mind is smooth –
 No motion – Contented as the Eye
 Opon the Forehead of a Bust –
 That knows it cannot see –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (330). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 263, Fr576.

430.

To Lavinia Dickinson, mid-July 1864

[Cambridge]

Dear Vinnie

Many write that they do not write because that they have too much to say – I, that I have enough. Do you remember the Whippowil that sang one night on the Orchard fence, and then drove to the South, and we never heard of Him afterward?

He will go Home and I shall go Home, perhaps in the same Train. It is a very sober thing not to have any Vinnie, and to keep my summer in strange Towns, what I have not told – but I have found friends in the Wilderness.

You know “Elijah” did, and to see the “Ravens” mending my stockings, would break a Heart long hard – Fanny and Loo are solid Gold, Mrs Bangs and her Daughter very kind, and the Doctor enthusiastic, about my getting well – I feel no gayness yet. I suppose I had been discouraged so long.

You remember the Prisoner of Chillon did not know Liberty when it came, and asked to go back to Jail.

Clara and Anna came to see me and brought beautiful flowers. Do you know what made them remember me? I was most surprised. Give them my love and gratitude –

They told me about the Day at Pelham, You – dressed in Daisies, and Mr McDonald. I could’nt see you Vinnie. I am glad of all the Roses you find, while your Primrose is gone. How kind Mr Copeland grew –

Was Mr Dudley dear –

Emily wants to be well and with Vinnie – If any one alive wants to get well more, I would let Him first.

I am glad it is me, not Vinnie, Long time might seem further to Her. Give my love to Father and Mother, and Austin. Am so glad His Tobacco is well – I asked Father about it.

Tell Margaret I remember Her, and hope Richard is well. Dear Vinnie – This is the longest letter I wrote since I was sick, but who needed it most, if not my little Sister!

I hope she is not very tired, tonight How I wish I could rest all those who are tired for me – Big Kiss for Fanny.

Emily.

Note: AC 629. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Clara and Anna Newman were living with Austin and Susan. Fanny was in Amherst for commencement July 10–14. Mrs. Bangs ran the boarding house where ED and the Norcrosses stayed. Mr. Copeland = Melvin B. Copeland, a Middletown businessman and friend of Vinnie’s. | “The Prisoner of Chillon” was a popular narrative poem by Lord Byron, in which the prisoner eventually thinks of his cell as a kind of home. ED alludes to 1 Kings 17:1–7, in which Elijah is fed daily by ravens.

431.*To Elizabeth Holland, spring or summer 1864*

[Cambridge]

Away from Home are Some and I –
 An Emigrant to be
 In a Metropolis of Homes
 Is easy, possibly –

The Habit of a Foreign Sky
 We – difficult – acquire
 As Children, who remain in Face
 The more their Feet retire.

Emily.

Note: LOC. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Once thought to have been sent to S. Dickinson. |
 M 479, Fr807.

432.*To Lucretia Gunn Bullard, about summer 1864*

[Cambridge]

Dear Aunt,

The Robin for the Crumb
 Returns no syllable,
 But long records the Lady's name
 In Silver Chronicle.

Affy,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.17 (2). Pencil. Publication: *Boston Cooking-School Mag.* | M 496, Fr810.

433.*To Lucretia Gunn Bullard, late summer or autumn 1864*

[Cambridge]

The Aunt that has shared her Blossoms with me, must have a cluster of mine.

The Golden Sweets are from Grandfather's Tree –
 Aff,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.17 (1). Pencil. Publication: *Boston Cooking-School Mag.* | Golden Sweets = apples. | On the verso, in another hand, is the canceled transcription of a passage copied from *The Congregationalist*, December 9, 1864.

434.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1864

[Cambridge]

The luxury to apprehend
 The luxury 'twould be
 To look at Thee a single time
 An Epicure of Me
 In whatsoever Presence makes
 Till for a further food
 I scarcely recollect to starve
 So first am I supplied –
 The luxury to meditate
 The luxury it was
 To banquet on thy Countenance
 A sumptuousness bestows
 On plainer Days,
 Whose Table, far
 As Certainty – can see –
 Is laden with a single Crumb,
 The Consciousness – of Thee –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (341). Pencil. Publication: *SH.* | M 495, Fr819. Sent to Norcrosses (lost) and Higginson (1867).

435.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1864

[Cambridge]

Adventure most unto itself
 The Soul condemned to be
 Attended by a single Hound
 It's own identity –

Emily –

Note: H EDR 473. MS pasted into Bianchi's copy of *SH*. Pencil. Publication: Bingham, *Ancestor's Brocades*. | "This Consciousness that is aware" (last of four stanzas); M 498, Fr817.

436.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, September 8, 1864

[Cambridge]

At Centre of the Sea –

I am glad Mrs – Gertrude lived – I believed she would – Those that are worthy of Life are of Miracle, for Life is Miracle, and Death, as harmless as a Bee, except to those who run –

It would be best to see you – it would be good to see the Grass, and hear the Wind blow the wide way in the Orchard – Are the Apples ripe – Have the Wild Geese crossed – Did you save the seed to the pond Lily?

Love for Mat, and John, and the Foreigner – and kiss little Ned in the seam in the neck, entirely for me –

The Doctor is very kind –

I find no Enemy, 'Till the Four o'Clocks strike Five, Loo will last, she says. Do not cease, Sister. Should I turn in my long night, I should murmur "Sue"?

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B179). Pencil. Publication: JL294. | Vanderbilt was wounded by a bullet aimed at her domestic, on March 20, 1864. Doctors did not expect her to survive. Susan wrote ED in September about her miraculous recovery. | Foreigner = Mattie and John's daughter, Susan's niece, who turned one on September 8. | The line "At Centre of the Sea" occurs in "I many times thought Peace had come."

437.

To Gertrude Vanderbilt, about September 1864

[Cambridge]

To this World She returned
But with a tinge of that –
A Compound manner,
As a Sod
Espoused a Violet,
That chiefer to the Skies
Than to Himself, allied,
Dwelt hesitating, half of Dust,
And half of Day, the Bride.

Emily.

Note: P Box 6. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | In response to Vanderbilt's survival of a gunshot wound. | M 449, Fr815.

438.

To Lavinia Dickinson, about October 1864

[Cambridge]

. . . walk all the way, and sleep in the Bushes at night, but the Doctor says I must tell you that I "cannot yet walk alone". Thank you all for caring about me when I do no good. I will work with all my might, always, as soon as I get well –

Tell mother to catch no more cold, and lose her cough, so I cannot find it, when I get Home. Tell Margaret I recollect her, and hope her finger is better – You must not miss Gray Pussy, I'll try to fill her place –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B166). Pencil. Publication: JL295. Beginning of letter missing. Addressed "Vinnie" on back.

439.

To Lavinia Dickinson, early November 1864

[Cambridge]

Does Vinnie think of Sister? Sweet news – Thank Vinnie.

Emily may not be able as she was, but all she can, she will – Father told me that you were going.

I wept for the little Plants, but rejoiced for you –

Had I loved them as well as I did, I could have begged you to stay with them, but they are Foreigners, now, and all, a Foreigner.

I have been sick so long I do not know the Sun.

I hope they may be alive, for Home would be strange except them, now the World is dead – Anna Norcross, lives here, since Saturday, and two new people more, a person and his wife, so I do little but fly, yet always find a nest – I shall go Home in two weeks. You will get me at Palmer – yourself. Let no one beside, come.

Love for Eliza, and Mr Dudley.

Sister.

Note: AC 631. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Vinnie was making one of her frequent trips to visit the Dudleys in Middletown, Connecticut.

440.*To Lavinia Dickinson, November 13, 1864*

[Cambridge]

. . . Her, when I get Home. The Doctor will let me go Monday of Thanksgiving week.

He wants to see me Sunday, so I cannot before. Vinnie will go to Palmer for me certainly?

I took the little Sac to wear in walking, under Cloak, to keep away more cold.

I did not think to tell before.

Vinnie will forgive me? Love for the Middletown Pearls – Shall write Eliza after Tuesday, when I go to the Doctor. Thank her for sweet note.

The Drums keep on for the still Man, but Emily must stop. Love of Fanny and Loo, Sister.

Note: AC 630. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Beginning of letter missing. | “Still Man” may be Abraham Lincoln, re-elected President on November 8. | ED returned home on November 21.

441.*To Louisa Norcross, late November 1864**Transcribed Todd*

Dear Lou, this is my letter – an ill and peevish thing, but when my eyes get well I’ll send you thoughts like daisies, and sentences could hold the bees.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 439. Publication: *L* (1894). | Probably sent shortly after ED returned from Cambridge. ED returned early Thanksgiving week; Thanksgiving was on the 24th.

442.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1864*

Given in Marriage unto Thee
 Oh Thou Celestial Host –
 Bride of the Father and the Son,
 Bride of the Holy Ghost,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (257). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | First stanza (of two); M 429, Fr818.

443.

*To Louisa Norcross, about February 1865**Transcribed F. Norcross and Todd*

All that my eyes will let me shall be said for Lou, dear little solid gold girl. I am glad to the foot of my heart that you will go to M_. It will make you warm. Touches "from home" tell Gungl, are better than "sounds."

You persuade me to speak of my eyes, which I shunned doing, because I wanted you to rest. I could not bear a single sigh should tarnish your vacation, but lest through me, one bird delay a change of latitude, I will tell you, dear.

The eyes are as with you, sometimes easy, sometimes sad. [I think they are not worse, nor do I think] them better than when I came home.

The snow light offends them, and the house is bright, notwithstanding, they hope some.

For the first few weeks I did nothing but comfort my plants, till now their small green cheeks are covered with smiles. I chop the chicken centres when we have roast fowl, frequent now, for the hens contend and the Cain is slain. Then I make a cart of my hands and carry sticks of wood from the hall box to mother's to spare her any cold. Then I make the yellow to the pies, and bang the spice for cake, and knit the soles to the stockings I knit the bodies to last June. They say I am a "help." Partly because it is true, I suppose, and the rest applause. Mother and Margaret are so kind, father as gentle as he knows how, and Vinnie good to me, but "cannot see why I don't get well." This makes me think I am long sick, and this takes the ache to my eyes. I shall try to stay with them a few weeks more before going to Boston, though what it would be to see you and have the doctor's care – that cannot be told. You will not wait for me. Go to M_ now. I wish I were there, myself, to start your little feet "lest they seem to come short of it." I have so much to tell I can tell nothing, except a sand of love. When I dare I shall ask if I may go, but that will not be now.

Give my love to my lamp and spoon, and the small lantana. Kindest remembrance for all the house, and write next from M_. Go, little girl, to M_. Life is so fast it will run away, notwithstanding our sweetest whoa.

Already they love you. Be but the maid you are to me, and they will love you more.

Carry your heart and your curls, and nothing more but your fingers. Mr D_ will ask for these every candle light. How I miss ten robins that never flew from the rosewood nest!

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 442–445. Publication: *L* (1894); omitted text restored. Norcross TS ends "stockings I knit"; words in brackets and remaining TS by Todd. For consistency, we maintain ED's use of double quotation marks throughout this letter (""), although Todd's transcription changes them to single (""). | M = Middletown, Connecticut; Mr D = John

Dudley. Margaret = Margaret O'Brien. | "Sounds from Home" and "The Fest March" by Hungarian composer Josef Gung'l are in the Dickinson sheet music collection.

444.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early 1865

Thank Sue, but not tonight.
Further Nights.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B31). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

445.

To Josiah Holland, about early 1865

Not all die early, dying young –
Maturity of Fate
Is consummated equally
In Ages, or a Night –
A hoary Boy, I've known to drop
Whole statured – by the side
Of Junior of Fourscore – 'twas Act –
Not Period, that died –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (98). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | By early 1865, the tide of the Civil War had turned decisively toward Union victory, although death tolls continued to mount. | M 438, Fr937. Sent to S. Dickinson (1865).

446.

To Samuel Bowles, about early 1865

Before He comes,
We weigh the Time,
'Tis Heavy, and 'tis Light –
When He departs,
An Emptiness
Is the superior Freight –

Emily –

Note: AC 697. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | There are no known visits of Bowles to Amherst around this time, but he sent a carte de visite to Austin and Susan around February 21. | M 442, Fr949.

447.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about March 1865

It passes and we stay.
A quality of loss
Affecting our Content
As Trade had suddenly encroached
Upon a Sacrament

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (277). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | Final five (of twenty) lines of “A Light exists in Spring”; a second leaf (lost) contains first fifteen lines. M 446, Fr962.

448.

Probably to Emily Fowler Ford, about 1865

Unsent

Emily,

We play at Paste –
Till qualified for Pearl –
Then, drop the Paste –
And deem Ourselves a fool –
The Shapes, tho', were similar,
And Our new Hands
Learned Gem Tactics
Practising Sands –

Emily –

Note: AC 803. Publication: *AM* (1891). | Unaddressed. To our knowledge, Emily Fowler Ford was ED's only correspondent named “Emily.” | M 531, Fr282. Sent to Higginson (1862).

449.

To Gertrude Vanderbilt, March 1865

Dying – to be afraid of Thee –
One must to thine Artillery

Have left exposed a friend –
 Than thine old Arrow is a Shot
 Delivered straighter to the Heart
 The leaving Love behind –

Not for itself, the Dust is shy.
 But Enemy – Beloved be –
 Thy Batteries divorce –
 Fight sternly in a dying Eye
 Two Armies, Love and Certainty,
 And Love and the Reverse –

Emily –

Note: P Box 6. Pencil. Publication: *BM*. | M 441, Fr946. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

450.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, March 18 or 19, 1865

Dear Sue –

Unable are the Loved – to die –
 For Love is immortality –
 Nay – it is Deity –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B18). Pencil. Publication: Bingham, *NEQ* (1947). | Susan's sister Harriet Gilbert Cutler died March 18, 1865. | First three (of six) lines; M 443, Fr951.

451.

To Louisa Norcross, about March 19–21, 1865

Transcribed F. Norcross

I am glad my little girl is at peace. Peace is a deep place. Some too faint to push are assisted by angels.

I have more to say to you all, than March has to the maples, but then I can not write in bed, and am lower hung. I read a few words since I came home – John Talbot's parting with his son, and Margaret's with Suffolk. I read them in the garret, and the rafters wept.

Remember me to your company, their Bedouin guest. Every day in the desert, Ishmael counts his tents. New heart makes new wealth dear.

[Happiness is haleness. I dreamed last night I heard bees] fight for pond lily stamens, and waked with a fly in my room.

Shall you be strong enough to lift me by the first of April? I wont be half as heavy as I was before, I will be good and chase my spools. I shall think of my little Eve going away from Eden. Bring me a jacinth for every finger and an onyx shoe.

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 440. Publication: *L* (1894); omitted text restored. Words in brackets cut off from Norcross's TS are supplied by Todd's. | ED began a second course of treatment for her eyes on April 1, when she again stayed with her nieces. | She alludes to 1 Henry VI; during her previous stay in Cambridge, both sisters read Shakespeare to her. Genesis 21 relates the story of Ishmael and Hagar's exile to the desert.

452.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about March 1865

You must let me go first, Sue, because I live in the Sea always and know the Road.

I would have drowned twice to save you sinking, dear, If I could only have covered your Eyes so you would'nt have seen the Water.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B162). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

453.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late March 1865

A Death blow – is a Life blow – to Some –
 Who, till they died,
 Did not alive – become –
 Who had they lived
 Had died, but when
 They died, Vitality begun –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B81). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 447, Fr966.

454.

*To Louisa Norcross, late March 1865**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Dear Sister

Brother has visited and the night is falling, so I must close with a little hymn.
 I had hoped to express more. Love more I never can, sweet Dennie or yourself.

This was in the white of the year
 That was in the green
 Drifts were as difficult then to think
 As daisies now to be seen –
 Looking back is best that is left
 Or if it be, before
 Retrospection is prospects' half
 Sometimes almost more –

Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.20, 538. Publication: *L* (1894). | Louisa was still at the Dudleys. | THJ and RWF emend "prospects'" to read "prospects's." | M 462, Fr1014.

455.

To Lavinia Dickinson, about May 10, 1865

[Cambridge]

Dear Vinnie

The Hood is far under way and the Girls think it a Beauty. I am so glad to make it for you, who made so much for me –

I hope the Chimneys are done and the Hemlocks set, and the Two Teeth filled, in the Front yard – How astonishing it will be to me.

I hope Mother is better – and will be careful of her Eye.

The Doctor says it must heal while warm Weather lasts, or it will be more troublesome. How is Margarets lameness? Tell her the Girl's name, here, is Margaret, which makes me quite at Home.

The Pink Lily you gave Loo, has had five flowers since I came, and has more Buds –

The Girls think it my influence.

•*Is Suzie still*• improving? Give her love from us all, and how much we talk of her.

Loo wishes she knew Father's view of Jeff Davi's capture – thinks no one but He, can do it justice.

She wishes to send a Photograph of the Arrest to Austin, including the Skirt and Spurs, but fears he will think her trifling with him. I advised her not to be rash. How glad I should be to see you all, but it wont be long, Vinnie – You will be willing, wont

you, for a little while. It has rained, and been very hot, and Mosquitoes, as in August. I hope the flowers are well. The Tea Rose I gave Aunt Lavinia has a flower, now. Much love for both Houses, from the Girls and me. Is the Lettuce ripe.

Shall you go to Springfield? Persons wear no Bonnets, here. Fanny has a Blade of Straw, with Handle of Ribbon. Aff, Emily.

Note: AC 632. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED omits the “s” on “Davis.” Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States, was captured on May 10, 1865—according to widespread rumor, disguised in women’s clothing. Robert E. Lee surrendered the last major Confederate army to Ulysses S. Grant on April 9, 1865. | Italicized words between bullet points have been erased but are legible.

456.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1865

[Cambridge]

So set it's Sun in Thee
 What Day be dark to me –
 What Distance, far,
 So I the Ships may see
 That touch, how seldomly,
 Thy Shore?

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (315). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 440, Fr940.

457.

To Lavinia Dickinson, mid- to late May 1865

[Cambridge]

. . . Town Meeting.
 Do not get tired, Vinnie, or troubled about things – All I can do, leave till I come.
 I have more to say than I can, but Loo goes now to the office.
 Am happy to hear of Hemlocks – Love for All and dont work too hard, picking up after Chimneys – The Grass will cover it all up, and I can sweep, next Fall. The Girls were never dearer or kinder and say much of you and Mother, and ask many questions of Sue – I will write 'Again' after seeing the Doctor. Aff, Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B167). Pencil. Publication: JL309. | First part of letter missing. | ED may refer to the special town meeting on May 15 to discuss plans for establishing the Agricultural College at Amherst.

458.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late spring / early summer 1865

[Cambridge]

The Props assist the House
 Until the House is built
 And then the Props withdraw
 And adequate, erect,
 The House support itself
 And cease to recollect
 The Augur and the Carpenter –
 Just such a retrospect
 Hath the perfected Life –
 A past of Plank and Nail
 And slowness, then the scaffolds drop
 Affirming it a Soul –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (347). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | Bowles wrote Austin and Susan, separately, in May, addressing Susan's "serious prostration" after the death of her sister in March. | ED may allude to Lincoln's "a house divided against itself cannot stand," from 1858, indicating that the US "government cannot endure, permanently, half slave and half free." All slaves were declared free with the surrender of Confederate troops April 1865. June 19 ("June-teenth") marks the effective end of slavery, when Federal troops took control of Galveston, Texas, emancipating slaves in that state whose owners had not previously freed them. | M 365, Fr729.

459.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late spring / early summer 1865

[Cambridge]

Her Grace is all she has,
 And that, so least displays,
 One art, to recognize, must be,
 Another Art, to praise –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (264). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 444, Fr956.

460.*To Josiah Holland, early summer 1865*

[Cambridge]

At Half past Three, a single Bird
 Unto a silent Sky
 Propounded but a single term
 Of cautious melody.

At Half past Four, experiment
 Had subjugated test
 And lo, her silver Principle
 Supplanted all the rest –

At Half past Seven, element
 Nor implement, be seen
 And Place, was where the Presence was
 Circumference between –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (97). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). Addressed “Doctor.” | ED may allude to Higginson’s *Out-Door Papers*, in which he writes: “Precisely at half past three, a song-sparrow above our heads gave one liquid trill, so inexpressibly sudden and delicious, that it seemed to set to music every atom of freshness and fragrance that Nature held; then the spell was broken, and the whole shore and lake were vocal with song.” | M 491, Fr1099.

461.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1865*

[Cambridge]

When I hoped, I feared –
 Since I hoped I dared
 Everywhere alone
 As a Church remain –
 Spectre cannot harm
 Serpent cannot charm
 He is Prince of Harm
 Who hath suffered him –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (375). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 271, Fr594. Sent to Higginson (1871).

462.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1865*

[Cambridge]

Like Men and Women Shadows walk
 Opon the Hills Today –
 With here and there a mighty Bow
 Or trailing Courtesy
 To Neighbors doubtless of their own
 Not quickened to perceive
 Minuter landscape, as Ourselves
 And Boroughs where we live –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (285). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 447, Fr964.

463.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about July 1865*

[Cambridge]

Title divine, is mine.
 The Wife without the Sign –
 Acute Degree conferred on me –
 Empress of Calvary –
 Royal, all but the Crown –
 Betrothed, without the Swoon
 God gives us Women –
 When You hold Garnet to Garnet –
 Gold – to Gold –
 Born – Bridalled – Shrouded –
 In a Day –
 Tri Victory –
 “My Husband” – Women say
 Stroking the Melody –
 Is this the way –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (361). Publication: *LL*. | M 701, Fr194. Sent to Bowles (1861). See L289.

464.

To Gertrude Vanderbilt, about late summer 1865

[Cambridge]

Further in Summer than the Birds –
 Pathetic from the Grass,
 A Minor Nation celebrates
 It's unobtrusive Mass –

No Ordinance be seen –
 So gradual the Grace
 A pensive Custom it becomes
 Enlarging Loneliness –

'Tis Audiblest, at Dusk –
 When Day's attempt is done,
 And Nature nothing waits to do
 But terminate in Tune.

Nor difference it knows
 Of Cadence, or of Pause –
 But simultaneous as Same –
 The Service emphacize –

Nor know I when it cease –
 At Candles, it is here –
 When Sunrise is, that it is not,
 Than this, I know no more –

The Earth has many keys –
 Where Melody is not
 Is the Unknown Peninsula –
 Beauty – is Nature's Fact –

But Witness for Her Land,
 And Witness for Her Sea –
 The Cricket is Her utmost
 Of Elegy, to Me.

Emily.

Note: Scripps College. Publication: Anderson, *Emily Dickinson's Poetry*. | Only known copy of these seven stanzas; ED discarded the final five stanzas and wrote two new ones. M 534, Fr895. Sent to Higginson (1866), Niles (1883), and Norcrosses (lost and untranscribed).

465.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late summer / early autumn 1865*

[Cambridge]

The Leaves like Women interchange
 Exclusive Confidence –
 Somewhat of nods and somewhat
 Portentous inference –

The Parties in both cases
 Enjoining secrecy –
 Inviolable compact
 To notoriety.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B187). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | On verso, Susan wrote “An old bit of Emily’s – Please save.” | M 490, Fr1098.

466.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early autumn 1865*

[Cambridge]

Experiment to me is every one I meet
 If it contain a Kernel?
 The Figure of a nut
 Presents upon a Tree
 Equally plausibly,
 But Meat within, is requisite
 To Squirrels, and to Me. Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (253). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 484, Fr1081.

467.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about mid-October 1865*

The missing All – prevented me
 From missing minor things –
 If nothing larger than a World’s
 Departure from a Hinge,
 Or Sun’s extinction – be observed –
 ’Twas not so large that I

Could lift my Forehead from my work
For Curiosity –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (342). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | ED may allude to a partial annular eclipse of the sun on October 19, visible in Amherst but not in Cambridge; a paper at the Northampton Academy of Sciences meeting in late August urged “preparations for observing it.” ED returned to Amherst in October—exact date unknown. | M 457, Fr995.

468.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, shortly after November 3, 1865

The Overtakelessness of Those
Who have accomplished Death –
Majestic is to me beyond
The Majesties of Earth –
The Soul her “Not at Home”
Inscribes upon the Flesh,
And takes a fine aerial gait
Beyond the Writ of Touch.

Emily

Note: P Box 6. Pencil. Presumed lost. Publication: *SH*. | Addressed to “Dollie.” | Two-year-old Susan Gilbert Smith, daughter of Mattie and John, died November 3, 1865; Susan had been in Geneva to help her sister’s family since late October. | M 533, Fr894.

469.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, shortly after November 3, 1865

She sped as Petals from a Rose,
Offended by the Wind –
A frail Aristocrat of Time
Indemnity to find –
Leaving on Nature a Default
As Cricket, or as Bee –
But Andes – in the Bosoms where
She had begun to lie.

Emily –

Note: MS sold by Bonhams of London, April 2013. Pencil. TS from digital copy. Publication: *FF*. | M 534, Fr897.

470.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1865

Rare to the Rare –

Her Sovereign People
Nature knows as well
And is as fond of signifying
As if fallible –

Emily –

Note: Smith. Pencil. Publication: *Daily Hampshire Gazette* (1952). M703, Fr893. Only copy.

471.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late autumn 1865

We spy the Forests, and the Hills,
The Tents to Nature's Show,
Mistake the Outside for the in –
And mention what we saw –

Could Commentators on the Sign
Of Nature's Caravan
Obtain "Admission" as a Child
Some Wednesday – Afternoon –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (373). Pencil. Publication: *SH.* | Second and third (of three) stanzas of "Dew – is the Freshet in the Grass –"; M 492, Fr1102.

472.

To Elizabeth Holland, mid-November 1865

Transcribed Todd

Dear Sister

Father called to say that our steelyard was fraudulent, exceeding by an ounce the rates of honest men. He had been selling oats. I cannot stop smiling, though it is hours since, that even our steelyard will not tell the truth.

Besides wiping the dishes for Margaret, I wash them now, while she becomes Mrs. Lawler, vicarious Papa to four previous Babes.

Must she not be an adequate Bride?

I winced at her loss, because I was in the habit of Her, and even a new rolling-pin has an embarrassing element, but to all except Anguish, the mind soon adjusts.

It is also November. The Noons are more laconic and the sundowns sterner, and Gibraltar lights make the village foreign.

November always seemed to me the Norway of the Year. ___ is still with the sister who put her child in an Ice Nest last Monday forenoon. The redoubtable God! I notice where Death has been introduced, he frequently calls, making it desirable to forestall his advances.

It is hard to be told by the Papers that a friend is failing, not even know where the water lies.

Incidentally, only, that he comes to Land.

Is there no voice for these? Where is Love today?

Tell the dear Doctor we mention him with a foreign accent, Party already to transactions spacious and untold. Nor have we omitted to breathe shorter for our little sister.

Sharper than Dying is the Death for the Dying's sake.

News of these would comfort, when convenient or possible.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 275–279. Publication: *L* (1894). The blank space may disguise Susan's name; her sister Mattie lost a child, and "failing" may be a misprint for "sailing": Bowles sailed home from San Francisco, arriving in New York on September 23, not in October as previously assumed. | Margaret O'Brien had worked for the Dickinsons since 1855. On October 18, she married Stephen Lawler, an Irish laborer with four children from his first marriage. | Josiah Holland's *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1865) was currently being translated into German.

473.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1865

Perception of an object costs

Precise the Object's loss –

Perception in itself a Gain

Replying to it's Price –

The Object absolute – is nought –

Perception sets it fair

And then upbraids a Perfectness

That situates so far –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B192). Publication: *SH*. | M 493, Fr1103.

474.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late 1865

Transcribed Todd

Gratitude is not the mention of a tenderness, but its mute appreciation, Deeper than we reach – all our Lord demands, who sizes better knows than we. Willing unto death, if only we perceive He die.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 413. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED sent the first four lines of “Gratitude is not the mention” as a signed letter-poem to Susan (1865). Todd transcribes these lines (variant) as prose. M 500, Fr1120.

475.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1865

She sweeps with many-colored Brooms –
And leaves the shreds behind,
Oh Housewife in the Evening West –
Come back, and dust the Pond –

You dropped a Purple Ravelling in,
You dropped an Amber Thread –
And now you’ve littered all the East
With Duds of Emerald –

And still she plies Her spotted thrift
And still the scene prevails
Till Dusk obstructs the Diligence –
Or Contemplation fails.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (312). Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 152, Fr318.

476.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early December 1865

Sister,

We both are Women, and there is a Will of God – Could the Dying confide
Death, there would be no Dead – Wedlock is shyder than Death. Thank you for
Tenderness.

I find it is the only food that the Will takes, nor that from general fingers. I am glad you go – It does not remove you. I seek you first in Amherst, then turn my thoughts without a Whip – so well they follow you –

An Hour is a Sea
Between a few, and me –
With them would Harbor be –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B78). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915). | ED's friend Susan Davis Phelps died, December 2, 1865. | Susan was still with her sister in Geneva. | M 704, Fr898. Only copy.

477.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1865

Ideals, are the Fairy Oil
With which We help the Wheel –
But when the Vital Axle turns –
The Eye rejects the Oil –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (270). Publication: *BM*. | M 463, Fr1016.

478.

To Elizabeth Holland, late 1865

Transcribed Todd

Dear sister

It was incredibly sweet that Austin had seen you, and had stood in the dear house which had lost its friend. To see one who had seen you was a strange assurance. It helped dispel the fear that you departed too, for notwithstanding the loved notes and the lovely gift, there lurked a dread that you had gone or would seek to go. "Where the treasure is," there is the prospective.

Austin spoke very warmly and strongly of you, and we all felt firmer, and drew a vocal portrait of Kate at Vinnie's request, so vivid that we saw her. The Doctor finds no wilderness, but . . .

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 283. Publication: *L* (1894); omitted text restored. Todd writes "the rest of this letter is missing." | ED quotes from Matthew 6:21 (also in Luke 12:34).

479.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1865

No other can reduce
 Our mortal Consequence
 Like the remembering it be nought
 A period from hence
 But Contemplation for
 Cotemporaneous Nought
 Our single Competition
 Jehovah's Estimate.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (295). Publication: *NEQ* (1947). | First two (of four) stanzas; M 370 & 462, Fr738.

480.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1865

All Circumstances are the Frame
 In which His Face is set –
 All Latitudes exist for His
 Sufficient Continent –
 The Light, His Action, and the Dark
 The Leisure of His Will –
 In Him, Existence serve, or Set
 A Force illegible –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (231). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 497, Fr1113.

481.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1865

Gratitude – is not the mention
 Of a Tenderness,
 But it's still appreciation
 Out of Plumb of Speech.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B53). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1947). | First of two stanzas; M 500, Fr1120. Sent to Norcrosses (stanza 1), transcribed as prose.

482.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, January 27, 1866

Amherst

Carlo died –

E – Dickinson

Would you instruct me, now?

Note: BPL 1093 (21). Publication: *Poems* (1891). Postmark: Hadley MS Jan 27. | Enclosure: “Further in Summer than the Birds.”

483.

To Elizabeth Holland, early March 1866

. . . the Sere.

Febuary passed like a Skate and I know March. Here is the “light” the Stranger said “was not on sea or land.” Myself could arrest it but we’ll not chagrin Him. Ned has been ill for a Week, maturing all our faces. He rides his Rocking-Horse today, though looking apparitional.

His Mama just called, leaving a Cashmere print.

Cousin Peter told me the Doctor would address Commencement. Trusting it insure you both for Papa’s Fete, I endowed Peter.

We do not always know the source of the smile that flows to us. Ned tells that the Clock purrs and the Kitten ticks. He inherits his Uncle Emily’s ardor for the lie.

My flowers are near and foreign, and I have but to cross the floor to stand in the Spice Isles.

The Wind blows gay today and the Jays bark like Blue Terriers. I tell you what I see. The Landscape of the Spirit requires a lung, but no Tongue. I hold you few I love, till my heart is red as Febuary and purple as March.

Hand for the Doctor.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (96). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). First part of letter missing. | Peter = Perez Cowan, who graduated in 1866. | ED misquotes Wordsworth’s “Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm,” placing the numeral 1 over “sea” and 2 over “land” to correct the order (printed here as corrected). She quotes the same line to the Norcrosses, 1873 (L593).

484.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, March 17, 1866

Amherst

Dear friend

Whom my Dog understood could not elude others.

I should be glad to see you, but think it an apparitional pleasure – not to be fulfilled. I am uncertain of Boston.

I had promised to visit my Physician for a few days in May, but Father objects because he is in the habit of me.

Is it more far to Amherst?

You would find a minute Host but a spacious Welcome –

Lest you meet my Snake and suppose I deceive it was robbed of me – defeated too of the third line by the punctuation. The third and fourth were one. I had told you I did not print – I feared you might think me ostensible. If I still entreat you to teach me, Are you much displeased?

I will be patient, constant, never reject your knife and should my my slowness goad you, you knew before myself that

Except the smaller size
 No lives are round –
 These – hurry to a sphere
 And show and end –
 The larger – slower grow
 And later hang –
 The Summers of Hesperides
 Are long.

Dickinson

Note: BPL 1093 (23). Publication: AM (1891). Postmark: Hadley MA Mar 17. ED writes “my” twice. | ED does not admit that she has had five other poems published in 1866, most reprinted in more than one venue. | The Hesperides, or “daughters of evening,” were associated in Greek myth with a tree bearing golden apples. | Enclosures: “A Death blow is a Life blow to Some” and a clipping from the February 17 *Springfield Weekly Republican*, containing “The Snake” (“A narrow fellow in the grass”), first printed February 14, *SR Daily*. The punctuation ED objected to appeared only in the February 17 printing. On the 14th, the paper published “You may have met him – did you not, / His notice instant is”; on the 17th, a question mark was added (“You may have met him – did you not?”). | Stanzas 1 & 2 (of four) “Except the smaller size –”; M 277, F 606. Sent to S. Dickinson (1863, first two stanzas).

485.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, spring 1866*

Are you sure we are making the most of it?
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B1). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

486.*To Elizabeth Holland, second week of May 1866**Transcribed Todd*

Dear Sister

After you went, a low wind warbled through the House like a spacious Bird, making it high but lonely.

When you had gone the Love came. I supposed it would. The supper of the Heart is when the Guest has gone.

Shame is so intrinsic in a strong affection we must all experience Adam's reticence. Since its consecration I cherish my wood Box.

I suppose the street that the Lover travels is thenceforth divine, incapable of turnpike aims.

That you be with me annuls fear and I await Commencement with merry resignation. Smaller than David you clothe me with extreme Goliath.

Friday I tasted Life. It was a vast morsel. A Circus passed the House – Still I feel the Red in my mind though the Drums are out.

The book you mention, I have not met. Thank you for tenderness.

The Lawn is full of South and the Odors tangle, and I hear today for the first the River in the Tree.

You mentioned Spring's delaying –

I blamed her for the opposite. I would eat Evanescence slowly.

Vinnie is deeply afflicted in the death of her dappled cat, though I convince her it is immortal which assists her some.

Mother resumes lettuce, involving my transgression – suggestive of yourself, however, which endears disgrace.

"House" is being "cleaned." I prefer pestilence. That is more classic and less Fell.

Yours was my first arbutus. It was a Rosy Boast.

I will send you the first witch hazel.

A woman died last week, young and in hope but a little while – at the end of our Garden. I thought since of the power of Death, not upon affection, but its mortal signal.

It is to us the Nile.

You refer to the unpermitted delight to be with those we love. I suppose that to be the license not granted of God.

Count not that far that can be had
 Though sunset lie between
 Nor that adjacent that beside
 Is further than the sun.

Love for your embodiment of it.
 Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 270–274. Publication: *L* (1894). | George F. Bailey's circus and menagerie was in Northampton May 3 and moved to Amherst on the 4th. | Laura Hills Dickey, daughter of Dickinson neighbors Leonard and Amelia Hills, died May 1 at her parents' home. | M 704; Fr1124.

487.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1866

The Frost of Death was on the Pane,
 "Secure your Flower" said he.
 Like Sailors fighting with a Leak
 We fought Mortality –

Our passive Flower we held to Sea,
 To Mountain – to the Sun.
 Yet even on his Scarlet shelf
 To crawl the Frost begun –

We pried him back
 Ourselves we wedged
 Himself and her between,
 Yet easy as the narrow Snake
 He forked his way along

Till all her helpless beauty bent
 And then our wrath begun –
 We hunted him to his Ravine
 We chased him to his Den –

We hated Death and hated Life
 And nowhere was, to go –
 Than Sea and continent there is
 A larger – it is Woe

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (335). Pencil. Publication: *BM*. | There was considerable frost as late as May in Amherst in 1866. | M 537, Fr1130. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

488.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, June 9, 1866

Amherst

Dear friend

Please to thank the Lady. She is very gentle to care.

I must omit Boston. Father prefers so. He likes me to travel with him but objects that I visit.

Might I entrust you as my Guest to the Amherst Inn? When I have seen you, to improve will be better pleasure because I shall know which are the mistakes.

Your opinion gives me a serious feeling. I would like to be what you deem me. Thank you, I wish for Carlo.

Time is a test of trouble
But not a remedy –
If such it prove, it prove too
There was no malady.

Still I have the Hill, my Gibraltar remnant.

Nature, seems it to myself, plays without a friend. You mention Immortality.

That is the Flood subject. I was told that the Bank was the safest place for a Finless mind. I explore but little since my mute Confederate, yet the “infinite Beauty” of which you speak comes too near to seek.

To escape Enchantment, one must always flee.

Paradise is of the option.
Whosoever will
Own in Eden notwithstanding
Adam, and Repeal.

Dickinson.

Note: BPL 1093 (25). Publication: *L* (1931). Postmark: Hadley MS Jun 9. | This is ED’s first invitation to Higginson to come to Amherst. | “Time is a test”: second stanza (of two) “They say that ‘Time assuages’ –”; M 395, Fr861. “Paradise is of”: M536, Fr1125. | Enclosures: “Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple”; “Ample make this Bed –” “To undertake is to achieve”; and “As imperceptibly as Grief”.

489.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about August 1866

Sister

Ned is safe – Just “serenaded” Hannah, and is running off with a Corn Leaf “tail”, looking back for cheers, Grandma “hoped” characteristically “he would be a very good Boy”.

“Not very dood” he said, sweet defiant child! Obtuse ambition of Grandmamas! I kissed my Hand to the early train but forgot to open the Blind, partly explaining your negligence.

Nothing is heard from Worcester though Father demanded a telegram, and the Dudleys delay for weather, so Susan shall see Hugh –

It rains in the Kitchen, and Vinnie trades Blackberries with a Tawny Girl – Guess I wont go out. My Jungle fronts on Wall St – Was the Sea cordial? Kiss him for Thoreau.

Do not fear for Home –

Be a bold Susan – Clara sold the Tobacco, and is good to Ned –

Dreamed of your meeting Tennyson in Ticknor and Fields –

Where the Treasure is, there the Brain is also.

Love for Boy,

Emily

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B59). Pencil. Publication: JL320. | Austin and Susan were vacationing on the coast; Ned was five. Clara Newman was still living at the Evergreens. Austin grew tobacco, although Clara may also have raised a crop. | Thoreau’s *Cape Cod* was published by Ticknor and Fields (Boston) in 1865. | *LL* prints a fragment as containing “Dreamed of your meeting Tennyson at Ticknor and Fields last night. Where the Treasure is the heart is also” (lost, no TS).

490.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about August 1866

Distance – is not the Realm of Fox

Nor by Relay of Bird

Abated – Distance is

Until thyself, Beloved.

Emily –

Note: Morgan. Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 704, Fr1128. Only copy.

491.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early autumn 1866

The Crickets sang
And set the Sun
And Workmen finished one by one
Their Seam the Day opon –

The low Grass loaded with the Dew
The Twilight stood, as Strangers do
With Hat in Hand, polite and new
To stay as if, or go –

A Vastness, as a Neighbor, came,
A Wisdom, without Face, or Name,
A Peace, as Hemispheres at Home
And so the Night became –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (325). Publication: *Poems* (1896). | May allude to Thomas Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," where the "plowman" concludes work at evening as the "beetle" drones. | First three (of four) stanzas. M 493, Fr1104.

492.

To Elizabeth Holland, late November 1866

Transcribed Todd

Sister

A mutual plum is not a plum. I was too respectful to take the pulp and do not like a stone.

Send no Union Letters. The soul must go by Death alone, so, it must by Life, if it is a Soul.

If a Committee – no matter.

I saw the Sunrise on the Alps since I saw you. Travel why to Nature, when she dwells with us? Those who lift their Hats shall see her, as Devout do God.

I trust you are merry and sound. The chances are all against the Dear, when we are not with them, though Paws of Principalities cannot affront if we are by.

Dr. Vaill called here Monday on his way to your House to get the Doctor to preach for him.

Shall search the Republican for a Brief of the sermon. Today is very homely and awkward as the homely are who have not mental beauty.

The sky is low, the clouds are mean,
 A travelling flake of snow
 Across a barn or through a rut
 Debates if it will go

A narrow wind complains all day
 How someone treated him;
 Nature, like us, is sometimes caught,
 Without her diadem.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 293–294. Publication: *L* (1894). | Dr. Vaill (a minister in Palmer), the Hollands, and members of the Cowan family were at the AC commencement, celebrating Perez Cowan's graduation. | M 535, Fr1121.

493.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, about early 1867

Transcribed Lyman

[My Country is Truth] My father seems to me often the oldest and the oddest sort of a foreigner. Sometimes I say something and he stares in a curious sort of bewilderment though I speak a thought quite as old as his daughter. And Vinnie, Joseph [,] it is so weird and so vastly mysterious, she sleeps by my side, her care is in some sort motherly, for you may not remember that our amiable mother never taught us tayloring and I am amused to remember those clothes, or rather those apologies made up from dry goods with which she covered us in nursery times; so Vinnie is in the matter of raiment greatly necessary to me; and the tie is quite vital; yet if we had come up for the first time from two wells where we had hitherto been bred her astonishment would not be greater at some things I say.

Father says in fugitive moments when he forgets the barrister & lapses into the man, says that his life has been passed in a wilderness or on an island – of late he says an island. And so it is, for in the morning I hear his voice and methinks it comes from afar & has a sea tone & there is a hum of hoarseness about [it] & a suggestion of remoteness as far as the isle of Juan Fernandez.

So I conclude that space & time are things of the body & have little or nothing to do with our selves. My Country is Truth. Vinnie lives much of the time in the State of Regret. I like Truth – it ~~sets free~~ is a free Democracy.

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. Bracketed description is Lyman's. | Joseph and a friend visited the Dickinsons, probably in 1866, and he spoke with ED but evidently did not see her; his wife Laura reported that Joseph saw her from a distance.

494.*To Louisa Norcross, about July 3, 1867**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Oh, Loo, why were the children sent too faint to stand alone. Every hour is anxious now, and heaven protect the lamb, who shared her fleece, with a timider, even Emily.

Note: AC Tr50a. Publication: *L* (1894). | Louisa and Frances stayed in Middletown with Eliza when John Dudley left for Europe at the end of June 1867. On July 2, a thief was discovered in John's study.

495.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, midsummer 1867*

The largest Fire ever known
Occurs each Afternoon –
Discovered is without surprise
Proceeds without concern –
Consumes and no report to men
An Occidental Town,
Rebuilt another morning
To be burned down again

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (339). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | July 4 was the anniversary of the 1866 great fire of Portland, Maine, which destroyed 1,500 buildings and left 10,000 homeless. The *SR* and *The Farmer's Cabinet* had a number of articles about it in July 1867. | M 450, Fr974.

496.*To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, July 16, 1867**Amherst.*

Bringing still my "plea for Culture," Would it teach me now?

Note: BPL 1093 (30). Publication: *L* (1931). Postmark: Middletown CT Jul 16. ED gave or sent this to someone to forward; she was not in Middletown. | Higginson's "A Plea for Culture" appeared in the January 1867 *AM*. Enclosure: "The Luxury to apprehend".

497.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late summer 1867

A full fed Rose on meals of Tint
 A Dinner for a Bee
 In process of the Noon became –
 Each bright mortality
 The Forfeit is of Creature fair
 Itself, adored before
 Submitting for our unknown sake
 To be esteemed no more

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (225). Publication: *Poems* (1955). | M 704, Fr1141.

498.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, autumn 1867

The murmuring of Bees, has ceased
 But murmuring of some
 Posterior, prophetic,
 Has simultaneous come.
 The lower metres of the Year
 When Nature's laugh is done
 The Revelations of the Book
 Whose Genesis was June,
 Appropriate Creatures to her change
 The Typic Mother sends
 As Accent fades to interval
 With separating Friends
 Till what we speculate, has been
 And thoughts we will not show
 More intimate with us become
 Than Persons, that we know –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (345). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1947). | M 540, Fr1142.

499.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, around Thanksgiving 1867*

Sister

One Day is there of the series
 Termed “Thanksgiving Day”
 Celebrated part at table
 Part in memory,
 Neither Ancestor nor Urchin
 I review the Play –
 Seems it to my Hooded thinking
 Reflex Holiday –

Had there been no sharp subtraction
 From the early Sum –
 Not an Acre or a Caption
 Where was once a Room
 Not a mention whose small Pebble
 Wrinkled any Sea,
 Unto such, were such Assembly
 ’Twere “Thanksgiving Day” –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (303). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | M 495, Fr1110.**500.***To Louisa and Frances Norcross, March 1868**Transcribed Todd*

Dear children

The little notes shall go as fast as steam can take them.

Our hearts already went. Would we could mail our faces for your dear
 encouragement.

Remember

The longest day that God appoints
 Will finish with the sun.
 Anguish can travel to its stake,
 And then it must return.

I am in bed today – a curious place for me, and cannot write as well as if I was
 firmer, but love as well, and long more. Tell us all the load. Amherst’s little basket
 is never so full but it holds more.

That's a basket's cause. Not a flake assaults my birds but it freezes me. Comfort, little creatures – whatever befall us, this world is but this world. Think of that great courageous place we have never seen!

Write at once, please, I am so full of grief and surprise and physical weakness. I cannot speak until I know.

Lovingly,

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 437–438. Publication: *L* (1894). | Todd assigns this date and notes that Frances wrote: “All this trouble has become only a myth now; it must have been some illness, or other forgotten calamity.” Todd wrote “with its stake” in the poem, then corrected “with” as “to.” | M 704, Fr1153. Only copy.

501.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late April or early May 1868

Going is less, Sister, long gone from you, yet We who take all with us, leave not much behind – Busy missing you, I have not tasted Spring – Should there be other Aprils, We will perhaps dine –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B135). Pencil. Publication: JL324.

502.

To Abigail (Abby) Tyler Sweetser, about spring or summer 1868

Dear Mrs Sweetser

My Breakfast surpassed Elijah's, though served by Robins instead of Ravens –
Affy

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.5. Pencil. Publication: JL326. | Luke and Abby Sweetser were near neighbors. | ED alludes to Kings 17:6 (see also L430).

503.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1868

Susan's Idolator keeps a Shrine for Susan.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B71). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. May allude to the dedication of the new First Church building on September 23, 1868; family friend Jonathan Jenkins was the minister.

504.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1868*

Dear Sue,

Just say one word,

“Emily has not grieved me”

Sign your name to that and I will wait for the rest.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B80). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.**505.***To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1868*That my sweet Sister remind me to thank her for herself, is valuablest.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B97). Pencil. Publication: JL328. December is the month of both ED’s and Susan’s birthdays.

506.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1869*

A Mine there is no Man would own

But must it be conferred,

Demeaning by exclusive wealth

A Universe beside –

Potosi never to be spent

But hoarded in the mind

What Misers wring their hands tonight

For Indies in the Ground!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (234). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Bowles spent one night in jail in New York City, December 22, 1868, because of a libel suit filed by James Fink Jr.; Fink was reported as having absconded with \$8 million belonging to the Erie Railroad. Edward wrote to Bowles in praise: “I would rather have borne your name . . . than to have owned the mines of Potosi.” | M 705, Fr1162. Only copy.

507.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, March 1869

The Duties of the Wind are few –
 To cast the ships at Sea –
 Establish March – the Floods escort
 And usher Liberty.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #1160, photostat; MS pasted into SH. Publication: SH. | A storm in early March along the Atlantic coast destroyed fishing fleets and took several lives. | Stanza 1 of four; M 547, Fr1160.

From Thomas Wentworth Higginson to Emily Dickinson, May 11, 1869

Sometimes I take out your letters & verses, dear friend, and when I feel their strange power, it is not strange that I find it hard to write & that long months pass. I have the greatest desire to see you, always feeling that perhaps if I could once take you by the hand I might be something to you; but till then you only enshroud yourself in this fiery mist & I cannot reach you, but only rejoice in the rare sparkles of light. Every year I think that I will contrive somehow to go to Amherst & see you: but that is hard, for I often am obliged to go away for lecturing, &c & rarely can go for pleasure. I would gladly go to Boston, at any practicable time, to meet you. I am always the same toward you, & never relax my interest in what you send to me. I should like to hear from you very often, but feel always timid lest what I write should be badly aimed & miss that fine edge of thought which you bear. It would be so easy, I fear, to miss you. Still, you see, I try I think if I could once see you & know that you are real, I might fare better. It brought you nearer e[ven] to know that you had an actual [] uncle, though I can hardly fancy [any?] two beings less alike than yo[u] [&?] him. But I have not seen him [for] several years, though I have seen [a lady] who once knew you, but could [not] tell me much.

It is hard [for me] to understand how you can live s[o alo]ne, with thoughts of such a [quali]ty coming up in you & even the companionship of your dog withdrawn. Yet it isolates one anywhere to think beyond a certain point or have such luminous flashes as come to you—so perhaps the place does not make much difference.

You must come down to Boston sometimes? All ladies do. I wonder if it would be possible to lure you [to] the meetings on the 3^d Monday of every month at Mrs. [Sa]rgent's 13 Chestnut St. at 10 A.M.—when somebody reads [a] paper & others talk or listen. Next Monday Mr. Emerson [rea]ds & then at 3½^{p.m.} there is a meeting of the Woman's [C]lub at 3 Tremont Place, where I read a paper on the

[Gre]ek goddesses. That would be a good time for you to come [alth]ough I should still rather have you come on some [da]y when I shall not be so much taken up—for my object is to see you, more than to entertain you. I shall be in Boston also during anniversary week, June 25* & 28,—or will the Musical Festival in June tempt you down. You see I am in earnest. Or don't you need sea air in summer. Write & tell me something in prose or verse, & I will be less fastidious in future & willing to write clumsy things, rather than none.

Ever your friend

*There is an extra meeting at Mrs. Sargent's that day & Mr. Weiss reads an essay. I have a right to invite you & you can merely ring and walk in.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Publication: JL330a. | Letter was mutilated, with parts of the surface apparently cut away. Signature cut out. | "a lady" = Helen Hunt (Jackson). In 1890, Higginson wrote to Todd: "H.H. did not know of her poems till I showed them to her (about 1866) and was very little in Amherst after that. But she remembered her at school." ED's uncle = William Dickinson.

508.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, June 1869

Amherst

Dear friend

A Letter always feels to me like immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend. Indebted in our talk to attitude and accent, there seems a spectral power in thought that walks alone – I would like to thank you for your great kindness but never try to lift the words which I cannot hold.

Should you come to Amherst, I might then succeed, though Gratitude is the timid wealth of those who have nothing. I am sure that you speak the truth, because the noble do, but your letters always surprise me. My life has been too simple and stern to embarrass any.

"Seen of Angels" scarcely my responsibility

It is difficult not to be fictitious in so fair a place, but test's severe repairs are permitted all. When a little Girl I remember hearing that remarkable passage and preferring the "Power", not knowing at the time that "Kingdom" and "Glory" were included.

You noticed my dwelling alone – To an Emigrant, Country is idle except it be his own. You speak kindly of seeing me. Could it please your convenience to come so far as Amherst I should be very glad, but I do not cross my Father's ground to any House or town.

Of our greatest acts we are ignorant –

You were not aware that you saved my Life[.] To thank you in person has been since then one of my few requests. The Child that asks my flower "Will you," he says, "Will you," and so to ask for what I want I know no other way.

You will excuse each that I say, because no other taught me? Dickinson

Note BPL 1093 (32). Publication: *L* (1931). | ED has twice previously refused to go to Boston and once invited Higginson to Amherst. | She repeats her opening sentence in a letter to James Clark (L1023); she repeats her claim that Higginson saved her life in L841.

509.

To Perez Dickinson Cowan, late June 1869

If I could help you Peter, but no one can help a Heart in pain except the one that pained it, often too futile or too far.

You will tell me about your Sister when you feel the strength?

I am sure she was lovely, because her Sisters were. I am sure beloved, because the Lovely are, and now no more our own but the Holy Angel's, forgive me the sweet envy that obscures their right.

Remember me with love to your living Sisters, firmer secured to you I trust than herself that rose, and still in happiness or pain, believe me much

Your Cousin –

Note: Sold by Sotheby's, 2004. Private hands. Publication: *EDIS Bull* (1995), in facsimile. | Cowan studied at AC then returned to Tennessee after his ordination in 1869. His twenty-seven-year-old sister Nancy died of tuberculosis, June 21, 1869, at the home of their father in Knoxville.

510.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, July 1869

Transcribed Todd

J_ is coming to put away her black hair in the children's pillow. I hoped she'd come while you were here, to help me with the starch, but Satan's ways are not our ways. I'm straightening all the property, and making things erect and smart, and tomorrow, at twilight, her little heel boots will thump into Amherst. It being summer season she will omit the sleigh-bell gown, and that's a palliative. Vinnie is all disgust, and I shall have to smirk for two to make the manners even.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 479. Publication: *L* (1894). | Either Todd or Frances Norcross might have misread ED's "L" as "J," and ED refers to her aunt Libbie (Elizabeth Currier). See L402 for a similar description of this aunt.

511.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, summer 1869

A Spider sewed at Night
Without a Light
Upon an Arc of White –

If Ruff it was of Dame
Or Shroud of Gnome
Himself himself inform –

Of Immortality
His strategy
Was physiognomy –

Emily –

Note: H 1118.3 (238). Pencil. Publication: P (1891). | M 705, Fr1163. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

512.

To Perez Dickinson Cowan, late October 1869

These Indian-Summer Days with their peculiar Peace remind me of those stillest things that no one can disturb and knowing you are not at Home and have a Sister less I liked to try to help you. You might not need assistance?

You speak with so much trust of that which only trust can prove, it makes me feel away, as if my English mates spoke sudden in Italian.

It grieves me that you speak of Death with so much expectation.

I know there is no pang like that for those we love, nor any leisure like the one they leave so closed behind them, but Dying is a Wild Night and a new Road.

I suppose we are all thinking of Immortality, at times so stimulatedly that we cannot sleep. Secrets are interesting, but they are also solemn – and speculate with all our might, we cannot ascertain.

I trust as Days go on your Sister is more Peace than Pang – though to learn to spare is a sharp acquirement. The subject hurts me so that I will put it down, because it hurts you.

We bruise each other less in talking than in writing, for then a quiet accent helps words themselves too hard.

Do you remember Peter, what the Physician said to Macbeth? “That sort must heal itself.” I am glad you are working. Others are anodyne. You remembered Clara.

The Wedding was small, but lovely, and the Sisters have gone. I give you a look of her Flowers as Sue and Austin arranged them. Tell us more of yourself, when you have time and please. Emily.

Note: NYPL Berg. Publication: *Libbie Auction Catalogue* (Edward Abbott Collection, 1909). | Clara Newman married Sidney Turner, October 14, 1869; the two Newman sisters at that time moved out of The Evergreens. | ED paraphrases *Macbeth's* "Therein the patient / Must minister to himself," alluding to the same passage in L884 and 1247.

513.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late October 1869

To take away our Sue leaves but a lower World, her firmamental quality our more familiar Sky.

It is not Nature – dear, but those that stand for Nature.

The Bird would be a soundless thing without Expositor. Come Home and see your Weather – The Hills are full of Shawls, and I am going every Day to buy myself a Sash.

Grandma moans for Neddie, and Austin's face is soft as Mist when he hears his name. Tell "Dexter" I miss his little team.

I humbly try to fill your place at the Minister's, so faint a competition, it only makes them smile.

Mattie is stern and lovely – literary, they tell me – a graduate of Mother Goose and otherwise ambitious.

We have a new man whose name is Tim.

Father calls him "Timothy" and the Barn sounds like the Bible.

Vinnie is still on her "Coast Survey" and I am so hurried with Parents that I run all Day with my tongue abroad, like a Summer Dog.

Tell Mattie for me glad little Girl is safe, and congratulate minor little Girl on her priceless Mama.

Susan's

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B185). Publication: JL333. | Susan and Ned were visiting her sister Martha in Geneva. Both Susan's sister and her daughter were called "Mattie"; here, the second "Mattie" = Susan's sister, whose daughter (Elizabeth Throop Smith) was born June 30, 1868. Vinnie was in Boston for much of the autumn. | "Tim" may be the father of Dennis Scannell, who later also worked for the Dickinsons; "the Minister" = Jonathan Jenkins. The Jenkinses were close friends of the Dickinsons; their fourth son was named Austin Dickinson Jenkins and ED refers to Jonathan as "Father's Clergyman" (L656).

514.

To Louisa Norcross, late October 1869

Transcribed F. Norcross

Vinnie was "gone" indeed and is due today, and before the tumult that even the best bring we will take hold of hands. It was sweet and antique as birds to hear L's voice, worth the lying awake from five o'clock summer mornings to hear. I rejoice that my wren can rise and touch the sky again. We all have our moments with the dust but the dew is given. Do you wish you heard "A. talk"? Then I would you did, for then you would be here always, a sweet premium. Would you like to "step in the kitchen"? Then you shall by faith which is the first [sight. Mr C. is not in the] tree, because the rooks won't let him, but I ate a pear as pink as a plum that he made last spring, when he was ogling you.

Mother has on the petticoat you so gallantly gathered while he sighed and grafted.

Tabby is eating a stone dinner from a stone plate. Maggie is raking the sink, and Tim is washing Dick's feet and talking to him now and then in an intimate way. Poor fellow, how he warmed when I gave him your message. The red reached clear to his beard, he was so gratified. And Maggie stood as still for hers as a puss for patting.

The hearts of these poor people lie so unconcealed you bare them with a smile.

Thank you for recollecting my weakness. I am not so well as to forget I was ever ill, but better and working – I suppose we must all "ail till evening."

Read Mr. Lowell's "Winter."

One does not often meet anything so perfect.

In many little corners how much of L. I have.

Maggie "dragged" the garden for this bud for you. You have heard of the "last rose of summer." This is that rose's son.

[Into the little port you] cannot sail unwelcome, at any hour of day or night.

Love for F, and stay close to Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 446–448. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets were cut off the top of two of Norcross's TS pages and are supplied by Todd's. | J. Russell Lowell's "A Good Word for Winter" appeared in the 1870 *Atlantic Almanac*, issued mid-October 1869. | Mr C = Horace Church, farmer and sexton of the First Church, who kept the Dickinson grounds; Maggie = Margaret Maher, who began working for the Dickinsons in 1869.

515.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1869

The Day grew small, surrounded tight
By early, stooping Night –
The Afternoon in Evening deep

Its Yellow shortness dropt –
 The Winds went out their martial ways
 The Leaves obtained excuse –
 November hung his Granite Hat
 Opon a nail of Plush –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (327). Pencil. Publication: *BM.* | M 547, Fr1164.

516.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-December 1869

Were not Day of itself memorable, dear Sue's remembrance would make it so
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B8). Pencil. Publication: *FF.*

517.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1869

Dont do such things, dear Sue – The "Arabian Nights" unfit the Heart for it's
 Arithmetic –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B70). Pencil. Publication: *LL.*

518.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1869

The things of which we want the proof are those we knew before –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B20). Pencil. Publication: *LL.*

519.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1869 or early 1870

Best Witchcraft is Geometry
To a magician's eye –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B23). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | Lines 1–2 (of four). M 547, Fr1158.

520.

To Catharine Sweetser, late February 1870

My sweet Aunt Katie.

When I am most grieved I had rather no one would speak to me, so I stayed from you, but I thought by today, perhaps you would like to see me, if I came quite soft and brought no noisy words. But when I am most sorry, I can say nothing so I will only kiss you and go far away. Who could ache for you like your little Niece, who knows how deep the Heart is and how much it holds?

I know we shall certainly see what we loved the most. It is sweet to think that they are safe by Death and that that is all we have to pass to obtain their face.

There are no Dead, dear Katie, the Grave is but our moan for them.

Were it to be the last
How infinite would be
What we did not suspect was marked
Our final interview.

Henry had been a prisoner.

How he had coveted Liberty probably his Redeemer knew, and as we keep surprise for those most precious to us, brought him his Ransom in his sleep.

Emily.

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.27. Publication: JL338. | Henry Edwards Sweetser, Catharine and Joseph's oldest son, died on February 17, at the age of thirty-three. | M 706, Fr1165. Only copy.

521.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, April 1870**Transcribed Todd*

Dear children,

I think the blue-birds do their work exactly like me.

They dart around just so, with little dodging feet, and look so agitated. I really feel for them, they seem to be so tried.

The mud is very deep – up to the wagons' stomachs.

Arbutus is making pink clothes, and everything alive.

Even the hens are touched with the things of Bourbon, and make republicans like me feel strangely out of scene.

Mother went rambling, and came in with a burdock on her shawl, so we know that the snow has perished from the Earth. Noah would have liked mother.

I am glad you are with Eliza. It is next to shade to know that those we love are cool on a parched day.

Bring my love to Eliza, and Mr. D. You will not need a hod. C– writes often, full of joy and liberty. I guess it is a case of peace.

Pussy has a daughter in the shavings barrel.

Father steps like Cromwell when he gets the kindlings.

Mrs _ gets bigger, and rolls down the lane to church like a reverend marble. Did you know little Mrs Holland was in Berlin for her eyes? . . .

Did you know about Mrs. J___? She fledged her antique wings. 'Tis said that 'nothing in her life became her like the leaving it.'

Great streets of silence led away, etc.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 450–452. Publication: *L* (1894). Todd transcribed only the first line of "Great streets," referring to text in her 1891 *Poems*. | C = Clara Newman Turner; Mrs _ may be Abby Sweetser; Abby and Luke Sweetser were neighbors. Mrs J. = unidentified. | The Norcrosses left for Milwaukee in April, to help their cousin Eliza in the last period of her illness. On April 15, the *SR* reported that Elizabeth was being treated by Albrecht Von Graefe in Berlin for eye disease; this treatment was also mentioned in a substantial article on the Hollands, April 8. | ED quotes *Macbeth*, changing the pronoun to "her," in "nothing in her life." | M 548, Fr1166. Sent to S. Dickinson (1870).

522.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1870*

Great Streets of Silence led away

To Neighborhoods of Pause –

Here was no Notice – no Dissent –
 No Universe – no Laws –
 By Clocks – ’Twas Morning
 And for Night
 The Bells at Distance called –
 But Epoch had no basis – here –
 For Period exhaled –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (260). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | M 548, Fr1156. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

523.

To Elizabeth Holland, about spring 1870

Our little Note was written several days ago, but delayed for Vinnie. Perhaps it’s circumstances cease – Tears do not outgrow, however, so I venture sending –

Landscapes reverence the Frost, though its’ gripe be past.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (25). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. The Hollands returned to the United States on May 17; either in person or by mail, they gave her a photograph of Barrett Browning’s tomb. Neither ED’s nor Vinnie’s “Note” referred to here survive.

524.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, May 1870

Transcribed F. Norcross

This little sheet of paper has lain for several years in my Shakespeare and though it is blotted and antiquated is endeared by its resting place.

I always think of you peculiarly in May as it is the peculiar anniversary of your loving kindness to me, though you have always been dear cousins, and blessed me all you could. I cooked the peaches as you told me, and they swelled to beautiful fleshy halves and tasted quite magic. The beans we fricasseed and they made a savory cream in cooking that “Aunt Emily” liked to sip. She was always fonder of julep food than of more substantial. Your remembrance of her is very touching. She is so weak and lonely. Maggie is ironing, and a cotton and linen and ruffle heat makes the pussy’s cheeks red. It is lonely without the birds today for it rains badly, and the little poets have no umbrellas –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 453. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. Frances adds at the end, "(This seems to be unfinished.)" | In May 1864 and 1865, ED had stayed with the Norcrosses while undergoing eye treatment.

525.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, about early 1870

Transcribed Lyman

[An Exile and a Return] A ~~Calamity~~ Calamity, Some years ago I had a woe, the only one that ever made me tremble. It was a shutting out of all the dearest ones of time, the strongest friends of the soul – BOOKS[.] The medical man said avault ye ~~books~~ tormentors, he also said "down, thoughts & plunge into her soul." He might as well have said, "Eyes be blind," "heart be still." So I had eight ~~wear~~ weary months of Siberia.

Well do I remember the music of the welcome home. It was at his office. He whistled up the fox hounds. He clapped & said "Sesame." How my blood bounded. Shakespear was the first; Anthony & Cleopatra where Enorbarbus laments the amorous lapse of his master. Here is the ring of it.

"heart that in the scuffles of
great fights hath burst the
buck[l]e on his breast."

then I thought why ~~touch~~ clasp any hand but this. Give me ever to drink of this wine. Going home I flew to the shelves and devoured the luscious passages. I thought I should tear the leaves out as I turned them. Then I settled down to a willingness for all the rest to go but William Shakespear. Why need we Joseph read anything else but him

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. Bracketed description is Lyman's. | ED describes the time when she was being treated for eye trouble in Cambridge. She repeats the language about Shakespeare to Higginson, as he relates August 17, 1870.

526.

To Samuel Bowles, June 24, 1870

He is alive, this morning –
He is alive – and awake –
Birds are resuming for Him,
Blossoms – dress for His Sake –
Bees – to their Loaves of Honey

Add an Amber Crumb
Him – to regale – Me – Only –
Motion, and am dumb.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (263). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | Samuel and Mary stayed overnight with Austin and Susan on June 23, leaving the next day. | M 707, Fr1173. Only copy.

527.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1870

Oh Matchless Earth – We underrate the chance to dwell in Thee

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B49). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

528.

To Joseph Bardwell Lyman, about 1870

Transcribed Lyman

[Children] You speak Joseph of a young Anak and of a little Seraph. It may be that he is the Hercules & she the true Seraph – stronger *he* than you w[ith] your manhood – sweeter than living woman for I bethink me of a speech uttered by one who has much credit here & everywhere for perfect vision, “Except ye all become as little children ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom.”

Note: Y MSS & Archives Lyman Family Papers 2.28, 337. Publication: *Lyman Letters*. Bracketed description is Lyman’s. | The Lymans’ second (surviving) daughter, Carrie, was born in 1868 and their third son, Joseph Jr., in January 1870. | ED alludes to Numbers 13:33, “And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak,” and quotes from Matthew 18:3.

529.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about July 1870

Transcribed Todd

Dear children,

When I think of your little faces I feel as the band does before it makes its first shout.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 527. Publication: *L* (1894). Transcription indicates that the letter is complete. | The Norcrosses were in Milwaukee and stayed for over a year.

530.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1870

To see you unfits for staler meetings.
I dare not risk an intemperate moment before a Banquet of Bran.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B10). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

531.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, August 16, 1870

Dear friend

I will be at Home and glad.

I think you said the 15th. The incredible never surprises us because it is the incredible.

E – Dickinson

Note: BPL 1093 (33). Publication: *L* (1894). | Higginson arrived in Amherst August 16, leaving the next day.

From Thomas Wentworth Higginson to Mary Channing Higginson, August 16, 1870

Amherst

Tuesday 10 P.M.

I shan't sit up tonight to write you all about E.D. dearest but if you had read Mrs. Stoddards' novels you could understand a house where each member runs his or her own selves. Yet I only saw her.

A large country lawyer's house, brown brick, with great trees & a garden—I sent up my card. A parlor dark & cool & stiffish, a few books & engravings & an open piano—Malbone & OD Papers among other books.

A step like a pattering child's in entry & in glided a little plain woman with two smooth bands of reddish hair & a face a little like Belle Dove's; not plainer—with no good feature—in a very plain & exquisitely clean white piqué & a blue net worsted shawl. She came to me with two day lilies which she put in a sort of childlike way into my hand & said "These are my introduction" in a soft frightened breathless childlike voice—& added under her breath Forgive me if I am frightened; I never see strangers & hardly know what I say—but she talked soon & thenceforward continuously—& deferentially—sometimes stopping to ask me to talk instead of her—but readily recommending Manner between Angie Tilton & Mr. Alcott—but thoroughly ingenuous & simple which they are not & saying many

things which you would have thought foolish & I wise—and some things you wd. hv. liked. I add a few over the page.

This is a lovely place, at least the view Hills everywhere, hardly mountains. I saw Dr. Stearns the Pres't of College—but the janitor cd. not be found to show me into the building I may try again tomorrow. I called on Mrs Banfield & saw her five children—she looks much like H.H. when ill & was very cordial & friendly. Good-night darling I am very sleepy & so good to write you this much. Thine am I

I got here at 2 & leave at 9. E.D. dreamed all night of you (not me) & next day got my letter proposing to come here!! She only knew of you through a mention in my notice of Charlotte Hawes.

“Women talk; men are silent; that is why I dread women.

My father only reads on Sunday—he reads lonely & rigorous books

If I read a book & it makes my whole body so cold no fire ever can warm me I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. These are the only way I know it. Is there any other way.

How do most people live without any thoughts. There are many people in the world (you must have noticed them in the street[]) How do they live. How do they get strength to put on their clothes in the morning.

“When I lost the use of my Eyes it was a comfort to think there were so few real books that I could easily find some one to read me all of them”

“Truth is such a rare thing it is delightful to tell it.

“I find ecstasy in living—the mere sense of living is joy enough”

I asked if she never felt want of employment, never going off the place & never seeing any visitor “I never thought of conceiving that I could ever have the slightest approach to such a want in all future time” {& added} I feel that I have not expressed myself strongly enough.

{She makes all the bread for her father only likes hers & says “& people must have puddings” this very dreamily, as if they were comets—so she makes them

From Thomas Wentworth Higginson to Mary Channing Higginson, August 17, 1870

17 August 1870

ED again

“Could you tell me what home is”

“I never had a mother. I suppose a mother is one to whom you hurry when you are troubled.

“I never knew how to tell time by the clock till I was 15. My father thought he had taught me but I did not understand & I was afraid to say I did not & afraid to ask any one else lest he should know.”

{Her father was not severe I shld. think but remote. He did not wish them to read anything but the Bible. One day her brother brought home Kavanagh hid it under the piano cover & made signs to her & they read it; ~~Perhaps~~ it her father at last found it & was displeased. Perhaps it was before this that a student of his was amazed that they had never heard of Mrs. Child & used to bring them books & hide in a bush by the door. They were then little things in short dresses with their feet on the rungs of the chair. After the first book she thought in ecstasy "This then is a book! And there are more of them!"

"Is it oblivion or absorption when things pass from our minds?"

{Major Hunt interested her more than any man she ever saw. She remembered two things he said—that her great dog "understood gravitation" & when he said he should come again "in a year. If I say a shorter time it will be longer["]

{When I said I would come again some time she said "Say in a long time, that will be nearer. Some time is nothing["]

After long disuse of her eyes she read Shakespeare & thought Why is any other book needed.

{I never was with any one who drained my nerve power so much. Without touching her, she drew from me. I am glad not to live near her. She often thought me tired & seemed very thoughtful of others.

Note: BPL 1093 (34 and 35). | Higginson began several paragraphs with square brackets; we use { to distinguish them from editorial brackets; he omits other punctuation. | Malbone & OD Papers = his *Malbone: An Oldport Romance* (1869) and *Out-door Papers* (1863). | Mrs. Stoddard = Elizabeth Drew Stoddard, poet and novelist; Mr. Alcott = Amos Bronson Alcott, philosopher and reformer; Mrs. Child = Lydia Maria Child, abolitionist, women's rights activist, novelist. Mrs Anne S. (Fiske) Banfield was the sister of Helen Fiske Hunt (Jackson).

532.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, September 26, 1870

Enough is so vast a Sweetness I suppose it never occurs – only pathetic counterfeits – Fabulous to me as the Men of the Revelations who "shall not hunger any more." Even the Possible has it's insoluble particle.

After you went I took Macbeth and turned to "Birnam Wood". Came twice "to Dunsinane" – I thought and went about my work.

I remember your coming as serious sweetness placed now with the Unreal –

Trust adjusts her "Peradventure" –
Phantoms entered "and not you."

The Vein cannot thank the Artery – but her solemn indebtedness to him, even the stolidest admit and so of me who try, whose effort leaves no sound.

You ask great questions accidentally. To answer them would be events. I trust that you are safe:

I ask you to forgive me for all the ignorance I had.

I find no nomination sweet as your low opinion.

Speak, if but to blame your obedient Child. You told me of Mrs Lowell's Poems.

Would you tell me where I could find them or, are they not for sight?

An Article of your's, too, perhaps the only one you wrote that I never knew. It was about a "Latch".

Are you willing to tell me? If I ask too much, you could please refuse – Shortness to live has made me bold.

Abroad is close tonight and I have but to lift my Hands to touch the "Hights of Abraham."

Dickinson

Note: BPL 1093 (36). Publication: AM (1891). Higginson dates this letter: "R. Sept 27, 1870—(after my visit)." | Maria White Lowell's *Poems* were published posthumously in 1855, by her husband James Russell Lowell. Higginson published "The Door Unlatched" and "The Gate Unlatched" (January 15 and July 9, 1870) in *The Woman's Journal*, both on votes for women. "Hights of Abraham" = site of General Wolfe's victory over the French in the Battle of Quebec (see L353). ED quotes from Revelation 7:16; she quotes same line from *Macbeth* in L771. | M 707, Fr1177. Only copy.

533.

To Elizabeth Holland, about early October 1870

I guess I wont send that note now, for the mind is such a new place, last night feels obsolete. Perhaps you thought dear Sister, I wanted to elope with you and feared a vicious Father.

It was not quite that.

The Papers thought the Doctor was mostly in New York. Who then would read for you? Mr Chapman, doubtless, or Mr Buckingham! The Doctor's sweet reply makes me infamous.

Life is the finest secret.

So long as that remains, we must all whisper.

With that sublime exception I had not clandestineness. It was lovely to see you and I hope it may happen again. These beloved accidents must become more frequent.

We are by September and yet my flowers are bold as June. Amherst has gone to Eden.

To shut our eyes is Travel.

The Seasons understand this.

How lonesome to be an Article! I mean – to have no soul.

An Apple fell in the night and a Wagon stopped.
 I suppose the Wagon – ate the Apple and resumed it's way.
 How fine it is to talk.
 What Miracles the News is!
 Not Bismark but ourselves.

The Life we have is very great.
 The Life that we shall see
 Surpasses it, we know, because
 It is Infinity.
 But when all space has been beheld
 And all Dominion shown
 The smallest Human Heart's extent
 Reduces it to none.

Love for the Doctor, and the Girls.
 Ted might not acknowledge me.
 Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (24). Publication: *LH*. | Josiah Holland was in New York preparing the first issue of the new magazine he was editing, *Scribner's Monthly*; Elizabeth visited Amherst in late September or early October. | Chapman = previously Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Buckingham = pastor of the South Church in Springfield. Otto von Bismarck currently dominated German and European politics, provoking or using the Franco-Prussian War (July 1870–January 1871) to consolidate German alliances; the Siege of Paris began in mid-September. | M 707, Fr1178. Only copy.

534.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1870

My God – He sees thee –
 Shine thy best –
 Fling up thy Balls of Gold
 Till every Cubit play with thee
 And every Crescent hold –
 Elate the Acre at his feet,
 Opon his Atom swim –
 Oh Sun, but just a Second's right
 In thy long Race with him!
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (290). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | M 706, Fr1168. Only copy.

535.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1870

We meet no Stranger but Ourself.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B57). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | ED apparently declines an invitation to meet with one of Susan's guests—which around mid-August included Ellen, wife of General McClellan; the McClellans were friends of Susan's cousin, Brigadier General Saxton, whom Vinnie and ED met while in Washington (see L182).

536.

To Perez Dickinson Cowan, about October 26, 1870

Dear Peter

It is indeed sweet news.

I am proud of your happiness. To Peter and Peter's, let me give both hands. Delight has no Competitor, as it is always most.

"Maggie" is a warm name. I shall like to take it. Home is the definition of God.
Emily.

Note: Huntington Memorial Library, Oneonta, New York. Publication: *L* (1894). | On October 26, Perez (now a minister in Rogersville, Tennessee) married Margaret Rhea in a double wedding ceremony, with his youngest sister Isabella marrying Dr. Robert Morrison Rhea.

537.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late October 1870

Draft

The Riddle that we guess
We speedily despise –
Not anything is stale so long
As Yesterday's Surprise.

The Risks of Immortality are perhaps it's charm – A secure Delight suffers in enchantment –

The larger Haunted House it seems, of maturer Childhood – distant, an alarm – entered intimate at last as a neighbor's Cottage –

The Spirit said unto the Dust
Old Friend, thou knewest me
And Time went out to tell the news
Unto Eternity –

Those of that renown personally precious, harrow like a Sunset, proved but not obtained –

Tennyson knew this,

“Ah Christ – if it be possible” and even in Our Lord’s that they be with me where I am,” I taste interrogation.

Experiment escorts ^{^accosts^} us last –

His pungent company

Will not allow an Axiom

An Opportunity –

You speak of “tameless tastes” – A Beggar came last week – I gave him Food and Fire and as he went, “Where do you ~~dwell~~ ^{^go^}”,

“In all the directions” –

That was what you meant?

Too happy Time dissolves itself

And leaves no remnant by –

’Tis Anguish not a Feather hath

Or too much weight to fly –

I was much refreshed by your strong Letter –

Thank you for it’s ^{^the^} Greatness – I will have deserved it in a longer time!

I thought I spoke to you of the shadow –

It affected me –

This was still another –

I saw it’s notice in the Papers just before you came – Is there a Magazine called the “Woman’s Journal”?

I think it was said to be in that –

A Gate, or Door, or Latch –

Some one called me suddenly, and I never found it –

You told me Mrs Lowell was Mr Lowell’s “inspiration” What is inspiration?

You place ^{^think^} the truth in opposite – because the fear is mine, dear friend, and the power your’s –

’Tis Glory’s far sufficiency ^{^overtakelessness^} that makes our trying ^{^running^} poor – With the Kingdom of Heaven on ^{^upon^} his knee, could Mr Emerson hesitate?

“Suffer little Children”,

Could you not come without the Lecture, if the project failed?

Note: AC 807. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | See L532 for several references in this draft; it is unclear why ED would repeat some questions. JL lineates “’Tis Glory’s far sufficiency ^{^overtakelessness^} that makes our trying ^{^running^} poor –” as a poem; these lines appear in “Because He loves Her” (M502, Fr1183). Higginson’s “A Shadow” appeared in the July 1870 AM; he was

scheduled to lecture at Milford, Massachusetts, on November 3. ED quotes from Tennyson's *Maud* (1855): "Ah, Christ, that it were possible / For one short hour to see / The souls we loved, that they might tell us / What and where they be." She also quotes from John 17:24 and Matthew 19:14. | "The Riddle that we guess": M 550, Fr1180; copy perhaps sent to Bowles (lost). "The Spirit said" (last stanza of four) of "I heard, as if I had no Ear"; M 457, Fr996. "Experiment es-corts": M 550, Fr1181; only copy. "Too happy Time": M 551, Fr1182; only copy.

538.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1870

No message is the utmost message, for what we tell is done,
Emily –

Note: Private hands. Sold by Bonhams 2015; TS from digital copy. Previously thought missing. Pencil. Publication: AM (1915). Bianchi placed it among ED's "notes to us" in her 1915 article.

539.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, autumn 1870

Transcribed Todd

Mother drives with Tim to carry pears to settlers. Sugar pears with hips like hams, and the flesh of bon bons. Vinnie fastens flowers from the frosts.

Lifetime is for two, never for committee.

I saw your Mrs B_. She looks a little tart, but Vinnie says makes excellent pies after one gets acquainted.

'Fly from Emily's window for Lou. Botanical name unknown.'

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 459. Publication: L (1894). | Todd writes "Enclosing a pressed insect." THJ prints the final sentence as part of L524 (JL340). Mrs. B is unidentified.

540.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1870

My Turks will feel at Home in her familiar East.
Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B5). Pencil. Publication: FF | Bianchi notes that the letter was "sent with sweet Sultans"—flowers native to Southwest Asia, which ED perhaps grew in her greenhouse.

541.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1870

The incidents of Love
Are more than it's events –
Investment's best expositor
Is the minute Per Cents –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B160). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 548, Fr1172.

542.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 19, 1870

Lest any doubt that we are glad that they were born Today
Whose having lived is held by us in noble Holiday
Without the date, like Consciousness or Immortality –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B33). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | December 19, 1870 was Susan's fortieth birthday. | M 707, Fr1191. Only copy.

543.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about Christmas 1870

Transcribed F. Norcross

Untiring little sisters, what will I ever do for you, yet have done the most, for love is that one perfect labor nought can supersede. I suppose the pain is still there, for pain that is worthy does not go so soon. The small can crush the great, however, only temporarily. In a few days we examine, muster our forces, and cast it away. Put it out of your hearts, children. Faith is too fair to taint it so. There are those in the morgue that bewitch us with sweetness, but that which is dead must go with the ground. There is a verse in the Bible that says, there are those who shall not see death. I suppose them to be the faithful. Love will not expire – There was never the instant when it was lifeless in the world, though the quicker deceit dies, the better for the truth, who is indeed our dear friend.

I am sure you will gain even from this wormwood. The martyrs may not choose their food. God made no act without a cause – nor heart without an aim, Our inference is premature, our premises to blame.

Hope dear Lou is better. Sweetest of Christmas to you both and a better year.

Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.19, 457. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. Neither Frances nor Todd format “God made no act” as poem. | About two weeks before Thanksgiving, the Norcrosses were joined at the Dudleys by Eliza’s mother, Maria Flynt Coleman, who was in the final stages of consumption and died January 11, 1871. | M 708, Fr1192. Only copy.

544.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about January 1, 1871

Lacking New-Year, without little Ned.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B105). Pencil. Publication: JL358. | Ned (aged nine) was away from Amherst with some of his family.

545.

To Elizabeth Holland, early January 1871

I have a fear I did not thank you for the thoughtful Candy.
 Could you conscientiously dispel it by saying that I did?
 Generous little Sister!
 I will protect the Thimble till it reaches Home –
 Even the Thimble has it’s Nest!
 The Parting I tried to smuggle resulted in quite a Mob at last! The Fence is the
 only Sanctuary. That no one invades because no one suspects it.
 Why the Thief ingredient accompanies all Sweetness Darwin does not tell us.
 Each expiring Secret leaves an Heir, distracting still.
 Our unfinished interview like the Cloth of Dreams, cheapens other fabrics.
 That Possession fairest lies that is least possest.
 Transport’s mighty price is no more than he is worth –
 Would we sell him for it? That is all his Test.
 Dont affront the Eyes –
 Little Despots govern worst. Vinnie leaves me Monday – Spare me your remem-
 brance while I buffet Life and Time without – Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (26). Publication: *LH*. | On January 9 or 10, Vinnie went to visit the Hills. Elizabeth evidently forgot her thimble on a recent visit.

546.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1871

Dear Sue –

It is sweet you are better.

I am greedy to see you. Your Note was like the Wind. The Bible chooses that you know to define the Spirit.

A Wind that rose though not a Leaf
In any Forest stirred,
But with itself did cold engage
Beyond the realm of Bird.

A Wind that woke a lone Delight
Like Separation's Swell –
[Restored in Arctic confidence
To the invisible.]

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B190). Publication: *FF*. Missing page contained last two lines (presented here in brackets) and signature; extant when letter was first published. | Sue was recovering from an illness. | M 504, Fr1216. Sent to Higginson (last stanza, 1874).

547.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early 1871

Never mind dear,

Trial as a Stimulus far exceeds Wine though it would hardly be prohibited as a Beverage.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B38). Publication: *LL*.

548.

To Louisa Norcross, around mid-March 1871

Transcribed F. Norcross

The will is always near, dear, though the feet vary. The terror of the winter has made a little creature of me, who thought myself so bold.

Father was very sick. I presumed he would die, and the sight of his lonesome face all day was harder than personal trouble. He is growing better, though physically reluctantly. I hope I am mistaken, but I think his physical life don't want to live any longer. You know he never played, and the straightest engine has its leaning

hour. Vinnie was not here. Now we will turn the corner. All this while I was with you all, much of the time every hour, wishing we were near enough to assist each other. Would you have felt more at home, to know we were both in extremity? That would be my only regret [that I had not told you. As] regards the “pine” and the “jay” it is a long tryst but I think they are able. I have spoken with them.

Of the “thorn” dear, give it to me, for I am strongest. Never carry what I can carry for though I think I bend, something straightens me. Go to the “wine press” dear, and come back and say has the number altered. I descry but one. What I would I can say in so small a place.

Interview is acres, while the broadest letter feels a bandaged place. Tell Fanny we hold her tight. Tell Loolie love is oldest and takes care of us, though just now in a piercing place.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 465. Publication: *L* (1894); omitted text restored. Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS and supplied by Todd. | In the last sentence of the penultimate paragraph, THJ emends, “I can say” to “I cannot say”—perhaps ED’s meaning. | Vinnie had returned from her visit to the Hills by the time Bowles visited Amherst, around March 18; on March 24, Bowles wrote that “The elder Dickinson has been quite feeble all winter, a sort of breaking-down with dyspepsia.” The Norcrosses were still with Eliza in Milwaukee. | Fanny adds a note: “I have no way of knowing the date of this, but the handwriting denotes it among the ’70s probably 71 or 72. F. L. N.”

549.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early 1871

Safe Despair it is that raves –
 Agony is frugal –
 Puts itself severe away
 For it’s own perusal –
 Garrisoned no Soul can be
 In the front of Trouble –
 Love is one – not aggregate –
 Nor is Dying double –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (308). Publication: *SH*. | M 555, Fr1196.

550.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, spring 1871

Dear friend.

To be remembered is next to being loved, and to be loved is Heaven, and is this quite Earth? I have never found it so. Most affectionately thanking you for the care of Vinnie and the delight you have given all in delighting her, especially acknowledging the sweetness done myself, I am the trifling Neighbour, praying you Tonight as always, to come back and dwell. To "Little Emily's" Mama, could name be more familiar than that of a remoter, though scarcely vaster

Emily.

Note: Private collection; sold by Sothebys 2011. TS from digital image. Publication: JL361. | "Little Emily" Hills was born September 12, 1870. The Hills lived in New York and summered in Amherst; in the early 1870s, Amherst again became their year-round home.

551.

*To Louisa Norcross, about mid-July 1871**Transcribed F. Norcross*

I like to thank you dear for the annual candy, though you make no answer. I have no letter from the dead, yet daily love them more. No part of mind is permanent. This startles the happy, but it assists the sad. This is a mighty morning. I trust that L. is with it, on hill or pond or wheel. Too few the mornings be, too scant the nights. No lodging can be had, for the delights that come to earth to stay, but no apartment find and ride away. F. was brave and dear and helped as much by counsel as by actual team. Whether we missed L. we will let her guess. [riddles are healthful food.]

Eliza was not with us, but it was owing to the trains. We know she meant to come.

Oh! cruel Paradise! We have a chime of bells given for brave Frazer. You'll stop and hear them won't you? "We conquered, but Bozzaris fell" That sentence always chokes me.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 469. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS and supplied by Todd. Norcross probably wrote "Riddles"; Todd has "riddles" and overwrites Norcross's preceding period with a semicolon. We follow Norcross's punctuation. | Eliza Coleman Dudley died June 3, 1871. Fanny attended the semicentennial AC commencement in July and then rejoined Louisa in Milwaukee. A chime of nine bells in memory of the Civil War dead of AC was donated by George Howe of Boston, father of Sidney Walker Howe (AC 1859), who died at Williamsburg in 1862. The bells were added to the

tower of the new College Church on July 4 and were tried out during commencement week. | ED quotes from Fitz-Greene Halleck's popular "Marco Bozzaris," changing his "They" to "We."

552.

To Fanny Boltwood, about late July 1871

To thank my dear Mrs Boltwood would be impossible. That is a paltry debt we are able to pay.

It is sweet to be under obligation to my School Mate's Mother. I thought the flowers might please him, though he made like Birds, the exchange of Latitudes.

It is proud to believe that his privilege so far surpasses Our's.

Let me congratulate his Mother!

Tenderly, Emily –

Note: Jones. Publication: *Amherst Graduates' Q* (1937). | Charles Boltwood died July 23, 1871; he and his brother George attended AA in ED's class, 1846–47. ED sent flowers for his funeral, held on July 26. The Boltwoods and Dickinsons had long connections: Lucius Boltwood (Fanny's husband) was Samuel Fowler Dickinson's law partner and both were AC trustees.

553.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1871

That Bells should ring, till all should know

A soul had gone to Heaven

Would seem to me the more the way

A good news should be given –

Emily –

Note: Private collection; sold by Swann, 2001. TS from digital copy. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | "Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?" second stanza (of two); M 437, Fr933.

554.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late September 1871

To miss you, Sue, is power.

The stimulus of Loss makes most Possession mean.

To live lasts always, but to love is firmer than to live. No Heart that broke but further went than Immortality.

The Trees keep House for you all Day and the Grass looks chastened.

A silent Hen frequents the place with superstitious Chickens – and still Fore-
noons a Rooster knocks at your outer Door.

To look that way is Romance. The Novel “out,” pathetic worth attaches to the
shelf.

Nothing has gone but Summer, or no one that you knew.

The Forests are at Home – the Mountains intimate at Night and arrogant at
Noon, and lonesome Fluency abroad, like suspending Music. Of so divine a Loss

We enter but the Gain,
Indemnity for Loneliness

That such a Bliss has been. Tell Neddie that we miss him and cherish “Captain
Jinks.” Tell Mattie that “Tim’s[”] Dog calls Vinnie’s Pussy names and I don’t discourage
him. She must come Home and chase them both and that will make it square.

For Big Mattie and John, of course a strong remembrance.

I trust that you are warm. I keep your faithful place. Whatever throng the Lock
is firm upon your Diamond Door.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B184). Publication: *FF*. ED begins and ends the poem “Of so divine a
Loss” with prose lineation. | Susan was visiting Martha (“Big Mattie”) and her husband John in
Geneva. | Captain Jinks = nickname for Ned. “Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines” was a
comic song about a young man unsuited to army life, published as sheet music around 1868.
“Diamond Door” is from Tennyson’s “The Shell” (1855), referring to the multicolored entrance
of an empty shell. | M 708, Fr1202. Only copy.

555.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1871

Trust is better than Contract, for one is still, but the other moves.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B107). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

556.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1871

Has All – a codicil?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B182). Pencil. Publication: *SH*.

557.

*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, mid-October 1871**Transcribed F. Norcross*

We have the little note and are in part relieved, but have been too alarmed and grieved to hush immediately. The heart keeps sobbing in its sleep. It is the speck that makes the cloud that wrecks the vessel, children, yet no one fears a speck. I hope what is not lost is saved. Were any angel present, I feel it could not be allowed. So grateful that my little girls are not on fire too. Amherst would have quenched them. Thank you for comforting innocent blamed creatures – We are trying, too. The mayor of Milwaukee cuts out and you and Lou sew don't you? The New York Times said so. Sorrow is the "funds" never quite spent, always a little left to be loaned kindly. We have a new cow – I wish I could give Wisconsin a little pail of milk – Dick's Maggie is wilting. Awkward little flower, but transplanting makes it fair. How are the long days that made the fresh afraid?

Brother Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 463. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | The Great Chicago Fire burned October 8–9 but there were also forest fires in Wisconsin: on October 15, the Mayor of Milwaukee "issued an appeal to the people of the country for aid" after fires claimed an estimated 1,500 lives in Wisconsin and Michigan. Clothes and material for garments were especially needed, along with funds.

558.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late October or early November 1871

I did not read Mr Miller because I could not care about him –

Transport is not urged – Mrs Hunt's Poems are stronger than any written by Women since Mrs – Browning, with the exception of Mrs Lewes – but Truth like Ancestor's Brocades can stand alone – You speak of "Men and Women" – That is a broad Book – "Bells and Pomegranates" I never saw but have Mrs Browning's endorsement. While Shakespeare remains Literature is firm –

An Insect cannot run away with Achilles' Head. Thank you for having written the "Atlantic Essays". They are a fine Joy, though to possess the ingredient for Congratulation renders congratulation superfluous.

Dear friend, I trust you as you ask – If I exceed permission, excuse the bleak simplicity that knew no tutor but the North. Would you but guide

Dickinson

Note: BPL 1093 (37). Publication: *L* (1894). | Joaquin Miller (along with Higginson and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) contributed to the November 1871 *Scribner's*, which was circulating by October 16. Helen Hunt (Jackson) published *Verses* in 1870. Other publication dates: Robert Browning's *Men and Women* (1855) and *Bells and Pomegranates* (1846); J. Miller's *Songs of the Si-*

erras (1871); Higginson's *Atlantic Essays* (September 1871). Achilles was mentioned in the *SR Weekly* on July 14 (where the author included a long paragraph on Samuel Fowler Dickinson) and on November 10. | Enclosures: "When I hoped I feared –"; "The Days that we can spare"; "Remembrance has a Rear and Front."; and "Step lightly on this narrow Spot –". The last may refer to Abraham Lincoln: on September 19, Lincoln's remains were moved to Springfield, Illinois; on September 22, a Lincoln statue was dedicated in Philadelphia. Also sent to S. Dickinson (stanza 1, 1871).

559.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1871

Step lightly on this narrow spot –
 The broadest Land that grows
 Is not so ample as the Heart
 These Emerald seams enclose –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (322). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). | First stanza (of two); M 508, Fr1227. Sent to Higginson (1871).

560.

To Elizabeth Holland, late November 1871

Dear Sister.

Bereavement to yourself your faith makes secondary. We who cannot hear your voice are chastened indeed –

"Whom he loveth, he punisheth," is a doubtful solace finding tart response in the lower Mind.

I shall cherish the Stripes though I regret that your latest Act must have been a Judicial one. It comforts the Criminal little to know that the Law expires with him.

Beg the Oculist to commute your Sentence that you may also commute mine. Doubtless he has no friend and to curtail Communion is all that remains to him.

This transitive malice will doubtless retire, offering you anew to us and ourselves to you.

I am pleased the Gingerbread triumphed.

Let me know your circumstance through some minor Creature, abler in Machinery if unknown to Love.

Steam has his Commissioner, tho' his substitute is not yet disclosed of God.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (27). Publication: *LH*. | In summer 1871, Elizabeth had surgery to remove one eye; in a letter, she warned ED that she would not be able to write often and would need someone to read and write for her. On November 22, Albert D. Briggs, a friend of Josiah Holland and Bowles, was appointed a Massachusetts railroad commissioner. See Miscellaneous Writings for ED's gingerbread recipe. | ED quotes from Hebrews 12:6.

561.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, possibly 1871

Will Mrs Hills please break an Ounce Isinglass in a Quart of fresh Milk, placing in boiling Water till quite dissolved, adding afterward four Table spoons Chocolate shavings and two of Sugar, boiling together fifteen minutes and straining before turning into Molds.

Let me thank my sweet neighbour for her thoughtfulness.

Dickinson.

Note: P, Scheide Autograph, B 68.5 (F 13). Publication: JL376. | This is a recipe for a chocolate dessert.

562.

To Susan Dickinson, about early 1872

Like Brooms of Steel
 The Snow and Wind
 Had swept the Winter Street –
 The House was hooked
 The Sun sent out
 Faint Deputies of Heat –
 Where rode the Bird
 The Silence tied
 His ample – plodding Steed
 The Apple in the Cellar snug
 Was all the one that played.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (283). Publication: *SH*. | M 708, Fr1241. Only copy.

563.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, mid-March 1872

Dear friend –

I am sorry your Brother is dead –

I fear he was dear to you.

I should be glad to know you were painlessly grieved –

Of Heaven above the firmest proof

We fundamental know –

Except for it's marauding Hand

It had been Heaven below –

Dickinson

Note: BPL 1093 (42). Publication: *L* (1894). | Dr. Francis John Higginson died on March 9, 1872. Several New England newspapers, including the *SR*, described him as “a pioneer in the anti-slavery movement with Garrison and other Boston philanthropists.” Higginson mistakenly wrote “[1875]” at the top of the letter—the year his sister died. | “Immortal is an ample word”—second stanza (of two); M 507, Fr1223.

564.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about March 1872

A prompt – executive Bird is the Jay –

Bold as a Bailiff's Hymn –

Brittle and Brief in quality –

Warrant in every Line –

Sitting a Bough like a Brigadier

Confident and straight –

Much is the mien of him in March

As a Magistrate –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (235). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 465 (as “A bold, inspiring Bird”) and 515, Fr1022.

A prompt-executive
Bird is the Ja-
Boid as a Bailiff's
Hymn.
Brittle and Brief
in quality -
Warrant in every
Line.

Sitting a Bough
like a Brigadier
Confident and straight-
much is the mien
of him in March
As a Magistrate -

Smil,

Figure 7. To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about March 1872. Letter-poem, "A prompt - executive Bird" (H MS Am 1118.3 [237]).
Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

565.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about March 1872

A Sparrow took a Slice of Twig
And thought it very nice
I think, because his empty Plate
Was handed Nature twice –

Invigorated, waded
In all the deepest Sky
Until his little Figure
Was forfeited away –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (237). Pencil. Publication: *BM.* | M561, Fr1257.

566.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, between May 5 and 11, 1872 Transcribed F. Norcross

Dear children.

We received the news of your loving kindness through Uncle J., last evening, and V. is negotiating with neighbor Gray who goes to a wedding in Boston next week, for the procuring of the nest. V's views of expressage do not abate with time. The crocuses are with us and several other "colored" friends. Cousin H_ broke her hip, and is in a polite bed, surrounded by mint juleps. I think she will hate to leave it as badly as Marian Erle did. V. says there is a tree in Mr. Sweetser's woods that shivers. I am afraid it is cold. I am going to make it a little coat. I must make several, because it is as tall as the barn, and put them on as the circus men stand on each other's shoulders – There is to be a "show" next week, and little Maggie's bed is to be moved to the door so she can see the tents. "Folding her own like the Arabs" gives her no apprehension. While I write, dear children, the colors Eliza loved quiver on the pastures, and day goes gay to the north west, innocent as she.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 475. Publication: *L* (1894). | Uncle J = Joel Warren Norcross; V = Vinnie; H = Harriet Montague, who broke her hip on March 28. In *Aurora Leigh*, Marian Erle is admitted to a poor hospital after escaping from a mother who wanted to prostitute her. Joseph Proctor Gray was an Amherst farmer. | ED quotes from the last lines of Longfellow's popular "The Day is Done": "Shall fold their tents like the Arabs / And as silently steal away"; also quoted L996.

567.*To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, mid-May 1872*

Neddie never would believe that Emily was at his Circus, unless she left a fee –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L52). Pencil. Publication: JL373. | There were several circuses and shows in the Amherst area during the second half of May; Ned apparently had his own.

568.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1872*

The Stars are old, that stood for me –
 The West a little worn –
 Yet newer glows the only Gold
 I ever cared to earn –
 Presuming on that lone result
 Her infinite disdain
 But vanquished her with my defeat
 'Twas Victory was slain.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (351). Publication: SH. | M 708, Fr1242. Only copy. Sent to Higginson (last four lines, 1874).

569.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross July 27, 1872**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Little Irish Maggie went to sleep this morning at six o'clock, just the time Grandpa rises, and will rest in the grass at Northampton tomorrow. She has had a hard sickness, but her awkward little life "is saved" and gallant now.

Our Maggie is helping her mother put her in the cradle, and I am washing the dishes for her.

Month after this – after that is October isn't it? That isn't much long. Joy to enclose our little girls in so close a future. That was a lovely letter of F's. It put the cat to playing and the kettle to purring, and two or three birds in plush teams reined nearer to the window. You will miss the nasturtiums but you will meet the chestnuts. You also will miss the south wind, but I will save the west.

Maggie is in transports at the name of your coming

Of course we shall have a telegram that you have left for Nebraska I will not therefore make the bed till you "hand the checks"

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 477. Publication: *L* (1894); omitted text restored. | Margaret Kelley, daughter of James and Ellen Kelley, aged seventeen, died July 27 of consumption. She was listed in the 1870 census as a domestic servant.

570.

To Elizabeth Holland, about August 29, 1872

To have lost an Enemy is an Event with all of us – almost more memorable perhaps than to find a friend. This severe success befalls our little Sister – and though the Tears insist at first, as in all good fortune, Gratitude grieves best.

Fortified by Love, a few have prevailed.

“Even so, Father, for so it seemed faithful in thy Sight.”

We are proud of her safety – Ashamed of our dismay for her who knew no consternation.

It is the Meek that Valor wear
Too mighty for the Bold.

We should be glad to know of her present Lifetime, it’s project though a little changed – so precious to us all.

Be secure of this, that whatever waver – her Gibraltar’s Heart is firm.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (29). Publication: *LH*. | The *SR* reported Elizabeth’s eye operation as on August 29. | ED quotes loosely from Matthew 11:26. | M 709, Fr1252. Only copy.

571.

To Elizabeth Holland, about 1872

That so trifling a Creature grieve any I could hardly suppose – though with Love all things are possible. Thanking you tenderly as a child for a sweet favor I can never go. This will not retard my place in Affection will it?

I shall still be mentioned when the children come?

Some must seem a Traitor, not because it is, but it’s Truth belie it.

Andre had not died had he lived Today.

Only Love can wound –

Only Love assist the Wound.

Worthier let us be of this Ample Creature.

If my Crescent fail you, try me in the Moon –

This will make no difference in the daily dearness?

You will keep the same Face and myself no other Heart, with the slight repairs
Thought and Nature make – In adequate Music there is a Major and a Minor –
Should there not also be a Private?

Good Night – I am going to sleep if the Rat permit me – I hear him singing
now to the Tune of a Nut.

I could wish to know, be it by a Trifle, that you name me still. Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (28). Publication: *LH*. | Major John André, head of secret service in the British army, was hanged as a spy during the Revolutionary War.

572.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-October 1872

My Sue,

Loo and Fanny will come tonight, but need that make a difference?
Space is as the Presence.

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides –
You may have met him?
Did you not
His notice instant is –

The Grass divides as with a Comb –
A spotted shaft is seen,
And then it closes at your Feet
And opens further on –

He likes a Boggy Acre –
A Floor too cool for Corn –
But when a Boy and Barefoot
I more than once at Noon

Have passed I thought a Whip Lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stopping to secure it
It wrinkled And was gone –

Several of Nature's People
I know and they know me
I feel for them a transport
Of Cordiality

But never met this Fellow
 Attended or alone
 Without a tighter Breathing
 And Zero at the Bone.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B193). Publication: *FF*. | Loo and Fanny had returned from Milwaukee, where they had been for over two years—leaving around the time of Dudley’s marriage to Marion Churchill, October 23, 1872. | In this version of “A narrow Fellow,” ED changes punctuation to clarify the syntax that was misinterpreted in the February 17, 1866 SR printing (see L484 to Higginson); here “Did you not” begins a new sentence and line. | M 489, Fr1096. Sent to Higginson (1866) and perhaps earlier to Susan (about 1865).

From Charlotte Sophia Sewall Eastman to Emily and Lavinia Dickinson,

October 21, 1872

Your letters were duly received and I have executed your commission for the black thread lace barb as I happened to have an opportunity at the time—Mrs Wilson the wife of the consul at Brussels was here and said she would make the purchase for me . . . I dont know whether you think it “a beauty” like the one you saw from Brussels . . . I do long to see you girls—why can’t you come over? When shall I go back? I hear so much of the trouble of living and the extravagance of it and of the horrors of servants that one dreads to meet it—crowds come abroad to be rid of those evils. What is your experience of the evils of life in that way? . . . I am grieved for Mrs Holland[’s] affliction of the eyes—How are your eyes my dear Emily—Your D^r Williams will soon have his sisters from Rome to visit him—they will soon set up a studio in Boston to sell their pictures. Nice women they are—Our kitten has just lost the end of her tail . . . I dont call her Vinnie because she dont please me entirely . . . With kindest regards to your beloved circle . . .

Note: Missing. Publication: Leyda—our source. Ellipses are Leyda’s. | ED and Vinnie met Charlotte on their Washington, DC, visit in early 1855. Her husband (Ben. C. Eastman) was a senator, representing Wisconsin. Charlotte went to the summit of Mount Holyoke with the Dickinsons on August 20, 1859, and gave ED a copy of *Jane Eyre* in 1865. In this letter, she writes from Venice.

573.

*To Louisa Norcross, about November 1872**Transcribed Todd*

An ill heart, like a body, has its more comfortable days, and then its days of pain, its long relapse, when rallying requires more effort than to dissolve life, and death looks choiceless.

Of Miss P_ I know but this, dear. She wrote me in October, requesting me to aid the world by my chirrup more. Perhaps she stated it as my duty, I don't distinctly remember, and always burn such letters, so I cannot obtain it now. I replied declining. She did not write to me again – she might have been offended, or perhaps is extricating humanity from some hopeless ditch.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 471. Publication: *L* (1894). These paragraphs are from a single Norcross excerpt. | Miss P=perhaps Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose *Gates Ajar* (1868) and *Hedged In* (1870) were both about women's causes. Phelps edited *The Woman's Journal* and knew Higginson. | Dudley's marriage to Marion Churchill took Louisa by surprise.

574.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, November 1872

To live is so startling, it leaves but little room for other occupations though Friends are if possible an event more fair.

I am happy you have the Travel you so long desire and chastened – that my Master met neither Accident nor Death.

Our own Possessions though our own
 'Tis well to hoard anew
 Remembering the dimensions
 Of Possibility.

I often saw your name in illustrious mention and envied an occasion so abstinent to me. Thank you for having been to Amherst. Could you come again that would be far better, though the finest wish is the futile one.

When I saw you last, it was Mighty Summer – Now the Grass is Glass and the Meadow Stucco, and "Still Waters" in the Pool where the Frog drinks.

These Behaviors of the Year hurt almost like Music – shifting when it ease us most. Thank you for the "Lesson".

I will study it though hitherto

Menagerie to me
 My Neighbor be.

Your Scholar

Note: BPL 1093 (43). Publication: *L* (1894). | Higginson returned from England July 1, 1872; his experiences were reported in a variety of newspapers. In November, he published “Hawthorne’s Last Bequest” (*Scribner’s Monthly*) and was elected president of the American Woman Suffrage Association. The phrase “still waters” appears in Higginson’s *Out-Door Papers* (1863). | Enclosures: “He preached upon ‘Breadth’ till it argued him narrow –”; “The Sea said ‘Come’ to the Brook –”; and “To disappear enhances – The Man that runs away”. | “Our own Possessions”: M 709, Fr1267. Sent to S. Dickinson (1872). “Menagerie”: lines 3–4 (of six) of “The Show is not the Show”: M 565, Fr1270.

575.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1872

Our own possessions, though our own –
 ’Tis well to hoard anew –
 Remembering the Dimensions
 Of Possibility.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (306). Publication: *L* (1894). | M 709, Fr1267. Sent to Higginson (1872).

576.

To Louisa Norcross, December 1872

Transcribed F. Norcross

How short it takes to go dear, but afterward to come so many dreary years – and yet ’tis done as cool as a general trifle. Affection is like bread – unnoticed till we starve, and then we dream of it and sing of it, and paint it, when every urchin in the street has more than he can eat. We turn not older with years but newer every day.

Of all these things we tried to talk, but the time refused us. Longing, it may be, is the gift, no other gift supplies. Do you remember what you said the night you came to me? I secure that sentence. If I should see your face no more it will be your portrait, and if I should, more vivid than your mortal face. We must be careful what we say. No bird resumes its egg. A word left careless on a page May consecrate an eye, When folded in perpetual seam The wrinkled author lie. Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 490. Publication: *L* (1894). | Louisa and Frances visited Amherst after returning from Milwaukee. | M 565, Fr1268. Frances transcribes the poem at the end without poetic lineation because she is at the bottom of the page. Todd notes “Last four lines a verse.”

577.

*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, winter 1873**Transcribed Todd and F. Norcross*

I know I love my friends – I feel it far in here where neither blue nor black eye goes, and fingers cannot reach. I know 'tis love for them that sets the blister in my throat, many a time a day, when winds go sweeter than their wont, or a different cloud puts my brain from home.

I can not see my soul, but know 'tis there –
 Nor ever saw his house, nor furniture –
 Who has invited me with him to dwell;
 But a confiding guest, consult as well,
 What raiment honor him the most,
 That I be adequately dressed –
 For he insures to none
 Lest men specifical adorn –
 Procuring him perpetual drest
 By dating it a sudden feast.

– Love for the glad if you know them, for the sad if they know you.

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.19, 513, 514. Poem and last sentence transcribed by Norcross, AC Tr50. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 709, Fr1276. Only copy.

578.

To Perez Dickinson Cowan, about February 1873

It is long since I knew of you, Peter, and much may have happened to both, but that is the rarest Book which opened at whatever page, equally enchants us. I hope that you have Power and as much of Peace as in our deep existence may be possible. To multiply the Harbors does not reduce the Sea.

We learn thro' Cousins Montague that you have lost your Sister through that sweeter Loss which we call Gain.

I am glad she is glad.

Her early pain had seemed to me peculiarly cruel.

Tell her how tenderly we are pleased.

Recall me too to your other Sisters, who tho' they may have mislaid me I can always find and include me to your sweet Wife. We are daily reminded of you by the Clergyman, Mr Jenkins, whom you strongly resemble.

Thank you for the Paper –

It is Home-like to know where you are.

We can almost hear you announce the Text, when the Air is clear and how social if you should preach us a note – some Sunday in Recess. Emily.

Note: Morgan. Publication: *L* (1894). | Cowan was editor of the *Record*, a religious monthly published in Knoxville, Tennessee, as announced in the *Amherst Student* in February and other papers early in 1873. | Cowan's sister Lucinda married her second husband, Confederate Brigadier-General Joseph Finnegan, November 1872; his sister Isabella had married in 1870. Lucinda's "early pain" refers to the death of two children: Margaret in 1862 and Charles in 1864—at four and six months old.

579.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early 1873

Dear Sue.

I would have liked to be beautiful and tidy when you came –

You will excuse me, wont you, I felt so sick. How it would please me if you would come once more, when I was palatable.

Emily

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B153). Publication: *FF*.

580.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early 1873

Sue makes sick Days so sweet, we almost hate our health.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B122). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

581.

To Frances Norcross, early 1873

Transcribed F. Norcross

I was sick little sister, and write you the first that I am able. The loveliest sermon I ever heard was the disappointment of Jesus in Judas. It was told like a mortal story of intimate young men. I suppose no surprise we can ever have will be so sick as that. The last, "I never knew you" may resemble it. I would your hearts could have rested from the first severity before you received this other one, but

“not as I will.” I suppose the wild flowers encourage themselves in the dim woods and the bird that is bruised limps to his house in silence, but we have human natures and these are different. It is lovely that Mrs W did not disappoint you, not that I thought it possible, but that you were so much grieved. A finite life, little sister is that peculiar garment, that were it optional with us, we might decline to wear. Tender words to Loo not most I trust in need of them.

Lovingly Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 487–488. Publication: *L* (1894). The Norcrosses were in Boston. | Mrs W = unknown. | An acclaimed “Judas” sermon was given by Edwards Amasa Park in November 1853; ED praised Park’s “splendid” sermons (L144, 145). Jesus says “not as I will” on the cross.

582.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, March 1873

Transcribed Todd

I open my window, and it fills the chamber with white dirt. I think God must be dusting; and the wind blows so I expect to read in the Republican ‘Cautionary signals for Amherst,’ or “No ships ventured out from Phoenix Row.’

Life is so rotatory that the wilderness falls to each, sometimes. It is safe to remember that.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 439. Publication: *L* (1894). Inconsistency in quotation marks are Todd’s. | Seventeen inches of snow fell during the month of February; in *Letters* (1894), Todd dates this letter “March.”

583.

To unknown, about 1873

Unsent

The Butterfly in honored Dust
Assuredly will lie
But none will pass the ^man’s^ Catacomb
So chastened as the Fly –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (324). Pencil. Publication: AM (1915). Retained, perhaps because of the interlineated alternative. | M 572, Fr1305.

584.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, spring 1873**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Sisters, I hear robins a great way off, and wagons a great way off, and rivers a great way off, and all appear to be hurrying somewhere undisclosed to me. Remoteness is the founder of sweetness; could we see all we hope, or hear the whole we fear told tranquil, like another tale, there would be madness near. Each of us give or take heaven in corporeal person for each of us has the skill of life. I am pleased of your sweet acquaintance. It is not recorded of any rose that it failed of its bee, though obtained in specific instances through scarlet experience. The career of flowers differs from ours only in inaudibleness. I feel more reverence as I grow for these mute creatures whose suspense or transport may [surpass] my own – Pussy remembered the judgment and remained with Vinnie. Maggie preferred her home to “Miggles” and “Oakhurst” so with a few Spring touches nature remains unchanged.

The most triumphant bird I ever knew or met, embarked upon a twig today, and till Dominion set, I perish to behold so competent a sight, and sang for nothing scrutable, but impudent delight – Retired, and resumed his transitive estate, To what delicious accident does finest glory fit!

Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 492. Publication: *L* (1894). The word “surpass” (in brackets) was cut from the Norcross TS. Todd rearranged the final lines, starting “The most triumphant bird,” as poetry, adding capitalization and altering punctuation; sent to the Hollands as verse (1873); M 568, Fr1285. | Maggie’s brother Thomas was in California and invited her to join him; she did not. “Miggles” and “Oakhurst” are characters from Bret Harte’s *The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Stories* (1870).

585.*To Susan Dickinson, mid-April 1873*

“Remember me” implored the Thief –
 Oh Magnanimity!
 My Visitor in Paradise
 I give thee Guaranty.

That Courtesy will fair remain
 When the Delight is Dust
 With which we cite this Mightiest case
 Of Compensated Trust.

Of All, we are allowed to hope
 But Affidavit stands

That this was due, where some, we fear,
Are unexpected friends –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (307). Publication: *SH*. | In 1873, Easter Sunday was April 13. | M 501, Fr1208.

586.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late April or early May 1873

Transcribed Todd

There is that which is called an awakening in the church, and I know of no choicer ecstasy than to see Mrs.– roll out in crape every morning, I suppose to intimidate anti Christ, at least it would have that effect on me.

It reminds me of Don Quixote demanding the surrender of the wind-mill, and of Sir Stephen Toplift, and of Sir Alexander Cockburn.

Spring is a happiness so beautiful, so unique, so unexpected, that I don't know what to do with my heart. I dare not take it, I dare not leave it – what do you advise?

Life is a spell so exquisite that everything conspires to break it.

“What do I think of Middlemarch?” What do I think of glory, except that in a few instances this “mortal has already put on immortality.”

George Eliot is one. The mysteries of human nature surpass the “mysteries of redemption,” for the Infinite we only suppose, while we see the finite . . . I launch Vinnie on Wednesday; it will require the combined efforts of Maggie, Providence and myself, for whatever advances Vinnie makes in nature and art, she has not reduced departure to a science.

Your loving

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 494–496. Publication: *L* (1894). | Vinnie visited the Hollands, leaving in late April or early May: April 30 was a Wednesday. Mrs_ = Abby Sweetser. | In 1872 and 1873, the YMCA initiated Bible readings and prayer meetings across Massachusetts; those in Amherst took place before the end of April; on May 1, Edward joined the church, professing his faith. | Sir Alexander Cockburn was the Lord Chief Justice of England (1859–1880). “Immortality” alludes to 1 Corinthians 15:53. ED quotes “The mysteries of human nature surpass the ‘mysteries of redemption,’ for the infinite we only suppose, while we see the finite” from *Middlemarch*, first serialized between December 1871–December 1872 and then published as a book. ED mentions, quotes from, or alludes to Eliot in seventeen letters between 1873 and her death; she again alludes to *Middlemarch* in L601.

587.*To Frances Norcross, late May 1873**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Thank you, dear, for the love. I am progressing timidly.
 Experiment has a stimulus which withers its fear.

This is the place they hoped before,
 Where I am hoping now.
 The seed of disappointment grew
 Within a capsule gay
 Too distant to arrest the feet
 that walk this plank of balm.
 Before them lies escapeless sea
 The way is closed they came.

Since you so gently ask, I have had but one serious adventure. Getting a nail in my foot, but Maggie pulled it out. It only kept me awake one night, and the birds insisted on sitting up, so it became an occasion instead of a misfortune. There was a circus, too, and I watched it away, at 3 ½ that [morning], they said “hoy, hoy” to their horses.

Glad you heard Rubenstein. Grieved Lou could not hear him. He makes me think of polar nights, Captain Hall could tell! Going from ice to ice! What an exchange of awe. I am troubled for Lou’s eye. Poor little girl. Can I help her? She has so many times saved me. Do take her to Arlington Street (Dr Williams).

Xerxes must go now and see to her worlds. You shall “taste” dear. Lovingly.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 480. Publication: *L* (1894). | A circus came to Amherst on Tuesday, May 20. Pianist Anton Rubenstein gave three recitals in Boston on May 10, 15, and 21. The rescue of nineteen survivors from an 1871 Arctic expedition led by Captain Charles Hall was widely reported in May. | Williams was the doctor ED saw for her eyes. | M 710, Fr1284. Only copy.

588.*To Elizabeth and Josiah Holland, about early summer 1873*

I was thinking of thanking you for the kindness to Vinnie.
 She has no Father and Mother but me and I have no Parents but her.
 She has been very happy and returns with her Sentiments at rest.
 Enclosed please find my gratitude.
 You remember the imperceptible has no external Face.
 Vinnie says you are most illustrious and dwell in Paradise.
 I have never believed the latter to be a superhuman site.

Eden, always eligible, is peculiarly so this noon. It would please you to see how intimate the Meadows are with the Sun – Besides –

The most triumphant Bird I ever knew or met
 Embarked upon a Twig Today
 And till Dominion set
 I famish to behold so eminent a sight
 And sang for nothing scrutable
 But intimate Delight.
 Retired, and resumed his transitive Estate –
 To what delicious Accident
 Does finest Glory fit!

While the Clergyman tells Father and Vinnie that “this Corruptible shall put on Incorruption” – it has already done so and they go defrauded.

Emily –

Note: University of Colorado, Boulder, Special Collections MS 168. Publication: *LH*. | During the spring, Vinnie had visited the Hollands in their new (second) home on Park Avenue, in New York City. | ED quotes from 1 Corinthians 15:43. | M 568, Fr1285. Sent as prose to Norcrosses (L584, MS lost).

589.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-August 1873

Sister

Our parting was somewhat interspersed and I cannot conclude which went.
 I shall be cautious not to so as to miss no one.

Vinnie drank your Coffee and has looked a little like you since, which is nearly a comfort.

Austin has had two calls and is very tired – One from Professor Tyler, and the other from Father. I am afraid they will call here.

Bun has run away –

Disaffection – doubtless – as to the supplies. Ned is a better Quarter Master than his vagrant Papa.

The little Turkey is lonely and the Chickens bring him to call. His foreign neck in familiar Grass is quaint as a Dromedary. I suppose the Wind has chastened the Bows on Mattie’s impudent Hat and the Sea presumed as far as he dare on her stratified Stockings.

If her basket wont hold the Boulders she picks, I will send a Bin. Ned is much lamented and his Circus Airs in the Rowen will be doubly sweet.

Bela Dickinson's son is the only Basso remaining. It rains every pleasant Day now and Dickens' Maggie's Lawn will be green as a Courtier's. Love for your Brother and Sister – please – and the dear Lords.

Nature gives her love –

Twilight touches Amherst with his yellow Glove. Miss me sometimes, dear – Not on most occasions, but the Seldoms of the Mind.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B150). Publication: *LL*. | It rained almost every day in mid-August. | Susan took the children to Swampscott, the Ocean House Hotel, during the summer; in late July, Austin wrote to Mattie that “the rabbits are well” and “the turkey has got so big you would hardly know him.” Lords = Otis and Elizabeth Lord.

590.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, August 1873

Part to whom Sue is precious gave her a note Wednesday, but as Father omitted the “Ocean House” presume it is still groping in the Swampscott Mail –

We remind her we love her – Unimportant fact, though Dante did’nt think so nor Swift, nor Mirabeau.

Could Pathos compete with that simple statement

“Not that we loved him but that he loved us”?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B95). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915). | ED refers to famous but problematic love affairs: Dante’s Beatrice Portinari was married; Esther Johnson did not marry Swift; and Mirabeau’s beloved Marie Therese Sophie de Ruffey was also married. | JL prints last two sentences as PF5. | Quotation modified from John 4:10, in reference to divine love.

591.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about late summer 1873

Could you teach me now?

Note: BPL 1093 (47). Pencil. Sent with pressed leaf. Publication: *L* (1931). | Previously this note was combined with another to Higginson, sent to him in the fall (L600). | Enclosures: “Dominion lasts until obtained –”; “Longing is like the Seed”; and “Not any higher stands the Grave”.

592.

To Elizabeth Holland, about 1873

Longing is like the Seed
That wrestles in the Ground –
Believing if it intercede
It shall at length be found.

The Hour and the Clime –
Each Circumstance unknown –
What Constancy must be achieved
Before it see the Sun!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (32a). Publication: *FP* | M 572, Fr1298. Sent to Higginson (1873).

593.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late September 1873

Transcribed F. Norcross

Little sisters, I wish you were here with me; not precisely here, but in those mansions the mind likes to suppose. Do they exist or nay? We believe they may, but do they, how know we? “The light that never was on sea or land” – might just as soon be had for the knocking.

Fanny’s rustic note, was as sweet as fern – Loolie’s token also tenderly estimated. Maggie and I are fighting, which shall give Loolie the “plant,” though it is quite a pleasant war. A_ went this morning after a happy egg and toast provided by Maggie whom he promised to leave his sole heir. Mattie’s “pussum” is found. “Two dollars reward” would return John Franklin.

Love for Aunt O. Tell her I think to instruct flowers will be her labor in heaven.

Nearly October sisters! No one can keep a sumach and keep a secret too. That was my “pipe” Fanny found in the woods.

Affec.

Modoc.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 455. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | Aunt O = Olivia, the wife of Alfred Norcross; the Norcrosses were evidently visiting relatives at Monson. “pipe” = probably Indian pipe. Articles on the 1847 John Franklin lost expedition appeared in the *SR* in late September. | Four Modoc warriors who had been found guilty of murder had their death sentences upheld by President Grant at the end of August and were hanged in October; they were resisting relocation. | ED quotes Wordsworth’s “Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm” (see also L483).

594.

To Elizabeth Holland, late September 1873

Owning but little Stock in the "Gold of Ophir" I am not subject to large Reverses – though may not the small prove irreparable? I have lost a Sister.

Her name was not Austin and it was not Vinnie. She was scant of stature though expansive spirited and last seen in November – Not the November heretofore, but Heretofore's Father.

Trite is that Affliction which is sanctified. "I have chosen whom I have chosen." Possibly she perished? Extinction is eligible.

Science will not trust us with another World.

Guess I and the Bible will move to some old fashioned spot where we'll feel at Home.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (31). Publication: *LH*. | The banking firm of Jay Cooke and Company closed its doors on September 18, 1873, and half the railroads in the country went into receivership, precipitating one of the worst financial panics in US history. | "I have chosen whom I have chosen" may allude to John 13:18, where Jesus predicts his betrayal. "Gold of Ophir" appears frequently in the Bible.

595.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, autumn 1873

Without the annual parting I thought to shun the Loneliness that parting ratifies. How artfully in vain!

Your Coffee cooled untouched except by random Fly.

A one armed man conveyed the flowers. Not all my modest schemes have so perverse a close.

My love to "Captain Jenks" who forbore to call.

If not too uncongenial to the Divine Will, a kiss also for Mattie.

"God is a jealous God."

I miss the Turkey's quaint face, once my grave Familiar, also the former Chickens, now forgotten Hens. "Pussum" cries I hear, but it is too select a grief to accept solace. Tell Mattie Tabby caught a Rat and it ran away. Grandpa caught it and it stayed.

He is the best Mouser.

The Rabbit winks at me all Day, but if I wink back, he shuffles a Clover.

What Rowen he leaves, Horace will pick for the Cow.

This is the final Weather. The Transport that is not postponed is stopping with us all. But Subjects hinder talk.

Silence is all we dread.
 There's Ransom in a Voice –
 But Silence is Infinity.
 Himself have not a face.

Love for John and Mattie.
 Sister.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B123). Publication: *FF*. ED wrote "is is," perhaps because a page break intervened. | Susan and the children were on their annual autumnal visit to her sister Mattie (and husband John) in Geneva. Captain Jenks = nickname for Ned. | ED paraphrases "the Lord thy God is a jealous God" (Deuteronomy 6:15). | M 711, Fr1300. Only complete copy.

596.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, autumn 1873

Ned – Bird – It was good to hear you. Not a voice in the Woods is so dear as your's.
 Papa is living with me.

He is a gentle Passenger.

It will be an excellent Day when you and Mattie come. The Robins have all gone but a few infirm ones and the Cricket and I keep House for the Frost. He is very tidy.

You must excuse "the Lake." I dont think he meant to be "rough."

You and I should get tired of bowing all Day, in a Silver Pen.

I am pleased with your "Store." If you sell your Goods at Isaiah's price, I will take them all. Hope Mama is refreshed and refreshing Aunt Mattie. Did you know Mama was a precious Inn, where the Fair stopped? I have borrowed a little Honey for Aunt – Mattie's Cold of a religious Bee, who can be relied on. Sometime, when you are intimate, you can let her know.

I am saving a Miller for Mattie.

It laid six eggs on the Window sill and I thought it was getting tired, so I killed it for her.

Good Night, Little Brother. I would love to stay.

Vinnie and Grandma and Grandpa and Maggie give their love.

Pussy, her striped Respects. Ned's most little Aunt.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B121). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | Austin is living at the Homestead while Susan and the children are in Geneva. | ED's "Isaiah's price" alludes to Isaiah 55:1, "he that hath no money; come ye . . . buy wine and milk without money and without price."

From Austin Dickinson to Emily and Lavinia Dickinson, about autumn 1873

To the old folks at home

If you want to dine me at 1 o'clock I'll come over –

I can eat mutton chop beef steak – roast beef – roast or broiled chicken partridge – prairie hen – squabs on toast.

Beware 24 hours old

For dessert sage and apple pudding – very simple – no egg in it – nice – or simple bread pudding – nothing with egg in it –

If you had rather I would come another day all right

Austin

Note: AC 398b. On verso, ED begins draft of “The Gentian has a parched Corolla –” and Vinnie addresses sheet to Dr. Joseph J. Vincent, Amherst dentist, who was charged in 1879 with assaulting Postmaster Jameson (acquitted June 20).

597.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, early October 1873 Transcribed Todd & F. Norcross

I think of your little parlor as the poets once thought of Windermere – peace, sunshine, and books.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away
Nor any coursers – like a page
Of prancing poetry –
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll,
How frugal is the chariot
That bears the human soul.

Note: Letter: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 482; Todd TS. Poem: AC Tr43a, Norcross TS. Publication: *L* (1894). | Windermere was associated with William and Dorothy Wordsworth and with Coleridge. | M 569, Fr1286.

598.

To Franklin Benjamin Sanborn, mid- to late 1873

Thank you, Mr Sanborn. I am glad there are Books.

They are better than Heaven for that is unavoidable while one may miss these.

Had I a trait you would accept I should be most proud, though he has had his Future who has found Shakespeare,

E – Dickinson

Note: UVA MS 7658. Publication: JL402. | Sanborn was a founding member of the American Social Science Association, who wrote often for the SR on literary, social, and political topics. THJ correspondence indicates that this is a letter of thanks for a copy of Shakespeare.

599.

To Elizabeth Holland, October 1873

Little Sister.

I miss your childlike Voice –

I miss your Heroism.

I feel that I lose combinedly a Soldier and a Bird.

I trust that you experience a trifling destitution. Thank you for having been.

These timid Elixirs are obtained too seldom.

Thank you for every Patience. You won the love of all, even a sweet remark from Austin, in itself an achievement. I am glad “the Jessamine lived.”

To live is Endowment. It puts me in mind of that singular Verse in the Revelations – “Every several Gate was of one Pearl.[”] Little Sister – Good Night – I am sure you went. Parting is one of the exactions of a Mortal Life. It is bleak – like Dying, but occurs more times.

To escape the former, some invite the last. The Giant in the Human Heart was never met outside.

The Sun came out when you were gone.

I chid him for delay –

He said we had not needed him. Oh prying Sun!

Love for Doctor. Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (32). Publication: LH. | Elizabeth had visited in the autumn and returned home with a cutting of Cape jasmine from ED’s conservatory. | Gates of pearl are mentioned in Revelation 21:21.

600.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late autumn 1873

Will you instruct me then no more?

Note: BPL 1093 (51). Publication: L (1931). | THJ combined this note with a previous one (L591). Higginson was much in the news from October to December 1873 in relation to debates about women’s rights and about Evangelicalism.

601.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about November 1873**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Dear Berkeleys.

I should feel it my duty to lay my "net" on the national altar, would it appease finance, but as Jay Cooke can't wear it, I suppose it won't. I believe he opened the scare. Mattie says "Did" pulled her hair, and "Did" says Mattie pulled her hair, but the issue at court will be, who pulled the preliminary hair. I am not yet "thrown out of employment," nor ever receiving "wages" find them materially "reduced," though when bread may be a "tradition" Mr. C. alone knows. I am deeply indebted to F, also to her sweet sister Mrs Ladislaw; add the funds to the funds please. Keep the cap till I send – I could not insult my country by incurring expressage now. Had it been but a week ago Buff sings like a nankeen [bumble-bee, and a bird's nest on the syringa] is just in a line with the conservatory fence, so I have fitted a geranium to it and the effect is deceitful. I see by the paper that father spends the winter with you. Will you be glad to see him?

Tell Loolie, when I was a baby father used to take me to mill for my health. I was then in consumption! While he obtained the "grist," the horse looked round at me, as if to say, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things that" I would do to you if I weren't tied! That is the way I feel toward her.

Maggie will write soon, says it was Mount Holyoke, and not Sweet Briar she gave you! Thanks for the little "news." Did get F's note and thank it. Have thousands of things to say as also ten thousands but must abate now. Lovingly Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 483. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored.
 | Did = Sally Jenkins; Mr C = Horace Church, who worked as a gardener for the Dickinsons.
 | The Norcrosses were staying at the Hotel Berkeley in Boston from February 1873 to April 1874.
 On the financial panic precipitated by Jay Cooke's speculation, see L594. The November 5 *SR* reported that Edward had been elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. | In *Middlemarch*, Dorothea Brooke marries the idealistic Will Ladislaw after her first husband's death. ED's "Eye hath not seen" paraphrases 1 Corinthians 2:9.

602.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1873*

I saw that the Flake was on it
 But plotted with Time to dispute –
 "Unchanged" I urged with a candor
 That cost me my honest Heart –

But “you” – she returned with valor
 Sagacious of my mistake
 “Have altered – Accept the pillage
 For the progress’ sake” –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (275). Publication: *AM* (1915). | M 711, Fr1304. Only complete copy.

603.

To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson, November 30, 1873

Dear Mattie,

I am glad it is your Birthday.
 It is this little Bouquet’s Birthday too –
 It’s Father is a very old Man by the name of Nature, whom you never saw –
 I am going away to live in a Tippet that a South Down built me, so I cant say
 any more –
 Be sure to live in vain and never mingle with the mouse – like Papa’s Tongs –
 Aunt Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B15). Publication: *AM* (1915). | Mattie turned seven on November 30, 1873.

604.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1873

Had this one Day not been,
 Or could it cease to be
 How smitten, how superfluous,
 Were every other Day!

 Lest Love should value less
 What Loss would value more
 Had it the stricken privilege,
 It cherishes before.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (261). Publication: *SH*. | M 710, Fr1281. Only copy.

605.*To Eliza Read, December 28, 1873**Transcribed Todd*

Vinnie says your martyrs were fond of flowers?

Would these profane their vase?

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 780. Publication: *L* (1894). | Both Read sons were drowned on December 26, 1873, while skating on Adams Pond; William was twenty-one, Sammie ten.

From Thomas Wentworth Higginson to Emily Dickinson, December 31, 1873

Newport, R. I.

Dec. 31. 1873.

Dear friend

This note shall go as a New Year's gift & assure you that you are not forgotten. I am glad to remember my visit to Amherst, & especially the time spent with you. It seemed to give you some happiness, and I hope it did;—certainly I enjoyed being with you. Each time we seem to come together as old & tried friends; and I certainly feel that I have known you long & well, through the beautiful thoughts and words you have sent me. I hope you will not cease to trust me and turn to me; and I will try to speak the truth to you, and with love.

Today is perfectly beautiful, all snow & azure—our snow is apt to be dingy, but today the Amherst hills can hardly be whiter. Such days ought to give us strength to go by all the storms & eclipses unmoved. Your poem about the storm is fine—it gives the sudden transitions. While there is anything so sudden in the world as lightning, no event among men can seem anything but slow.

I wish you could see some field lilies, yellow & scarlet, painted in water colors that are just sent to us for Christmas. These are not your favorite colors, & perhaps I love the azure & gold myself—but perhaps we should learn to love & cultivate these ruddy hues of life. Do you remember Mrs. Julia Howe's poem "I stake my life upon the red."

Pray read the enlarged edition of *Verses* by H. H.—the new poems are so beautiful. She is in Colorado this winter, & enjoys the out-door climate.

I always am glad to hear from you, and hope that your New Year may be very happy.

Your friend

T. W. Higginson

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). | H. H. = Helen Hunt (Jackson). | On December 3, Higginson was invited to lecture at Amherst and called on ED for the second (and last) time. After

returning to Newport, he wrote to his sister: “I saw my eccentric poetess Miss Emily Dickinson who *never* goes outside her father’s grounds & sees only me & a few others. She says, ‘there is always one thing to be grateful for—that one is one’s self & not somebody else’ but Mary thinks this is singularly out of place in E.D.’s case. She (E.D.) glided in, in white, bearing a Daphne odora for me, & said under her breath ‘How long are you going to stay.’ I’m afraid Mary’s other remark ‘Oh why do the insane so cling to you?’ still holds. I will read you some of her poems when you come.” | Higginson refers to Howe’s poem “Rouge Gagne” (1854). | ED had sent “The Wind begun to rock the Grass.”

606.

To Sarah Tuckerman, late December 1873

Transcribed Todd

Dear friend, I fear my congratulation, like repentance according to Calvin, is too late to be plausible, but might there not be an exception, were the delight or the penitence found to be durable?

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22,792. Publication: *L* (1894). According to Todd’s TS, ED here apologizes “for tardy congratulations upon Mrs. Tuckerman’s safe return from a long visit in Europe”; she dates it January 1874. The Tuckermans were in Europe from July 1872 to around December 5, 1873.

607.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, January 1874

Thank you, dear friend, for my “New Year,” but did you not confer it? Had your scholar permission to fashion your’s, it were perhaps too fair. I always ran Home to Awe when a child, if anything befell me.

He was an awful Mother, but I liked him better than none. There remained this shelter after you left me the other Day.

Of your flitting Coming it is fair to think.

Like the Bee’s Coupe – vanishing in Music.

Would you with the Bee return, what a Firm of Noon!

Death obtains the Rose, but the News of Dying goes no further then the Breeze.
The Ear is the last Face.

We hear after we see.

Which to tell you first is still my Dismay. Meeting a Bird this Morning, I begun to flee – He saw it and sung.

Presuming on that lone result
His infinite Disdain

But vanquished him with my Defeat –
 'Twas Victory was slain.

I shall read the Book. Thank you for telling me. “Field Lilies” are Cleopatra’s
 “Posies”.

I was re-reading “Oldport”.

Largest last, like Nature. Was it you that came?

A Wind that woke a lone Delight
 Like Separation’s Swell –
 Restored in Arctic confidence
 To the Invisible.

Your Scholar?

Note: BPL 1093 (52). Publication: *L* (1894). | A review of Higginson’s *Oldport Days* (1873) appeared in the January *Scribner’s*. | “Presuming on that”: last four lines (of eight) of “The Stars are old, that stood for me –” M 708, Fr1242; sent to S. Dickinson (1872). “A Wind that woke”: last four lines (of eight), “A Wind that rose though not a Leaf”; M 504, Fr1216; sent to S. Dickinson (1871). | Enclosure: “Because that you are going”.

From Mary Adelaide Hills to Emily Dickinson, about mid-January 1874

. . . it seemed real nice to see a little of your hand-writing again—& so like you are the words—

Mr. Hills is off to Boston to night on the “dreadful Central rail road” question—& I am alone for a little while—Miss McClean of Manchester who is spending the Sabbath with us having gone out to Church.

Could it be the Dr. who gave you the surprise? if so he probably told you he & his Mother had been to see me, but I am patiently waiting for more in a day or two—then I expect you will give me more than a telegram—

I do so enjoy Henrys going to Amherst—& particularly his coming home & telling me of you all—how you are what you talked about—how you looked & what are doing—I try not to have him omit anything. I feel as if I had seen you when he tells me so much

How are your Father & Mother & sister—how I should love to see you all—

This is only a word—for to night I am suffering from a hard cold—yet hope this

Note: AC 163b, c. Unpublished. Extant pages cut; pages missing at beginning and end. | On January 12, the Massachusetts Senate decided that the time for locating the MA Central railroad be extended and that its directors be allowed to hold their meetings in Boston.

608.

To Catharine Sweetser, about late January 1874

Saying nothing, My Aunt Katie, sometimes says the most.

Death's Waylaying not the sharpest
 Of the Thefts of Time –
 There marauds a sorer Robber –
 Silence – is his name –
 No Assault, nor any menace
 Doth betoken him.
 But from Life's consummate Cluster,
 He supplants the Balm.

Emily.

Note: RML. Pasted into Catharine's copy of *Poems* (1891). Publication: *Great American Girls* (1931). | On January 21, Catharine's husband disappeared from their apartment, leaving no trace; he left to take a walk and did not return. He had suffered a head injury January 17. The SR noted his disappearance on January 29. | M 713, Fr1315. Only copy.

609.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late February 1874

Transcribed F. Norcross

Dear children

Father is ill at home, I think it is the "Legislature" reacting on an otherwise obliging constitution.

Maggie is ill at Tom's – a combination of cold and superstition of fever, of which her enemy is ill, and longing for the promised land, of which there is no surplus. "Apollyon" and the "Devil" fade in martial lustre, beside Lavinia and myself. "As thy day is so shall thy" stem "be." We can all of us sympathise with the man who wanted the roan horse to ride to execution, because he said 'twas a nimble hue, and 'twould be over sooner. Dear L, shall I enclose the slips, or delay till Father? V. advises the latter. I usually prefer formers, latters seeming to me like Dicken's heroine's dead mama, "too some weeks off" to risk.

[Do you] remember the "sometimes" of child[hood,] which invariably never occurred?

Be pleased you have no cat to detain from justice. Ours have taken meats, and the wife of the "general court" is trying to lay them out, but as she has but two wheels and they have four, I would accept their chances. Kitties eat kindlings now.

Vinnie thinks they are “cribbers.” I wish I could make you as long a call as De Quincey made North, but that morning cannot be advanced.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 485. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS and supplied by Todd. Frances writes “Dicken’s heroe’s”; at the conclusion, she notes (“Vinnie will know the date of this”). | The “wife of the ‘general court’” = ED’s mother. The 1874 *Massachusetts Register and Business Directory* indicates that Edward was home late February and early March; he attended the Legislative Committee in Boston on March 9. | An anecdote relates that De Quincey visited Christopher North for an evening, but stayed a year. | ED’s “As the day” paraphrases Deuteronomy 33:25, “as thy days, so shall thy strength be.”

610.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, March 1874

Transcribed F. Norcross

Thank you, own little girls, for the sweet remembrance – sweet specifically. Be sure it was pondered with loving thoughts not unmingled with palates.

But love like literature, is “its exceeding great reward.” Mattie’s dollie hopes you retained the gowns till you took the patterns. It is such a considerate doll. I am glad you heard “Little Em’ly.” I would go far to hear her, except I have lost the run of the roads. Sue said she had written Lou on the McMillan subject. I did not forget it. Infinite March is here, and I “hered” a blue-bird. Of course I am standing on my head!

Go slow, my soul to feed thyself
 Upon his rare approach –
 Go rapid, lest competing death
 Prevail upon the coach,
 Go timid, should his testing eye
 Determine thee amiss
 Go boldly for thou paidst the price,
 Redemption for a kiss.

Tabby is singing “Old Hundred,” which by the way is her maiden name. Would they address and mail the note to their friend J.– W.–. Tidings of a book.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 467–68. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | J W = James Lyman Whitney, Maria Whitney’s brother, a librarian. General J. W. McMillan and former acting governor P. B. S. Pinchback were contestants for election to the forty-third Congress, as representatives for Louisiana; by January 1874, the contest was still unresolved. Pinch-

back was African American and a member of the Republican Party. | According to William Hazlitt, learning was “its exceeding great reward.” “Little Em’ly,” an adaptation of *David Copperfield*, played at the Boston Museum, January 5 to February 14, 1874. “Old Hundred” is a popular Protestant hymn. | M 578, Fr1322.

611.

To Sarah Jenkins, March 1874

Dear friend

I am picking you a flower for remembering Sumner – He was his Country’s –
She – is Time’s –

When Continents expire
The Giants they discarded – are
Promoted to endure –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L43). Publication: *FN*; MacGregor Jenkins transcribed the poem as prose. | Charles Sumner, a US senator from Massachusetts for over twenty years (1852–1874), died on March 11. Sumner was a national leader of antislavery forces before and during the Civil War. After the war, he fought to minimize the power of ex-Confederates and guarantee equal rights to freed men and women. | M 713, Fr1321. Only copy.

612.

To Elizabeth Holland, May 1874

Little Sister.

I hope you are safe and distinguished. Is the latter the former? Experience makes me no reply. Nature begins to work and I am assisting her a little, when I can be spared.

It is pleasant to work for so noble a Person.

Vinnie and “Pat” are abetting the Farm in Papa’s absence. A Triumph of Schemes, if not of Executions. Pat is as abnegating as a Dromedary and I fear will find his Lot as unique.

When you were here – there were Flowers and there are Flowers now, but those were the Nosegays of Twilight and these – are the Nosegays of Dawn –

It is plain that some one has been asleep!

Suffer Rip – Van Winkle! Vinnie says Maggie is “Cleaning House.” I should not have suspected it, but the Bible directs that the “Left Hand” circumvent the Right!

March,
[March 1872]

(469)

Thank you, our little birds, for the
sweet remembrance - sweet specifically.
Be sure it was pondered with loving
thoughts not unmixed with palates.
But love like literature, is 'its own
exceeding great reward' ~~xxx~~ ~~Matthew's~~ ~~dotter~~
~~hopes you retained the gowns tell~~
~~you took the patterns. It is such a~~
~~considerate doct. I am glad you~~
~~heard 'Little Emily.'~~ I would go far
to hear her, except I have lost the
run of the roads. ~~xxx~~ ~~See said she had~~
~~written See on the Mr Milton subject~~
~~I did not forget it.~~ Infinite March
is here, and I 'hered' a blue bird.

Of course I am standing on my head.
Go slow, my soul to find myself
Upon his rare approach
Go rapid, lest competing death
Prevail upon the coach.
So timid, should his testing eye
Determine thee amiss
Go boldly for thou paidst the price,
Redemption for a kiss.
Tabby is singing "Old Hundred,"
which by the way is her maiden name.
Will they address and mail
the note to their friend J. W. Tidings
of a book.

Emily.

(468)

Of course I am standing on my
head!

Go slow, my soul, to feed thyself
Upon his rare approach.
Go rapid, lest competing death
Prevail upon the coach.
Go timid, should his testing eye
Determine thine amiss,
Go boldly, for thou paidst the price,
Redemption for a Rise.

Sally is singing 'Old Hundred',
which, by the way, is her maiden
name. Would they address and
mail the note to their friend
J.W.

Findings of a book.

Emily.

[Pr. - This is not the end of the Norcross
Chapter - there is almost as much more,
but I cannot be sure of some later dates
for two or three days yet. Please be sure
to send galley. M.L.T.]

Figure 8 (a, b, c). To Louisa and Frances Norcross, March 1874. a: Frances Norcross transcript in ink, with editorial pencil by Todd. Todd has changed the date, canceled four sentences and added ellipses, and changed double to single quotation marks. b: Norcross verso page, canceled by Todd. c: Todd transcription of Norcross verso page, showing editorial changes made in the course of transcription, such as new paragraphing. Note at bottom to printer ("[Pr.-]") by Todd; canceled. (Y MSS & Archives MS496C.69.19, 467-68.) Sterling Memorial Library, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut.

We are to have another “Circus,” and again the Procession from Algiers will pass the Chamber-Window.

The Minor Toys of the Year are alike, but the Major – are different. But the dimensions of each subject admonish me to leave it.

Love, though, for your own. When a Child and fleeing from Sacrament I could hear the Clergyman saying “All who loved the Lord Jesus Christ – were asked to remain” – My flight kept time to the Words.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (33). Publication: *LH*. | Maginley’s Circus came to Amherst on May 23. | Washington Irving published “Rip Van Winkle” in 1819. ED’s “Left Hand” alludes to Matthew 6:3, “When you give . . . do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing.”

613.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1874

May I do nothing for my dear Sue?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L26). Pencil. Publication: JL431.

614.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late May to early June 1874

I thought that being a Poem one’s self precluded the writing Poems, but perceive the Mistake. It seemed like going Home, to see your beautiful Thought once more, now so long forbade it – Is it Intellect that the Patriot means when he speaks of his “Native Land”? I should have feared to “quote” to you what you “most valued”.

You have experienced sanctity.

It is to me untried.

Of Life to own –

From Life to draw –

But never touch the Reservoir –

You kindly ask for my Blossoms and Books –

I have read but a little recently – Existence has overpowered Books. Today I slew a Mushroom –

I felt as if the Grass was pleased

To have it intermit,

This surreptitious Scion
Of Summer's circumspect.

The broadest words are so narrow We can easily cross them – but there is Water deeper than those which has no Bridge. My Brother and Sisters would love to see you. Twice, you have gone – Master – Would you but once come –

Note: BPL 1093 (54). Publication: *L* (1931). | Higginson's poem "Decoration" appeared in the June 1874 issue of *Scribner's*: in it, the speaker places lilies on the grave not of a soldier but of an unnamed woman: "the bravest of the brave." "Of Life": M 713, Fr1327. Only copy. "I felt": four lines (of twenty) from "The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants –": M 518, Fr1350. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

615.

To Edward Dickinson, about spring 1874

Dear Father –

Emily –

Note: AC 265a. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | This note has two pinholes, indicating that it held an object, perhaps a flower. It is the only extant note from ED to her father. She used the verso to draft "Knock with tremor –."

616.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late June 1874

Transcribed Todd

You might not remember me, dears. I cannot recall myself. I thought I was strongly built, but this stronger has undermined me.

We were eating our supper the fifteenth of June, and Austin came in. He had a despatch in his hand, and I saw by his face we were all lost, though I didn't know how. He said that father was very sick, and he and Vinnie must go. The train had already gone. While the horses were dressing, news came, he was dead.

Father does not live with us now – he lives in a new house. Though it was built in an hour it is better than this. He hasn't any garden because he moved after gardens were made, so we take him the best flowers, and if we only knew he knew, perhaps we could stop crying. Pussy still sits in the sink, and the grass begins after Pat has stopped it.

I cannot write any more, dears. Though it is many nights my mind never comes home. Thank you each for the love, though I could not notice it. Almost the last tune that he heard was 'Rest from thy loved employ.'

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 497–498. Publication: *L* (1894) in part; omitted text restored. | Edward took the early train from Amherst on Monday, June 15. After feeling unwell at the legislative House on the morning of June 16, he returned to his hotel and suffered a stroke, dying about 6:00 P.M. His funeral was held at home on June 19, with Reverend Jenkins presiding; his remains were carried to West Cemetery by AC faculty and local businessmen. ED did not join the procession to the cemetery. | “Rest from thy loved employ” is from James Montgomery’s hymn, “Servant of God, well done!”

617.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, late June 1874

Dear friend,

I believe that the sweetest thanks are inaudible. They occur in the Heart and no other knows them. But as two or three awkward Tears supersede Orations, I will say no more. Flowers are not quite earthly.

They are like the Saints. We should doubtless feel more at Home with them than with the Saints of God.

Were the “Great Crowd of Witnesses” chiefly Roses and Pansies – there would be less to apprehend, though let me not presume upon Jehovah’s Program.

Thank Mr – Hills for the lovely message. Please to tell the Children the Acorns sell me Saucers still for the little Pies, but I have lent my only Wing to a lame Robin – so cannot freight them. Children’s Hearts are large.

I shall not need an Intercessor. Vinnie gives her love, and will write.

Emily –

Note: Morgan 14034. Publication: JL417. | The youngest Hills daughter, Susan Clapp, remembered flowers being exchanged between the families even after ED’s death. | ED’s “Crowd of Witnesses” paraphrases Hebrews 12:1, “we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.”

618.

To Abigail Cooper, about late June 1874

Transcribed Johnson

Though a stranger, I am unwilling not to thank you personally for the delicate attention to my Family.

For the comprehension of Suffering One must ones Self have Suffered.

E. Dickinson

Note: Sheldon Collection. Publication: *L* (1894).

619.

To Samuel Bowles, early July 1874

I should think you would have few Letters for your own are so noble that they make men afraid – and sweet as your Approbation is – it is had in fear – lest your depth convict us.

You compel us each to remember that when Water ceases to rise – it has commenced falling – That is the law of Flood. The last Day that I saw you was the newest and oldest of my Life. Resurrection can come but once – first – to the same House. Thank you for leading us by it.

Come always, dear friend, but refrain from going. You spoke of not liking to be forgotten. Could you, tho' you would? Treason never knew you. Emily –

Note: AC 702. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Bowleses attended Edward's funeral on June 19, and Samuel's description of it appeared in the *SR* the next day. | He sailed for Europe from Boston on July 25.

620.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, July 1874

The last Afternoon that my Father lived, though with no premonition – I preferred to be with him, and invented an absence for Mother, Vinnie being asleep. He seemed peculiarly pleased as I oftenest stayed with myself, and remarked as the Afternoon withdrew, he "would like it to not end".

His pleasure almost embarrassed me and my Brother coming – I suggested they walk. Next morning I woke him for the train – and saw him no more.

His Heart was pure and terrible and I think no other like it exists.

I am glad there is Immortality, but would have tested it myself – before entrusting him.

Mr Bowles was with us – With that exception I saw none. I have wished for you, since My Father died, and had you an Hour unengrossed, it would be almost priceless. Thank you for each kindness.

My Brother and Sister thank you for remembering them.

Your beautiful Hymn, was it not prophetic? It has assisted that Pause of Space which I call "Father" –

Note: BPL 1093 (55). Publication: *AM* (1891). Endorsed: "July 1874. A. M. her father's death." | The "beautiful Hymn" = Higginson's poem "Decoration" (see L614). At Edward's memorial service, the Reverend Jenkins suggested that he had an appearance that was "something terrific . . . which terrified" but a heart that was "gentle in nature."

621.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1874

Trifles – like Life – and the Sun, we Acknowledge in Church, but the Love that
demeans them, having no Confederate, dies without a term.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B99). Publication: *FE*.

622.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1874

To lose what we never owned might seem an eccentric Bereavement but Pre-
sumption has its' Affliction as actually as Claim –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B6). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

623.

To Abigail Cooper, about summer 1874

Dear friend –

It was my first impulse to take them to my Father – whom I cannot resist the
grief to expect.

Thank you,

Vinnie's sister –

Note: AC 5. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

624.

To Emily Fowler Ford, about second half of 1874

Should it be possible for me to speak of My Father before I behold him, I shall
try to do so to you, whom he always remembered –

Emily –

Note: AC 804. Publication: *L* (1894).

625.*To Sarah Jenkins, about early September 1874*

The absence of the big Brother is a Temptation to shield the little Sister, were
she not of herself a sufficing one –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L42). Publication: *FN*.

626.*To Samuel Bowles, October 4, 1874*

Dear friend.

The Paper wanders so I cannot write my name on it, so I give you Father's Por-
trait instead.

As Summer into Autumn slips
And yet we sooner say
"The Summer" than "the Autumn", lest
We turn the Sun away,

And almost count it an Affront the presence to concede
Of one however lovely, not
The one that we have loved –

So we evade the Charge of Years
On one attempting shy
The Circumvention of the Shaft
Of Life's declivity.

Emily.

Note: AC 703. Publication: *L* (1894). ED wrote "One one" for "On one," line 9 of the poem (cor-
rected here). | Bowles returned from a trip to Europe at the end of September and called on
the Dickinsons, October 4. | M 583, Fr1341. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

627.*To Olive Coit Stearns, about autumn 1874**Transcribed Olive Stearns*

Will the dear ones who eased the grieved days spurn the fading orchard?

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 781. Publication: *L* (1894). | Olive was the second wife of William A. Stearns, the president of AC, and Frazar Stearns's stepmother.

628.

To Samuel Bowles, about Thanksgiving 1874

Of your exquisite Act there can be no Acknowledgment but the Ignominy that Grace gives.

Emily –

Note: AC 708. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | On November 24, Bowles sent a note to Austin saying “there will be a small box of flowers for your mother by express Thanksgiving morning” (H MS Am 1118.8 [69]).

629.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1874

“Egypt – thou knew’s’t” –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B25). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | ED quotes Shakespeare’s *Antony and Cleopatra*, “Egypt, thou knew’s’t too well, / My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings . . . O’er my spirit / Thy full supremacy thou knew’s’t . . .”

630.

To Jonathan and Sarah Jenkins, about 1874

For my Mr. and Mrs Clergyman, with confiding love –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L45). Pencil. Publication: *FN*.

631.

To Clarissa (Clara) Newman Turner, about Christmas 1874

Transcribed Turner

I am sure you must have remembered that Father had “Become as Little Children,” or you would never have dared send him a Christmas gift, for you know how he frowned upon Santa Claus & all such prowling gentlemen –

Note: Missing. AC Tr67. Publication: *L* (1894). | Clara was married October 14, 1869 to Sidney Turner and then returned once a year to visit the Dickinsons until 1874. Though she did not

attend Edward's funeral, she wrote that the "following Xmas when I enclosed a Xmas wreath for his grave with the little remembrances for the living," she received ED's letter. | ED quotes Matthew 18:3.

632.

To Eliza Read, about December 26, 1874

Transcribed Todd

My dear Mrs Read,

We have often thought of you today, and almost spoken with you, but thought you might like to be alone – if one can be alone with so thronged a Heaven.

E. Dickinson

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 780. Publication: *L* (1894). | December 26 was the anniversary of the drowning of her two sons.

633.

To Elizabeth Holland, late January 1875

Sister.

This austere Afternoon is more becoming to a Patriot than to one whose Friend is it's sole Land.

No event of Wind or Bird breaks the Spell of Steel.

Nature squanders Rigor – now – where she squandered Love.

Chastening – it may be – the Lass that she receiveth. My House is a House of Snow – true – sadly – of few.

Mother is Asleep in the Library – Vinnie – in the Dining Room – Father – in the Masked Bed – in the Marl House.

How soft his Prison is –

How sweet those sullen Bars –

No Despot – but the King of Down

Invented that Repose!

When I think of his firm Light – quenched so causelessly, it fritters the worth of much that shines. "Dust unto the Dust" indeed – but the final clause of that marvelous sentence – who has rendered it?

"I say unto you," Father would read at Prayers, with a militant Accent that would startle one.

Forgive me if I linger on the first Mystery of the House.

It's specific Mystery – each Heart had before – but within this World. Father's was the first Act distinctly of the Spirit.

Austin's Family went to Geneva, and Austin lived with us four weeks. It seemed peculiar – pathetic – and Antediluvian. We missed him while he was with us and missed him when he was gone.

All is so very curious.

Thank you for that “New Year” – the first with a fracture. I trust it is whole and hale – to you. “Kingsley” rejoins “Argemone” –

Thank you for the Affection. It helps me up the Stairs at Night, where as I passed my Father's Door – I used to think was safety. The Hand that plucked the Clover – I seek, and am

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (34). Publication: *LH*. | ED refers to the January 23 death of Charles Kingsley, whose novel *Yeast* was serialized in 1848; Argemone is a character who dies after attempting to help the rural poor. | When Elizabeth visited Edward's grave, she picked a sprig of clover for ED, who never visited it: the clover is pressed between the pages of ED's Bible. | First stanza (of two): M 585, Fr1352.

634.

To Samuel Bowles, soon after February 21, 1875

Dear friend.

It was so delicious to see you – a Peach before the time, it makes all seasons possible and Zones – a caprice.

We – who arraign the “Arabian Nights” for their under statement, escape the stale sagacity of supposing them sham.

We miss your vivid Face, and the besetting Accents, you bring from your Numidian Haunts.

Your coming welds anew that strange Trinket of Life, which each of us wear and none of us own, and the phosphorescence of your's startles us for it's permanence. Please rest the Life so many own, for Gems abscond –

In your own beautiful words, for the voice is the Palace of all of us, “near, but remote,”

Emily –

If we die, will you come for us, as you do for Father?

“Not born” yourself, “to die,” you must reverse us all.

Note: AC 704. Publication: *L* (1894). | Todd prints the postscript as a separate letter (with lines from two other notes to Bowles). | Bowles visited the Evergreens around February 21. | “Not born to die,” a popular phrase referring to Christians. On “Arabian Nights,” see L19, 22, and 944; these stories remain a point of reference for ED over decades.

635.*To Sarah Tuckerman, March 1875**Transcribed Tuckerman*

Dear friend,

It was so long my custom to seek you with the Birds, they would scarcely feel at home should I do otherwise, though as Home itself is far from Home since my Father died, why should custom tire?

Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 793. Publication: *L* (1894).

636.*To Olive Coit Stearns, about March 28, 1875**Transcribed Olive Stearns*

It is possible, dear friend, that the rising of the one we lost, would have engrossed me to the exclusion of Christ's – but for your lovely admonition

Sabbath morning was peculiarly dear to my Father & his unsuspecting last earthly day with his family was that heavenly one.

Vinnie and I were talking of you as we went to sleep Saturday night, which makes your beautiful gift of today almost apparitional. Please believe how sweetly I thank you

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 782. Publication: *L* (1894). | In 1875, March 28 was Easter Sunday.

637.*To Olive Coit Stearns, about April 1875**Transcribed Todd*

Dear friend.

That a pansy is transitive, is its only pang.

This, precluding that, is indeed divine.

Bringing you handfuls in prospective, thank you for the love. Many an angel, with its needle, toils beneath the snow.

With tenderness for your mate –

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 784. Publication: *L* (1894).

638.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, mid-April 1875**Transcribed Todd*

I have only a buttercup to offer for the centennial, as an ‘embattled farmer’ has but little time.

Begging you not to smile at my limited meadows, I am modestly

Yours.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 499. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Norcrosses now lived in Concord, where the April 19 Centennial celebration included the unveiling of Daniel French’s statue *The Minute Man* in the presence of President Grant and other dignitaries. | Emerson read his “Concord Hymn”: “Here once the embattled farmer stood / And fired the shot heard round the world.”

639.*To Sarah Tuckerman, May 1875**Transcribed Tuckerman*

I send you inland buttercups as out-door flowers are still at sea –

Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 794. Publication: *L* (1894). Sarah adds: “Sent with yellow flowers when the country was drenched in rain – dated May, 1875.”

640.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, spring 1875*

Pink – small – and punctual –

Aromatic – low –

Covert – in April –

Candid – in May –

Dear to the Moss –

Known to the Knoll –

Next to the Robin

In every human Soul –

Bold little Beauty

Bedecked with thee

Nature forswears

Antiquity –

Emily –

Note: P, Box 6. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1890). | One unaddressed retained copy is signed “Arbutus,” an early spring flower. | M 587, Fr1357. Sent to Higginson (about 1875).

641.

To Elizabeth Holland, spring 1875

A little Madness in the Spring
Is wholesome even for the King,
But God be with the Clown –
Who ponders this tremendous scene –
This whole Experiment of Green –
As if it were his own!

Emily –

Note: Jones. Publication: *SH*. | M 586, Fr1356. Sent to S. Dickinson (1875).

642.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, May 1875

Transcribed F. Norcross

Dear children,

I decide to give you one more package of lemon drops as they only come once a year. It is fair that the bonbons should change hands, you have so often fed me. This is the very weather that I lived with you those amazing years that I had a father. W_ D's wife came in last week for a day and a night, saying her heart drove her. I am glad that you loved Miss W_ on knowing her nearer. Charlotte Brontë said “Life is so constructed that the event does not, can not, match the expectation.” The birds that father rescued are trifling in his trees. How flip-pant are the saved! They were even [frolic]king at his grave, when Vinnie went there yesterday. Nature must be too young to feel, or many years too old. Now children when you are cutting the loaf, peradventure a crust of love for the sparrow's table.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 500. Publication: *L* (1894). Part of the word “frolicking” (in brackets) was cut off the Norcross TS. | WD's wife = William Hawley Dickinson's wife, Ellen Pike Dickinson. | Whitney (Miss W) was invited to visit the Norcrosses on April 18, the Sunday before the Centennial celebration began; her brother also lived in Concord.

643.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, shortly after June 15, 1875

Dear friend –

Mother was paralyzed Tuesday, a year from the evening Father died – I thought perhaps you would care –

Your Scholar.

Note: BPL 1093 (56). Pencil. Publication: AM (1891). | ED's mother suffered a stroke on Tuesday, June 15, on the eve of the anniversary of Edward's death.

644.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about July 1875

Dear friend.

Mother was very ill, but is now easier, and the Doctor thinks that in more Days she may partly improve. She was ignorant at the time and her Hand and Foot left her, and when she asks me the name of her sickness – I deceive for the first time. She asks for my Father, constantly, and thinks it rude he does not come – begging me not to retire at Night, lest no one receive him. I am pleased that what grieves ourself so much – can no more grieve him. To have been immortal transcends to become so. Thank you for being sorry.

I thought it value to hear your voice, though at so great distance – Home is so far from Home, since my Father died.

The courtesy to my Brother and Sisters I gave and replace, and think those safe who see your Face.

Your Scholar.

Note: BPL 1093 (57). Publication: L (1931).

645.

To Olive Coit Stearns, about summer 1875

Transcribed Olive Stearns

What tenements of Clover
Are fitting for the Bee
What edifices azure
For Butterflies & me
What residences nimble
Arise & evanesce

Without a rhythmic rumor
Or an assaulting guess.

With love,

E. Dickinson

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 783. Publication: *L* (1894). Todd dates this TS “1875.” | M 661, Fr1358.

646.

To unknown, about summer 1875

Unsent

Sweet is it as Life, with it's enhancing Shadow of Death.

A Bee his Burnished Carriage
Drove boldly to a Rose –
Combinedly alighting –
Himself – his Carriage was –
The Rose received his visit
With frank tranquility
Withholding not a Crescent
To his Cupidity –
Their Moment consummated –
Remained for him – to flee –
Remained for her – of rapture
But the humility.

Note: AC 874. Publication: *BM*. | M 518, Fr1351. Here, as in some other letters, ED uses a line as signature.

647.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early August 1875

Emily and all that she has are at Sue's service, if of any comfort to Baby.
Will send Maggie, if you will accept her –
Sister –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B42). Pencil. | Thomas Gilbert (Gib) Dickinson was born August 1, 1875.

648.

To Helen Hunt Jackson, shortly after October 22, 1875

Have I a word but Joy?
E – Dickinson.

Who fleeing from the Spring
The Spring avenging fling
To Dooms of Balm –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L51). | Helen Hunt married William Sharpless Jackson of Colorado Springs on October 22, 1875. She returned this epithalamium, asking for an explanation, and writing on the final page: “This is mine, remember – You must send it back to me, or else you will be a robber.” | Final three lines (of six) “Opon a Lilac Sea”; M 590, Fr1368.

649.

To Elizabeth Holland, about October 1875

Sister –

I have the little Book and am twice triumphant – Once for itself, and once for Those who enabled me – The embarrassment of the Psalmist who knew not what to render his friend – is peculiarly mine – Though he has canceled his consternations, while my own remain – Thank you with all my strength – and Doctor as yourself – and again yourself for the sweet note.

Nature assigns the Sun –
That – is Astronomy –
Nature cannot enact a Friend –
That – is Astrology.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (35). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | The “little Book” may be Josiah Holland’s novel *Sevenoaks*, serialized in *Scribner’s* January through December, but first published in book form October 1875. “The Psalmist” = Psalms 116:12, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?” | M 714, Fr1371. Only copy.

650.*To Abigail Cooper, about 1875*

My Family of Apparitions is select, though dim.

Note: AC 6. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

651.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1875*

To pile like Thunder to it's close
 Then crumble grand away
 While everything created hid
 This – would be Poetry –

Or Love – the two coeval come –
 We both and neither prove –
 Experience either and consume –
 For none see God and live –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (364). Publication: *SH*. | M 713, Fr1353. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

652.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late 1875*

“For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s Angel –”

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B34). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Bianchi claimed that the reference was to a disagreement between Austin and a friend in a matter of town politics; a local Amherst farmer, Moses Dickinson, was also gruesomely murdered on November 27 by Allen J. Adams; he was apprehended ten years later (see L1300). ED quotes *Julius Caesar*.

653.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1875*

Only Woman in the World, Accept a Julep.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B76). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

654.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, January 1876

That it is true, Master, is the Power of all you write.

Could it cease to be Romance, it would be Revelation, which is the Seed – of Romance – I had read “Childhood”, with compunction that Thought so fair – fall on foreign eyes –

I had also read fervent notices of itself and of you. There is nothing sweeter than Honor, but Love, which is it’s sacred price.

I hope most you are happy, and that none closest to you, have received sorrow –
Could “Liquid Hills” be steep?

The last Books that My Father brought me I have felt unwilling to open, and had reserved them for you, because he had twice seen you. They are Theodore Parker, by Frothingham, and George Eliot’s Poems. If you have them, please tell me – If not, you will not forbid mine?

Mr Bowles lent me flowers twice, for my Father’s Grave.

To his simplicity
To die – was little Fate –
If Duty live – contented
But her Confederate.

Your Scholar

Note: BPL 1093 (58). Publication: *L* (1931). | “Childhood’s Fancies” appeared in the January 1876 *Scribner’s*. Frothingham’s *Theodore Parker* and Eliot’s *The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems* were published in 1874. | Enclosures: “The last of Summer is Delight –”; “The Heart is the Capital of the Mind.”; “The Mind lives on the Heart”; “The Rat is the concisest Tenant.”; and “‘Faithful to the end’ amended”. | “To his simplicity”; M 714, Fr1387. Sent to J. or S. Jenkins (1876).

655.

To Jonathan or Sarah Jenkins, about January 1876

To his simplicity
To die was little fate
If Duty – live –
Contented, but her Confederate.

Emily

Note: H 1118.99c #1352; photostat. Formerly Howe Collection. Publication: *L* (1931). | M 714; Fr1387. Sent to Higginson (1876).

656.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, weekend of February 10 to 13, 1876

There is so much that is tenderly profane in even the sacreddest Human Life –
that perhaps it is instinct and not design, that dissuades us from it.

The Treason of an accent
Might Ecstasy transfer –
Of her effacing Fathom
Is no Recoverer –

It makes me happy to send you the Book. Thank you for accepting it, and please not to own “Daniel Deronda” till I bring it, when it is it is done. You ask me if I see any one – Judge Lord was with me a week in October and I talked with Father’s Clergyman once, and once with Mr Bowles. Little – wayfaring acts – comprise my “pursuits” – and a few moments at night, for Books – after the rest sleep. Candor – my Preceptor, is the only wile. Did you not teach me that yourself, in the “Prelude” to “Malbone”? You once told me of “printing but a few Poems.” I hoped it implied you possessed more – would you show me – one? You asked me if I liked the cold – but it is warm now. A mellow Rain is falling.

It wont be ripe till April –
How luscious is the dripping of Febuary eaves!
It makes our thinking Pink –
It antedates the Robin – Bereaving in prospective that Febuary leaves –
Thank you for speaking kindly.
I often go Home in Thought to you.
Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (64). Publication: *L* (1931). | After foul weather on February 9, there were consecutive fine days, leading to 42 and 52 degree temperatures on the 12th and 13th. “Father’s Clergyman” = Jonathan Jenkins. Lord had recovered from illness by the end of 1875. Bowles was in the Amherst area, November 1875. | Eliot’s *Daniel Deronda* was serialized in *Harper’s*, beginning February 1, 1876. | M 714, Fr1388. Sent to S. Dickinson (1876).

657.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about February 1876

Thank you, dear, for the “Eliot” –
She is the Lane to the Indies, Columbus was looking for.
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L25). Publication: AM (1915). | Susan had sent ED the issue of *Harper's* beginning the *Daniel Deronda* serial.

658.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late February 1876

Did you not receive the Letter – or Book? Dear friend, I am alarmed –

Note: BPL 1093 (65). Publication: L (1931).

659.

To Eugenia Montague Hall, early 1876

My little benefactor,

The flowers are very sweet, and I am surprised and charmed.

I raise only robins on my farm and a blossom is quite a guest.

Affectionately

Coz Emily

Note: H, MS and TS now missing; THJ follows lost TS made by George Frisbie Whicher, whose notebook states it was a two-page letter in ink. Publication: JL454, our source text.

660.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, February or March 1876

Could you pardon the elderly Gentleman, who entrusted the circumstances to you, that were designed for him?

Note: BPL 1093 (66). Publication: L (1931). | Luke Sweetser, then in his midseventies, often addressed and mailed ED's letters, and misdirected to Higginson a note ED had written to Luke. Sometime after this incident, George Montague took over the job of addressing and sending ED's mail.

661.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early March 1876

Dear friend –

If you would be willing I should tell you how the mistake was – perhaps you could forgive it. An elderly friend addresses the notes to my few friends, and if I send them a Book – folds and mails it for me –

I had asked his permission to fold the Poems – but in sending them to him omitted his name on the note you received – Then he thought it for you –

When I knew it, I wrote you – It distressed me extremely – but I hope when I tell you how it is, you will less abhor it – Will you not?

Your Scholar –

Fear – like Dying, dilates Trust, or enforces it –

Note: BPL 1093 (67). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). Endorsed: Mar 1876.

662.

To Abigail Cooper, about March 13, 1876

Dear friend,

I congratulate you.

Disaster endears beyond Fortune –

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 64. Publication: *L* (1894). | On March 13, 1876, a fire destroyed much of Palmer Block. On the 15th, the *Amherst Record* reported that “Mrs. Cooper’s house, on the south side, was also in great danger . . . and both buildings were soon thickly covered with men who kept the sides and roofs constantly wet.” The Cooper house was “uninjured” beyond a little scorching.

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, March 20, 1876

Col. Springs March 20, 1876

But you did not send it back, though you wrote that you would.

Was this an accident, or a late withdrawal of your consent?

Remember that it is mine—not yours—and be honest.

Thank you for not being angry with my impudent request for interpretations.

I do wish I knew just what “dooms” you meant, though!

A very clever man—one of the cleverest I ever met—a Mr. Dudley of Milwaukie spent a day with us last week, and we talked about you. So threads cross, even on the outermost edges of the web.

I hope some day, somewhere I shall find you in a spot where we can know each other! I wish very much that you would write to me now and then, when it did not bore you; I have a little manuscript volume with a few of your verses in it—and I read them very often. You are a great poet—and it is a wrong to the day you live in, that you will not sing aloud. When you are what men call dead, you will be sorry you were so stingy.

Yours truly

Helen Jackson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Publication: JL444a. Postmark: Colorado Springs March 21. | Jackson refers to John Dudley, who had married ED's second cousin Eliza Coleman and knew the Norcross cousins well. He was pastor at the Plymouth Congregational Church in Milwaukee until 1875.

663.

To Eugenia Montague Hall, about early spring 1876

Dear "Genie."

The lovely flower you sent me, is like a little Vase of Spice and fills the Hall with Cinnamon –

You must have skillful Hands – to make such sweet Carnations. Perhaps your Doll taught you.

I know that Dolls are sometimes wise. Robins are my Dolls.

I am glad you love the Blossoms so well.

I hope you love Birds too.

It is economical. It saves going to Heaven.

Lovingly,

Coz. Emily.

Note: Muhlenberg College. Publication: *L* (1894).

664.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about early April 1876

But Two had mentioned the "Spring" to me – yourself and the Revelations. "I – Jesus – have sent mine Angel."

I inferred your touch in the Papers on Lowell and Emerson – It is delicate that each Mind is itself, like a distinct Bird –

I was lonely there was an "Or" in that beautiful "I would go to Amherst", though grieved for it's cause. I wish your friend had my strength for I dont care for roving – She perhaps might, though to remain with you is Journey – To abstain from "Daniel Deronda" is hard – you are very kind to be willing. I would have liked to wait, but "Sue" smuggled it under my Pillow, and to wake so near it overpowered me – I am glad "Immortality" pleased you. I believed it would. I suppose even God himself could not withhold that now – When I think of my Father's lonely Life and his lonelier Death, there is this redress –

Take all away –

The only thing worth larceny

Is left – the Immortality –

My earliest friend wrote me the week before he died “If I live, I will go to Amherst – if I die, I certainly will –”

Is your House deeper off?

Your Scholar

Note: BPL 1093 (68). Publication: AM (1891). | Higginson anonymously reviewed Lowell’s *Among My Books: Second Series* in the March *Scribner’s* and perhaps reviewed Emerson’s *Letters and Social Aims* in the April issue. Higginson’s “friend” was his wife, who was seriously ill; Mary Channing Higginson was sister of the poet W. Ellery Channing and niece of Reverend William Ellery Channing. ED’s “earliest friend” may be Benjamin Newton, who died in 1853. | She quotes from Revelation 22:16. | M 715, Fr1390. Only copy.

665.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, April 1876

Your Thought is so serious and captivating, that it leaves one stronger and weaker too, the Fine of Delight. Of it’s Bliss to yourself, we are ignorant, though you first teach us “that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit” –

It is still as distinct as Paradise – the opening your first Book.

It was Mansions – Nations – Kinsmen – too – to me –

I sued the news – yet feared the news

That such a Realm could be –

“The House not made with Hands” it was –

Thrown open wide – to me –

I had long heard of an Orchis before I found one, when a child, but the first clutch of the stem is as vivid now, as the Bog that bore it, so truthful is Transport – Though inaudible to you, I have long thanked you.

Silence’ oblation to the Ear supersedes sound – Sweetest of Renowns to remain

Your Scholar –

Is your friend better? And yourself, well?

Note: BPL 1093 (69). | Higginson’s first book was *Out-Door Papers* (1863). | ED quotes from John 3:6: “That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit”—possibly referring to chapter 1 of *Out-Door Papers*, “Saints, and their Bodies.” She quotes from 2 Corinthians 5:1, also quoted in in L184, 186, and 1105. | M 715 Fr1391. Only copy.

666.*To Olive Coit and William A. Stearns, spring 1876**Transcribed Olive Stearns*

Dear friends

Might these be among the fabrics which the Bible designates as beyond rubies?

Certainly they are more accessible to the fingers of your thief

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22,785. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED often sent flowers around Easter, April 16 in 1876. | The “price of wisdom is beyond rubies” (Proverbs 8:11).

667.*To Samuel Bowles, shortly after May 4, 1876*

We part with the River at the Flood through a timid custom, though with the same Waters we have often played –

Emily –

Note: AC 705. Pencil. | Samuel's younger brother Franklin died of Roman Fever in Paris, May 4, 1876.

668.*To Mary Channing Higginson, about May 1876*

Dear friend,

I have your lovely Gift, and am happy and chastened. May I cherish it twice, for itself, and for you?

The Tie to one we do not know, is slightly miraculous, but not humbled by test, if we are simple and sacred – Thank you for recollecting me. I have now no Father, and scarcely a Mother, for her Will followed my Father, and only an idle Heart is left, listless for his sake. I am sorry your Hand harms you – is it easier now? Mr Higginson told me you loved the Buds – You should own my own, but the Orchard is too jocund to fold and the Robins would rob the mail.

Who knocks not, yet does not intrude, is Nature.

Please to thank Mr Higginson for the delightful note – I shall thank him myself – soon – Please tell him the “Madonnas” I see, are those that pass the House to their work, carrying Saviors with them –

Note: BPL 1093 (71). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | The “Madonnas” = women working in the hat factory across from the Dickinson property.

669.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early June 1876

I am glad to have been of joy to your friend, even incidentally, and greedy for the supplement of so sweet a privilege. I hope that you had a happy trip, and became refreshed. Labor might fatigue, though it is Action's rest.

The things we thought that we should do
We other things have done
But those peculiar industries
Have never been begun.

The Lands we thought that we should seek
When large enough to run
By Speculation ceded
To Speculation's Son –

The Heaven, in which we hoped to pause
When Discipline was done
Untenable to Logic
But possibly the one –

I am glad you remember the “Meadow Grass.”
That forestalls Fiction.

I was always told that Conjecture surpassed Discovery, but it must have been spoken in caricature, for it is not true –

The long sigh of the Frog
Opon a Summer's Day
Enacts intoxication
Opon the Passer by.

But his receding Swell
Substantiates a Peace
That makes the Ear inordinate
For corporal release –

Would you but guide
Your scholar

Nature is a Haunted House – but Art – a House that tries to be haunted.

Note: BPL 1093 (70). Publication: *L* (1931). | ED writes the postscript about “Nature” on a separate page, using the same quadrille paper, folded identically; historically, the texts have been linked. | Higginson was reported to have attended a meeting of the Reform Council in New York, May 15–16, and then spoke at a Decoration Day event on the 29th. | “The things we thought”: M 566, Fr1279. “The long sigh”; M 715, Fr1394. Apparently sent to S. Dickinson (about 1876).

670.

To Olive Coit Stearns, about June 8, 1876

Transcribed Todd

Love’s stricken “why”
Is all that love can speak –
Built of but just a syllable,
The hugest hearts that break.

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 787. Publication: *L* (1894). | Stearns’s husband, William A. Stearns, died on June 8. | M 715, Fr1392. Only copy.

671.

To Jonathan Jenkins, perhaps about June 1876

It will make Today more homelike, that he who first made Heaven homelike
to Father, is with his Children.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c (464) photostat. Formerly Howe Collection. Publication: *FN*. Perhaps sent on the June 16 anniversary of Edward’s death, when a family gathering was held at the Evergreens; ED did not attend.

672.

To Abigail Cooper, about July 4, 1876

The Founders of Honey have no names –

Note: AC 7. Publication: *L* (1894). | On July 4, Marquis Fayette Dickinson Jr. reported in an address that the “year of the national centennial [was also] the centennial of the town of Amherst.”

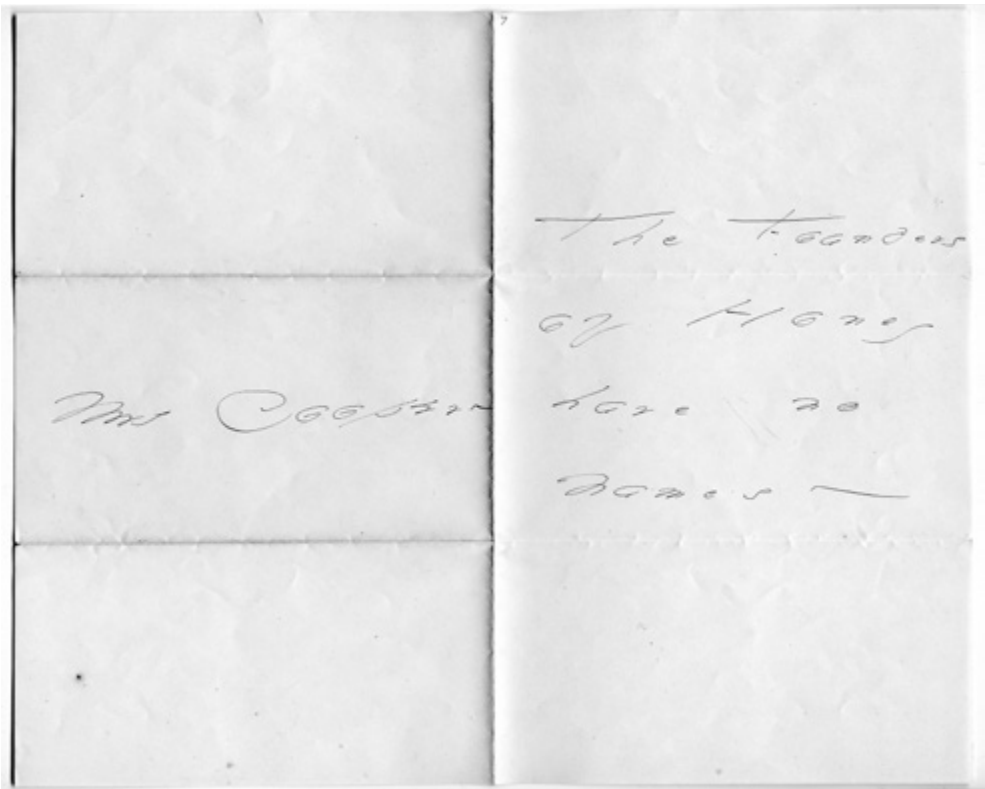


Figure 9. To Abigail Cooper, about July 4, 1876 (AC 7).

Emily Dickinson Collection, Amherst College Archives and Special Collections, Amherst, Massachusetts.

673.

To Abigail Cooper, about 1876

Vinnie suggests these little Friends.

Would they be too groveling? And I add a Face from my Garden. Though you met it before, it might not be charmless.

E – Dickinson.

Note: AC 8. Publication: *L* (1894).

From Luke Sweetser to Emily Dickinson, about summer 1876

You dont know [how] much I have missed these opportunities of service of late.

I shall not beleive you are displeased with me until you tell me so

Yours

L. Sweetser

Note: AC 149. Publication: JL452 note. | ED used the back of this note to draft “Bees are Black, with Gilt Surcingles,”. See L.660 for context.

674.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late July or early August 1876

Transcribed Todd and unknown

Dear Cousins,

Mr S_ had spoken with pleasure of you, before you spoke of him. Good times are always mutual; that is what makes good times. I am glad it cheered you.

We have had no rain for six weeks except one thunder shower, and that so terrible that we locked the doors, and the clock stopped – which made it like Judgment day. The heat is very great, and the grass so still that the flies speck it. I fear Lou will despair. The notices of the “fall trade” in the hurrying dailies, have a whiff of coolness. Vinnie has a new pussy the color of Branwell Brontë’s hair. She thinks it a little “lower than the angels,” and I concur with her. You remember my ideal cat has always a huge rat in it’s mouth, just going out of sight – though going out of sight in itself has a peculiar charm. It is true that the unknown is the largest need of the intellect, though for it, no one thinks to thank God – The baby calls in his little cab – I fill his hat with flowers. He is a sweet and beautiful child.

Mother is worn with the heat, but otherwise not altering. I dream about father every night, always a different dream, and forget what I am doing daytimes, wondering where he is. Without any body, I keep thinking. What kind can that be? Dr. Stearns died homelike, asked Eliza for a saucer of strawberries, which she brought him, but he had no hands. “In such an hour as ye think not” means something when you try it – Lovingly Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 502–503. Publication: L (1894). Omitted text restored. TS by unknown begins with the word “despair”; paper is the same as used by Frances, as is mode of transcription. | A severe storm on July 20 set six buildings alight; many days had temperatures of 90 degrees and above. References to the “fall trade” began in July. | Mr S = Luke Sweetser. Eliza = daughter of Olive and William Stearns. | Branwell Brontë’s hair is described as “tawny” in Elizabeth Gaskell’s 1857 *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. ED takes “a little lower than the angels” from Psalm 8:5. She also quotes from Matthew 24:44.

675.*To Sarah Jenkins, August 1876*

Whose tenderness to my own Sister, constrains me to cherish her's.
Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L41). Publication: *FN*. Jenkins's sister, Eliza Ann, lost a son to dyspepsia on July 31, 1876; Sarah and Eliza's mother had died in March.

676.*To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early August 1876*

Dear friend,

I hope Mrs Higginson is no more ill. I am glad if I did not disturb her. Loneliness for my own Father made me think of her.

Always begins by degrees.

I almost inferred from your accent you might come to Amherst. I would like to make no mistake in a presumption so precious – but a Pen has so many inflections and a Voice but one, will you think it obtuse, if I ask if I quite understood you?

Of their peculiar light
I keep one ray
To clarify the Sight
To seek them by –

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (72). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Mary Channing Higginson's father, Walter Channing, for twenty-five years dean of the Harvard Medical School, died July 27. | M 592, Fr1396. Sent to unknown (1876).

677.*To unknown, about 1876**Unsent*

Thank you for the Delight –
The book is fair and lonely, like a Memoir of Evening –

Of his peculiar light
We keep one ray –

To clarify the sight
To seek him by.

Gratefully,
Emily –

Note: AC 104 & 227. Pencil. Publication: JL, PF47. | Written on two leaves; all text canceled. Verso of each used to draft a poem, respectively “A Field of Stubble – lying sere” and “How much the present moment means.” | M 592, Fr1396. Sent to Higginson, beginning “Of their peculiar light” (1876).

678.

To Elizabeth Holland, early August 1876

I once more come, with my little Load – Is it too heavy, Sister?
You remember from whom I quoted, when you brought me the Clover?
“I find your Benefits no Burden, Jane –”
Had I only a Postal, with your Smile, I should sleep safer.
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (36). Pencil. Publication: LH. | According to Theodora Ward, “for many years Emily made a practice of sending to Mrs. Holland the letters she wrote to Dr. Wadsworth, to be addressed and forwarded to Philadelphia.” | ED quotes from Charlotte Brontë’s *Jane Eyre*. See L633 for earlier reference to clover.

679.

To Elizabeth Holland, August 1876

Transcribed Todd

Loved and little sister.

Vinnie brought in a sweet pea today, which had a pod on the “off” side. Startled by the omen, I hasten to you.

An unexpected impediment to my reply to your dear last, was a call from my Aunt Elizabeth – “the only male relative on the female side,” and though many days since, its flavor of court-martial still sets my spirit tingling.

With what dismay I read of those columns of kindred in the Bible – the Jacobites and the Jebusites and the Hittites and the Jacqueminots!

I am sure you are better, for no rheumatism in its senses would stay after the thermometer struck ninety!

We are reveling in a gorgeous drought.

The grass is painted brown, and how nature would look in other than the standard colors, we can all infer. . . . I bade ___ call on you, but Vinnie said you were “the other side the Globe,” yet Vinnie thinks Vermont is in Asia, so I don’t intend to be disheartened by trifles.

Vinnie has a new pussy that catches a mouse an hour. We call her the “minute hand.” Perhaps the

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 296. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. Letter incomplete. | The Hollands were summering in Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence Seaway. The blank may refer to Susan, who was probably in Geneva, about 150 miles away. | Aunt Elizabeth = Elizabeth Dickinson Currier.

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, August 20, 1876

Princeton, Mass Aug. 20. 1876

My dear Miss Dickinson,

How could you possibly have offended me? I am sorry that such an idea should have suggested itself to you.

I have often and often thought of sending you a line, but there are only sixty minutes to an hour. There are not half enough.

I enclose to you a circular which may interest you. When the volume of *Verse* is published in this series, I shall contribute to it: and I want to persuade you to.

Surely, in the shelter of such double anonymousness as that will be, you need not shrink. I want to see some of your verses in print. Unless you forbid me, I will send some that I have. May I?—It will be some time before this volume appears. There might be three or four volumes of stories first, I suppose.—

My husband is here with me; and we are enjoying this lovely N. England country, very much; but we shall be here only a few days longer, having that great “chore” of the Exposition to do.

The address

Care of Messrs Roberts Bros. Boston

will always find me, wherever I am;—and I am always glad to get a line from you.

Thank you for writing in such plain letters! Will you not send me some verses?—

Truly your friend

Helen Jackson.

P.S. If you ever see Dr. Cate, pray give my love to him;—mine & Mr. Jacksons also—

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87-M 65). Postmark: Princeton Aug 21. | The enclosed circular was for the Roberts Brothers “No Name Series” of novels and stories, to be published

anonymously. Jackson's *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* was the first volume in the series to appear (September 1876). | Hamilton Jonathan Cate was an Amherst homeopath, described by Jackson as "one of the best homeopaths I ever have found in a small town."

680.

To Mary Channing Higginson, late summer 1876

Dear friend.

The "Happiness" without a cause, is the best Happiness, for Glee intuitive and lasting is the gift of God.

I fear we have all Sorrow, though of different forms, but with Life so very sweet at the Crisp, What must it be unfrozen! I hope you may sometime be so strong as to smile at now –

That is our Hope's criterion, for things that are – are ephemeral, but those to come – long – and besides,

The Flake the Wind exasperate
More eloquently lie
Than if escorted to it's Down
By Arm of Chivalry.

I would love to know your "Ferns and Grasses" and touch your "Books and Pictures," but it is of Realms unratiſed that Magic is made.

I bring you a Fern from my own Forest – where I play every Day.

You perhaps sleep as I write, for it is now late, and I give you Good Night with fictitious lips, for to me you have no Face.

"We thank thee Oh Father" for these strange Minds, that enamor us against thee.

Note: BPL 1093 (73). Publication: *L* (1931). Dried fern enclosed. | M 715, Fr1410. Only copy.

681.

To Sabra Cobb Snell and family, about September 18, 1876

Transcribed Todd

I had a father once.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 786. Publication: *L* (1894). Ebenezer Strong Snell, AC professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, died on September 18. His funeral was on the 21st. Almost 300 faculty and students attended. The note was accompanied by "a beautiful mass of flowers" (Todd).

682.*To Mary Channing Higginson, autumn 1876*

How know it from a Summer's Day?
 It's Fervors are as firm,
 And nothing in the Countenance
 But scintillates the same –
 Yet Birds examine it and flee –
 And Vans without a name
 Inspect the Admonition
 And sunder as they came –

Note: BPL 1093 (76). Publication: *Poems* (1955). Sent with a rosebud. | M 716, Fr1412. Only copy.

683.*To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, shortly after October 10, 1876*

Dear friend,

Are you willing to tell me what is right? Mrs Jackson – of Colorado – was with me a few moments this week, and wished me to write for this – I told her I was unwilling, and she asked me why? – I said I was incapable and she seemed not to believe me and asked me not to decide for a few Days – meantime, she would write me – She was so sweetly noble, I would regret to estrange her, and if you would be willing to give me a note saying you disapproved it, and thought me unfit, she would believe you – I am sorry to flee so often to my safest friend, but hope he permits me –

Note: BPL 1093 (74). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1891). | Jackson called on ED on October 10, while visiting Amherst.

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, October 18, 1876

Ashfi[eld]

Wed.

Oct [18]

My dear friend,

I [keep] my promise so [promptly?] that I am w[riting] you before brea[kfast]
 it is simply a [post]script to my c[all the other?] day; which re[ally I] found as
 muc[h too] short as you [may] possibly have [?]

I am ver[y sorry if?] I have seemed [?] and I hope [?] you again. [I feel] as if I ha[d been] very imperti[nent that] day [in] speaking to you [as] I did,—accusing [you] of living awa[y from] sunlight,—and [telling] you that you [looke]d ill, which is a [mor]tal pr[ic]e of ill[nes]s at all times[,] but re[al]ly you [look]ed so [wh]ite and [mo]th-like[.] Your [hand] felt [l]ike such [a] wisp in mine that [yo]u fright[ened] me. I felt [li]ke a [gr]eat ox [tal]king to a wh[ite] moth, and begg[ing] it to come and [eat] grass with me [to] see if it could not turn itself into beef! How stupid.—

This morning I have read over again the last verses you sent me: I find them more clear than I thought they were. Part of the dimness must have been in me. Yet I have others which I like better. I like your simplest and [most direct] lines best.

You say you find great pleasure in reading my verses. Let somebody somewhere whom you do not know have the same pleasure in reading yours; [*strip cut away*]

Goodbye. Whenever you like to send me a word, I shall always be glad to hear: and for all the verses you send me, I shall thank you.—[Roberts Bros. Boston] is the address which will always find me wherever I am.

Most truly yours, Helen Jackson

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Postmark: Ashfield Ms Oct 18. The side of one leaf was torn off, and two strips were cut from the other leaf. Bracketed letters and words are speculated from context.

From Thomas Wentworth Higginson to Emily Dickinson, October 22, 1876

Newport, R. I.

Oct. 22. 1876

My dear friend

My wife wishes to thank you very much for your note & sweet little rosebuds. We are quite busy, as we are just going to housekeeping, which pleases us very much; we have a nice American woman who is to keep house for us, & we both prefer it. (For six years we have been boarding.) When you come to Newport, my wife says, you must come & see us.

Now as to your letter of inquiry; It is always hard to judge for another of the bent of inclination or range of talent; but I should not have thought of advising you to write stories, as it would not seem to me to be in your line. Perhaps Mrs. Jackson thought that the change & variety might be good for you: but if you really feel a strong unwillingness to attempt it, I do not think she would mean to urge you. The celebrated prison-reformer, Mrs. Fry, made it one of her

rules that we must follow, not force, Providence; & there is never any good in forcing it.

If you like to do it, I should be glad to be remembered to your brother & sister, and to your sister-in-law.

Ever your friend

T. W. Higginson

PS My wife thought you might like to have this photograph of me, unless you have it; as it is in some respects the best I have ever had taken, though the expression is not altogether true.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL476b. The first line of the address and signature have been cut away; restored text from THJ. | From the enclosure, Higginson misunderstood that Jackson wanted ED to submit a story. ED mentioned her admiration for Elizabeth Fry to Bowles in 1860 (L273).

684.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late October 1876

Dear friend.

Except your coming, I know no Gift so great – and in one extent, it exceeds that, – it is permanent.

Your Face is more joyful, when you speak – and I miss an almost arrogant look that at times haunts you – but with that exception, it is so real I could think it you.

Thank you with delight – and please to thank your friend for the lovely suggestion.

I hope she has no suffering now –

Was it Browning's Flower, that "Ailed till Evening"? I shall think of your "keeping House" at Night, when I close the shutter, but to be Mrs – Higginson's Guest, is the Boon of Birds. Judge Lord was with us a few days since – and told me the Joy we most revere – we profane in taking.

I wish that was wrong. Mrs Jackson has written. It was not stories she asked of me. But may I tell her just the same that you dont prefer it? Thank you, if I may, for it almost seems sordid to refuse from myself again.

My Brother and Sister speak of you – and covet your remembrance – and perhaps you will not reject my own, to Mrs Higginson?

Summer laid her supple Glove

In it's sylvan Drawer –

Wheresoe'er, or was she –
The demand of Awe?

Your Scholar.

Note: BPL 1093 (75). Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes from Browning's *Sordello* (1840). | Stanza 2 (of two) "Summer laid her simple Hat": M 597, Fr1411. Sent to E. Holland (stanza 1, 1876).

685.

To Elizabeth Holland, about October 1876

Summer laid her simple Hat
On it's boundless Shelf –
Unobserved – a Ribin slipt,
Snatch it for yourself.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (35a). Publication: *L* (1894). Stanza 1 (of two): M 597, Fr1411. Sent to Higginson (stanza 2, 1876).

686.

To Sally and MacGregor Jenkins, about 1876

Transcribed Johnson

Happy Did and Mac!

We can offer you nothing so charming as your own Hearts, which we would seek to possess, had we the requisite Wiles –

Note: H 1118.99c #482; photostat. Formerly Howe Collection. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

687.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about November 1876

Transcribed Todd

Oh that beloved witch-hazel which would not reach me till part of the stems were a gentle brown, though one loved stalk as hearty as if just placed in the mail by the woods.

It looked like tinsel fringe combined with staid fringes, witch and witching too, to my joyful mind.

I never had seen it but once before, and it haunted me like childhood's indian pipe or ecstatic puff-balls, or that mysterious apple that sometimes comes on river pinks; and is there not a dim suggestion of a dandelion, if her hair were raveled and she grew on a twig instead of a tube,— though this is timidly submitted. For taking nature's hand to lead her to me, I am softly grateful — was she willing to come — though her reluctances are sweeter than others' avowals.

Trusty as the stars
 Who quit their shining working
 Prompt as when I lit them
 In Genesis' new house,
 Durable as dawn
 Whose antiquated blossom
 Makes a world's suspense
 Perish and rejoice.

Love for the cousin sisters, and the lovely alien. Lovingly, Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 504–505. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 716, Fr1415. Only copy.

688.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1876

“Doth forget that ever he heard the name of Death.”

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B168). Publication: *FF*. | Austin was seriously ill with malaria from about mid-October to mid-November; Edward Dickinson had died intestate. | ED quotes from *Coriolanus*.

689.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late 1876

The ignominy to receive — is eased by the reflection that interchange of infamies — is either's antidote.

Emily —

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B96). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

690.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, between December 9 and 25, 1876

Santa Claus' Bridge blew off, obliging him to be frugal –
Otherwise, he is your boundless Aunt.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B87). Pencil. Publication: *FE* | The Dickinsons were stockholders in the massive Sunderland Bridge, which was washed away December 9, 1876. In January 1877, Vinnie wrote to Judge Lord, asking what the implications might be for the family finances.

691.

To Mary Channing Higginson, Christmas 1876

Dear friend.

I wish you were strong like me.

I am bringing a little Granite Book you can lean upon. I hope you may not prohibit me. I have not asked Mr – Higginson's leave.

I am sorry you need Health, but rejoice you do not Affection – That can be growing while you rest, for the Heart is the "seed" of which we read that "the Birds of Heaven lodge in it's Branches." With Christmas' permission and affection for Mr – Higginson, I am whom you infer –

Note: BPL 1093 (77). Publication: *L* (1931). | ED sent Mary Higginson a new edition of Emerson's *Representative Men*, endorsed to "MCH – from Emily Dickinson – Christmas – 1876." | In Matthew 13:32, the Kingdom of Heaven is compared to a mustard seed, which when grown "becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches."

692.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1876

Sue – this is the last flower –

To wane without disparagement
In a dissembling hue
That will not let the Eye decide
If it abide or no

is Sunset's – perhaps – only. Emily

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B54). Publication: *FF*. Stanza 2 (of two) “These held their Wick above the west –”; M 716, Fr1416. Sent to Higginson (stanza 2, 1877) and to J. Holland (1878).

693.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early January 1877

Is the Year too elderly for your acceptance of Lowell, as a slight symbol of a Scholar's Affection? I designed “Harold” to accompany Emerson, but Tennyson declines – like Browning, once so rare.

To wane without disparagement
In a dissembling hue
That will not let the Eye decide
If it abide or no

is Sunset's, perhaps – only. Please remember me with thoughtfulness to Mrs – Higginson, to whom I shall soon write. Were the velocity of Affection as perceptible as it's sanctity, Day and Night would be more affecting.

My Brother has been very ill for three months, of Malarial Fever – which he took at the Centennial and we have feared he would die.

I thought your approbation Fame, and it's withdrawal, Infamy. I hope I in no way thought wrong of Mrs Jackson's wish – Did I – could you excuse it.

Note: BPL 1093 (78). Publication: *L* (1931). | Lowell's *Three Memorial Poems* and Tennyson's *Harold: A Drama* were both published in December 1876. | Stanza 2 (of two) “These held their Wick above the west –”; M 716, Fr1416. Sent to S. Dickinson (stanza 2, 1876) and J. Holland (1878).

694.

To Sarah Jenkins, about 1877

Dear friend.

Were the Velocity of Affection as perceptible as it's Sanctity, Day and Night would be more Affecting.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L44). Publication: *FN*. ED uses the same sentence in the preceding letter to Higginson.

695.

To Elizabeth Holland, about January 1877

Dear Sister.

I have felt so sweet an impatience to write you, that I thought it perhaps inordinate, and to be disciplined, like other unruly wishfulness – but however you stem Nature, she at last succeeds. Your Letters have the peculiar worth that attaches to all prowess, as each is an achievement for your delicate Eyes. I almost fear you urge them too far, though to lag is stale to a rapid Spirit –

I hope you may live till I am asleep in my personal Grave, not but Earth is Heaven, but I would not like to outlive the smile on your guileless Face. Doctor's "Child Wife" – indeed – if not Mr Copperfield's[.] This is a stern Winter, and in my Pearl Jail, I think of Sun and Summer as visages unknown.

The Sermon you failed to hear, I can lend you – though Legerdemain is unconveyed – and "Corn in the Ear," Audacity," these inclement Days. I was much impressed by your sweetness to Austin.

He seems the "Child of the Regiment" since he was so sick, and every tenderness to him is caress to us.

Congratulate the Doctor on his growing Fame.

"Stratford on Avon" – accept us all!

With love for your sweet Descendants – and the wish for yourself, I am
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (38). Publication: *LH*. The stray quotation mark following "Audacity" is ED's. | The "child-wife" is Dora, in *David Copperfield*. "Corn in the Ear" comes from Mark 4:28 and was quoted by Wadsworth in his sermon "God's Culture" on November 30, when the Hollands may have been in Philadelphia. Higginson's *Army Life in a Black Regiment* (1870) includes a chapter called "The Baby of the Regiment." A January 10, 1877, *SR* article mentions a memorial hall and theatre to be built at Stratford-upon-Avon; Ward speculates that Josiah was invited to attend the laying of the cornerstone.

696.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late January 1877

Dear friend.

Thank you for permission to write Mrs Higginson. I hope I have not fatigued her – also for thinking of my Brother, who is slowly better, and rides for an hour, kind Days. I am glad if I did as you would like. The degradation to displease you, I hope I may never incur.

Often, when troubled by entreaty, that paragraph of your's has saved me – "Such being the Majesty of the Art you presume to practice, you can at least take time before dishonoring it", and Enobarbus said "Leave that which leaves itself".

I shall look with joy for the "Little Book", because it is your's, though I seek you in vain in the Magazines, where you once wrote –

I recently found two Papers of your's, that were unknown to me, and wondered anew at your withdrawing Thought so sought by others. When Flowers annually died and I was a child, I used to read Dr Hitchcock's Book on the Flowers of North America. This comforted their Absence – assuring me they lived.

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (79). Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes from Higginson's April 1862 essay that led her to write to him (see L337). The "Little Book" is probably Higginson's *Young Folks' Book of American Explorers*, reviews of which appeared in early April 1877. | "Let that be left / Which leaves itself" is spoken by Antony, not Enobarbus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*. | Edward Hitchcock wrote no book on the flowers of North America; ED may have been thinking of Amos Eaton's *Manual of Botany for North America* (1822).

697.

To unknown, February 10, 1877

Transcribed Miller and Mitchell

Do come tomorrow –

Tomorrow – whose location the wise deceives,
Though it's hallucination, is last that leaves –

Emily –

Note: AM. Unpublished. Cullen Murphy provided digital copy. RWF makes no mention of this fragment and there is no information about how it came to the AM office. | The Hollands were in Northampton the week of February 6, as guests of Henrietta Chapin Seelye, her cousin, and L. Clarke Seelye, president of Smith College; this note may invite Austin or Susan to join the Hollands at the Homestead. | "'Tomorrow'" (first half of poem): M 717, Fr1417. Sent to E. Holland (1877).

698.

To Elizabeth Holland, February 10, 1877

Saturday Night.

Austin will come tomorrow.

"Tomorrow", whose location
The Wise deceives

Though it's hallucination
 Is last that leaves –
 Tomorrow, thou Retriever
 Of every tare,
 Of Alibi art thou
 Or ownest where?

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (39). Publication: *LH*. | The Hollands were in Northampton for a week, starting February 6. | M 717, Fr1417. Lines 1–4 sent to unknown recipient (1877).

From George Montague to Lavinia and Emily Dickinson, February 19, 1877

Home, Feb 19.. 77

To Cousin Vinnie,

We have no more definite address of Mr Cheney—Z. says that his letters so directed have reached Mr. C.

Cousin G.

To Cousin Emily

Your very choice and excellent gift I duly received some days ago—and for the present, “thank you,”—a very cheap compensation.

If am so fortunate hereafter as to find anything either rare beautiful or good shall hope to remember you.

Cousin G.

Note: AC 117a. Unpublished. | “Z.” = Zenobia Montague, Edward’s cousin. | On the verso, ED drafts “A wild Blue sky abreast of Winds.”

699.

To Elizabeth Holland, February 1877

Will my little Sister excuse me?

“Douglass, Douglass, tender and true” who never swindled me! I am ashamed and sorry. I meant hypothetic tomorrows – though are there any other?

I deserve to be punished – I am – in regret.

Austin said he should write you, and that Sue w’d too – but he is overcharged with care, and Sue with scintillation, and I fear they have not – Austin was pleased and surprised, that you wished for him, and still hopes he may go, but not now – but “Beyond,” as the Vane says – You remember Little Nell’s Grandfather leaned

on his Cane on the Knoll that contained her, with “She will come tomorrow.” That was the kind of Tomorrow I meant –

I hope I have not tired “Sweetest Eyes were ever seen,” for whose beloved Acts, both revealed and covert, I am each Day more fondly, their Possessor’s Own –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (40). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | “Douglas” was a popular poem put to music by Dinah Maria Craik. Little Nell was a character in Dickens’s *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1841). ED quotes “Sweetest Eyes were ever seen” from Barrett Browning’s “Catarina to Camoens.”

700.

To Mariette Jameson, about February 1877

Transcriber unknown

Many and sweet Birthdays to our thoughtful neighbor, whom we have learned to cherish, though ourself unknown –

E. Dickinson.

Note: Missing; TS at Jones. Publication: *L* (1894). Transcription from the 1930s, when MS was offered for sale. | Mariette and John Jameson moved to Amherst in 1875 when their son, John Franklin Jameson, was admitted to AC. Her birthday was February 10. Jameson was postmaster from December 1876 to March 1885.

701.

To Elizabeth Holland, about March 1877

Sister.

The vitality of your syllables compensates for their infrequency. There is not so much Life as talk of Life, as a general thing. Had we the first intimation of the Definition of Life, the calmest of us would be Lunatics!

Austin described his call in his own way, which was of course inimitable.

I hope those young Men have supports of the Gospel, though that is a dim Elixir, in cases like their’s.

Austin said he was much ashamed of Mattie – and she was much ashamed of him, she imparted to us. They are a weird couple. I am glad if you love your Clergyman, though the error to love our’s has cost us severely.

God seems much more friendly through a hearty Lens.

There is a Dove in the Street and I own beautiful Mud, so I know Summer is coming. I was always attached to Mud, because of what it, typifies – also, perhaps, a Child’s tie to primeval Pies.

Vinnie put on fresh Cheeks three times, for the Doctor – but I thought I should have time to change mine, after he came –

As it proved, I did.

I hope you are both safe and in sweet health, and that at some stage of my swift career, I shall again meet you. Were but our own immortal Mortals, as with us as Nature, we should demand few Alms.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (41). Publication: *LH*. | When Josiah Holland was within the Amherst area, he often dropped in to see Emily and Vinnie. Austin and ten-year-old Mattie apparently visited the Hollands after they had returned to New York. | Our clergyman = Reverend Jenkins, who preached his last sermon in Amherst on February 11, 1877.

702.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, March 1877

Dear Ned –

I send you a Portrait of the Parish, and the first Sugar – Dont bite the Parish, by mistake, though you may be tempted –

A – Field of stubble, lying sere
Beneath the second Sun –
It's Toils to Brindled People thrust
It's Triumphs – to the Bin –
Accosted by a timid Bird
Irresolute of Alms –
Is often seen – but seldom felt,
On our New England Farms –

I rejoice you are better –

Grandma's fervent love –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B85). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Fifteen-year-old Ned suffered a seizure in mid-February. He recovered, but the seizures recurred. | M 598, Fr1419.

703.

To Olive Coit Stearns, March 1877

Transcribed Olive Stearns

Dear friend

The little package of nectar mother opened herself, tho' her hands are frail as a child's.

She could not believe them real till I had hidden one in her mouth, which somewhat convinced her. She asks me to thank you tenderly – the love of her friends is the only remnant of her grieved life, & she clings to it timidly.

I hope you are quite well, & am sure we sometimes think of each other, endeared by that most hallowed thorn, a mutual loss –

With sweet remembrance for your niece, of whom my sister speaks

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 788. Publication: *L* (1894). | According to Todd, Stearns gave the Dickinsons a box of strawberries in March.

704.

To Sarah Jenkins, mid- to late March 1877

May the Love that occasioned the first “Easter”, shelter a few, this bereaved Day.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L40). Publication: *L* (1894). | Sarah Jenkins’s father, Worcester Eaton, died on March 17; Easter Sunday fell on April 1.

705.

To Mary Channing Higginson, early spring 1877

Dear friend.

I cannot let the Grass come without remembering you, and half resent my rapid Feet, when they are not your’s – The power to fly is sweet, though one defer the flying, as Liberty is Joy, though never used.

I give you half my Birds – upon the sweet condition that you will bring them back yourself, and dwell a Day with me, and Bliss without a price, I earned myself of Nature –

Of whose electric Adjunct
Not anything is known –
Though it’s unique Momentum
Inebriate our own.

Forgive me if I come too much – the time to live is frugal – and good as is a better earth, it will not quite be this.

How could I find the way to you and Mr Higginson without a Vane, or any Road?

They might not need me, yet they might –
I’ll let my Heart be just in sight –

A smile so small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity –

Note: BPL 1093 (80). Publication: *L* (1931). | “Of whose electric”: stanza 2 (of two) “Hope is a strange invention –”; M 600, Fr1424. “They might not need me”: M 717, Fr1425. Sent to Sarah Jenkins (1877); published 1897 from unknown source.

706.

To the Jenkins family, spring 1877

Dear friends,

I send you this little antidote to the love of others – Whenever you feel yourselves enticed, cling to it’s Admonition –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L46).

707.

To Sarah Jenkins, about May 1877

They might not need me – yet they might.

I’ll let my Heart be just in sight –

A smile so small as mine might be

Precisely their necessity –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (1). Publication: Howe, “Literary Affairs.” | This poem was thought to be an enclosure with the letter above, but ED did not sign enclosures. Consequently, it was probably sent separately at around the same time; MacGregor Jenkins remembers it as sent to his mother. | M 717, Fr1425. Sent to Mary Higginson (1877); published 1897 from unknown source.

708.

To Sarah Jenkins, about late May 1877

Dear friend.

It was pathetic to see your voice, instead of hearing it, for it had grown sweetly familiar in the House, as a Bird’s. Father left us in June – you leave us in May –

I am glad there will be no April till another Year. Austin brought the Note and waited like a hungry Boy for his Crumb of the words. Be sure to speak his name next time, he looks so solitary.

He told me that he could not sleep Friday Night or Saturday Night, and rose and read lethargic Books to stupefy himself.

Sorrow is unsafe, when it is real Sorrow – I am glad so many are counterfeits – guileless – because they believe themselves.

Kiss Diddie, and Mac – for us – precious Refugees, with love for our Brother, whom with yourself, we follow – the peculiar distance – “Even unto the End.”

Perhaps it is “the End” now – I think the Bell thought so, because it bade us all Good bye when you stood in the Door.

You concealed that you heard it. Thank you. Emily.

Note: Private collection; sold at Sotheby's 2011; facsimile provided. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Jenkinsons moved to Pittsfield on May 21 or 22. | ED quotes Matthew 28:20, “I am with you always, *even* unto the end of the world.”

709.

To Elizabeth Holland, late May or early June 1877

Dear friend.

I hesitate where you are, but decide to indite my Letter to my Sister in “Alexandria Bay”, as the Irishman does to his “Mother in Dublin”. You have been magnanimous – and I requite you with nothing – the Sum that Benefactors love. The Days are very hot and the Weeds pant like the centre of Summer. They say the Corn likes it. I thought there were others besides the Corn. How deeply I was deluded! Vinnie rocks her Garden and moans that God wont help her –

I suppose he is too busy, getting “angry with the Wicked – every Day.”

He loves too homogeneously for Vinnie's special Mind. Would you believe that our sacred Neighbors, the Mr and Mrs Sweetser, were so enamored of “Nicholas Minturn”, that they borrow our Number before it is cold? But Youth, like Indian Summer, comes twice a Year –

Vinnie says I must go – or the Mail will leave me.

The etiquette of the admonition is questionable – though of it's imperative-ness there is no doubt. I must just show you a Bee, that is eating a Lilac at the Window. There – there – he is gone! How glad his family will be to see him!

Bees are Black – with Gilt Surcingle –
 Buccaneers of Buzz –
 Ride abroad in ostentation
 And subsist on Fuzz –

Fuzz ordained – not Fuzz contingent –
 Marrows of the Hill.
 Jugs – a Universe’s fracture
 Could not jar or spill.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (42). Publication: *BM*. | Temperatures were very hot and dry in Amherst at the end of May. | The Hollands had bought land in Alexandria Bay on the St. Lawrence Seaway, where they planned to build a house. | Josiah’s novel *Nicholas Minturn* was published serially in *Scribner’s*, 1876–77. ED’s “angry with the Wicked” comes from Psalms 7:11. | M 600, Fr1426.

710.

To Samuel Bowles, about June 20, 1877

Wednesday

Dear Mr. Bowles’ note, of itself a Blossom, came only Tonight – I am glad it lingered, for each was all the Heart could hold.

Emily –

Notes: AC 707. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles sent flowers around the time of the anniversary of Edward Dickinson’s death. His accompanying note arrived later than the flowers.

711.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about mid-June 1877

Dear friend.

I find you with Dusk, for Day is tired, and lays her antediluvian Cheek to the Hill like a Child.

Nature confides now –

I hope you are joyful frequently, these beloved Days and the health of your friend bolder.

I remember her with my Blossoms and wish they were her’s.

Whose Pink career may have a close
 Portentous as our own, who knows?
 To imitate these neighbors fleet
 In Awe and innocence, were meet.

Summer is so kind I had hoped you might come. Since my Father’s dying, everything sacred enlarged so – it was dim to own – When a few years old, I was taken

to a Funeral which I now know was of peculiar distress, and the Clergyman asked “Is the Arm of the Lord shortened that it cannot save”?

He italicized the “cannot.” I mistook the accent for a doubt of Immortality and not daring to ask, it besets me still, though we know that the mind of the Heart must live if it’s clerical part do not. Would you explain it to me?

I was told you were once a Clergyman. It comforts an instinct if another have felt it too. I was rereading your “Decoration.” You may have forgotten it.

Lay this Laurel on the One
Too intrinsic for Renown –
Laurel – vail your deathless Tree –
Him you chasten, that is He!

Please recall me to Mrs – Higginson –
Your Scholar.

Note: BPL 1093 (81). Publication: *L* (1894). | Higginson’s “Decoration” was published in the same month and year as Edward’s death, June 1876. The funeral ED mentions was that of Martha Dwight Strong, July 1844. | “Whose Pink career”: M 717, Fr1427. Only copy. “Lay this Laurel”: stanza 2 (of of two) “Lay this Laurel on the one”: M 600, Fr1428.

712.

To Abigail Cooper, about June 1877

Dear friend.

You thought of it.

How dear, how delicate! With peculiar love,

Your Stranger

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Publication: *L* (1894). Perhaps in response to Cooper’s remembering the anniversary of Edward’s death, June 16.

713.

To Sarah Jenkins, about June 20, 1877

You deserved a Tiding – before – dear –

Your little punctualities are generous and precious. Vinnie rode last Twilight – with Austin and the Baby, but the latter cried for the Moon, which saddened their Trip.

He is an ardent Jockey, for so old a man, and his piercing cries of “Go Cadgie”, when they leave him behind, rend the neighbourhood. There is Circus here, and

Farmers' Commencement, and Boys and Girls from Tripoli, and Governors and swords, parade the Summer Streets. They lean upon the Fence that guards the quiet Church Ground, and jar the Grass, now warm and soft as a Tropic Nest. Many people call, and wish for you with tears, and Vinnie beats her wings like a maddened Bird, whose Home has been invaded.

So much has been Sorrow, that to fall asleep in Tennyson's Verse, seems almost a Pillow. "To where beyond these voices there is peace." I hope you are each safe. It is homeless without you, and we think of others possessing you with the throe of Othello.

Mother gives her love – Maggie pleads her own. Austin smiles when you mention him. He told me that one of the fine Nights – the Tenants of your House – sat in the Door together, and he remarked to Sue – "Those are for whom I built that Parsonage."

Daisies and Ferns are with us, and he whose Meadow they magnify, is always – linked with you.

Emily.

Note: Mount Mary University, Sisters of Notre Dame N Am Archives. Publication: *L* (1894). | There was a circus in Amherst on June 20 and a military review on the same day. ED probably meant that Austin said "Those are *not* for whom I built." | ED quotes the closing line of Tennyson's "Guinevere" (*Idylls of the King*, 1859). See WN5, preserving the sentence beginning "He is an ardent Jockey."

714.

To Mary Channing Higginson, late spring or early summer 1877

Dear friend

I send you a flower from my garden – Though it die in reaching you, you will know it lived, when it left my hand –

Hamlet wavered for all of us –

Note: BPL 1093 (82). Publication: *L* (1931). | The flower was a Cape jasmine.

715.

To Samuel Bowles, June 24 to 28, 1877

Dear friend,

You have the most triumphant Face out of Paradise – probably because you are there constantly, instead of ultimately –

Ourselves – we do inter – with sweet derision
 The channel of the Dust – who once achieves –
 Invalidates the Balm of that Religion
 That doubts – as fervently as it believes.

Emily.

Note: AC 706. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | AC commencement was June 26–28, but as special correspondent of the *SR* for the event, Bowles may have been there as early as the 24th and was back in Springfield by the 29th. | M 718, Fr1449. Only copy.

716.

To Elizabeth Seelye, about June 27, 1877

My dear Mrs Seelye –
 Let me congratulate not you, but Ourselves.
 E – Dickinson –

Note: Colby. Publication: *Colby Library Q* (1946). | Julius H. Seelye was inaugurated as president of AC on June 27, 1877.

717.

To Martha (Mattie) Gilbert Smith, about June 27, 1877

Dear Mattie,
 I remember you were peculiarly interested in this little flower – As it never blossoms except in Winter, I think it became on your account.
 I have talked with your little Girl, whose persistent resemblance to you is sweet to those who love you –
 Love for yourself, Mattie, and tenderness for Sue –
 Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L27). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Mattie and her daughter, Elizabeth, visited Susan during AC commencement week.

718.

To Samuel Bowles, about June 29, 1877

Dear friend.
 Vinnie accidentally mentions that you hesitated between the “Theophilus” and the “Junius.”

Would you confer so sweet a favor as to accept that too, when you come again?

I went to the Room as soon as you left, to confirm your presence – recalling the Psalmist's sonnet to God, beginning

I have no Life but this –
To lead it here –
Nor any Death – but lest
Dispelled from there –
Nor tie to Earths to come,
Nor Action new
Except through this Extent
The love of you.

It is strange that the most intangible thing is the most adhesive.

Your "Rascal."

I washed the Adjective.

Note: AC 709. Publication: *L* (1894). | In "A Cousin's Memories of Emily Dickinson" (1930), Gertrude M. Graves reports that Bowles once called upstairs to ED: "Emily, you wretch! No more of this nonsense! I've traveled all the way from Springfield to see you. Come down at once." She is said to have complied and to have been extremely witty. Custom has it that ED's "washed" adjective suggests that Bowles said "you damned rascal." He was in town for commencement. | Theophilus is the name or honorary title of the person to whom Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel of Luke are addressed. Junias / Junia is mentioned as a Christian in Romans 16:7. | M 601, Fr1432. Sent to Higginson (1877).

719.

To Elizabeth Seelye, about summer 1877

Dear friend.

I requite the celestial suggestion with Blossoms resembling it, and ask with your own timidity, "Will they intrude?"

E – Dickinson.

Note: Colby. Publication: *Colby Library Q* (1946).

720.*To Abigail Cooper, July 4, 1877*

"My Country, 'tis of thee," has always meant the Woods – to me –
 "Sweet Land of Liberty," I trust is your own –

Note: AC 9. Publication: *L* (1894). | "My Country 'tis of Thee" was a popular patriotic song.

721.*To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about July 18, 1877*

Dear Ned,

You know I never liked you in those Yellow Jackets.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B83). Pencil. | The *SR* of July 19 reported that "a son of William A. Dickinson suffered quite seriously from being stung in the neck by a hornet yesterday."

722.*To Abigail Cooper, summer 1877*

How strange that Nature does not knock, and yet does not intrude!

Note: P Box 6. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

723.*To Sally (Did) Jenkins, about summer 1877**Transcribed Todd*

Will the sweet child who sent me the butterflies, herself a member of the
 same ethereal nation, accept a rustic kiss, flavored, we trust, with clover?

Amherst.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 770. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | An empty envelope addressed in pencil reads: Katie "Did," / from / Katie did'nt – (H MS Am 1118.4 [L48]); Todd used the envelope address as a heading to this letter.

724.*To MacGregor and Sally Jenkins children, about 1877**Transcribed M. Jenkins*

Dear Brother and Sister;

I take you with me to my sleep, but if I do not find it for tenderness for [you], believe me at your side.

Emily.

Note: Missing. Publication: JL497. | Text from MacGregor Jenkins's 1930 letter to Bianchi, where he identifies the note as sent to himself and Sally, at ages eight and about eleven.

725.*To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, August 1877*

Dear friend –

The flower was Jasmin. I am glad if it pleased your friend. It is next dearest to Daphne – except Wild flowers – those are dearer – I have a friend in Dresden, who thinks the love of the Field a misplaced Affection – and says he will send me a Meadow that is better than Summer's. If he does, I will send it to you.

I have read nothing of Tourguenév's, but thank you for telling me – and will seek him immediately. I hoped you might show me something of your's – one of the "few Verses" – the "scarcely any", you called them. Could you be willing – now? Reprove me if I longed too bold – but I wished nothing so much –

You asked me if I wrote now?

I have no other Playmate –

I send you a Gale, and an Epitaph – and a Word to a Friend, and a Blue Bird, for Mrs Higginson. Excuse them if they are untrue –

Since you cease to teach me, how could I improve?

Your Pupil.

Note: BPL 1093 (83). Publication: *L* (1894). | Higginson wrote an article on Turgenev but it remained unpublished. The "friend in Dresden" = unidentified, but there were many links between AC and Germany. | Enclosures: "It sounded as if the streets were running"; "She laid her docile crescent down"; "I have no Life but this –"; and "After all birds have been investigated and laid aside –".

726.*To Frances Gaylord Cutler, about 1877*

Blossoms are so peculiarly consecrated – that there is no Language sufficiently sanctifying to indorse them, but if a delighted Gratitude is not too undevout, Mrs Cutler

Note: Jones. Publication: JL527. Part of last page cut out. | Cutler's husband George was a dry goods merchant in Amherst.

727.*To Abigail Cooper, about summer 1877*

Dear friend.

Maggie was taking you a flower as you were going out. Please accept the design, and bewail the flower, that sank of chagrin last evening.

E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B170). Publication: L (1894). | The summer of 1877 was unusually hot, with a long period of drought.

From Abigail Cooper to Emily Dickinson, about summer 1877

It may be that the flower faded from conscious failure in its Mission, but the remembrance of the gentle, kindly thought which suggested the gift, will abide with me in perpetual freshness—

A. I. C.

Note: AC 261a. Publication: JL529n. | ED used the back and front margins of this note to draft "It was a quiet seeming Day."

728.*To Josiah Holland, about September 1877*

No Passenger was known to flee –
That lodged a Night in memory –
That wily – subterranean Inn
Contrives that none go out again –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (36a). Publication: *BM*. | Elizabeth and their two daughters were visiting Pittsfield in late August on the way back to New York from Mount Desert Island; Josiah was in Pittsfield briefly, for a lecture on September 24. Elizabeth, not Josiah, stopped in Amherst to see ED. | M 607, Fr1451.

729.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, shortly after September 2, 1877

With sorrow that the Joy is past, to make you happy first, distrustful of it's Duplicate in a hastening World.

Your Scholar.

Note: BPL 1093 (88). | Mary Channing Higginson died on September 2, 1877; she had long suffered from a muscular wasting disease.

730.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early September 1877

Dear friend.

If I could help you?

Perhaps she does not go so far as you who stay – suppose –

Perhaps comes closer, for the lapse of her Corporeal Clothes –

Did she know she was leaving you? The Wilderness is new – to you. Master, let me lead you.

Note: BPL 1093 (89). Publication: *L* (1931). | RWF transcribes the verse as in four lines. Stanza 1 (of two); M 608, Fr1455. Sent as prose to Harriet and Mary Dickinson (1877) as “Perhaps they do not go so far.”

731.

To Elizabeth Holland, about 1877

She laid her docile Crescent down

And this mechanic Stone

Still states to Dates that have forgot

The news that she is gone –

○

So constant to it's stolid Trust
 The Shaft that never knew –
 It shames the Constancy that fled
 Before it's emblem flew –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (35a). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | MS includes two cutouts pasted on first page: a star and crescent (source unidentified) and leaning tombstones, from the *Hampshire and Franklin Express*, December 12, 1856. | M 608; Fr1453. Sent to Higginson (1877). See Figure 1.

732.

To Harriet Austin Dickinson and Mary Taylor Dickinson, about late summer 1877

Transcribed Wallace H. Keep?

Dear friends

You are very kind to have wished for me, and I think it sweet, but accustomed to all, through Father, they remind me too deeply of him for Peace. You, too, have been lessened. Let us remember together. Perhaps they do not go so far as we who stay, suppose Perhaps come closer, for the lapse of their corporeal clothes. It may be – know so certainly. How short we have to fear that Comprehension antedates and estimates us there.

Emily

Note: Jones TS; Laramore. Publication: JL518. RWF lineates everything following “Perhaps they do not” as verse. | Note addressed to Mary, not Martha, Dickinson; Martha died in 1870. Harriet and Mary were distant cousins of ED. According to their nephew Austin Baxter Keep, in summer 1876, the cousins surprised ED in her garden and she fled, shortly afterward sending them this note, with flowers. The transcript, in ink, is not in the handwriting of Todd or of Vivian Yeiser Laramore, the last known owner of the manuscript; it may have been made by Wallace Keep, a relative of Harriet and Martha. There is no period between “suppose” and “Perhaps.”

From Abigail Cooper to Emily Dickinson, about late summer 1877

Voiceless thoughts hover often around thee—Today & other days they have borne my warmest thanks for thy gift of choice, delicious fruit.

Note: AC 127a. Unpublished. | ED drafts version of second stanza of “After all Birds have been investigated” on verso.

733.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, mid-September 1877

Dear friend.

We must be less than Death, to be lessened by it – for nothing is irrevocable but ourselves. I am glad you are better. I had feared to follow you, lest you would rather be lonely, which is the will of sorrow – but the Papers had spoken of you with affectionate deference, and to know you were deeply remembered, might not too intrude.

To be human is more than to be divine, for when Christ was divine, he was uncontented till he had been human.

I remember nothing so strong as to see you –

I hope you may come –

Thank you for telling me of your friend.

I had wanted to know –

She reminded me of Thermopylae – Did she suffer – except to leave you? That was perhaps the Sum of Death – For the Hand I was never permitted to take, I enclose my own, and am tenderly

Her's –

Shall I keep the Paragraph, or is it too sacred?

Note: BPL 1093 Ms Am (90). | Higginson had sent ED an obituary; others appeared in the *Boston Evening Traveler* (September 6) and *Rhode Island Press* (September 8). At Thermopylae, around 300 Spartan soldiers held off the Persian army, sacrificing themselves to protect Greece. WN11 records a version of the phrase beginning “I remember nothing.”

734.

To Jonathan and Sarah Jenkins, September 1877

Dear Mr and Mrs Pastor.

Mrs Holland pleased us and grieved us, by telling us your triumphs.

We want you to conquer, but we want you to conquer here –

“Marathon” is me. Is there nothing but Glow – in the new Horizon? You see we keep a jealous Heart. That is Love’s Alloy –

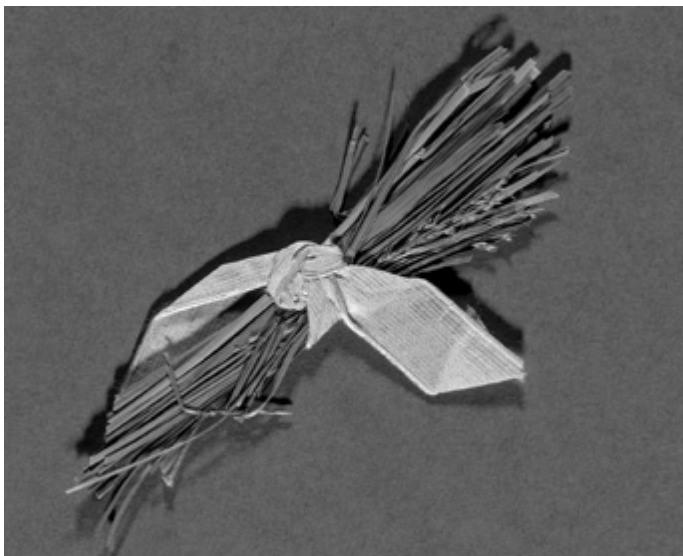
Vinnie is full of Wrath – and vicious as Saul – toward the Holy Ghost, in whatever form. I heard her declaiming the other Night, to a Foe that called – and sent Maggie to part them. Vinnie lives on the hope that you will return. Is it quite fictitious?

You are gone too long –

Love for each
 of you, Always,
 And if there
 are lands
 larger than
 "Always," Love
 also for those.
 These are sticks
 of Rown for
 your store.
 It was chopped
 by Bees, and
 Butterflies Sileo
 it, Saturday
 Afternoons.
 Imitis

1.. 37

Figure 10 (a and b). To
 Jonathan and Sarah Jenkins,
 September 1877. Last page
 of letter, with enclosed
 rowen, which is cut from
 the second crop of hay, and
 tied with a white ribbon (H
 MS Am 1118.4 [L37]).
 Houghton Library, Harvard
 University, Cambridge,
 Massachusetts.



The Red Leaves take the Green Leaves place, and the Landscape yields. We go to sleep with the Peach in our Hands and wake with the Stone, but the Stone is the pledge of Summers to come.

Love for each of you, always, and if there are Lands longer than “always,” Love also for those – These are Sticks of Rowen for your Stove.

It was chopped by Bees, and Butterflies piled it, Saturday Afternoons.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L37). Publication: *L* (1894). ED enclosed rowen, hay cut from the second crop, tied with a white ribbon. | Elizabeth and her daughters socialized with the Jenkinses while staying in Pittsfield in late August.

735.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late September 1877

Dear friend,

I think of you so wholly that I cannot resist to write again, to ask if you are safe?

Danger is not at first, for then we are unconscious, but in the after – slower – Days –

Do not try to be saved – but let Redemption find you – as it certainly will – Love is it’s own rescue, for we – at our supremest, are but it’s trembling Emblems –

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (91). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1891). Higginson endorses “(Newport) Sept 1877. [written to me, after a bereavement].”

736.

To Elizabeth Holland, no later than October 7, 1877

I miss my little Sanctuary and her redeeming ways. A Savior in a Nut, is sweeter to the grasp than ponderous Prospectives.

Come again, and go not – which when a faithful invitation, is the sweetest known! Mother pines for you, and says you were “so social.” Mother misses power to ramble to her Neighbors – and the stale inflation of the minor News.

I wish the Sky and she had been better friends, for that is “sociability” that is fine and deathless. How precious Thought and Speech, are! “A present so divine”, was in a Hymn they used to sing when I went to Church. Vinnie talks of you –

Your cheerful view of Woe remodeled her's, I think – and Maggie deems you a Mistress most to be desired.

You see each looks at you through her specific Vista. There is not yet Frost, and Vinnie's Garden from the Door looks like a Pond, with Sunset on it. Bathing in that heals her.

How simple is Bethesda! Love to your World – or Worlds.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (43). Publication: *LH*. | Several popular hymns from the period include the phrase "A presence so divine."

737.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about 1877

"Give us this Day our daily Bread," omits a fragrant Adjunct –

Note: Jones. Publication: JL500.

738.

To Richard Mather, November 9, 1877

Dear friend,

The few words of Lowell's seemed true to me – I hope you have felt like reading them – That the Divine has been human, is at first an unheeded solace, but it shelters without our consent – To have lived is a Bliss so powerful – we must die – to adjust it – but when you have strength to remember that Dying dispels nothing which was firm before, you have avenged sorrow –

E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #523; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *Scribner's* (1934). | Mather endorsed letter: Nov. 9th 1877. Elizabeth Carmichael Mather, his first wife, died October 28, 1877. The lines by Lowell may be from his sonnet "I cannot think that thou shouldst pass away," which she perhaps sent to Mather in an earlier letter.

739.

To Austin Dickinson, about late November 1877

Oliver –

The Fact that Earth is Heaven –
 Whether Heaven is Heaven or not
 If not an Affidavit
 Of that specific Spot
 Not only must confirm us
 That it is not for us
 But that it would affront us
 To dwell in such a place –

Note: AC 627. Pencil. Publication: *BM*. | “Oliver” was a nickname for Austin (see L117, L118), who had contracted malaria again but was improved by late November, as was Vinnie from another illness. | M 717, Fr1435. Only copy.

740.

To Maria Whitney, perhaps early December 1877

Transcribed Todd

Vinnie and her sister thank Miss Whitney for the delicate kindness, and remember her with peculiar love, these acuter days.

To every heart adjoining his, Springfield must be first, and sweetest of unappeased hope is his convalescence.

I fear we think too lightly of the gift of mortality, which, too gigantic to comprehend, certainly cannot be estimated.

E. Dickinson

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.21, 695. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | THJ misidentifies as the earliest letter to Whitney. Both ED and Whitney were concerned about Bowles, who was seriously ill in early December; Whitney was traveling from Northampton to Springfield twice a week to see him.

741.*To Elizabeth Holland, mid-December 1877*

I always feel that the Minutest Effort of the dear Eyes, demands a peculiarly immediate reply – and internally it receives it, but time to say we are sorry, is sometimes withheld –

Wrenched from my usual Route by Vinnie's singular illness – and Mother's additional despair – I have felt like a troubled Top, that spun without reprieve. Vinnie's relief is slow –

She has borne more than she could, as you and I know more of, than her Physician does –

Torture for worthless sakes is equally Torture –

I shall try superhumanly to save her, and believe I shall, but she has been too lacerated to revive immediately.

Mrs Lord – so often with us – has fled – as you know – Dear Mr Bowles is hesitating – God help him decide on the Mortal Side! This is Night – now – but we are not dreaming. Hold fast to your Home, for the Darling's stealthy momentum makes each moment – Fear – I enclose a Note, which if you would lift as far as Philadelphia, if it did not tire your Arms – would please me so much.

Would the Doctor be willing to address it? Ask him, with my love. Maggie remembers you with fondness – and Mother gives her love – Vinnie longs for you.

Is not the distinction, of Affection, almost Realm enough?

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (44). Publication: *LH*. | Elizabeth Farley Lord, Otis Lord's wife, died December 10.

742.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about early December 1877*

To own a Susan of my own

Is of itself a Bliss –

Whatever Realm I forfeit, Lord,

Continue me in this!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B4). Publication: *FF*. | M 718, Fr1436. Only copy.

743.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about December 1877

But Susan is a stranger yet –
 The ones who cite her most
 Have never scaled her Haunted House
 Nor compromised her Ghost –

To pity those who know her not
 Is helped by the regret
 That those who know her know her less
 The nearer her they get –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B62). Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1947). | “What mystery pervades a well!” (final two stanzas—substituting “Susan” for “nature”); M 602, Fr1433.

744.

To Sarah Tuckerman, about late 1877

Dear friend.

Accept my timid happiness. No Joy can be in vain, but adds to some bright total,
 whose Dwelling is unknown –

The immortality of Flowers must enrich our own, and we certainly should re-
 sent a Redemption that excluded them –

Was not the “Breath of fragrance” designed for your cheek solely?

The fear that it was – crimsons my own – though to divide it’s Heaven is Heav-
 en’s highest Half.

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 31. Publication: *L* (1894).

745.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1877

To the stanch Dust
 We safe commit thee –
 Tongue if it hath,
 Inviolat to thee –
 Silence – denote –

And Sanctity – enforce thee –
 Passenger – of Infinity –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (365). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 603, Fr1434. Also begins “To the unwilling dust.”

746.

To Mary Bowles, about January 17, 1878

To remember our own Mr Bowles is all we can do – with grief it is done so warmly and long, it can never be new –
 Emily.

Note: AC 712. Publication: *L* (1894). | Samuel Bowles died at home on Wednesday, January 16, 1878 at 11:00 P.M. The death was publicized widely in Massachusetts newspapers on January 17.

747.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about January 17, 1878

Where we owe but a little, we pay.
 Where we owe so much it defies money, we are blandly insolvent.
 Adulation is inexpensive except to him who accepts it.
 It has cost him – Himself.
 Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B93). Publication: JL541.

748.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, January 19, 1878

Dear friend,
 I felt it shelter to speak to you.
 My Brother and Sister are with Mr Bowles, who is buried this afternoon.
 The last song that I heard – that was since the Birds – was “He leadeth me – he leadeth me – yea, though I walk,” then the voices stooped – the arch was so low –

Note: BPL 1093 (92). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1891). | Bowles was buried, after a private ceremony at home, on Saturday, January 19. Ministers Dr. Buckingham, A. D. Mayo, and Washington Gladden presided. | According to Clara Bellinger Green, on February 11, 1877, Nora Green sang the Twenty-Third Psalm at the First Church for the farewell sermon of Reverend Jenkins. In June, Nora, Clara and a brother again performed the song at the Homestead. Afterward, ED came down from upstairs and said: "Except for the birds, yours is the first song I have heard for many years."

749.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about January 19, 1878

Sister spoke of Springfield – The beginning of "Always" is more dreadful than the close – for that is sustained by flickering identity –

His nature was Future –

He had not yet lived –

David's route was simple – "I shall go to him".

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B82). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Both Austin and Susan attended Bowles's funeral. According to Bianchi and THJ, much of the first paragraph was retained as a fragment (lost). | ED quotes 2 Samuel 12:23.

750.

To Mary Adelaide and Henry Hills, January 23, 1878

Dear Mr and Mrs Hills.

It is a little more than three Years since you tried to help us bid Father Good-Night, which was so impossible that it has never become less so –

Now we have given our Mr Bowles – to the deep Stranger –

To seek to be nobler for their sakes, is all that remains – and our only Plot for discovering them –

I want to thank you for the kindness, so very sweet and large – and ask if you are well – and hope you may remain. Heaven is so presuming that we must hide our Gems.

I am glad you care so much for Austin –

He will need you more – and trust you may include us all in your fond number –

Nor do we forget the lovely assault between the two Years, and trust each fair and noble thing may befall you both –

Emily.

Note: P Box 6. Publication: JL535. | Bowles's memorial service was on January 23; Austin represented AC, together with President Julius Seelye. Charles Dudley Warner read a poem from the Arabic, "He who died at Azim sends this to comfort all his friends"—the same poem that F. B. Sanborn had read at Bowles's funeral. The association of Bowles with "Arabia" was widespread; see L856, 957. | Enclosed in the envelope was a January 23 letter from Lavinia, also thanking the Hills for Christmas gifts.

751.

To unknown, late January 1878

Dear friend.

We recollect you, which if a frugal phrase, has sumptuous meanings.

E – Dickinson –

Note: UVA 7658. Unpublished. | F. B. Sanborn is a likely recipient; he contributed to the SR and read a poem at Bowles's funeral.

752.

To Mary Adelaide and Henry Hills, late January 1878

"Was it from Heaven, or of Men?"

Lovingly,

Emily –

With a neighbor's love.

Note: P Box 6. Pencil. Publication: JL535a. This note is now kept in the same envelope as L750 but probably was sent independently; the closing line was written on the fold where one would anticipate an address. | ED quotes Matthew 21:25.

753.

To Mary Bowles, late January 1878

Transcribed Todd

I hasten to you, Mary, because no moment must be lost when a heart is breaking, for though it broke so long, each time is newer than the last, if it broke truly. To be willing that I should speak to you was so generous, dear.

Sorrow almost resents love, it is so inflamed.

I am glad if the broken words helped you. I had not hoped so much, I felt so faint in uttering them, thinking of your great pain. Love makes us 'heavenly'

without our trying in the least. 'Tis easier than a Savior – it does not stay on high and call us to its distance; its low 'Come unto me' begins in every place. It makes but one mistake, it tells us it is 'rest' – perhaps its toil is rest, but what we have not known we shall know again, that divine 'again' for which we are all breathless.

I am glad you 'work.' Work is a bleak redeemer, but it does redeem; it tires the flesh, so that can't tease the spirit.

Dear 'Mr. Sam' is very near, these midwinter days.

When purples come on Pelham, in the afternoon we say 'Mr Bowles' colors.' I spoke to him once of his Gem chapter, and the beautiful eyes rose till they were out of reach of mine, in some hallowed fathom.

Not that he goes – we love him more who led us while he stayed. Beyond Earth's trafficking frontier, for what he moved, he made.

Mother is timid and feeble, but we keep her with us. She thanks you for remembering her, and never forgets you. . . . Your sweet 'and left me all alone,' consecrates your lips.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.18, 386–387. Publication: *L* (1894). | The "Gem chapter" may be Revelation 21. | Todd transcribes "Not that he goes" as prose here and in 1894, but in 1931 represents it as verse; M 719, Fr1461. Only copy.

754.

To Maria Whitney, late January 1878

Dear friend,

I have thought of you often since the Darkness – though we cannot assist another's night –

I have hoped you were saved – That he has received Immortality, who so often conferred it – invests it with a more sudden charm – I hope you may remember me, as I shall always mingle you with our Mr Bowles – Affection gropes through Drifts of Awe, for his Tropic Door – I hope you have the power of Hope, and that every Bliss we know or guess – hourly befalls you.

E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (6). Publication: *L* (1894). MS previously missing. Omitted text restored. | Whitney is known to have visited Amherst on Friday, January 25. WN12 records the phrase about "the power of Hope." | ED enclosed "How brittle are the Piers" to Whitney in early 1878, perhaps with this letter.

755.

To Elizabeth Holland, about late January or early February 1878

Your sweet Face alighted in the Rain, with it's smile unharmed –
All was there but Breath, and even that seemed optional – it was so confiding.
Thank you for coming Home –

"Home – sweet Home" – Austin's Baby sings – "there is no place like Home – 'tis too – over to Aunt Vinnie's." Thank you for Dr Gray's Opinion – that is peace – to us. I am sorry your Doctor is not well. I fear he has "improved" too many "shining Hours."

Give my love to him, and tell him the "Bee" is a reckless Guide. Dear Mr Bowles found out too late, that Vitality costs itself.

How mournful without him! I often heard the students sing – delicious Summer nights, "I've seen around me fall – like Leaves in wintry weather" – this was what they meant –

You kindly ask for Mother's health.

It is tranquil, though trifling. She reads a little – sleeps much – chats – perhaps – most of all – about nothing momentous, but things vital to her – and reminds one of Hawthorne's blameless Ship – that forgot the Port –

Vinnie is better – though sober – Maggie – invulnerable, and loyal to you – Ned has brought his Hens to live in our Hen House, which adds to our little Group.

Three is a scant Assembly, but Love makes "One to carry –" as the Children say – That is all of my Learning that I recall.

Tenderly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (45). Publication: *LH*. Elizabeth sent ED a photograph of herself. | Although ill, Josiah Holland spoke at Bowles's funeral, as was reported in the January 24 *SR*. | "I've seen around me fall" comes from Thomas Moore's "Oft in the stilly night," referring to the deaths of friends. "Hawthorne's blameless Ship" is a ship reputed to haunt the Salem port, not a Hawthorne story.

756.

To Maria Whitney, early February 1878

Dear friend –

Your touching suggestion that those who loved Mr Bowles – be more closely each other's, is a tender permission.

Detained once at a Sacrament, because too small to retire, the Clergyman asked all to remain "who loved the Lord Jesus Christ" –

Though the Lord Jesus Christ was a Stranger to me, the invitation was noble –

We cannot believe for each other – Thought is too sacred a Despot – but I hope that God in whatever form – is true to our friend –

You will be with us while he is with us and that will be while we are ourselves – for Consciousness is the only Home of which we now know – That sunny Adverb had been enough, were it not foreclosed –

When not inconvenient to your Heart, please remember us, and let us help you carry it, if you grow tired. Though we are each – unknown – to ourself – and each other – 'tis not what Well conferred it, the dying Soldier asks – it is only the water –

We knew not that we were to live –
Nor when we are to die –
Our ignorance our Cuirass is –
We wear Mortality
As lightly as an Option Gown
Till asked to take it off –
By his intrusion, God is known –
It is the same with Life –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (8). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). MS previously missing; omitted text restored. | Austin and Susan visited Whitney in Northampton on February 5. | M 719, Fr1481. Sent to Higginson (1878).

757.

To Maria Whitney, mid-February 1878

Dear friend.

I lend you the last I knew – of the one who taught us of you – to whom we instinctively confide you. The Crucifix requires no glove –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (7). Publication: *L* (1894) in part. MS previously missing. Omitted text restored.

758.*To unknown, about 1878*

Were the Statement “We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,” made in earthly Manuscript, were his Residence in the Universe, we should pursue the Writer till he explained it to us –

It is strange that the Astounding subjects are the only ones we pass unmoved –
Emily –

Note: AC 882. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Perhaps unsent. | ED quotes 1 Corinthians 15:51.

759.*To Maria Whitney, February 1878**Transcribed Todd*

To relieve the irreparable degrades it.

Brabantio’s resignation is the only one – ‘I here do give thee that with all my heart, which but thou hast already, with all my heart I would keep from thee.’

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.21, 697. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes *Othello*.

760.*To Maria Whitney, early 1878*

Than Heaven more remote,
For Heaven is the Root,
But these the flitted Seed,
More flown indeed,
Than Ones that never were,
Or those that hide, and are –

What madness, by their side,
A Vision to provide
Of future Days
They cannot praise –

My Soul – to find them – come –
They cannot call – they’re dumb –
Nor prove – nor Woo –
But that they have Abode –

Is absolute as God –

And instant – too –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (5). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 718, F1460. Only copy.

761.

To Abigail Cooper, about late February 1878

The Keeper of Golden Flowers need have no fear of the “Silver Bill.”

An Indies in the Hand, at all times fortifying, is peculiarly so – perhaps – today.
Midas was a Rogue.

Note: AC 10. Publication: *L* (1894). | The “Silver Bill” was passed into law by Congress on February 23, 1878.

762.

To Sarah Tuckerman, about early March 1878

Transcribed Tuckerman

Vinnie says the dear friend would like the rule – We have no statutes here, but each does as it will, which is the sweetest jurisprudence –

With it, I enclose Love’s “remainder [biscuit,” somewhat] scorched perhaps in baking, but “Love’s oven is warm” Forgive the base proportions.

The fairer ones were borne away.

The Canna was a privilege, the little box a bliss and the blossoms so real that a fly waylaid them, but I lured him away.

Again receive the love which comes without aspect and without Herald goes –

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 795. Publication: *L* (1894). | Two words are cut from Tuckerman’s TS and supplied by Todd TS. ED quotes “remainder biscuit” from *As You Like It*—a phrase she repeats in L1138. Sarah notes: “Accompanying a box of the delicious chocolate caramels she so kindly sent me at New Year’s with the receipt.” Fanny sent a “rule” (recipe) for caramels to Vinnie on March 1. Rather than rewriting it for Sarah, ED sent her the entire letter from Fanny to Vinnie. See *Miscellaneous Writings* for Fanny’s recipe.

763.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, March 11, 1878

Dear friend,

The Hope of seeing you was so sweet and serious – that seeing this – by the Papers, I fear it has failed – I hope I in no way spoke less reverently than I felt – of a Pleasure so priceless –

Your Pupil –

Note: BPL 1093 (93). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Higginson spoke at Howard University on February 14 and not long afterwards visited Smith College for two weeks; his return home was reported in the *SR* March 11.

764.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, mid-March 1878

But were'nt you a little premature in laying aside your "Cutter"?

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B84). Pencil. Publication: JL548. | From March 8–10, the weather was unseasonably warm, but on the 13th, there was snow and hail. A cutter was a small, open horse-drawn sleigh.

765.

To Elizabeth Holland, late March 1878

Dear Sister.

I take Mrs Browning's little Basket to bring the note to you – and when you find it is not her, you will be disappointed, but there is many a discipline before we obtain Heaven – Your little Note protected, as it always does, and the "Whips of Time" felt a long way off.

Your little Trip still lingers, for is not all petite you do – you are such a Linnet?

Vinnie was much elated by your rogueries She thinks you are stealthy as Tall-eyrand – We learn of you in the Papers and of your new House, of which it is said there will be a Portrait – "so I shall see it in just three Days" – though I would rather see it's vital inhabitants. I gave your words to Ned – who bowed and seemed much raised – Baby does all the errands now – and I enclose a Circular, setting forth his wants.

To see the little Missionary starting with his Basket, would warm the chilliest Heart.

I know you will do what I ask you, and so I only thank you, and make no outer remarks.

Lovingly, Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (47). Publication: *LH*. | “Among the Thousand Islands,” an article in the April *Scribner’s*, included an illustration of “Bonnie Castle,” the newly completed summer home of the Hollands in Alexandria Bay. | With “Whips of Time,” ED alludes to *Hamlet*; “just three Days” alludes to Browning’s “In Three Days.” ED may have enclosed her note in a “little Basket” consisting of a folded notice of Barrett Browning’s *Earlier Poems* (published in the United States in March 1878).

766.

To Josiah Holland, late March or early April 1878

Dear Doctor,

We rejoice in your repaired health, though it grieves us that repairs should be necessary in a Structure so able – yet when we recall that the “Soul’s poor Cottage, battered and dismayed, ^decayed^ lets in new light through chinks that time has made,” your predicament becomes one of congratulation. You seem to have reared Fames as rapidly as Houses, and we trust, of more lasting ingredient, though the Abode without a Nail, has it’s consternations. We hope that you are happy so far as Peace is possible, to Mortal and immortal Life – for those ways “Madness lies.” “About” which “Ranks the Sunbeams play,” is a touching question.

But I intrude on Sunset, and Father and Mr Bowles.

These held their Wick above the west –
Till when the Red declined –
Or how the Amber aided it –
Defied to be defined –

Then waned without disparagement
In a dissembling Hue
That would not let the Eye decide
Did it abide or no –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (46). Publication: *LH*. | ED corrects her quotation from Edmund Waller, changing “dismayed” to “decayed”: “The soul’s dark cottage, batter’d and decayed.” She alludes to this line in L1145. ED quotes *King Lear* on madness and alludes to Reginald Heber’s “Above their ranks the moonbeams play.” | M 716, Fr1416. Sent to S. Dickinson (stanza 2, 1876) and to Higginson (stanza 2, 1877).

767.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, March or April 1878

Omit to return Box –

Omit to know you received Box –

“Brooks of Sheffield –”

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B39). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915). | Bianchi reports that the box contained the year’s first maple sugar—a product ED refers to in other letters as available in March or April. | “Brooks” is from *David Copperfield*.

768.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early April 1878

To the faithful Absence is condensed presence.

To others, but there are no others –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915). | Susan and her daughter Mattie made an extended visit to Adelaide Hills, now in New York, in late March.

769.

To Maria Whitney, about early April 1878

Transcribed Todd

Intrusiveness of flowers is brooked by even troubled hearts.

They enter and then knock – then chide their ruthless sweetness, and then remain forgiven.

May these molest as fondly?

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.21, 700. Publication: *L* (1894). Todd dated 1878.

770.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, April 1878

Sweet Mrs Nellie comes with the Robins –

Would she remain with the Robins April would need no Codicil – but Mrs Nellie has Wings. Hours – have Wings – Riches – have Wings – Wings are a mournful perquisite – A Society for the Suppression of Wings would protect us all –

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.24. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | The occasion for this note, as confirmed by Nellie and Joseph's daughter, was a lengthy visit in Amherst five years before they inherited the Amherst home of Joseph's parents, Luke and Abby, who were lifelong neighbors of the Dickinsons.

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, April 29, 1878

Colorado Springs April 29 1878

My dear friend,

My face was not "averted" in the least. It was only that I did not speak; and of my not speaking, I ought to be very much ashamed, and should be, if I had not got past being ashamed of my delinquencies in the matter of letter writing. But I assure you I have never forgotten that you kindly wrote one day, asking if all were well with me; and I have all along meant to write and say "Yes," if no more.

All last summer and autumn I was very busy, in altering over and fitting up our cottage. I think to alter one house is equal to building ten! and to do any such work in Colorado is ten times harder than to do it any where else in the world. But now it is all done, and we are "settled"—(odd word that and does a good deal of double duty in the language)—I can hardly recollect the fatigues and discomforts which went before. It is a very picturesque and cozy little house, and I enjoy it unspeakably. I should like to see all my Eastern friends in it.

Would it be of any use to ask you once more for one or two of your poems, to come out in the volume of "no name" poetry which is to be published before long by Roberts Bros? If you will give me permission I will copy them—sending them in my own handwriting—and promise never to tell any one, not even the publishers, whose the poems are. Could you not bear this much of publicity? only you and I would recognize the poems. I wish very much you would do this—and I think you would have much amusement in seeing to whom the critics, those shrewd guessers would ascribe your verses.

I am hoping to come East with Mr. Jackson, before next winter; but we have no fixed plan—and may not get off. It is a long way to come.

I wish you would give my love to Doctor Cate—I was about to say "when you see him," but you never see anybody! Perhaps however you have improved. I send back the little baby face to tell you that I had not "averted" my face—only lost the habit of speaking. It is an earnest and good little face; your brother's child I presume.—Will you ask Mrs. Dickinson some day, if she still hears from Jane Goodenow—I would like very much to know where and how she is. Goodbye—

always cordially yours—

Helen Jackson

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Postmark: Colorado Springs Colo Apr. 30. | “little baby face” = photograph of Gilbert, now two-and-a-half years old. | Susan remained in touch with Jane Maria Root Goodnow until at least 1883, when she and her sister Mattie visited her in Brooklyn.

771.

To Elizabeth Holland, spring 1878

Transcribed Todd

I thought that “Birnam Wood” had “come to Dunsinane.” Where did you pick arbutus? In Broadway, I suppose. They say that God is everywhere, and yet we always think of him as somewhat of a recluse. . . . It is hard not to hear again that vital “Sam is coming” – though if grief is a test of a priceless life, he is compensated. He was not ambitious for redemption – that was why it is his. “To him that hath, shall be given.” Were it not for the eyes, we would know of you oftener. Have they no remorse for their selfishness? “This tabernacle” is a blissful trial, but the bliss predominates.

I suppose you will play in the water at Alexandria Bay, as the baby does at the tub in the drive. . . . Speak to us when your eyes can spare you, and “keep us, at home, or by the way,” as the clergyman says, when he folds the church, till another Sabbath.

Lovingly

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 295. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Hollands had a residence not far from Broadway, in New York City; previously, Elizabeth had sent arbutus from her garden in Springfield. | ED quotes *Macbeth*’s prophecy that the king will not be defeated until “Birnam wood” comes “to Dunsinane,” a phrase she also uses in L532. She takes “To him that hath” from Matthew 25:29.

772.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early June 1878

Dear friend.

When you wrote you would come in November, it would please me it were November then – but the time has moved – You went with the coming of the Birds – they will go with your coming – but to see you is so much sweeter than Birds, I could excuse the Spring.

With the bloom of the flower your friend loved, I have wished for her – but God cannot discontinue himself.

Mr Bowles was not willing to die –

When you have lost a friend, Master – you remember you could not begin again – because there was no World. I have thought of you often since the Darkness – though we cannot assist Another’s Night –

I have hoped you were saved –
 That those have immortality with whom we talked about it, makes it no more
 mighty – but perhaps more sudden –

How brittle are the Piers
 On which our Faith doth tread –
 No Bridge below doth totter so –
 Yet none hath such a Crowd.
 It is as old as God –
 Indeed –’twas built by him –
 He sent his Son to test the Plank,
 And he pronounced it firm.

I hope you have been well. I hope your rambles have been sweet and your reveries spacious – To have seen Stratford on Avon – and the Dresden Madonna, must be almost Peace –

And perhaps you have spoken with George Eliot. Will you “tell me about it”? Will you come in November, and will November come – or is this the Hope that opens and shuts, like the Eye of the Wax Doll?

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (94). Publication: *L* (1894). | Higginson had promised to visit ED in November 1877 but then stayed in Europe from April 30 until October 1878. The Sistine Madonna by Raphael was housed at Dresden’s state museum. | ED repeats the “Wax Doll” phrase to Susan (L773). A section of this letter is retained on a scrap of brown paper (AC 808, pencil; publication: *NEQ* [1955]):

If ever you lost a friend – Master – you remember you could not begin again
 because there was no world –
 A breathless Death is not so cold as a Death that breathes

WN15 records “God cannot discontinue himself.” | M 611 [beginning “Upon what brittle Piers”], Fr1459. Sent to M. Whitney (1878).

773.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 18 June 1878

Susan knows she is a Siren – and that at a word from her, Emily would forfeit Righteousness – Please excuse the grossness of this morning – I was for a moment disarmed – This is the World that opens and shuts, like the Eye of the Wax Doll –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B11). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | Susan was visiting her brother in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and (in her words) hoped “to be home by the 18 of June.” | ED uses the “Eye of the Wax Doll” in L772 to Higginson.

774.

To Elizabeth Holland, mid-June 1878

I thought it was you, little Chocolate Sister – but Vinnie demurred – and Vinnie decides. I said “let me thank her conditionally” – “No” – said Vinnie – “’twould be remorse – provided it were not her” – and so we guessed and sighed and nibbled and propounded – and felt how base we were – until the Doctor’s note.

The Bonbons were delightful, but better than Bonbons was the love – for that is the basis of Bonbons. And in all the confusion to think of us – Loyal little Sister – the Bird going South – is not so mindful of the Birds behind. To never forget you – is all we can –

That is how faint a Stipend – The Doctor’s Pun was happy – How lovely are the wiles of Words!

We thought you cherished Bryant, and spoke of you immediately when we heard his fate – if Immortality be Fate.

Dear friends – we cannot believe for each other. I suppose there are depths in every Consciousness – from which we cannot rescue ourselves – to which none can go with us – which represent to us Mortally – the Adventure of Death –

How unspeakably sweet and solemn – that whatever await us of Doom or Home, we are mentally permanent.

“It is finished” can never be said of us.

I am glad of your bright Home –

I hope you are well – you did not tell me – Thank you peculiarly sweetly – With grief for the eyes only, happy for your happiness,

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (49). Publication: *LH*. | William Cullen Bryant, a close friend of Josiah Holland, died June 12, 1878. | Before leaving for Alexandria Bay in June, Elizabeth sent chocolates.

775.

To Sarah Tuckerman, June 1878

Is it that words are suddenly small or that we are suddenly large, that they cease to suffice us, to thank a friend?

Perhaps it is chiefly both.

Note: AC 33 Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

776.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, after 18 June 1878

I must wait a few Days before seeing you – You are too momentous. But remember it is idolatry, not indifference.

Emily –.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B181). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

777.

*To Olive Coit Stearns, spring or early summer 1878**Transcribed Todd*

Dear friends.

The seraphic shame generosity causes is perhaps its most heavenly result.

To make even heaven more heavenly, is within the aim of us all.

I was much touched by the little fence dividing the devotions, though devotion should always wear a fence, to pre-empt its claim.

Why the full heart is speechless, is one of the great wherefores.

Emily,

with love.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 790. Publication: *L* (1894). | In late May, First Church decided to erect a sidewalk and fence. | Stearns's husband died two years earlier, in June.

778.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, July 1878

Dear friend,

Your memory of others, among your almost superhuman cares, is so astonishing that I cannot refrain from surprise and love –

How near this suffering Summer are the divine words “There is a World elsewhere.”

E_____

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: JL557. | A son, Samuel, was born to the Hills on June 29, 1878. The “suffering summer” may refer to the fact that Henry Hills's business failed in July, and in late June ED's mother broke her hip. | ED quotes from *Coriolanus*.

779.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1878*

Susan –

The sweetest acts both exact and defy, gratitude, so silence is all the honor there is – but to those who can estimate silence, it is sweetly enough –

In a Life that stopped guessing, you and I should not feel at home –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B55) Pencil. Publication: *LL*. Lower part of sheet torn away, perhaps for signature.

780.*To Sarah Tuckerman, July 1878*

Would it be prudent to subject an apparitional interview to a grosser test? The Bible portentously says “that which is Spirit is Spirit.”

Go not too near a House of Rose –
 The depredation of a Breeze
 Or inundation of a Dew
 Alarm it's Walls away –
 Nor try to tie the Butterfly,
 Nor climb the Bars of Ecstasy –
 In insecurity to lie
 Is Joy's insuring quality –

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 34. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson July – 78. | ED quotes John 3:6. | M 719, Fr1479. Only copy.

781.*To Mary Bowles, late July or early August 1878**Transcribed Todd*

Had you never spoken to any, dear, they would not upbraid you, but think of you more softly, as one who had suffered too much to speak. To forget you would be impossible, had we never seen you; for you were his for whom we moan while consciousness remains. As he was himself Eden, he is with Eden, for we cannot become what we were not.

I felt it sweet that you needed me – though but a simple shelter I will always last. I hope your boys and girls assist his dreadful absence, for sorrow does not stand so still on their flying hearts.

How fondly we hope they look like him – that his beautiful face may be abroad.

Was not his countenance on earth graphic as a spirit's? The time will be long till you see him, dear, but it will be short, for have we not each our heart to dress – heavenly as his?

He is without doubt with my father. Thank you for thinking of him, and the sweet, last respect you so faithfully paid him.

Mother is growing better, though she cannot stand, and has not power to raise her head for a glass of water. She thanks you for being sorry, and speaks of you with love. . . . Your timid 'for his sake,' recalls the sheltering passage, 'for his sake who loved us, and gave himself to die for us.' Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.18, 388. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Bowleses had one grandchild at the time of Samuel's death—with two born thereafter: William Harding King, born January 26, and Richard Hooker, on February 20, 1878. | ED paraphrases Galatians 2:20.

782.

To Abigail Cooper, about 1878

Dear friend.

Mother thanks you through me, as she does not use her Hand for writing. I hope the vicariousness may not impair the fervor. Mother is very fond of Flowers and of Recollection, that sweetest Flower.

Please accept her happiness, and our's, for causing her's.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 11. Publication: *L* (1894). Cooper wrote sometime between July 1878 and early 1879 expressing sympathy for ED's mother's broken hip; the note read: "With the love & sympathy of A. I. C."

783.

To Jonathan Jenkins, about August 16, 1878

There would have been no smile on Amherst's Face, had she believed her Clergyman's sweet wife to be suffering, but the Paper spoke so obligingly, we thought it an Accident that endeared – rather than endangered – That Sorrow dare to touch the Loved is a mournful insult – We are all avenging it all the time, though as Lowell quotes from the Stranger "Live – live even to be unkind."

It is hard to think of our "little Friend" as a Sufferer – we – peculiarly know how hard, through our suffering Mother – but the tiniest ones are the mightiest – The Wren will prevail.

Mother asked me last Sabbath “why Father did’nt come from Church,” and [“] if Mr Jenkins preached”?

I told her he did and that Father had lingered to speak with him – It was touching that harm should suggest “Amherst”. “Bruised for our iniquities” I had almost feared – Amherst – tell her – suggests her – each of you, my Shepherd, and will – while will remains –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L38). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Sarah Jenkins was thrown from a carriage by a shying horse on August 15, and the accident was reported in the *SR* of August 16. | In *Among My Books* (1870), James Russell Lowell quotes from John Dryden’s *Aureng-Zebe*: “Live still! Oh live! Live even to be unkind.” ED takes “Bruised for our iniquities” from Isaiah 53:5.

784.

To Sarah Tuckerman, August 1878

To see is perhaps never quite the sorcery that it is to surmise, though the obligation to enchantment is always binding –

It is sweet to recall that we need not retrench, as Magic is our most frugal Meal.

I fear you have much happiness because you s spend so much – Would adding to it – take it away, or is that a penurious question?

To cherish you is intuitive – As we take nature, without permission, let us covet you –

Note: AC 35. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). ED writes then cancels “s,” continuing with the word “spend.”

785.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, late summer or early autumn 1878

Dear friend,

I fear you think your sweetness “fell among Thorns” – I have hoped for a moment in which to thank you, since your Parents returned – but have not obtained it, and must come with my Pencil – now – which will you forgive?

The Grapes were big and fresh – tasting like Emerald Dew – I know you picked them yourself!

How spacious must be the Heart that can include so many, and make no error of Love toward one – Thank you, dear, with Affection, and recall me to those closest to you – with sincerity – Your beautiful Boy and Girls are part of the

Summer's Picture, which is not yet mottled by the Snow. That no Flake of it fall on you or them – is a wish that would almost be a Prayer, were Emily not a Pagan –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.23. Pencil. Publication: JL566. | The Sweetser children, Nettie and Howard, were the same ages, respectively, as Mattie and Ned and played with them during the Sweetser's' stay in Amherst. | ED quotes from Matthew 13:7.

786.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about 1878

Ned, with indignation –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B14). Pencil. Publication: FF.

787.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, October 1878

Dear Ned,

You know that Pie you stole – well, this is that Pie's Brother –
Mother told me when I was a Boy, that I must "turn over a new Leaf" – I call that the Foliage Admonition –
Shall I commend it to you?

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B117). Pencil. Publication: AM (1915). Bottom corner of sheet torn away, perhaps for signature.

788.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, October 1878

The Solaces of Theft are first – Theft – second – Superiority to Detection –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B9). Pencil. Publication: AM (1915).

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, October 25, 1878

Oct. 25 1878

My dear Friend—

Here comes the line I promised to send—we had a fine noon on Mt. Holyoke yesterday—and took the 5 'o clk train to Springfield—; but there, Mr. Jackson found a telegram from New York which compelled him to go on without stopping here—and so I came alone to Mr. Warners, which was a disappointment.

Now—will you send me the poem? No—will you let me send the “Success”—which I know by heart—to Roberts Bros for the *Masque of Poets*? If you will, it will give me a great pleasure. I ask it as a personal favor to myself. Can you refuse the only thing I perhaps shall ever ask at your hands?

Yours ever

Helen Jackson

Address

Brevoort House
New York

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. The note is written on “Nook Farm” stationery (in Hartford, Connecticut). | ED’s response to Jackson does not survive, but she apparently agreed that she could submit the poem—which was published in the *Masque of Poets* in 1878.

789.*To Maria Whitney, late October 1878**Transcribed by Todd*

Dear friend,

I had within a few days a lovely hour with Mr and Mrs Jackson of Colorado, who told me that love of Mr Bowles and longing for some trace of him, led them to his house, and to seek his wife. They found her, they said, a stricken woman, though not as ruthless as they feared. That of ties remaining, she spoke with peculiar love of a Miss Whitney of Northampton, whom she would soon visit, and almost thought of accompanying them as far as yourself. To know that long fidelity in ungracious soil was not wholly squandered, might be sweet to you.

I hope that you are well, and in full receipt of the Great Spirit whose leaving life was leaving you.

Faithfully

Note: AC Tr73. Publication: *L* (1931). | The Jacksons were in Amherst for a few days, leaving on October 24.

790.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late October 1878

Dear friend,

It was joyful that you came – I saw the Steamer's name – though saddened to me by Mother's illness – who broke her Hip in June – soon after I wrote you and was since helpless – It was thought for many weeks she must die, but she has grown easier, though not of power to lift her Head for a Glass of Water –

I missed yourself and Mr Bowles, and without a Father, seemed even vaster than before – To see you would be almost Hope – I had a sweet Forenoon with Mrs Jackson recently, who brought her Husband to me for the first time – I hope that you are strong and refreshed by Travel, and ask for you not Peace, for that would be Treason to those that sleep, but confiding Patience – To hope with the Imagination is inevitable, but to remember – with it is the most consecrated ecstasy of the Will –
Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (95). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Higginson returned from Europe in October. A New York paper reported on October 16 that he was moving to Cambridge from Newport, and he attended an antislavery commemoration in Boston on October 21.

791.

To Aurelia and Harriet Davis, about October 1878

Transcriber unknown

Dear Friends –

We are snatching our Jewels from the Frost, and ask you to help us wear them, as also the Trinkets more rotund, which serve a baser need.

Emily and Vinnie –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 831. Publication: *L* (1894). The transcriber (Davis?) notes, "On sending flowers and apples" to Davis and her daughter Harriet. | Davis attended both AA and Mount Holyoke Female Seminary a few years before ED. She and Harriet lived nearby on South Pleasant Street.

792.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1878

I can defeat the rest, but you defeat me, Susan –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B129). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

793.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late November 1878

Dear friend,

I heard you had found the Lane to the Indies, Columbus was looking for –
 There is no one so happy her Master is happy as his grateful Pupil. The most
 noble Congratulation it ever befell me to offer – is that you are yourself –
 Till it has loved – no Man or Woman can become itself – Of our first Creation
 we are unconscious –

We knew not that we were to live,
 Nor when – we are to die –
 Our ignorance our Cuirass is –
 We wear Mortality
 As lightly as an Option Gown
 Till asked to take it off –
 By his intrusion, God is known –
 It is the same with Life –

Note: BPL 1093 (96). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Higginson's engagement to Mary ("Minnie") Potter Thacher was announced as early as November 12 (*Cincinnati Daily Gazette*). Minnie was named for her aunt Mary Potter Longfellow, first wife of the poet. | M 719, Fr1481. Sent to Whitney (1878).

794.

*To Ellen E. Dickinson, December 1878**Draft*

The sweet anniversary was not unheeded – nor that dear later Day which
 you and Willie have kept with us – Death has only to touch a trifle to make
 it portentous^stupendous^ – though a Past that is ~~sweet~~ is true has a calmed
 Pang – I am sure it will grieve you that Prof Lewes has died – for the Light of
 your Home with Willie – will ~~teach~~ show you how dark – dim where it goes
 out – The dying of an ideal is more dreadful than that of a Person because it
 includes besides the decease of a Pageant which ~~except to ourself never ex-~~
~~isted~~ – trust – guess – to us only existed Willie and his glasses are a pathetic
 Fiction – ^picture – ^ John Anderson indeed is near – if they dont prevent his
 seeing his friends – I can tolerate them – memory's sweet eyes – I could not be
 balked by –

I gave your message to mother which seemed to cheer her very much She grows
 dependent on dear words as the sick ^sad^ do I was sorry I could not write before
 and hope you will not think wrongly of it

I give my love which is most new venerable times – and am fondly Willie’s and yours –

warmly
newest – venerable times –

Note: AC 644. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | Rough draft on the verso of an advertising flyer. | Ellen Dickinson was a writer and journalist in New York. The anniversaries may refer to the deaths of her father and Bowles. | Obituaries for George Henry Lewes, the lifelong partner of George Eliot, began to appear in December, soon after his November death. “John Anderson” is a ballad popularized by Robert Burns.

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, December 8, 1878

Col. Springs Dec. 8. 1878 Sunday Eve.

My dear friend,

I suppose by this time you have seen the Masque of Poets. I hope you have not regretted giving me that choice bit of verse for it. I was pleased to see that it had in a manner, a special place, being chosen to end the first part of the volume,—on the whole, the volume is a disappointment to me. Still I think it has much interest for all literary people. I confess myself quite unable to conjecture the authorship of most of the poems!

Colorado is as lovely as ever!—our mountains are white with snow now, but there is no snow in the town; at noon one can have windows open, if the fires blaze well on the hearths. What would you think of that in N. England.

I am very glad that I saw you ~~last~~ this autumn; also that you saw my husband and liked him, as I perceived that you did—

Thank you once more for the verses.

Yours always

Helen Jackson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Postmark: Colorado Springs Dec 10 1878.

795.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1878

Sue – to be lovely as you is a touching contest, though like the Siege of Eden, impracticable. Eden never capitulates –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B50). Pencil. Publication: *FE*.

796.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1878*

Susan – I dreamed of you, last night, and send a Carnation to indorse it –

Sister of Ophir – Ah Peru –

Subtle the Sum that purchase you –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B32). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | Hiram had his servants sail to Ophir to bring back gold and talents for King Solomon (1 Kings 9:26–28). Peru was associated with gold and silver mines. | M 611 (as “Brother of Ingots”), Fr1462. Sent to S. Tuckerman (“Brother of Ophir” 1880).

797.*To Mary Adelaide Hills, Christmas 1878*

With sweet Christmas for the “little Brethren and Sisters of the mystic tie” –

Emily –

Note: AC Box 12, F 14 photocopy. Missing. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes from Higginson’s story “A Shadow” (*Oldport Days*).

798.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about Christmas 1878*

Mrs Delmonico’s things were very nice – Art has a “Palate”, as well as an Easel – Susan breaks many Commandments, but one she obeys – “Whatsoever ye do, do it unto the Glory” –

Susan will be saved –

Thank her –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B48). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Delmonico’s was a fashionable restaurant in New York City. | ED’s “Whatsoever ye do” paraphrases 1 Corinthians 10:31.

799.*To Martha (Mattie) Gilbert Smith, December 27, 1878*

Mattie –

A faithful “I am sorry” will sometimes save the Heart – when every other Savior fails – I want to take hold of your Hand and tell you that Love lasts – though it grows unknown – in some dreadful instants –

We are eternal – dear – which seems so worthless, now – but will be by and by, all we can remember – because it owns our own and must give them back –

The Noble cannot go from Home, and your friend was noble –

When you have seen him, dear, as you certainly will – these moments will change –

I am glad of your little Girl – she will be a Balm – and remember the Boy and Girl that are with their Father –

What an anticipation!

Smile – for their sake, dear, to whom you have added a “Father in Heaven” –

To me – the word grew fond, since I gave my own –

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L31) & 1118.7 (50M-367). Pencil. Publication: JL577. Postmark: Dec 27. | Mattie’s husband John Williams Smith died December 2, 1878. Their child Susan Gilbert Smith was two years and nine months old when she died, November 3, 1865. An infant son, Frank, died June 14, 1861.

800.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late December 1878*

Susan –

Whoever blesses, you always bless – the last – and often made the Heaven of Heavens – a sterile stimulus –

Cherish Power – dear –

Remember that stands in the Bible between the Kingdom and the Glory, because it is wilder than either of them –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B37). Pencil. Publication: LL.

801.*To Mary Bowles, early January 1879**Transcribed Todd*

How lovely to remember! How tenderly they told of you! Sweet toil for smitten hands to console the smitten!

Labors as endeared may engross our lost. Buds of other days quivered in remembrance. Hearts of other days lent their solemn charm.

Life of flowers lain in flowers – what a home of dew! And the bough of ivy; was it as you said? Shall I plant it softly?

There were little feet, white as alabaster.

Dare I chill them with the soil?

Nature is our eldest mother, she will do no harm.

Let the phantom love that enrolls the sparrow shield you softer than a child.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.18, 389. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bowles sent ED a Christmas or New Year's gift of flowers and ivy with "little feet" of roots; she was an active member of the horticultural society.

From Thomas Niles to Emily Dickinson, January 15, 1879

Jany 15 / 79

Dear Miss Dickinson

You were entitled to a copy of "A Masque of Poets" without thanks, for your valuable contribution which for want of a known sponsor Mr Emerson has generally had to father.

I wanted to send you a proof of your poem, wh. as you have doubtless perceived was slightly changed in phraseology

Yrs very truly

T. Niles

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL573d. | *A Masque of Poets* included ED's "Success is counted sweetest," published anonymously. The December 10, 1878, review in *Literary World* quotes in full and comments on ED's "Success is counted sweetest," speculating that it is by Emerson.

802.*To Samuel Bowles IV, about January 16, 1879*

Coveting the power to send your Father a Flower – ignorant, hallowed be his name, of his route of Down – reverence for Sorrow, if not profanation, may we also offer you?

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c (590). Pencil. Publication: JL590. | ED writes on the first anniversary of the death of Samuel Bowles, January 16.

803.

To Elizabeth Holland, after January 17, 1879

The lovely little Bronzes in the Lace House – came just as I had written you –
The deference to my predilection pleased and smote me too.

I am glad you are not hung – like the “Mollie Maguires”, tho’ doubtless heinous as themselves – in a sweet way –

Austin’s Baby says when surprised by statements” – “there’s – sumthn – else – there’s – Bumbul – Beese” –

God’s little Blond Blessing – we have long deemed you, and hope his so called “Will” – will not compel him to revoke you –

The “rectification of his Frontier,” costs the Earth too much – Vinnie and I watch Mother, which makes the Days too short – till we wear the same Heart – Day and Night, and wash our Hand with our Tongue as the Pussy does – I shall not write again for a few moments, which will defray your cares – Vinnie wants to write, but was it “Atlas” fault the World was on his Shoulders?

Mother and Sister give their love, and let my own preponderate –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (50). Pencil. | The hanging of Martin Bergin at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, was described in considerable detail in the January 17 *SR* under the headline, “Another Mollie Maguire Hanged.” The Mollie Maguires were a secret organization of Irish miners in PA, hanged for various crimes between June 1877 and January 14, 1879. | Beaconsfield used the phrase “rectification of his Frontier” on Lord Mayor’s Day, November 1878, referring to India’s northwest frontier.

804.

To Sarah Jenkins, about January 19, 1879

Would you feel more at Home with a Flower from Home, in your Hand, dear?

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L39). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Austin Dickinson Jenkins was born on January 19, 1879, in Pittsfield; although the Jenkins family had moved to Pittsfield in 1877, ED refers to Amherst as their “Home.”

From Sarah Jenkins to Emily Dickinson, late January 1879

flower and the sweet note. I always have a little comforting sense of having cheated Winter if I have one blossom to look at.—I am much better though still obliged to be disagreeably “judicious.” My love to Miss Vinnie and your Mother—We do not forget you with your perpetual sorrow.—

Your friend

S. E. Jenkins

Thursday A. M.

Note: AC 187a and 363a. Incomplete. Unpublished. | ED drafts poems on the back of both these pages, respectively “Forbidden Fruit a flavor has” and “Summer is shorter than any one —.”

805.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, January 1879

Our gentle Neighbor must have known that we did not know she was ill, or we should immediately have enquired for her —

Emily and Sister —

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Missing. Publication: *L* (1894).

806.

To Sarah Tuckerman, January 1879

Your coming is a symptom of Summer — The Symptom excels the malady —

Note: AC 36. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Envelope endorsed: Emilie Dickinson Jan. '79.

807.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, shortly after February 6, 1879

Dear friend,

To congratulate the Redeemed is perhaps superfluous for Redemption leaves nothing for Earth to add — It is very sweet and serious to suppose you at Home, and reverence I cannot express is all that remains — I have read of Home in the Revelations — “Neither thirst any more —”

You speak very sweetly of the Stranger —

I trust the Phantom Love that enrols the “Sparrow” — enfolds her softer than a Child —

The name of the “little Book she wrote,” I do not quite decipher – “___ and Prairie”.? Should you perhaps tell me, I think I could see her Face in that – I am sorry not to have seen your “Hawthorne”, but have known little of Literature since my Father died – that and the passing of Mr Bowles, and Mother’s hopeless illness, overwhelmed my Moments, though your Pages and Shakespeare’s, like Ophir – remain – To see you seems improbable, but the Clergyman says I shall see my Father –

The subterranean stays –

Note: H Lowell Autograph (91); BPL 1093 (97) (beginning “I could not see”). Publication: AM (1927). | Higginson and Thacher married on February 6, 1879. The ceremony was performed by Samuel Longfellow; his brother Henry (uncle of the bride) also attended. | Thacher’s *Seashore and Prairie* was published in 1877. Higginson’s *Short Studies of American Authors* included a brief piece on Hawthorne; first published in January, it was republished as a book in December 1879, when he sent her a copy. | ED quotes from Revelation 7:16.

808.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, shortly after February 23, 1879

“Come unto me.” Beloved Commandment. The Darling obeyed it –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Private hands; previously Oresman Collection. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Hills’ infant son, born June 29, 1878, died February 23, 1879.

809.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about late February 1879

The power to console is not within corporeal reach – though it’s attempt, is precious –

To die before it feared to die, may have been a boon –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Private collection. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | According to Bianchi (*LL*), a version of the last line was retained as a fragment to Susan (lost).

810.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, early 1879

Vocal, is but one form of remembrance, dear friend – The cherishing that is speechless, is equally warm –

Note: Virginia Commonwealth University. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). MS previously missing.

811.*To Mary Adelaide Hills, March 1879*

Dear friend,

The only Balmless Wound is the departed Human Life we had learned to need.

For that, even Immortality is a slow solace. All other Peace has many Roots and will spring again –

With cheer from one who knows –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Missing. Publication: *L* (1894).

812.*To unknown, early spring 1879**Unsent*

Dear friends,

I bring you the first Arbutus, and will add the Robins as fast as they come –

Emily –

Note: AC 269. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Fair hand, canceled, with top of page torn off later, removing part of “D” in “Dear.” On verso, ED drafts “Lay this laurel.”

813.*To Mary Adelaide Hills, March 1879*

Sweet Mrs Hills –

We think of you and know you think of us – To come – from Heaven – is casual – but to return – eternal.

Emily –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: *JL599*.

814.*To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about April 1879*

“Heavenly Father” – take to thee

The supreme iniquity

Fashioned by thy candid Hand

In a moment contraband –

Though to trust us – seem to us
 More respectful – “We are Dust” –
 We apologize to thee
 For thine own Duplicity –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B132). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. Addressed “Ned –” on verso. | Fast-day, a Puritan holiday designed for repentance and atonement, was on April 3 but contentious as a holiday because considered outdated. ED mentions in L83. | M 721, Fr1500. Only copy.

815.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about April 13, 1879

Those not live yet
 Who doubt to live again –
 “Again” is of a twice
 But this – is one –
 The Ship beneath the Draw
 Aground – is he?
 Death – so – the Hyphen of the Sea –
 Deep is the Schedule
 Of the Disk to be –
 Costumeless Consciousness,
 That is he –

Easter.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (358). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Easter Sunday fell on April 13. | M 720, Fr1486. Only copy.

816.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, mid-April 1879

Transcribed Todd

Dear friend,

The Gift was sadly exquisite – Were the actual “Cross” so divinely adorned, we should covet it.

Thank you for the sacred “flowers” – typical, both of them.

Gethsemene and Cana are still a traveled route.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 836. Publication: *L* (1894). | Bianchi and THJ represent the last line as a fragment from a letter to Susan (JL, PF8).

817.*To unknown, about 1879**Draft*

You spoke of “Hope” surpassing “Home” – I thought that Hope was Home – a misapprehension of Architecture – but then if I knew

Note: AC 747. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). This abandoned fair copy draft is on a partial leaf, scissored and carefully torn. | Associated with Lord by provenance.

818.*To unknown, about 1879**Unsent*

. . . remained what the Carpenter called the Door he was asked to correct – “Plumb” – I asked him what made the Door erroneous, and he said “it was not Plumb.” Some rigor of rectitude, I inferred, in which the Door was wanting.

Note: AC 738. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Fair hand. Page neatly cut off, eliminating other writing at bottom. | Associated with Lord by provenance.

819.*To Helen Hunt Jackson, about mid-April 1879*

Spurn the temerity –
Rashness of Calvary –
Gay were Gethsemane
Knew we of Thee –

Note: H Lowell Autograph (93). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1927). Jackson wrote “Wonderful twelve words! H. J.” on the page and sent it to Higginson. | M 720, Fr1485. Only copy.

820.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 16 April 1879*

In petto –

A Counterfeit – a Plated Person –
I would not be –
Whatever Strata of Iniquity
My Nature underlie –
Truth is good Health – and Safety, and the Sky –

How meagre, what an Exile – is a Lie,
And Vocal – when we die –

Lothrop –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B157). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | In 1876, Mary Lothrop accused her father of mistreating her, her sister Anna, and their stepmother. Austin, among others, tried to help. The father, Reverend Charles Lothrop, sued the *SR* for libel when it reported the situation. The trial began on April 16, 1879, and was eventually decided against Lothrop. | “In petto” = secretly; said of cardinals the pope appoints but does not name in consistory. | M 722, Fr1514. Only copy.

821.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about late April 1879

Ned –

Belshazzar had a Letter –
He never had but one –
Belshazzar’s Correspondent
Concluded and begun
In that immortal Copy
The Conscience of us all
Can read without it’s Glasses
On Revelation’s wall _____

Suggested by our Neighbor –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B196). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1890). | M 617, F1487.

822.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about 1879

His Cheek is his Biographer –
As long as he can blush
Perdition is Opprobrium –
Past that, he sins in peace –
Thief –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (265). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 721, Fr1499. Only copy.

823.*To Olive Coit Stearns, about early spring 1879**Transcribed Todd*

Dear friends,

I hope no bolder lover brought you the first pond lilies. The water is deeper than the land. The swimmer never stagnates. I shall bring you a handful of lotus next, but do not tell the Nile.

He is a jealous brook.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 791. Publication: *L* (1894).

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, May 12, 1879

May. 12. 1879 Colorado Springs

My dear friend,

I know your "Blue bird" by heart—and that is more than I do of any of my own verses.—

I also want your permission to send it to Col. Higginson to read. These two things are my testimonial to its merit.

We have blue birds here—I might have had the sense to write something about one myself, but I never did; and now I never can. For which I am inclined to envy, and perhaps hate you.

"The man I live with" (I suppose you recollect designating my husband by that curiously direct phrase) is in New York,—and I am living alone—which I should find very insupportable except that I am building on a bath room, & otherwise setting my house to rights. To be busy is the best help I know of, for all sorts of discomforts.—

What should you think of trying your hand on the oriole? He will be along presently

Yours ever—

Helen Jackson

P.S. Write & tell me if I may pass the Blue Bird along to the Col?—

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Postmark: Colorado Springs May 13 1879. | Jackson refers to "Before you thought of Spring," which ED titled "Blue Bird —" on her retained copy; Frances Norcross also titled her transcript "The Blue bird."

824.

To Helen Hunt Jackson, late May or early June 1879

Dear friend,

To the Oriole you suggested I add a Humming Bird and hope they are not untrue –

A Route of Evanescence
 With a revolving Wheel
 A Resonance of Emerald
 A Rush of Cochineal
 And every Blossom on the Bush
 Adjusts it's tumbled Head –
 The Mail from Tunis, probably,
 An easy Morning's Ride –

Note: AC 816. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | ED may have sent "One of the ones that Midas touched" (an "Oriole") in a separate letter. | M 618, Fr1489. Sent to Norcrosses (lost), Sarah Tuckerman (1880), Higginson (1880), Todd (1882), and Niles (1883). To all recipients, she referred to the poem as "a Humming Bird".

825.

To Olive Coit Stearns, about June 1879

Transcribed Todd

"A little flower, a faded flower, the gift of one who cared for me,"

Please usurp the pronoun.

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 791. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes from Caroline Southey's elegy "I never cast a flower away." June was the third anniversary of the death of Stearns's husband.

826.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, shortly after July 4, 1879

Transcribed Todd

Dear girls

Did you know there had been a fire here, and that but for a whim of the wind Austin and Vinnie and Emily would have all been homeless; but perhaps you saw the Republican.

We were waked by the ticking of the bells, the bells tick in Amherst for a fire, to tell the firemen.

I sprang to the window, and each side of the curtain saw that awful sun. The moon was shining high at the time, and the birds singing like trumpets.

Vinnie came soft as a moccasin "Don't be afraid, Emily, it is only the 4th of July."

I did not tell that I saw it, for I thought if she felt it best to deceive, it must be that it was.

She took hold of my hand and led me into mother's room. Mother had not waked, and Maggie was sitting by her. Vinnie left us a moment, and I whispered to Maggie, and asked her what it was.

"Only Stebbins' barn, Emily"; but I knew that the right and left of the village was on the arm of Stebbins' barn. I could hear buildings falling, and oil exploding, and people walking and talking gaily, and cannon soft as velvet from parishes that did not know that we were burning up.

And so much lighter than day was it, that I saw a caterpillar measure a leaf far down in the orchard; and Vinnie kept saying bravely, "It's only the fourth of July."

It seemed like a theatre, or a night in London, or perhaps like chaos. The innocent dew falling "as if it thought no evil," as father said to Lou, and sweet frogs prattling in the pools as if there were no earth.

At seven people came to tell us that the fire was stopped, stopped by throwing sound houses in as one fills a well.

Mother never waked, and we were all grateful; we knew she would never buy needle and thread at Mr. Cutler's store, and if it were Pompeii no one could tell her.

The post office is in the old meeting-house where Lou and I went early to avoid the crowd, and – fell asleep with the bumble-bees and the Lord God of Elijah.

Vinnie's "only the fourth of July" I shall always remember.

I think she will tell us so when we die, to keep us from being afraid.

Footlights cannot improve the grave, only immortality.

Forgive me the personality; but I knew, I thought, our peril was yours.

Love for you each

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 506–509. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. By 1878 the Norcrosses had moved to Concord. | The moon was full on July 3. The fire was so extensive that it was reported by the *New York Times* on July 6, referring to the "incendiary fire" that destroyed Stebbins' livery stable; the bank block next to it; the building next door housing the public library; and a number of offices and small businesses, including George Cutler & Co.

827.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about midyear 1879

Ned –

Time's wily Chargers will not wait
At any Gate but Woe's –
But there – so gloat to hesitate
They will not stir for blows –

Dick –
Jim –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B45). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Dick and Jim are the Dickinson horses. | M 721, Fr1498. Only copy.

828.

To Forrest F. Emerson, about summer 1879

Transcribed Todd

Though tendered by a stranger, the fruit will be forgiven.
Valor in the dark is my Maker's code.
E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 847. Publication: *L* (1894). | Emerson was installed as pastor of the First Church June 18, 1879. Todd places this among the early notes to the Dickinsons' new pastor.

829.

To Forrest F. Emerson, about summer 1879

Transcribed Todd

Mother congratulates Mr Emerson on the discovery of the "philosopher's stone." She will never divulge it. It lay just where she thought it did – in making others happy.

E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 847. Publication: *L* (1894).

830.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, early to midsummer 1879

"Babes in the Wood –"
Berries –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Missing. Publication: JL615. | ED writes "Babes in the Wood" on the outside fold, where an address would be, with the single word "Berries" on the inside of the page. | "Babes in the Wood" is a folk ballad in which two infant children are abandoned in a wood and die; a robin covers them with strawberry leaves. ED refers to this legend in 1850 (L40) and 1884 (L1186). In New England, strawberry season is from mid-June to mid-July.

831.

To Abigail Cooper, about 1879

Dear friend,
It distressed us that you were pained –
Are you easier now?
You have sheltered our tears too often – that your's should fall unsolaced –
Give us half the Thorn – then it will tear you less – To divulge itself is Sorrow's
Right – never – its presumption.
Faithfully,
E. Dickinson

Note: AC 12. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

832.

To Abigail Cooper, about 1879

Transcribed Todd

Is sickness pathos or infamy?
While You forget to decide, please confirm this trifle.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 824. Publication: *L* (1894).

833.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1879

Susan –

A little overflowing word
That any, hearing, had inferred
For Ardor or for Tears,
Though Generations pass away,
Traditions ripen and decay,
As eloquent appears –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (230). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | M 722, Fr1501. Only copy.

834.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1879

So sorry for Sister's hardships – "Make me thy wrack when I come back, but spare me when I gang."

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B169). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Hardships unidentified; perhaps related to Austin's traveling to Martha's Vineyard around August 18–22. | ED quotes a Scottish ballad, "The Drowned Lovers."

835.

To Abigail Cooper, about 1879

"Give me thine Heart" is too peremptory a Courtship for Earth, however irresistible in Heaven –

Note: AC 13. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes Proverbs 23:26.

836.

To Sarah Tuckerman, September 1879

Should dear Mrs Tuckerman have no Pears like mine, I should never cease to be harrowed –

Should she, that also would be dismay –
 I incur the peril –
 Emily.

Note: AC 37. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson Sept. '79.

837.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, about 1879

Dear Ned –

Dennis was happy yesterday, and it made him graceful – I saw him waltzing with the Cow, and suspected his status, but he afterward started for your House in a frame that was unmistakeable –

You told me he had'nt tasted Liquor since his Wife's decease – then she must have been living at six o'clock last Evening –

I fear for the rectitude of the Barn –
 Love for the Police.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B30). Pencil. Publication: JL605. | Handyman Dennis Scannell's wife had died in September 1876.

838.

To Adelaide S. Dole, about September 1879

Dear friend,

Had I known of Vinnie's inquiry, I should have dispelled it –

Dennis' constancy here – is impregnable, but obloquy out of sight, is one of Vinnie's Spectres. I dont remember meeting "the Lines," though they fall like Ten-nyson. The Parents of Beauty are seldom known. I hope you may fast grow stronger – and only recall the Sickness, as a bad Dream. Night's capacity varies, but Morning, is inevitable.

E. Dickinson –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: JL616. | Dole was Vinnie's good friend. For Dennis, see L837.

839.

To Elizabeth Holland, about October 9, 1879

Little Sister,

I was glad you wrote – I was just about addressing the Coroner of Alexandria –
You spared me the melancholy research –

Are you pretty well – have you been happy – Are your Eyes safe?

A thousand questions rise to my lips, and as suddenly ebb – for how little I know
of you recently – An awkward loneliness smites me – I fear I must ask with Mr
Wentworth, “Where are our moral foundations”?

Should you ask what had happened here, I should say nothing perceptible. Sweet
latent events – too shy to confide –

It will vivify us to your remembrance to tell you that Austin and Sue have just
returned from Belchertown Cattle Show – Austin brought me a Balloon and Vinnie
a Watermelon and each of his family a Whip – Wasn’t it primitive? When they
drove away in the dust this morning, I told them they looked like Mrs and Mrs
“Pendexter”, turning their backs upon Longfellow’s Parish – Brave Vinnie is well –
Mother does not yet stand alone and fears she never shall walk, but I tell her we
all shall fly so soon, not to let it grieve her, and what indeed is Earth but a Nest,
from whose rim we are all falling?

One day last Summer I laughed once like “Little Mrs Holland,” Vinnie said I
did – how much it pleased us all –

I ask you to ask your Doctor will he be so kind as to write the name of my Phila-
delphia friend on the Note within, and your little Hand will take it to him –

You were so long so faithful, Earth would not seem homelike without your little
sunny Acts –

Love for you each –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (51). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | The 1879 Belchertown Cattle Show was
on October 9. | Mr. Wentworth is a character in Henry James’s *The Europeans*, which was being
serialized in *Scribner’s*. The Pendexters are characters in Longfellow’s *Kavanagh*.

840.

To Perez Dickinson Cowan, shortly after November 8, 1879

Transcribed Todd

Will it comfort my grieved cousin to know that Emily and Vinnie are among
the ones this moment thinking of him with peculiar tenderness, and is his sweet
wife too faint to remember to whom her loved one is consigned?

‘Come unto me’ could not alarm those minute feet – how sweet to remember.

If you feel able, write a few words; if you do not – remember forgetting is a
guile unknown to your faithful cousin

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.21, 691. Publication: *L* (1894). | Cowan's three-year-old daughter Margaret died November 8; a death notice appeared November 11 in the *Boston Evening Journal*.

841.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early November 1879

Must I lose the Friend that saved my Life, without inquiring why?

Affection gropes through Drifts of Awe – for his Tropic Door – That every Bliss
we know or guess – hourly befall him – is his scholar's prayer _____

Note: BPL 1093 (98). Pencil. | Higginson endorsed the letter "After an interval of silence." He had been exceptionally busy because of being elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives in early November and because he was writing one of several responses countering Francis Parkman's attack on women's suffrage, to appear in the November *North American Review*; others were by Julia Ward Howe and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. | ED describes Higginson as saving her life in L508.

842.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1879

Emily is sorry for Susan's Day –

To be singular under plural circumstances, is a becoming heroism –

Opinion is a flitting thing,

But Truth, outlasts the Sun –

If then we cannot own them both –

Possess the oldest one –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B26). Pencil. Publication: JL625. | Austin was visiting the Jenkinsons in mid-December. | M 720, Fr1495. Only copy.

843.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about Christmas 1879

Dear friend,

I think Heaven will not be as good as earth unless it bring with it that sweet power to remember, which is the Staple of Heaven – here –

How can we thank each other, when omnipotent?

You, who endear our mortal Christmas, will perhaps assure us –

E –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Missing. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

844.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about Christmas 1879

Great Hungers feed themselves, but little Hungers ail in vain.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B36). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | Leyda dates as December 25, 1879.

845.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late December 1879

Dear friend,

Brabantio's Gift was not more fair than your's, though I trust without his pathetic inscription – "Which but thou hast already, with all my Heart I would keep from thee" – Of Poe, I know too little to think – Hawthorne appalls, entices –

Mrs Jackson soars to your estimate lawfully as a Bird, but of Howells and James, one hesitates – Your relentless Music dooms as it redeems –

Remorse for the brevity of a Book is a rare emotion, though fair as Lowell's "Sweet Despair" in the Slipper Hymn –

One thing of it we borrow
And promise to return –
The Booty and the Sorrow
It's Sweetness to have known –
One thing of it we covet –
The power to forget –
The Anguish of the Avarice
Defrays the Dross of it –

Had I tried before reading your Gift, to thank you, it had perhaps been possible,
 but I waited and now it disables my Lips –
 Magic, as it electrifies, also makes decrepit – Thank you for thinking of me –
 Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (99). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Higginson sent ED his *Short Studies of American Authors*; Thoreau is the only author Higginson writes about whom ED does not mention here. | The lines from *Othello* also appear in L759. With “Slipper Hymn,” ED alludes to Lowell’s “After the Burial,” which includes the phrase “sweet despair.” | M 623, Fr1516.

846.

To Sarah Tuckerman, early January 1880

I send you only a Humming Bird –
 Will you let me add a few Jasmin in a few Days?

A Route of Evanescence
 With a revolving Wheel –
 A Resonance of Emerald –
 A Rush of Cochineal –
 And every Blossom on the Bush
 Adjusts it’s tumbled Head –
 The Mail from Tunis, probably,
 An easy Morning’s Ride –

Emily –

Note: AC 32. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | This may be the first in what becomes an annual New Year’s greeting to Sarah. ED grew jasmine in her conservatory. | M 618, Fr1489. Sent to Jackson (1879), Higginson (1880), Todd (1882), Niles (1883), and Norcrosses (lost). To all recipients, she referred to the poem as “a Humming Bird.”

847.

To Sarah Tuckerman, January 5, 1880

Dear friend,

Your sweetness intimidates –

Had it been a Mastiff that guarded Eden, we should have feared him less than
 we do the Angel –

I read your little Letter – it had like Bliss – the minute length. It were dearer
 had you protracted it, but the Sparrow must not propound his Crumb –

We shall find the Cube of the Rainbow –
 Of that – there is no doubt –
 But the Arc of a Lover's conjecture
 Eludes the finding out –

Confidingly,
 Emily –

Note: AC 38. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Amherst Mass. Jan 5 1880. Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson Jan 5th 1880. | M 722, Fr1517. Only copy.

848.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early February 1880

A Spell cannot be tattered, and mended like a Coat –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B35). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | ED often wrote a note welcoming Susan home; she, Austin, and Ned visited the Jenkins family in Pittsfield the weekend of February 7–9.

849.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late February or early March 1880

Transcribed F. Norcross

Dear friends,

L.s note to Miss W. only stopped to dine. It went out with a beautiful name on its face in the evening mail. "Is there nothing else" as the clerk says? So pleased to enact a trifle for my little sister. It is little sisters you are, as dear F says in the hallowed note. Could mama read it, it would blur her light even in Paradise. It was pretty to lend us the letters from the new friends. It gets us acquainted. We will preserve them carefully. I am sorry I am a scholar in the Friday class. I believe the love of God may be taught not to seem like bears. Happy the reprobrates under that loving influence. I have one new bird and several trees of old ones. A snow slide from the roof, dispelled mother's "sweetbrier." You will of course feel for her, as you were named for him! There are as yet no streets, though the sun is riper and these small bells have rung so long, I think it "tea-time" always.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 402. Publication: *L* (1894). Variant wording and (mistaken) ellipses omitted. THJ dates "1861?" but "Friday class" refers to religious meetings at the

First Parish (Unitarian) church of Concord, which began October 1879. There is a missing “not” in the sentence “I am sorry I am a scholar in the Friday class”—perhaps ED’s omission and perhaps Fanny’s in transcribing. | Loo had enclosed a note for ED to post to Whitney. Emily Norcross Dickinson used a bell to call her daughters to her. | In Watts’s *Divine and Moral Songs for Children* (Song 18), children are killed by bears for mocking Elijah.

850.

To Fanny Boltwood, mid-March 1880

The “Spring” of which dear Mrs Boltwood speaks, is not so brave as herself and should bring her by right, it’s first flower.

Though a Pie is far from a flower, Mr Howells implies in his “Undiscovered Country” that “our relation to Pie,” will unfold, in proportion to finer relations – With sweet thoughts from us all, and thanks for the charming Butter, and the gallant notes,

Very faithfully,
Emily –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: *Amherst Graduates’ Q* (1937). | On March 8, Vinnie wrote to Boltwood after her son Samuel was thrown from a carriage, thanking her for “delicious butter” and sending love from “Mother & Emily.” This note seems to follow Vinnie’s. | Howells’s *Undiscovered Country* was published serially, beginning in the January 1880 AM; in answer to a joke that indigestion is attributed by some philosophers to pie, a character claims that “if we could once establish the true relations with the other life, *pie* wouldn’t stand in our way.”

851.

To Sarah Tuckerman, early spring 1880

Will the little Hands that have brought me so much tenderness, the sweet Hands, in which a Bird would love to lie, the Fingers that knew no estrangement except the Gulf of Down – will such enfold a Daphne? Almost I trust they will, yet trust is such a shelving word – Part of our treasures are denied us – part of them provisoed, like Bequests available far hence – part of them we partake? Which, dear, are divinest?

Emily –

Note: AC 39. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson 1880. | Daphne odora typically blooms from midwinter through the spring. In December 1873, Higginson reports that ED gave him a daphne when he visited her—a flower she could have grown in her conservatory.

852.

To Sarah Tuckerman, about March 1880

The Robin is a Gabriel
 In humble circumstances –
 His Dress denotes him socially,
 Of Transport's Working Classes –
 He has the punctuality
 Of the New England Farmer –
 The same oblique integrity,
 A Vista vastly warmer –
 A small but sturdy Residence,
 A Self denying Household,
 The Guests of Perspicacity
 Are all that cross his Threshold –
 As covert as a Fugitive,
 Cajoling Consternation
 By Ditties to the Enemy
 And Silvan Punctuation –

Emily –

Note: AAS. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 722, Fr1520. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

853.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about March 21, 1880

I was sorry for what the Paper told me – I hoped it was not true –

The Face in Evanescence lain
 Is more distinct than our's –
 And our's surrendered for it's sake
 As Capsules are for Flower's –
 Or is it the confiding Sheen
 Dissenting to be won
 Descending to enamor us
 Of Detriment divine?

Note: BPL 1093 (100). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | The March 21 *SR* reported the March 15 death, of cerebral meningitis, of the Higginsons' infant daughter, Louisa, born January 24, 1880. | M 624, Fr1521. Sent to Whitney (first four lines, lost).

854.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about March 28, 1880

Dear Friend,

The heavenly flowers were brought to my room – I had lain awake with the Gale and overslept this morning –

That you may wake in Eden, as you enabled me to do, is my happy wish –
Emily –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication *L* (1894). | Easter Sunday fell on March 28. There were high winds and rains that weekend in Amherst.

855.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about late March or early April 1880

Without the hope of requiting the Sabbath Morning Blossoms, still sweetly remembered, please allow me to try –

E –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication *L* (1894).

856.

To Maria Whitney, early April 1880

Transcribed Zeitlin

Dear friend –

I am constantly more astonished that the Body contains the Spirit – Except for overmastering work it could not be borne –

I shall miss saying to Vinnie when we hear the Northampton Bell – as in subtle states of the West we do – “Miss Whitney is going to Church” – though must not everywhere be Church to Hearts that have or have had – a Friend?

Could that sweet Darkness where they dwell
Be once disclosed to us
The clamor for their loveliness
would burst the Loneliness –

I trust you may have the dearest summer possible to Loss –

One sweet sweet more – One liquid more – of that Arabian presence! You spoke very sweetly to both of us and your sewing and recollecting is a haunting picture – a sweet spectral protection – Your name is taken as tenderly as the names of our

Birds, or the Flower, for some mysterious cause, sundered from it's Dew – Hoarded
Mr. Samuel – not one bleat of his Lamb – but is known to us –

In a brief memoir of Parepa, in which she was likened to a Rose – “thornless
until she died,” some bereaved one added – to miss him is his only stab, but that –
he never gave. A word from you would be sacred.

Emily

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #643, photostat of Zeitlin TS; sold by Zeitlin, 1936. Lowercase “would” is
Zeitlin's. Publication: *L* (1894). | Mr. Samuel=Bowles. | Whitney made a three-day visit to Amherst
at the end of March; in May, she gave up her teaching position at Smith College. | Euphrosyne
Parepa-Rosa was an English soprano who established the Carl Rosa Opera Company with her
husband in 1867 and toured successfully in the United States. | M 723, Fr1524. Only copy (lost).

857.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-April 1880

That Susan lives – is a Universe which neither going nor coming could displace –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B141). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Henry Hills reported on March 31 that
Susan would be gone a fortnight.

858.

To Forrest F. Emerson, spring 1880

Transcribed Todd

Any gift but spring seems a counterfeit, but the birds are such sweet neighbors
they rebuke us all.

E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 848. Publication: *L* (1894).

859.

To Amelia G. Fearing, April 23, 1880

Dear friend,

We hope you are not too much fatigued with the alarm of last Night, and re-
joice that your beautiful Home was unharmed –

The regret my Father would offer, please accept from his Children,

E. Dickinson –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). MS previously missing. | According to the *Boston Evening Journal*, “a disastrous fire broke out at a little past 2 o’clock this morning [April 23] in the straw shop of the Hills Manufacturing Company, and destroyed that building and the straw works of H. D. Fearing & Co. Loss about 100,000 . . . Three hundred hands are thus thrown out of employment . . . The coal yards of O. D. Hunt and W. R. Morgan were destroyed. The gas works were saved with difficulty.”

860.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, April 23 or soon thereafter, 1880

We are ignorant of the dear friends, and eager to know how they are, and assure them that we are near them in these grieved hours.

Emily and Vinnie.

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: *L* (1894). | The April 23 fire destroyed the Hills’ straw hat factory.

861.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late April 1880

“Thank you” ebbs – between us, but the Basis of thank you, is sterling and fond –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B43). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

862.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, last week of April 1880

Are the little flowers too near the hue of the last week’s fright to delight the Neighbor of whom we thought so tenderly?

Emily and Vinnie.

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: JL640.

863.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late April 1880

Dear friend,

Most of our Moments are Moments of Preface – “Seven Weeks” is a long Life – if it is all lived –

The little Memoir was very touching. I am sorry she was not willing to stay –

The flight of such a fraction takes all our Numbers Home –

“Room for one more” was a plea for Heaven –

I misunderstood – Heaven must be a lone exchange for such a parentage –

These sudden intimacies with Immortality, are expanse – not Peace – as Lightning at our feet, instills a foreign Landscape. Thank you for the Portrait – it is beautiful, but intimidating –

I shall pick “May flowers” more furtively, and feel new awe of “Moonlight.”

The route of your little Fugitive must be a tender wonder – and yet

A Dimple in the Tomb

Makes that ferocious Room

A Home –

Your Scholar –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #641, photostat. Pencil. Publication: AM (1927). | Refers to the death of Thomas and Mary’s first child on March 15. A friend of Higginson’s had compared Mary to moonlight and mayflowers. | M 723, Fr1522. Only copy.

864.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, mid-May 1880

Phoebus – “I’ll take the Reins –”

Phaeton –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B86). Pencil. Publication: JL642. | The May 12 *Amherst Record* reported that Austin had “just purchased a fine young stepper to take the place of his old family carriage horse.”

865.

To Sarah Tuckerman, about 1880

Love is done when Love’s begun,

Sages say,

But have Sages known?

Truth adjourn your Boon
Without Day.

Emily –

Note: AC 55. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson 1880. | In May, the Tuckermans celebrated their twenty-sixth wedding anniversary. | M 723, Fr1526. Only copy.

866.

To Abigail Cooper, about late May or early June 1880

Transcribed Todd

Dear friend,

So valiant is the intimacy between nature and her children, she addresses them as ‘comrades in arms.’

E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 826. Publication: *L* (1894). | Memorial Day was Saturday, May 29, when, as the June 1 *SR* reports, “cemeteries were turned into flower-gardens” as people paid tribute to fallen soldiers.

867.

To Mary Bowles, not long after June 16, 1880

Transcribed Todd

Dear Mary,

The last April that father lived, lived I mean below, there were several snow-storms, and the birds were so frightened and cold, they sat by the kitchen door. Father went to the barn in his slippers and came back with a breakfast of grain for each, and hid himself while he scattered it, lest it embarrass them. Ignorant of the name or fate of their benefactor, their descendants are singing this afternoon.

As I glanced at your lovely gift, his April returned. I am powerless toward your tenderness.

Thanks of other days seem abject and dim, yet antiques altars are the fragran-test. The past has been very near this week, but not so near as the future – both of them pleading, the latter priceless.

David’s grieved decision haunted me when a little girl. I hope he has found Absalom.

Immortality as a guest is sacred, but when it becomes as with you and with us, a member of the family, the tie is more vivid. . . .

If affection can reinforce, you, dear, shall not fall.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.18, 390. Publication: L (1894). | Bowles continued her late husband's remembrance of Edward Dickinson's death (June 16). See L749 for previous reference to David and Absalom. | According to Bianchi (LL), a version of much of the first paragraph was sent to Susan (lost).

868.

To Fanny Boltwood, early summer 1880

Will dear Mrs Boltwood taste a little Loaf of "Federal Cake" and a few Wild Roses, which are not so aboriginal as I could wish?

Affy,

Emily –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: *Amherst Graduates'* Q (1937).

869.

To Elizabeth Holland, July 4 and 15, 1880

July 4th

Dear friend,

While Little Boys are commemorating the advent of their Country, I have a Letter from "Aunt Glegg" saying "Summer is nearly gone", so I thought I would pick a few Seeds this Afternoon and bid you Good bye as you would be off for Winter – I think Persons dont talk about "Summer stopping" this time o' year, unless they are inclement themselves –

I wish you would speak to the Thermometer about it – I dont like to take the responsibility. Perhaps you never received a Note I sent you or you would have answered the little questions was in it?

It was not about the "promised Messiah" – The Weather is like Africa and the Flowers like Asia and the Numidian Heart of your "Little Friend" neither slow nor chill –

The Road to Paradise is plain –

And holds ~~just~~ scarce one –

Not that it is not firm

But we presume

A Dimpled Road

Is more preferred –

The Belles of Paradise are few –

Not me – nor you –

But unsuspected things –
Mines have no Wings –

July 15th.

You see I have been delayed – but we will begin where we left off – Austin and I were talking the other Night about the Extension of Consciousness, after Death and Mother told Vinnie, afterward, she thought it was “very improper”.

She forgets that we are past “Correction in Righteousness” –

I dont know what she would think if she knew that Austin told me confidentially “there was no such person as Elijah,” I suppose ^Doctor^ is catching Trout and Convalescence and wish I could meet them both at Breakfast – and bid my very little Sister a most sweet Good Night –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (52). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Aunt Glegg is a domineering character in *The Mill on the Floss*. | ED alludes to 2 Timothy 3:16: “All scripture is given . . . for correction, for instruction in righteousness.” | M 625, Fr1525. Sent to Norcrosses (lost).

870.

To Otis Lord, about summer 1880

Draft

This has been a beautiful Day – dear – given solely to you – carried in my thin hand to your distant happ – offer 2 softly 1 offered and added – The haste of early summer is gone and a foreboding leisure is stealing over natures bustling things –

Note: AC 759. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. ED used numerals “2” and “1” to mark the words “softly” and “offered” for transposition, indicating that she wanted it to read “offered softly.”

871.

To Otis Lord, about 1880

Draft

I sometimes have almost feared Language was done between us – ~~th~~ you grew too dear, except for breath – then words flowed softly in like some ^a^ shining secret the Lode of which the miner dreams

Note: AC 754. Pencil. Rough draft. Publication: *Revelation*.

872.

To Abigail Cooper, about summer 1880

Please accept the Progeny of the Pinks you so kindly brought Mother in Winter, with the hope that "Wisdom is justified of her Children" –

Note: AC 14. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Pinks bloom throughout the summer.

873.

To Samuel Bowles IV, August 2, 1880

Dear friend,

Our friend your Father was so beautifully and intimately recalled Today that it seemed impossible he had experienced the Secret of Death – A Servant who had been with us a long time and had often opened the Door for him, asked me how to spell "Genius," yesterday – I told her and she said no more – Today, she asked me what "Genius" meant? I told her none had known –

She said she read in a Catholic Paper that Mr Bowles was "the Genius of Hampshire," and thought it might be that past Gentleman –

His look could not be extinguished to any who had seen him, for "Because I live, ye shall live also," was his physiognomy –

I congratulate you upon his immortality, which is a constant stimulus to my Household – and upon your noble perpetuation of his cherished "Republican".

Please remember me tenderly to your Mother –

With honor,

Emily Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #651, photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Amherst Mass Aug 2; on verso is handwritten: Springfield Aug 3 2pm.

874.

To Martha (Mattie) Gilbert Smith, August 1880

It was like my Mattie to send the Peaches, pink as the Heart they indorse –

I wish I had something as sumptuous to enclose to her.

I have, but it is anonymous –

I love to hear you are growing better – I hope you may be a hale Mattie before you go away – vast as Vinnie and I, who tower like Acorns – Thank you from each,

delightedly – If the transitive be but the minor, we shall need a large accession of strength, for the major sweetness –

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L30). Pencil. | Mattie was on an extended visit to Susan that began in early August.

875.

To Otis Lord, second half of 1880

Draft

To beg for the Letter when it is written, is bankrupt enough, but to beg for it when it is'nt, and the dear Donor is sauntering, mindless of it's worth, that is bankrupter –

Sweet One – to make the bright week noxious, that was once so gay, have you quite the warrant? Also, my Naughty one, too seraphic Naughty, who can sentence [you? Certainly not my enamored Heart – Now my blissful Sophist, you that can make “Dont” “Do” – though forget that I told you so, . . .] Perhaps, please, you are^not^ sinful? Though of power to make Perdition divine, who can punish you?

Note: AC 737 a & b. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Most of second page of bifolium has been cut away, leaving only four rows of script at the bottom (beginning “Perhaps, please”). A fragment (AC 737b) that does not fit into the cutaway space continues the sense of the letter and is included in brackets. Using a different utensil and in draft hand, ED interlineates the word “not” directly over the word “are”; because of the page's mutilation it is impossible to know how “not” is intended, but it may make the phrase below read, “perhaps you are not sinful.” | ED and Lord had agreed to write every Sunday, and Lord seems to have missed his turn.

876.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1880

Susan – I would have come out of Eden to open the Door for you if I had known you were there. You must knock with a Trumpet as Gabriel does, whose Hands are small as yours – I knew he knocked and went away – I did'nt dream that you did –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B63). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

877.*To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, mid-August 1880*

Dear friend,

I was touchingly reminded of your little Louisa this Morning by an Indian Woman with gay Baskets and a dazzling Baby, at the Kitchen Door – Her little Boy “once died”, she said, Death to her dispelling him – I asked her what the Baby liked, and she said “to step.” The Prairie before the Door was gay with Flowers of Hay, and I led her in – She argued with the Birds – She leaned on Clover Walls and they fell, and dropped her – With jargon sweeter than a Bell, she grappled Buttercups and they sank together, the Buttercups the heaviest – What sweetest use of Days!

’Twas noting some such Scene made Vaughn humbly say “My Days that are at best but dim and hoary” –

I think it was Vaughn –

It reminded me too of “Little Annie” – of whom you feared to make the mistake in saying “Shoulder Arms” to the “Colored Regiment” – but which was the Child of Fiction, the Child of Fiction or of Fact, and is “Come unto me” for Father or Child, when the Child precedes?

Note: H Lowell Autograph (93). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1891). | The *Amherst Record* noted that a party of Native Americans was camped at East Street on August 18. | “Little Annie” was the “Baby of the Regiment” in Higginson’s *Army Life in a Black Regiment*. | ED’s “My Days that are at best” slightly misquotes Vaughan’s poem “They are all gone into the world of light.”

878.*To Martha (Mattie) Gilbert Smith, late summer 1880*

Dear Mattie,

“Sultans” in Tippetts is rather a perversion of Hemispheres, but then we are such a vivacious Climate – The Shah in Mittens will doubtless ensue – I bring you my first Jasmin, minute and alone, but to me incomparably precious –

“Several” is a Mob, but a “two or three in my name” a confiding multitude –

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L28). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Sultans can survive into early frosts; ED grew sultans and jasmine in her conservatory. | ED quotes from Matthew 18:20.

879.*To Mary Adelaide Hills, September 1880*

With a sweet September for Mrs. Henry.

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: JL657.

880.*To Otis Lord, about early September 1880**Two drafts***I.**

My lovely Salem smiles at me I seek his Face so often – but I am past disguises
have dropped – have done with guises –

I confess that I love him – I rejoice that I love him – I thank the maker of Heaven
and Earth that gave him me to love. The Exultation floods me – I cannot find my
channel – The Creek turns Sea at thoughts of thee – will you punish it – ~~wif[n]t~~
involuntary Bankruptcy as the Debtors say – could that be a Crime – How could
that be crime – Incarcerate me in yourself – that will punish me – Threading with
you this lovely maze which is not Life or Death tho it has the intangibleness of
one and the flush of the other

waking for your sake on Day made magical with ~~before~~ you before I went to
Sleep – what pretty phrase – we went to sleep as if it were a country – let us make
it one – we could ^will^ make it one, my native Land – my Darling come oh be a
patriot now –

Love is a patriot now Gave her life for its its country Has it meaning now – Oh
nation of the soul thou hast thy freedom now

II.

My lovely Salem smiles at me. I seek his Face so often – but I have done with
guises.

I confess that I love him. I rejoice that I love him. I thank the maker of Heaven
and Earth – that gave him me to love – The Exaltation floods me. I cannot find
my channel – The Creek turns Sea – at thought of thee –

Will you punish me? “Involuntary Bankruptcy,” how could that be Crime?

Incarcerate me in yourself – rosy penalty. Threading with you this lovely maze,
which is not Life or Death – though it has the intangibleness of one, and the flush
of the other – waking for your sake on Day made magical with you before I went

Note: AC 735, 734. Pencil. Publication: *LH*. The first draft is rough, on a folded torn page that
Lord had addressed to “Miss Vinnie Dickinson Amherst By Mr Cooper’s Kindness”; the second

is an incomplete fair copy. | Austin recorded in his diary for August 23 that “Judge Lord & Troupe arrived at Amherst House”; most of them left on August 30. The 1880 “troupe” would have included Abbie Farley, her mother Mary, and perhaps one or two others; they lived with Lord, together with Mary C. and Joseph Farley (ages twenty-six and twenty-one). | In 1880 (according to Susan’s inscription in the flyleaf), Lord gave ED Mary Clarke’s 1877 complete concordance to Shakespeare—his first substantive gift to her.

881.

To Catharine Sweetser, early September 1880

In part, transcribed Todd

Cousin Thankful and Cousin Oliver little thought when they were paying their antiquated respects [to Aunt Katie that they were defrauding Emily of that last moment – but they needed it most – new moments will grow.

[When I found it beyond my power to see you, I designed to write you, immediately, but the L_s came as you went, and Judge L. was my father’s closest friend, so I shared my moments with them till they left us last Monday; then seeing directly after, the death of your loved Dr A_, I felt you might like to be alone – though Death is perhaps an intimate friend, not an enemy. Beloved Shakespeare says, ‘He that is robbed and smiles, steals something from the thief.’ . . . I would have loved to see you – if only to tell you what Paul said ‘And with etc.’

[Maggie said you asked should you ‘eat the flower.’ Please consult the bees – they are the only authority on Etruscan matters. Vinnie said the sherry I sent you was brandy – a vital misapprehension. Please also forgive it. I did not] intend to be so base to the Aunt who showed me the first Mignonette, and listened with me to the great Wheel – from Uncle Underwood’s “Study”, and won me in “divers other ways” too lovely to mention – Of all this we will talk when you come again. Meanwhile, accept your

Trifling Niece –

Note: RML AMs 1175 / 22. Pencil. Missing portion of the MS in brackets, provided by Todd (Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 862). Omitted text restored. Publication: *L* (1894). | On September 1, the *SR* reported the August 31 death of Reverend William Adams, formerly minister of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church that Catherine attended. | Thankful Dickinson Smith and Oliver Eastman Smith were Edward’s cousins.

882.

To Louisa Norcross, early September 1880

Transcribed F. Norcross

What is it that instructs a hand lightly created, to impel shapes to eyes at a distance, which for them have the whole area of life or of death? Yet not a pencil in the street but has this awful power, though nobody arrests it. An earnest letter is

or should be life-warrant or death-warrant, for what is each instant but a gun, harmless because “unloaded,” but that touched “goes off”?

Men are picking up the apples today, and the pretty boarders are leaving the trees, birds and ants and bees. I have heard a chipper say Dee six times in disapprobation. How should [we like to have] our privileges wheeled away in a barrel?

The Essex visit was lovely. Mr L. remained a week.

Mrs J. re-decided to come, with her son Louisa; Aunt L. shouldered arms. I think they lie in my memory a muffin and a bomb. Now they are all gone, and the crickets are pleased, their bombazine reproof still falls upon the twilight, and checks the softer uproars of the departing day.

Earnest love to F. This is but a fragment, but wholes are not below – Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 526. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS and supplied by Todd. | Loo was in Amherst in mid-August, according to Austin's August 17 diary entry, which also indicates that “most of” the Lord group left, with Lucretia Bullard (Aunt L.), on Monday, August 30. The Bullards and other family were in town for the Dickinson family reunion, held in the last week of August. Mrs J. = unidentified. “Essex” indicates the Lords, or Otis Lord; Salem is in Essex County. Mr L. = Lord.

883.

To Catharine Sweetser, early September 1880

Aunt Katie and the Sultans have left the Garden now, and parting with my own, recalls their sweet companionship –

Mine were not I think as exuberant as in other Years – Perhaps the Pelham Water shocked their stately tastes – but cherished avariciously, because less numerous. I trust your Garden was willing to die – I do not think that mine was – it perished with beautiful reluctance, like an Evening Star –

I hope you were well since we knew of you, and as happy as Sorrow would allow –

There are Sweets of Pathos, when Sweets of Mirth have passed away – Mother has had a weary Cold, and suffers much from Neuralgia, since the changing Airs, though I trust is no feebler than when you were here –

She has her little pleasures as the patient have – the voices of Friends, and devotion of Home.

The “Ravens” must “cry”, to be ministered to – She – need only sigh.

Vinnie knows no Shadow – brave – faithful – punctual – and courageous Maggie not yet caught in the snares of Patrick. Perhaps it is quite the Home it was when you last beheld it –

I hope your Few are safe, and your Flowers encouraging.

News of your Sultans and yourself, would be equally lovely, when you feel inclined. Blossoms have their Leisures –

Lovingly, Emily –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | In July 1879, discussions began about bringing water to Amherst from the Harris and Amethyst Brooks in Pelham. Austin was on the board of the Amherst Water Company, which built the required dam. On June 23, the *SR* reported that “Pelham water” had arrived in Amherst. | On “Ravens,” see Psalms 147:9.

884.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, mid-September 1880

Transcribed Todd

We asked Vinnie to say in the rear of one of her mental products that we had neuralgia, but evidently her theme or her time did not admit of trifles.

I forget no part of that sweet, smarting visit, not even the nettle that stung my rose.

When Macbeth asked the physician what could be done for his wife, he made the mighty answer, “That sort must heal itself”; but, sister, that was guilt, and love, you know, is God, who certainly ‘gave the love to reward the love,’ even were there no Browning.

Vinnie has also added a pilgrim kitten to her flock, which besides being jet black, is, I think, a lineal descendant of the ‘beautiful hearse horse’ recommended to Austin.

The slips of the last rose of summer repose in kindred soil with waning bees for mates. How softly summer shuts, without the creaking of a door, abroad for evermore.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 510, 512, 513. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED’s mother had neuralgia; ED did not. | ED quotes from Browning’s “Evelyn Hope,” in which an older man tells of his love for a young dead girl, believing they will be reunited in the afterlife: “God gave the love to reward the love.”

885.

To Otis Lord, about late September 1880

Draft

But why did you distrust your little Simon Peter yesterday – you said you didn’t but she knew you did – What did nestor say you begun to tell ~~you~~ me – To rest ^cling^ with you swept all day –

Note: AC 751. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Rough hand, scissored and torn fragment on back of magazine page; identified with Lord by provenance. | Austin reports that “Judge Lord . . . &

his nieces" arrived in Amherst on the evening of September 23 and on the 26th had tea and spent the evening at the Evergreens.

886.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late September 1880

Transcribed F. Norcross

I have only a moment, exiles, but you shall have the largest half. Mother's dear little wants so engross the time, to read to her, to fan her, to tell her health will come tomorrow, to explain to her, why the grasshopper is a burden, because he is not so new a grasshopper as he was, this is so ensuing, I hardly have said "Good morning, mother" when I hear myself saying "Mother, good night."

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 533. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED repeats most of this note verbatim the next day in a letter to Elizabeth Holland (L887).

887.

To Elizabeth Holland, late September 1880

Dear Sister –

The responsibility of Pathos is almost more than the responsibility of Care. Mother will never walk. She still makes her little Voyages from her Bed to her Chair in a Strong Man's Arms – probably that will be all –

Her poor Patience loses it's way and we lead it back – I was telling her Nieces yesterday, who wrote to ask for her, that to read to her – to fan her – to tell her "Health would come Tomorrow", and make the Counterfeit look real – to explain why "the Grasshopper is a Burden" – because it is not as new a Grasshopper as it was – this is so ensuing, that I hardly have said "Good Morning Mother", when I hear myself saying "Mother – Good Night" –

Time is short and full, like an outgrown Frock –

You are very kind to give me leave to ask "the question" again, but on renewed self examination I find I have not the temerity –

I thought of your Garden in the Rocks, those unfeeling Nights – perhaps it had "Watchers" as Vinnie's did – I hope the Doctor is improving – in his health – I mean – his other perfections precluding the suggestion, and that my little Sister is in sweet robustness – Vinnie is far more hurried than Presidential Candidates – I trust in more distinguished ways, for they have only the care of the Union, but Vinnie the Universe –

With her love and mine,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (53) Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | 1880 was a presidential election year, with Republican James A. Garfield (the winner) running against Democrat General Winfield Scott Hancock. The Greenback Party nominated another Civil War Union army general, James B. Weaver. This was the first presidential election in which people in every state were able to vote directly for presidential electors, and voter turnout was one of the highest in the nation's history. Newspaper coverage of the election was heated.

888.

To Forrest F. Emerson, 1880

Transcribed Todd

Mother was much touched by dear Mrs Emerson's thoughtfulness, and thanks her exceedingly sweetly. She also asks a remembrance to Mr Emerson whom she trusts is well.

Earnestly,

E. Dickinson

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23.848. Publication: *L* (1894).

889.

To Forrest F. Emerson, 1880

Transcribed Todd

Should Mr Emerson ever become ill and idle, mother hopes his clergyman will be as delicately thoughtful of him as he has been of her.

Gratefully

E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 849. Publication: *L* (1894).

890.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, September 1880

Transcribed F. Norcross and Todd

Maggie's brother is killed in the mine and Maggie wants to die – but death goes far around, to those that want to see him. If the little cousins would give her a note – she does not know I ask it – I think it would help her begin, that bleeding beginning that every mourner knows.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 511, 538v. Page 538v is Frances's TS, which ends after "see him"; this excerpt appears in a different place from Todd's full TS of the letter. Publication: *L* 1894. | Maggie's brother Michael Maher was killed in a mining accident, thought to have occurred in September.

891.*To Perez Cowan, about October 10, 1880*

Dear Cousin,

The sweet Book found me on my Pillow, where I was detained or I should have thanked you immediately –

The little Creature must have been priceless – Your’s, and not your’s, how hallowed –

It may have been she came to show you Immortality – Her startling little flight would imply she did –

May I remind you what Paul said, or do you think of nothing else, these October Nights, without her Crib to visit? The little Furniture of Loss has Lips of Dirks to stab us – I hope Heaven is warm – there are so many Barefoot ones – I hope it is near – the little Tourist was so small – I hope it is not so unlike Earth that we shall miss the peculiar form – the Mold of the Bird –

“And with what Body do they come?” –

Then they do come – Rejoice!

What Door – what Hour – Run – run – My Soul!

Illuminate the House!

“Body”! Then real – a Face – and Eyes –

To know that it is them! –

Paul knew the Man that knew the News –

He passed through Bethlehem –

With love for you and your sweet wife, “whom seeing not, we” trust.

Cousin Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (51M 216). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: “Oct 11, 1880 After receiving copy of ‘The Lamb Folded’.” ED is likely to have written on Sunday the 10th. | Cowan was pastor of the Congregational Church in Wellesley; “The Lamb Folded” was a memorial for his daughter Margaret, who had died November 8, 1879. ED quotes from 1 Corinthians 15:35 and 1 Peter 1:8. | M 629, Fr1537.

892.*To Otis Lord, early October 1880**Draft*

Ned and I were talking about God and Ned said “Aunt Emily – does Judge Lord belong to the Church”?

“I think not, Ned, technically”.

“Why, I thought he was one of those Boston Fellers who thought it the respectable thing to do.” “I think he does nothing ostensible – Ned.” “Well – my

Father says if there were another Judge in the Commonwealth like him, the practice of Law would amount to something". I told him I thought it probable – though recalling that I had never tried any case in your presence but my own, and that, with your sweet assistance – I was murmurless.

I wanted to fondle the Boy for the fervent words – but made the distinction – Dont you know you have taken my will away and I "know not where" you "have laid" it? Should I have curbed you sooner? "Spare the "Nay" and spoil the Child"?

Oh, my too beloved, save me from the idolatry which would crush us both –
 "And very Sea-Mark of my utmost Sail" –

Note: AC 736. Pencil. Fair copy. Publication: *Revelation*. | ED quotes "And very Sea-Mark" from *Othello*.

893.

To Abigail Cooper, October 1880

Dear friend,

Is not the sweet resentment of friends that we are not strong, more inspiriting even than the strength itself?

E Dickinson –

Note: AC 15. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED had a protracted illness, autumn 1880.

894.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about autumn 1880

Thank Susan for the lovely Supper, and "thy Son – Our" Nephew, for bringing it –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B92). Pencil. Publication: JL680.

895.

To Mary Adelaide and Henry Hills, autumn 1880

Dear friends,

Neither in Heaven nor Earth, have I seen such Beauty – Superb as Aurora, celestial as Snow – With grateful delight.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Private collection. Publication: JL658.

896.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late October or early November 1880

Dear friend,

You were once so kind as to say you would advise me – Could I ask it now –

I have promised three Hymns to a Charity, but without your approval could not give them –

They are short and I could write them quite plainly, and if you felt it convenient to tell me if they were faithful, I should be very grateful, though if public cares too far fatigue you, please deny

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (101). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Amherst Mission Circle held a supper and sale in First Church on November 30 to raise money to help support three girls at mission schools in India, Ceylon, and Dakota. | Higginson was serving in the Massachusetts legislature, 1880–1882.

897.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early November 1880

Dear friend,

I am tenderly happy that you are happy – Thank you for the Whisper –

If I dared to give the Madonna my love –

The thoughtfulness I may not accept is among my Balms – Grateful for the kindness, I enclose those you allow, adding a fourth, lest one of them you might think profane –

They are Christ's Birthday – Cupid's Sermon – A Humming-Bird – and My Country's Wardrobe – Reprove them as your own –

To punish them would please me, because the fine conviction I had so true a friend –

Your Scholar –

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (65M-121). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1927). | Enclosures: "The Savior must have been"; "Mine Enemy is growing old –"; "A Route of Evanescence"; and "My country need not change her gown" (lost).

898.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, mid-November 1880

Dear friend,

Thank you for the advice – I shall implicitly follow it –

The one who asked me for the Lines, I had never seen –

He spoke of “a “Charity[”] – I refused but did not inquire – He again earnestly urged, on the ground that in that way I might “aid unfortunate Children –” The name of “Child” was a snare to me and I hesitated – Choosing my most rudimentary, and without criterion, I inquired of you – You can scarcely estimate the opinion to one utterly guideless –

Again thank you –

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (105). Pencil. Publication: AM (1891). No publication of an ED poem has been found from this time. | THJ speculates that AC professor Joseph K. Chickering may have been the editor; ED probably never met him, although he more than once called on her. See L1026 and 1036.

899.

To Sarah Jenkins, about November 25, 1880

Hope they are with each other – Never saw a little Boy going Home to Thanksgiving, so happy as Austin, when he passed the Door –

Emily –

Note: Sisters of Notre Dame, Mount Mary University. Pencil. | Austin was going to visit Jonathan Jenkins.

900.

To Sarah Tuckerman, November 1880

Thank you sweet friend, I am quite better –

Were I not, your dainty redemption would save me –

With love and a happy flower –

Emily –

Note: AC 40. Pencil. Publication: L (1894). Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson Nov. 1880.

901.

To William Dickinson, November 1880

Amherst –

Thank you, dear Uncle for Helen's Cards – You were very thoughtful to send them –

Though not knowing her personally, we have a vicarious acquaintance through Aunt Libbie and Clara –

I hope she may have a charming Home, and that Aunt Mary and you may not be too lonely.

Please enclose our Congratulations when you write my Cousin, she will perhaps prize for her Uncle's sake, who was always so gallant to his young kinsmen – and who thought of your Home as of his own, and of you, with so great tenderness – Please say to Aunt Mary that we do not forget her –

I hope you are both most happy and well –

Mother and Vinnie give their love – That we warmly remember Papa's Brother, he will please be sure – Will he guess that the Note is from

Emily

Note: Auctioned by Raab Collection, 2015. Pencil. Unpublished. | After the death of his first wife, Eliza, William married "Aunt Mary" Louise Whittier; Helen Whittier Dickinson (Shields) is one of their daughters. "Aunt Libbie" helped William after Eliza's death. Clara = Clarissa Newman Turner, Edward and William's niece.

902.

To Sarah Tuckerman, about December 3, 1880

Dear friend,

I thought of you, although I never saw your friend,

Brother of Ophir

Bright Adieu,

Honor, the shortest route

To you –

Emily –

Note: AC 41. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Sarah reports that this note followed the death of Elihu Root, a young colleague of her husband at AC, on December 3. | M 611 (as "Brother of Ingots"), Fr1462. Sent to S. Dickinson as "Sister of Ophir" (1878).

903.

To Elizabeth Holland, December 4 or 5, 1880

Yes, Little Sister – we “thought of you” and had not quite finished, but shall resume at intervals, while you live, and we –

I trust the “Hand” has “ceased from troubling” – it has saved too many to be assailed by an “envious sliver” – Had we known the Doctor was falling, we had been much alarmed, though Grace – perhaps – is the only hight from which falling is fatal –

Each of us wish the Doctor were stronger – three importunities, tell him, to recover immediately. The Snow is so white and sudden it seems almost like a Change of Heart – though I dont mean a “Conversion” – I mean a Revolution. We had a timid Thanksgiving together – Mother did’nt cry much, which pleased us very much – but the Sweet of the Day was in sending a Crumb to a poor fluttering Life, a few Boughs from our own, which will soon pass from our privilege –

The dying of your kinsman Root, has bereaved the Village – He was exceedingly cherished by both Townsmen and Scholars – and thirteen Cars of Comrades take him Home next Tuesday.

The career of a Taper, I infer, though I never met him –

Austin is much won by his dying – he only knew him technically, till Election Day – when a few moments of sudden honor disclosed his farther Nature – There was great effort to save him, but the “Life saving Service” was impotent – I trust we are grateful for the Life that sees – and steps – and touches, if it is only the thrilling preface to supremer things – Very lovely in Little Sister to transfer the particulars – Am not unmindful of the Dew or it’s fervent circuit –

Fondly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (54). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Elihu Root was related to Josiah Holland.

904.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early December 1880

Susan is a vast and sweet Sister, and Emily hopes to deserve her, but not now –
Thanks for the profligate little Box that lacked only Cigars –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B7). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

905.*To Otis Lord, mid-December 1880**Draft*

To lie so near your longing – to touch it as I passed, for I am but a restive sleeper and often should journey from your Arms through the happy Night, but you will lift me back, wont you, for only there I ask to be – I say, if I felt the longing nearer – than in our dear past, perhaps I could not resist to bless it, but must, because it would be right –

The “Stile” is God’s – My Sweet one – for your great sake – not mine – I will not let you cross – but it is all your’s, and when it is right I will lift the Bars, and lay you in the Moss – You showed me the word –

I hope it has no different guise when my fingers make it – It is Anguish I long conceal from you to let you leave me, hungry, but you ask the divine Crust and that would doom the Bread – [*half page torn from sheet*]

That unfrequented Flower

Embellish thee – ^deserving be^ [*page cut away except three lines at top, one at bottom*]

I was reading a little Book – because it broke my Heart I want it to break your’s – Will you think that fair? I often have read it, but not before since loving you – I find that makes a difference –

it makes a difference with all. Even the Whistle of a Boy passing late at Night, or the Low of a Bird – [*three lines cut away at bottom of page, and whole first page of next sheet*] . . . Satan” – but then what I have not heard is the sweet majority – The Bible says very roguishly, that the “wayfaring Man, though a Fool – need not err therein”; Need the “wayfaring” Woman? Ask your throbbing Scripture.

It may surprise you that I speak of God – I know him but a little, but Cupid taught Jehovah to many an untutored Mind – Witchcraft is wiser than we –

Note: AC 740. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Draft consists of mutilated fragments on parts of three leaves and two sheets of stationery. The fragment THJ uses to begin this letter does not fit the cut space (see L913). Ellipses used here only when text on fragments is obviously not continuous. An envelope into which these folded pages fit is addressed by ED to “Judge Lord – Court House – Boston.” | Lord was in Boston from mid-December on, for several murder trials.

906.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-December 1880*

Memoirs of Little Boys that live – “Were’nt you chasing Pussy,” said Vinnie to Gilbert?

“No – she was chasing herself” –
 “But was’nt she running pretty fast”? “Well, some slow and some fast” said the
 beguiling Villain – Pussy’s Nemesis quailed –
 Talk of “hoary Reprobates”!
 Your Urchin is more antique in wiles than the Egyptian Sphinx. Have you no-
 ticed Granville’s Letter to Lowell?
 “Her Majesty” has contemplated you, and reserves her decision!
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B72). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915). | A conciliatory letter to Lowell
 (US Ambassador to England) from the British Foreign Secretary Earl Granville, on behalf of
 the queen, was published in the *SR* on December 11. | Sarah Bernhardt played in *The Sphinx* in
 New York City and then on December 9 in Boston, attracting widespread press attention. ED
 repeats the story about Gilbert chasing pussy in L908.

907.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about December 19, 1880

Birthday of but a single pang
 That there are less to come –
 Afflictive is the Adjective
 But affluent the doom –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B155). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915). | On December 19, 1880, Susan
 turned fifty. | M 723, Fr1541. Only copy.

908.

To Elizabeth Skeel Carmichael, about December 1880

Transcribed Todd

I fear Vinnie gave my message as John Alden did the one from Miles Standish, which resulted delightfully for John, but not as well for his friend.

Had you seen the delighted crowd that gathered round the box – did you ever see a ‘crowd’ of three? – you would have felt required. Your presenting smile was alone wanting.

‘Dear Mrs Carmichael,’ said one; ‘The one that never forgets,’ said another; and a tear or two in the eyes of the third, and the reception was over. Can you guess which the third was?

The candy was enchanting, and is closeted in a deep pail, pending Vinnie’s division, and the little box, like Heaven and mice, far too high to find.

Failure be my witness that I have sought them faithfully.

We often think of your evening circle – Mr Skeel presiding at the piano, and Mrs Skeel and yourself taking mutual lessons.

I am studying music now with the jays, and find them charming artists.

Vinnie and Gilbert have pretty battles on the pussy question, and you are needed for umpire, oftener than you think.

‘Weren’t you chasing pussy?’ said Vinnie to Gilbert. ‘No, she was chasing herself.’

‘But wasn’t she running pretty fast?’ said pussy’s Nemesis. ‘Well, some slow and some fast,’ said the beguiling villain.

With the little kiss he gave me last, and a pair of my own, and love for Mr and Mrs Skeel.

Warmly,

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 872–73. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED alludes to Longfellow’s “The Courtship of Miles Standish.” | At some point and perhaps as part of the holiday exchange of treats, ED records the recipe for coconut cake as “Mrs. Carmichael’s”; see *Miscellaneous Writings* for recipe.

909.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about December 24, 1880

Transcribed F. Norcross and Todd

The look of the words as they lay in the print I shall never forget – Not their face in the casket could have had the eternity to me. Now, my George Eliot! The gift of belief which her greatness denied her, I trust she receives in the childhood of the “Kingdom of heaven.” As childhood is earth’s confiding time, perhaps having no childhood, she lost her way to the early trust, and no later came. Amazing human heart, a syllable can make to quake like jostled tree, what Infinite for thee?

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 512, 538v. Only the Todd TS contains the second sentence, beginning “Not their face.” Publication: *L* (1894). | George Eliot’s death, on December 22, 1880, was first reported on December 23; an editorial in the *SR* on December 24 began “George Eliot is dead.” See L926 for repetition of concluding language.

910.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about Christmas 1880

The little Annual Creatures solicit your regard –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. MS missing. Publication: *L* (1894). | Todd indicates, “With Christmas delicacies.”

911.

To Elizabeth Holland, December 28, 1880

Was it the Brother – Was it the Sister – Was it the Two One – that conflicting Numeral? Not in this instance conflicting – Oh No – Cupid forbid! The Honey reached us yesterday –

Honey not born of Bee – but Constancy – which is “far better” – I can scarcely tell you the sweetness it woke, nor the sweetness it stilled – Grieving for “George Eliot” – grieved for Dr. Smith, our Family Savior, living Fingers that are left, have a strange warmth –

It is deep to live to experience “And there was no more Sea” – the Fathom though is a daily one and traversed by the simplest Child – I hope you are both hopeful –

My Two give you their love, and my part of one, her docile respects – I trust Doctor is stronger.

“As thy Day so shall thy Strength be” is an elastic ratio. Please “consider” me – An antique request, though in behalf of Lilies –

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (55). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Dr. David P. Smith, lecturer at Yale Medical School, died December 26; he had been a consultant physician for the Dickinsons for years, and his death was widely reported. | ED quotes from or alludes to several scriptural passages: Philippians 1:23, Revelation 21:1, Deuteronomy 33:25, and Matthew 6:28.

912.

To Sally (Did) Jenkins, late December 1880

Dear “Did” –

Atmospherically it was the most beautiful Christmas on record –

The Hens came to the Door with Santa Claus, and the Pussies washed themselves in the open Air without chilling their Tongues – and Santa Claus himself – sweet old Gentleman, was even gallanter than usual. Visitors from the Chimney were a new dismay, but all of them brought their Hands so full, and behaved so sweetly, only a Churl could have turned them away – And then the ones at the Barn, were so happy – Maggie gave her Hens a Check for Potatoes, and each of the Cats a Gilt edged Bone – and the Horses had both new Blankets from Boston. Do you remember Dark Eyed Mr – Dickinson, who used to shake your Hand when it was so little it had hardly a Stem. He too had a beautiful Gift of Roses – from a friend away –

It was a lovely Christmas.

Please give my love to your Father and Mother – and the “Lantern” Brother,
and the Lad unknown – But what made you remember me? Tell me, with a kiss,
or is it a secret?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L36). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). The “Lad unknown” = Sally’s brother Austin Dickinson Jenkins, born 1879.

913.

To Otis Lord, late 1880

Draft

Dont you know you are happiest while I withhold and not confer – dont you
know that “No” is the wildest word we consign to Language?

You do, for you know all things –

Note: AC 739. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Fair copy, on cleanly cut stationery leaf. THJ includes it as the beginning of L905.

914.

To Otis Lord, about 1880

Draft

~~I kissed the little blank – you made it on the second page you may have for-
gotten –~~

I will not wash my Arm – the one you gave the scarf – it is brown as an Al-
mond – ’twill take your touch away –

~~I try to think when I wake in the night what the chapter would be for the chapter
would be in the night would’nt it – but I can not decide – It is strange that I miss
you at night so much when I was never with you – but the punctual love invokes
you soon as my eyes are shut – and I wake warm with the want sleep had almost
filled – I dreamed last week that you had died – and one had carved a statue of
you and I was asked to unvail it – and I said what I had not done in Life I would
not in death when your loved eyes could not forgive –~~

~~The length of the hour was beautiful – The length of the heavenly hour how
sweetly you counted it~~

~~The numerals of Eden do not oppress the student long for Eden ebbs away to
diviner Edens –~~

~~Therefore Love is ^so^ speechless = Seem to withhold Darling
I never seemed toward you~~

~~Lest I had been too frank was often my fear = How could I long to give who
never saw your natures Face –~~

[*illegible words in margin*] for you [??n] sight more

Note: AC 753. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*; one line in Werner, ed., *Emily Dickinson's Open Foli-
lios*. Text omitted from JL645 restored. Written on long torn strip of paper, continuous
recto / verso; almost all of verso is canceled; marginal line half torn off. After “Arm –” ED
writes either a “t” or +; significance unclear. Mark omitted here.

915.

To Abigail Cooper, winter 1880–1881

Dear friend,

The thoughtfulness was picturesque and the glimpse delightful –

The Residence of Vinnie’s friends could but be fair, to me.

And will you in exchange, accept a view of my House, which Nature painted
White, without consulting me – but Nature is “old-fashioned”, perhaps a Puritan –

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 16. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Coopers moved to a new house in June 1879.

916.

To Sarah Tuckerman, January 1, 1881

Saturday –

My Bird – Who is “Today”?

“Yesterday” was a Year ago – and yet,

The Stem of a departed Flower

Has still a silent rank –

The Bearer from an Emerald Court

Of a Despatch of Pink.

Thank you for the lovely Love –

Emily –

Note: AAS. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson New Year’s day
1881. | M 724, Fr1543. Only copy.

917.*To Elizabeth Holland, early January 1881*

Sister Golconda must look very burnished in her Christmas Gifts, and the bashful Gem that the Scripture enjoins, “a meek and lowly Spirit,” must be quite obscured – but one must clad demurely to please the Scripture’s taste, a very plain Old Gentleman, with few Expenses out –

Your sweet light-hearted manner informed me more than statements, that the Doctor was better – the inferential Knowledge – the distinctest one, and I congratulate you – and not omit ourselves –

How sweet the “Life that now is”, and how rugged to leave it – and rugged to stay behind when our Dear go – A Little Boy ran away from Amherst a few Days ago, and when asked where he was going, replied “Vermont or Asia.” Many of us go farther. My pathetic Crusoe –

Vinnie had four Pussies for Christmas Gifts – and two from her Maker, previous, making six, in toto, and finding Assassins for them, is my stealthy Aim – Mother, we think unchanged – Vinnie’s ideal “Irons” in the ideal “Fire” and me, prancing between – a Gymnastic Destiny –

Vails of Kamtchatka dim the Rose – in my Puritan Garden, and as a farther stimulus, I had an Eclipse of the Sun a few Mornings ago, but every Crape is charmed –

I knew a Bird that would sing as firm in the centre of Dissolution, as in it’s Father’s nest –

Phenix, or the Robin? While I leave you to guess, I will take Mother her Tea –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (56). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Josiah gave Elizabeth diamond earrings for Christmas. Golconda (near present Hyderabad) was once the center of a flourishing diamond trade. | Fourteen-year-old Jerry Scannel disappeared and was found a few days later in Springfield, according to the December 29 *Amherst Record*. There was a partial eclipse December 31. | ED’s “meek and lowly Spirit” alludes to Matthew 11:29.

918.*To Amelia G. Fearing, about January 1881*

Nectar in January is as unexpected as charming. Will Mrs Fearing accept the thanks which are a faint requital, with the Affection of each?

E. Dickinson.

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: JL686.

919.

To Elizabeth Holland, early 1881

A Letter was lying warm in my Pocket for my Little Sister, when her Letter came, but had delayed a Night for Vinnie, as is the melancholy case in many instances – I feel so punctual hearted I think I cannot wait, but an appeal from Vinnie, and I will sit in Love’s Back Seat, and let the Horses walk – I am glad that the dear Doctor has the Angel Wife, and not the Bride of Socrates to frown at tired Strength and make the weakness lonely – and Prudence is a tedious one, and needs beguiling – too – “Give me Liberty or give me Death” has a willful meaning – but never mind the “Liberty” for a few wise Days, then Doctor can “go Barefoot”, and rollick with the best of us –

You always seemed to me like David and Goliath, and if Goliath is not as strong, David is needed more, but David is competent – in his – her – small – pathetic Hands, there is strength for both – The latent Sinew of the Love is faithful when ’tis called, and let it lurk till then – I ask Mother “what message” she sends – She says, “Tell them I wish I could take them both in my Arms and carry them” –

I never before have heard her speak so – those were the very words – Will you let me take hold of your Hand to lead this little Note to the Mail?

Keeping you and the Doctor in beloved thought – you know who I am –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (57). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | In 1775, Patrick Henry said “Give me Liberty or give me Death,” as a patriot call to the US Revolution against England.

From Alfred Norcross to Emily Dickinson, early 1881

. . . wrote that Willie had just arrived from, California & would probably be in Boston & vicinity a month or more & I think he has a young lady in Lynn that he expects to take back with him to Cal.

Yours truly

A. Norcross

Note: AC 189a. Incomplete. Unpublished. On verso, ED writes “From all the Jails the Boys and Girls”; only copy. | Alfred’s nephew, William J. Norcross, was on the verge of marrying Nellie Trask. The marriage took place March 9, 1881.

920.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, February 1881

Transcribed Todd

God is rather stern with his little ones. ‘A cup of cold water in my name,’ is a shivering legacy February mornings.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 511. Publication: *L* (1894). | JL670 combines this transcribed fragment with another, dated Autumn 1880. It is likely that Todd corrected Dickinson's typical spelling, "Febuary."

921.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, early spring 1881

Transcribed F. Norcross

The divine deposit came safely in the little bank. We have heard of the "deeds of the spirit," but are his acts gamboge and pink? A morning call from Gabriel is always a surprise. Were we more fresh from Eden, we were expecting him – but Genesis is a "far journey." Thank you for the loveliness. We have had two hurricanes within as many hours, one of which came near enough to untie my apron – but this moment the sun shines, Maggie's hens are warbling, and a man of anonymous wits is making a garden in the lane to set out slips of blue bird. The moon grows from the seed. Vinnie's pussy slept in grass Wednesday – a Sicilian symptom – the sails are set for summer, East India wharf. Sage and saucy ones talk of an equi[noctial and are trying the chimneys,] but I am "short of hearing" as the deaf say. "Blessed are they that play for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Love like a rose from each one, and Maggie's a Burgundy one she ardently asks.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.19, 515. Publication: *L* (1894). Text in brackets was cut off Norcross TS; missing words supplied by Todd TS. | There were storms on March 4 and 9, and then on the 16th the temperature reached almost 51 degrees, the warmest day of the month. | ED playfully paraphrases Matthew 5:5, substituting "they that play" for "the meek"; she repeats language about hurricanes and her apron in L923.

922.

To George and Sarah Montague, 1881

Transcribed Todd

Which will I thank – the perpetrator, the propagator – or the almoner of the delightful bread, or may I compromise and thank them all?

I for the first time appreciate the exultation of the Robin toward a Crumb, though he must be a seductive Robin, with whom I would share my own.

With the hope to requite the loveliness in a future way,

Gratefully,

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 855. Publication: *L* (1894).

923.

To Elizabeth Holland, late March 1881

Dear Sister,

Spring, and not a Blue Bird, but I have seen a Crow – “in his own Body on the Tree”, almost as *prima facie* –

They love such outlawed Trees –

An Antiquated Tree
Is cherished of the Crow
Because that Junior Foliage is disrespectful now
To venerable Birds
Whose Corporation Coat
Would decorate Oblivion's
Remotest Consulate –

Could you condone the profanity?

We have had two Hurricanes since the “Ides of March,” and one of them came near enough to untie My Apron – a boldness please resent –

Mother is lying changeless on her changeless Bed, hoping a little, and fearing much – Vinnie in Bliss' Catalogue, prospecting for Summer –

You and I can content ourselves with only “Bliss” itself – What a parsimony! Maggie, good and noisy, the North Wind of the Family, but Sweets without a Salt would at last cloy –

The Neighborhood are much amused by the “Fair Barbarian” and Emily's Scribner is perused by all the Boys and Girls – Even the Cynic Austin confessed himself amused – I hope the Little Sister's Eyes have refrained from sighing – and very often carry them to the “Throne” of Tenderness – the only God I know – and if I take her too, it does'nt break My Basket, though Fondness' untold Load does tire rugged Baskets some –

I hope that nothing makes you afraid – Give my Heart to each, and my slim Circumference to her who often shared it –

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (59). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | ED refers to B. K. Bliss and Son's illustrated spring catalogue and amateur's guide to the flower and kitchen garden; she alludes to *The Fair Barbarian* by Frances Hodgson Burnett, published in the February / March *Scribner's Monthly*; her “in his own Body on the Tree” paraphrases 1 Peter 2:24. | M 630, Fr1544.

924.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late March 1881

Doctor –

How did you snare Howells?

Emily –

“Emily,

Case of Bribery – Money did it –

Holland – [”]

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B17). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | On March 23, 1881, the *SR* announced that “William D Howells, late editor of the *AM*, is to print his next novel, entitled “A Fearful Responsibility, in *Scribner’s Monthly*”—a decision that excited “literary gossips” (March 25). Serialization began in June 1881. Holland edited *Scribner’s*.

925.

To Ellen Augusta Mather, March 31 or April 1881

Permit me to duplicate the presumption –

E. Dickinson.

Note: Mather. H MS Am 1118.99c #697; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *JL*697. | After the 1877 death of his first wife, Professor Richard Mather remarried on March 31, 1881. ED never met Ellen, but they were near neighbors and exchanged flowers and baked goods.

926.

To Josiah Holland, about April 1881

Dear Doctor,

Your small Note was as merry as Honey, and enthralled us all – I sent it over to Sue, who took Ned’s Arm and came across – and we talked of Mr Samuel and you, and vital times when you two bore the Republican, and came as near sighing – all of us – as would be often wise – I should say next door – Sue said she was homesick for those “better Days”, hallowed be their name –

Amazing Human Heart – a syllable can make to quake like jostled Tree – what Infinite – for thee!

I wish you were rugged, and rejoice you are gay, and am re-convinced by your arch note that Unless we become as Rogues, we cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (58). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. Penultimate paragraph appears verbatim in L909.

927.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about April 12, 1881

Transcribed F. Norcross

The dear ones will excuse – They knew there was a cause. Emily was sick and Vinnie's middle name restrained her loving pen.

These are my first words since I left my pillow – that will make them faithful, although so long withheld. We had another fire – it was in Phoenix Row, Monday a week ago, at two in the night. The horses were harnessed to move the office – Austin's office, I mean. After a night of terror, we went to sleep for a few moments, and I could not rise. The others bore it better. The brook from Pelham saved the town. The wind was blowing so, it carried the burning shingles as far as Tom's piazza. We are weak and grateful –

The fire-bells are oftener now – [almost, than the church-bells.] Thoreau would wonder which did the most harm. The little gifts came sweetly. The bulbs are in the sod – the seeds in homes of paper till the sun calls them; it is snowing now. Gilbert's sled is tied to the barnyard fence. "Fine sleighing we have this summer" says Austin with a scoff –

The box of dainty ones, I don't know what they were, buttons of spice for coats of honey pleased the weary mother. Thank you each for all.

The beautiful words for which Lou asked were that genius is the ignition of affection – not intellect as is supposed. The exaltation of devotion and in proportion to our capacity for that, is our experience of genius.

Precisely as they were uttered I can not give them; they were in a letter that I do not find, but the suggestion was this.

It is startling to think that the lips which are keepers of thoughts so magical, yet at any moment are subject to the seclusion of death.

I must leave you dear, to come perhaps again,

We never know we go – when we are going –

We jest and shut the door

Fate following behind us bolts it

And we accost no more.

I give you my parting love.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 519–21. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS, supplied by Todd TS. JL691 adds ellipses but nothing is omitted. | A fire broke out on the third story of Phoenix Row on Monday April 4, with water damage to the drug store of Henry Adams, among others. Snow fell in Amherst from the morning of the 12th until the afternoon of April 15th. | M 630, Fr1546 (lost).

928.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about spring 1881

Balm for Susan's Voice – Could sooner spare the Nightingale's –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B116). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | The *New England Primer* includes the rhyme: "Nightingales sing In Time of Spring."

929.

To Elizabeth Holland, mid- to late April 1881

Dear Sister –

We are making a few simple repairs, what Dickens would call qualifications and aspects – and looking in Vinnie's Basket for the Lightning Rod, which she had mislaid, "What would Mrs Holland think" said Vinnie?

"I would inquire," I said.

I can always rely on your little Laugh, which is what the Essayist calls "the immortal Peewee." Did you know that Father's "Horace" had died – the "Cap'n Cuttle" of Amherst? He had lived with us always, though was not congenial – so his loss is a pang to Tradition, rather than Affection – I am sure you remember him – He is the one who spoke patronizingly of the Years, of Trees he sowed in "26", or Frosts he met in "20," and was so legendary that it seems like the death of the College Tower, our first Antiquity – I remember he was at one time disinclined to gather the Winter Vegetables till they had frozen, and when Father demurred, he replied "Squire – "ef the Frost is the Lord's Will, I dont popose to stan in the way of it". I hope a nearer inspection of that "Will" has left him with as ardent a bias in it's favor – Vinnie is under terrific headway, but finds time to remember you with vivid affection – and Mother is unchanged, though my new gratitude every morning, that she is still with us, convinces me of her frailty.

Vinnie is eager to see the Face of George Eliot which the Doctor promised, and I wince in prospective, lest it be no more sweet. God chooses repellent settings, dont he, for his best Gems? All you will say of yourselves is dear to Emily and Vinnie, and is'nt to say it soon – prudent – in so short a Life?

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (60). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | “The Essayist” = perhaps Higginson, whose “The Life of Birds” (AM 1862) mentions an “immortal . . . Peewee.” “Horace” = Horace Church, Dickinson gardener and sexton of the First Church, who died on April 7. | Cap’n Cuttle is a character in Dickens’s *Dombey and Son*. The “Face of George Eliot” is perhaps the frontispiece used later in the year for the November *Century Magazine*. Eliot died December 26, 1880.

930.

To Otis Lord, spring 1881

Draft

Tuesday is a deeply depressed Day – it is not far enough from your dear note for the embryo of another to form, and yet what flights of Distance – and so I perish softly and spurn the Birds ^spring^ and spurn the Sun – with pathetic ^dejected^ malice – but when the Sun begins to turn the corner Thursday night – everything refreshes – the soft uplifting grows till by the time it is Sunday night, all my Life ^Cheek^ is Fever with nearness to your blissful words – rippling words –

Note: AC 757. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Lord stayed at the Evergreens April 17; as usual, ED anticipates a letter from Lord each Monday. | The verso of this torn and cut page contains part of a letter from Maggie Maher, which is unlikely to have been addressed to ED but it is too incomplete to judge addressee or context: “to the little girl that cried on the [missing word] to be notest and [missing word] for this cat came t[o] live with her and the bird to sing her to sleep good night little cry baby” (AC 757a; unpublished).

931.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about May 1881

Thank you, Sue – I was glad to read it –

Perhaps she who Experienced Eternity in Time, may receive Time’s omitted Gift as part of the Bounty of Eternity –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B142). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | The May 1881 edition of *Harper’s New Monthly Magazine* included an essay by Charles Kegan Paul on George Eliot’s work, illustrations (including one of her grave), and a poem “George Eliot: Her Jury” by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

932.

*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, early May 1881**Transcribed F. Norcross*

My dear little cousins,

I bring you a robin who is eating a remnant oat on the sill of the barn. The horse was not as hungry as usual leaving an ample meal for his dulcet friend.

The robin is a Gabriel
 In humble circumstances
 His dress denotes him socially
 Of transports' working classes –
 He has the punctuality
 Of the New England farmer
 The same oblique integrity
 A vista – vastly warmer.
 A small, but sturdy residence
 A self denying household
 The guests of perspicacity
 Are all that cross his threshold
 As covert as a fugitive
 Cajoling consternation
 By ditties to the enemy
 And sylvan punctuation –

Maggie was charmed [with her donkeys] and has long been talking of writing, but has not quite culminated. They stand on the dining room side-board, by the side of an orange and a Springfield Republican. It will please you to know that the clover in the bill of the brown one, is fresh as at first, notwithstanding the time, though the only "pastures" I know gifted with that duration, are far off as the Psalms. Mr. C_ called with a twilight of you – It reminded me of a supper I took, with the pictures on Dresden china. V. asked him "what he had for supper" and he said he "could easier describe the nectar of the gods"

We read in a tremendous Book about "an enemy" and armed a confidential fort, to scatter him away. The time has passed, and years have come – and yet not any "Satan." I think he must be making war upon some other nation. Emily –

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 517. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. Three words in brackets cut off Norcross TS and supplied by Todd TS. | Mr C is unidentified. | M 722, Fr1520. Sent to S. Tuckerman (1880).

933.*To Mary Emmeline Stearns, about mid-May 1881**Transcribed Todd*

Dear friend –

I hope you may know with what unspeakable tenderness we think of you and of your dear child.

Were it any kingdom but the “Kingdom of Heaven,” how distant!

But my heart breaks – I can say no more.

E. D.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 856. Publication: *L* (1894). | Stearns’s son William died of tuberculosis on May 12, 1881.

934.*To Louisa Norcross, about mid-May 1881**Transcribed Todd*

Dear Lou,

Thank you, with love, for the kindness; it would be very sweet to claim if we needed it, but we are quite strong, and mother well as usual, and Vinnie spectacular as Disraeli and sincere as Gladstone, – was only sighing in fun. When she sighs in earnest, Emily’s throne will tremble, and she will need both Lou and Fanny; but Vinnie ‘still prevails.’ When one or all of us are lain on ‘Marian Erle’s pallet,’ so cool that she deplored to live because that she must leave it, Lou and the ferns, and Fanny and her fan shall supplement the angels, if they have not already joined them.

Lovingly,

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.19, 528. Publication: *L* (1894). | Benjamin Disraeli, the former prime minister of Great Britain and Ireland, died on April 19. Gladstone, his rival, had him commemorated in Westminster Abbey, a gesture that the May 11 *SR* described as evidence of Gladstone’s “noble grace and free sincerity.” | Marian Erle is a character in *Aurora Leigh*, to whom ED refers in an earlier letter to the Norcrosses (L566).

935.*To George and Sarah Montague, early or mid-1881**Transcribed Todd*

Dear cousin, Thank you for the delightful cake, and the heart adjacent.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 853. Publication: *L* (1894). The several thank-you notes during 1881 suggest frequent exchanges between the cousins, who were close neighbors on Main Street until sometime in August; the August 12 SR reports that the Montagues were moving to Lincoln Avenue, several blocks away.

936.

To George and Sarah Montague, early or mid-1881

Transcribed Todd

Delicate as bread of flowers. How sweetly we thank you!

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 853. Publication: *L* (1894).

937.

To Gilbert Dickinson, about 1881

Gilbert asked a little Plant of Aunt Emily, once, to carry to his Teacher – but Aunt Emily was asleep – so Maggie gave him one instead – Aunt Emily waked up now, and brought this little Plant all the way from her Crib for Gilbert to carry to his Teacher – Good Night –

Aunt Emily's asleep again –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L49). Pencil. Publication: JL711.

938.

To Gilbert Dickinson, about late spring 1881

For Gilbert to carry to his teacher –

The Bumble Bee's Religion.
His little Hearse like Figure
Unto itself a Dirge
To a delusive Lilac
The vanity divulge
Of Industry and Morals
And every righteous thing
For the divine Perdition
Of Idleness and Spring –

“All Liars shall have their part” – Jonathan Edwards –

“And let him that is athirst come” –

Jesus –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B177). Pencil. Publication: AM (1915). Said to have been sent with a dead bee. Gilbert had been accused of lying by his teacher, for telling stories about an imaginary white calf; he was six. | ED quotes well-known phrases from Edwards and scripture; see *The Pano-
plis*, or the Christian's Armory (1808), and *Revelation* 22:17. | M 630, Fr1547; title appears only on this copy of the poem.

939.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, about June 1881

Dear friend,

Thank you for the consent I am eager to verify –

It grieves me that anything disturb you – the dearer sorrow of which you spoke,
or less lovely care –

Both fears, I hope may pass away – We dwell as when you saw us – the mighty
dying of my Father made no external change – Mother and Sister are with me,
and my Brother, and pseudo Sister, in the nearest House – When Father lived I
remained with him because he would miss me – Now, Mother is helpless – a ho-
lier demand –

I do not go away, but the Grounds are ample – almost Travel – to me, and the
few that I knew – came – since my Father died –

I should rejoice to see you, and had earnestly asked you to my Home with your
sweet friend, but for a Cowardice of Strangers I cannot resist, and my Mother's
illness. I trust the Life of which you spoke is in no peril, and every unconferr'd
Bliss tenderly in store – It is solemn to remember that Vastness – is but the Shadow
of the Brain which casts it –

All things swept sole away

This – is immensity –

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (108). Pencil. Publication: L (1931). | Higginson had pressing travel and lecturing
engagements throughout May and June. | M 724, Fr1548. Only copy.

940.

To Otis Lord, 1881

Two drafts

I:

My little devices to live till Monday would woo ^win^ your sad attention – fill
your eyes with Dew –

Full of work and plots and little happinesses the Thought of you protracts ^de-rides^ them all and makes them sham and cold.

How fleet – how indiscreet an one – how always wrong is Love –
The joyful little Deity
We are not scourged to serve –

II:

My little devices to live till monday would darken all your glee – for you have a good deal of glee many a glee in your natures corners the most lurking – and never ^not^ to be trusted as Brown said of sleep – without ones prayers –

Note: AC 755, 756. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Draft 1 is on a cut section of wrapping paper from Amherst pharmacist Henry Adams; draft 2 is on a cut and torn scrap of wrapping paper. | THJ and RWF break first line of verse into two poetic lines; ED writes it as one. | ED may refer to evangelist J. H. W. Brown. | M 633, Fr1557. Only copy.

941.

To George Montague, July 2, 1881

Transcribed Todd

Will Cousin George be so kind as to address and mail the enclosed to
Dr. Holland
Alexandria Bay
New York,
and thank Cousin Sarah and himself for the kindness of last night and this morning.
Cousin.

Note: AC Tr84. Publication: *L* (1894). | Beginning around 1876, Montague addressed several of ED's letters for her and wrapped and mailed her parcels. Todd added the date, noting in parenthesis "(or 1)."

From George Montague to Emily Dickinson, 1881?

Cousin Emily will please forgive me,—I have made a blemish and a mistake on two of her envelopes, & have substituted two of mine, which I am sorry to say, are not quite so nice. If they will do, I shall be glad—

Cousin G.

Note: AC 222b. Publication: JL700n.

942.*To George Montague, 1881**Transcribed Todd*

To have “been faithful in a few things” was the delicate compliment paid one by God. Could I not commend a rarer candidate for his approval in my loyal Cousin?

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 854. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED alludes to “He who is faithful in the least is also faithful in many things” (Luke 16:10).

943.*To George Montague, 1881*

Dear Cousin,

The “Golden Rule” is so lovely, it needs no Police to enforce it.
Cousin.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 854. Publication: *L* (1894). | Golden Rule = “Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,” associated with Matthew 7:12. ED quotes this “rule” in L958 and mentions it in L1279.

944.*To Mary Adelaide Hills, about summer 1881*

Tropics, and Dairies, and Fairies! Thank the “Arabian Nights.”
Emily –

Note: Private hands. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Sold at Sotheby’s December 2004; facsimile provided by Kent Bicknell. | The “Arabian Nights” was extremely popular in the United States throughout ED’s lifetime and was mentioned by ED in L19, 22, 517, and 634. Todd comments in relation to this note that the Hills “often sent dainties from New York, perhaps Florida oranges, confectionary or hot-house flowers.”

945.*To George and Sarah Montague, 1881**Transcribed Todd*

We trust the dear friend is convalescing.
These loveliest of Days are certainly with that design.
Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 854. Publication: *L* (1894).

946.*To George Montague, August 4, 1881**Transcribed Todd*

Could I perhaps have the address of Mrs. Samuel Bowles, Springfield, and
 Judge Lord,
 Crawford House
 White Mountains,

and will Cousin, if walking, please call, today, as I have a trifle for Cousin Sarah,
 which I fear to entrust to what Gilbert calls the “Cloudy Man”?

Note: AC Tr83. Publication: JL716. Todd adds date to the TS.

947.*To Elizabeth Holland, August 1881*

Dear Sister –

I think everything will get ripe today so it can be Autumn tomorrow if it would
 like, for such heat was never present and I think of your Forest and Sea as a far off
 Sherbet –

We have an artificial Sea, and to see the Birds follow the Hose for a Crumb of
 Water is a touching sight. They wont take it if I hand it to them – they run and
 shriek as if they were being assassinated, but oh, to steal it, that is bliss – I cant say
 that their views are not current –

When I look in the Morning Paper to see how the President is, I know you
 are looking too, and for once in the Day I am sure where you are, which is very
 friendly –

The Pilgrim’s Empire seems to stoop – I hope it will not fall –

We have a new Black Man and are looking for a Philanthropist to direct him,
 because every time he presents himself, I run, and when the Head of the Nation
 shies, it confuses the Foot –

When you read in the “Massachusetts items” that he has eaten us up, a me-
 morial merriment will invest these preliminaries – Who wrote Mr Howells’
 story? Certainly he did not – Shakespeare was never accused of writing Bacon’s
 works, though to have been suspected of writing his, was the most beautiful
 stigma of Bacon’s Life – Higher, is the doom of the High. Doctor’s betrothal to
 “Blanco” I trust you bear unmurmuringly. Mother and Vinnie wept – I read it to
 both at their request –

Thank you for surviving the duplicity – Thank you for not stopping being anx-
 ious about us – Not to outgrow Suspense, is beloved indeed.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (61). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | President Garfield was shot on July 2, although he did not die until September 19. ED apparently did not like Howells's *A Fearful Responsibility*, serialized in *Scribner's*. The August issue included a poem by Josiah Holland, "To My Dog Blanco."

948.

To the Jenkins children, early August 1881

Dear Boys –

Please never grow up, which is "far better" – Please never "improve" – you are perfect now –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (2). Pencil. Publication: *FN*. | The August 3 *Amherst Record* noted that the Jenkins family was in town as Austin and Susan's guests. ED's "Dear Boys" may include MacGregor's sister Sally and his infant brother.

949.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about summer 1881

Transcribed Todd

With a kiss and a flower, one of which will endure, I am whom you infer.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 842. Publication: *L* (1894).

950.

To Elizabeth Holland, about summer 1881

Forgive the fervent Ingrate, if this time I am right, who had last week a bewitching Box and replied Elsewhere, "Elsewhere" replying this Morning that "it is'nt him", though he "would it were", and "will keep the gratitude till the first Delight he may dare to send." Reexamining points strongly at you –

It was Rose-colored Butterflies, threaded on a Stem – with Antlers of Green, and three Branches of Golden Rod, though not like the Field's – Do you identify? Dare not thank you until I know, lest I miss again –

Jacob versus Esau, was a trifle in Litigation, compared to the skirmish in my mind –

Emily –

Note: Private collection. Pencil. Publication: JL743. Sold at Swann Galleries 2013; TS from digital image. | For the story of Esau and Jacob, see Genesis 26–27.

951.

To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson and Sally Jenkins, about August 1881

“Little Women –”

Which shall it be, Geranium or Juleps?

The Butterfly upon the Sky
That doesn't know it's Name
And has'nt any Tax to pay
And has'nt any Home
Is just as high as you and I,
And higher, I believe,
So soar away and never sigh
And that's the way to grieve –

Note: Private hands, Squires. H MS Am 1118.99c #718; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Addressed to “Sallie and Mattie –”; Mattie was fifteen years old. | M 724, Fr1559. Only copy.

952.

To Jonathan and Sarah Jenkins, about August 1881

Dear friends,

You have our sympathy – When an old friend like the Decalogue, turns his back on us, who then can we trust?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L47). Pencil. Publication: *FN*. | ED pasted a clipping onto the letter, stating: “John Jenkins, hailing from Philadelphia, was arrested at Baltimore yesterday on charge of passing counterfeit half and quarter-dollar pieces, and 200 pieces of counterfeit coin were found on his person. It is suspected that he is employed by a gang of counterfeiters.”

953.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late summer 1881

It was like a breath from Gibraltar to hear your voice again, Sue – Your impregnable syllables need no prop, to stand –

The Loaf for Ned, I will send Wednesday evening, unless he prefer before – If he would, let him whisper to me –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B89). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

954.

To Elizabeth Holland, late summer 1881

Dear Sister,

What must you have thought that no one wrote? My Will did write immediately, but friends who were boarding at the Hotel claimed every moment that Duty could give till this Moment's Mail – Thank you for apprizing us of the sweet Disaster in your family, which I trust you will meet as you meet all, with sunny heroism – and present our beatific congratulations to Annie. The impulse to write her myself, is strong as gravitation, but I know how busy the Heart is when it is very busy, and think it unkind to disturb her – Cupid still drives the Pink Coupe he did when we were Children, though I fear his affecting toils are not what Mrs Micawber would call “remunerative” – I rejoice that Annie is happy –

To flee from the “Family Tree” is an innovation, but Birds are predatory –

I am glad that you feel so sweetly toward the invading powers –

If the “Ark of the Lord” must be “taken”, one has a choice in the Foe – Your picture of Doctor was very ensnaring, but I remembered my rectitudes – though Vinnie, even at this distance, is captivated by the Dog –

Fascination is portable – Today is parched and handsome, though the Grass is the color of Statesmen's Shoes, and only the Butterfly rises to the situation –

His little Body glistens with crispness – an ell of rapture to an inch of Wing –

I hope my little Sister is well, and her Best better, and be sure we are glad of the Happiness and each give it our love –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (62). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | During the summer, the Hollands announced the engagement of their daughter Annie to John Kasson Howe of Troy, New York. | See 1 Samuel 4, for the capture of the Ark of the Covenant. Mrs. Micawber is a character in *David Copperfield*.

955.*To Mary Bowles, September 6, 1881**Transcribed Todd
Tuesday*

Dear Mary,

I give you only a word this mysterious morning in which we must light the lamps to see each other's faces, thanking you for the trust too confiding for speech.

You spoke of enclosing the face of your child. As it was not there, forgive me if I tell you, lest even the copy of sweetness abscond; and may I trust you received the flower the mail promised to take you, my foot being incompetent?

The timid mistake about being 'forgotten,' shall I caress or reprove? Mr Samuel's 'sparrow' does not 'fall' without the fervent 'notice.'

'Would you see us, would Vinnie?' Oh, my doubting Mary! Were you and your brave son in my father's house, it would require more prowess than mine to resist seeing you.

Shall I still hope for the picture; and please address to my full name, as the little note was detained and opened, the name being so frequent in town, though not an Emily but myself.

Vinnie says 'give her my love, and tell her I would delight to see her'; and mother combines.

There should be no tear on your cheek, dear, had my hand the access to brush it away.

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 68.18, 391–92. Publication: *L* (1894). | September 6, 1881 was called "yellow day" because the sky became increasingly yellowish, and then dark, in hue; there was considerable speculation and alarm about the phenomenon. | ED alludes to Matthew 10:29, with the sparrow's "fall."

956.*To Sarah Tuckerman, about September 6, 1881*

To find my sweet friend is more difficult than to bless her, though I trust both are slightly possible this dearest Afternoon –

Emily.

Note: AC 53. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: Emilie D. '81. | The 'Tuckermans' nephew Frederick, of Boston, married Alice Girdler Cooper in Amherst on September 6. The ceremony was performed by Reverend Jonathan Jenkins.

957.*To Mary Bowles, mid-September 1881**Transcribed Todd*

Dear Mary,

To have been the mother of the beautiful face, is of itself fame, and the look of Arabia in the eyes is like Mr Samuel. 'Mr Samuel' is his memorial name. 'Speak, that we may see thee,' and Gabriel no more ideal than his swift eclipse. Thank you for the beauty, which I reluctantly return, and feel like committing a 'startling fraud' in that sweet direction. If her heart is as magical as her face, she will wreck many a spirit, but the sea is ordained.

Austin looked at her long and earnestly.

'Yes, it is Sam's child.' His Cashmere confederate. It is best, dear, you have so much to do. Action is redemption.

'And again a little while and ye shall not see me,' Jesus confesses is temporary. Thank you indeed.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.18, 393. Publication: *L* (1894). | The photograph may be of Mary's granddaughter Aurelia, born May 2, 1875, the daughter of Sarah Augusta Bowles Hooker. | Dickinson adds "not" to John 16:16 ("ye shall [not] see me").

958.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, September 24, 1881**Transcribed Todd**Saturday.*

Dear ones,

If I linger, this will not reach you before Sunday; if I do not, I must write you much less than I would love. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

I would rather they would do unto me so. After infinite wanderings the little note has reached us. It was mailed the "twelfth" – we received it the twenty-third. The address "Misses Dickinson" misled the rustic eyes – the postmaster knows Vinnie, also by faith who Emily is, because his little girl was hurt, and Emily sent her juleps – but he failed of the intellectual grasp to combine the names. So after sending it to all the Mr[s]. Dickinsons he could discover, he consigned it to us, with the request that we would speedily return it if not ours, that he might renew his research. Almost any one under the circumstances would have doubted if it were theirs, or indeed if they were themselves – but to us it was clear. Next time, dears, direct Vinnie, or Emily, and perhaps Mr. J.'s astuteness may be adequate. I enclose the battered remains for your Sabbath perusal, and tell you we think of you tenderly, which I trust you often believe.

Maggie is making a flying visit to cattleshows, on her very robust wings – for Maggie is getting corpulent. Vinnie is picking a few seeds – for if a pod “die, shall he not live again”; and with the shutting mail I go to read to mother about the President.

When we think of the lone effort to live, and its bleak renewal, the mind turns to the myth “for His mercy endureth forever,” with confiding revulsion. Still, when Professor Fisk died on Mt. Zion, Dr. Humphrey prayed “to whom shall we turn but thee”?

“I have finished” said Paul, “the faith.” We rejoice that he did not say he discarded it.

The little postman has come – ‘Thomas’ “second oldest,” and I close with reluctant and hurrying love.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 522–525. Publication: *L* (1894). Todd wrote “Mr. Dickinsons,” later changing to “Mrs.” and adding an underline. | The postmaster was John Jameson; the Norcrosses’ letter was postmarked September 12. The cattle-show was Saturday September 24. Garfield died on September 19. | Thomas Kelley was married to Maggie’s sister. “Little postman” suggests Tom’s second-oldest son (Thomas), who was born in 1863. | ED quotes or paraphrases various scripture passages: “do unto others” from Matthew 7:12 and Luke 6:31; “shall he not live again” from Job 14:14; she may take “to whom shall we turn but thee” from John 6:68; “I have finished” changes the meaning of 2 Timothy 4:7.

959.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late September 1881

Dear friend,

I am very glad of the Little Life, and hope it may make no farther flight than it’s Father’s Arms, Home and Roam in one – I know but little of Little Ones, but love them very softly –

They seem to me like a Plush Nation or a Race of Down –

If she will accept a vicarious kiss, please confide it to her – Does she coo with “discreyation”? I am very grateful for the delight to you and Mrs Higginson – I had thought of your Future with soft fear – I am glad it has come –

“Go traveling with us”!

Her Travels daily be

By routes of ecstasy

To Evening’s Sea –

Your Scholar –

Note: H Lowell Autograph (92). Pencil. Publication: AM (1927). | Margaret Waldo Higginson was born July 25, 1881. The spelling “discraytion” occurs in Higginson’s essay “Carlyle’s Laugh,” published in the October AM, released late September. | M 724, Fr1561. Only copy.

960.

To Elizabeth Holland, about October 12, 1881

Transcribed Todd

We read the words but know them not. We are too frightened with sorrow.
 If that dear, tired one must sleep, could we not see him first?
 Heaven is but a little way to one who gave it, here. “Inasmuch,” to him, how tenderly fulfilled!
 Our hearts have flown to you before – our breaking voices follow.
 How can we wait to take you all in our sheltering arms?
 Could there be new tenderness, it would be for you, but the heart is full – another throb would split it – nor would we dare to speak to those whom such a grief removes, but we have somewhere heard “A little child shall lead them.”
 Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 297. Publication: L (1894). | Josiah Holland died of a heart attack at 6:00 A.M., October 12, 1881. A telegram notified the Dickinsons of his death.

961.

To Elizabeth Holland, shortly after October 12, 1881

Panting to help the dear ones and yet not knowing how, lest any voice bereave them but that loved voice that will not come, if I can rest them, here is down – or rescue, here is power.
 One who only said “I am sorry” helped me the most when father ceased – it was too soon for language.
 Fearing to tell mother, someone disclosed it unknown to us. Weeping bitterly, we tried to console her. She only replied “I loved him so.”
 Had he a tenderer eulogy?
 Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 299. Publication: L (1894).

962.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, mid-October 1881**Transcribed F. Norcross*

Did the little sisters know that Dr Holland had died – the dark man with the doll-wife, whom they used to see at “Uncle Edward’s” before “Uncle Edward” went too?

Do they know any of the circumstances?

Did they know that the weary life in the second story had mourned to hear from them, and whether they were “comfortable”? “Comfortable” seems to comprise the whole to those whose days are weak. “Happiness” is for birds and other foreign nations, in their faint esteem. Mother heard F. telling V about her graham [bread. She would like] to taste it. Will F. please write Emily how, and not too inconvenient?

Every particular for Emily is dull, and she will pay in gratitude, which though not canned like quinces, is fragrantest of all we know –

Tell us just how, and where they are, and if October sunshine is thoughtful of their heads.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 529. Publication: *L* (1894). Words in brackets are cut off Norcross TS; supplied by Todd. | ED’s mother = the life in the second story. “Comfortable” may allude to *David Copperfield* (see L59). | The Norcross cousins had visited Eudocia Flynt at Monson on October 5 and apparently visited Amherst.

963.*To Elizabeth Holland, October 20, 1881**Transcribed Todd**Thursday.*

After a while, dear, you will remember that there is a heaven – but you can’t now. Jesus will excuse it. He will remember his shorn lamb.

The lost one was on such childlike terms with the Father in Heaven. He has past from confiding to comprehending – perhaps but a step.

The safety of a beloved lost is the first anguish. With you, that is peace.

I shall never forget the Doctor’s prayer, my first morning with you – so simple, so believing. That God must be a friend – that was a different God – and I almost felt warmer myself, in the midst of a tie so sunshiny.

I am yearning to know if he knew he was fleeing – if he spoke to you. Dare I ask if he suffered? Some one will tell me a very little, when they have the strength. . . . Cling tight to the hearts that will not let you fall.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 298. Publication: *L* (1894).

964.*To Elizabeth Holland, late October 1881**Transcribed Todd*

I know you will live for our sake, dear, you would not be willing to for your own. That is the duty which saves. While we are trying for others, power of life comes back, very faint at first, like the new bird, but by and by it has wings.

How sweetly you have comforted me – the toil to comfort you, I hoped never would come. A sorrow on your sunny face is too dark a miracle – but how sweet that he rose in the morning – accompanied by dawn. How lovely that he spoke with you, that memorial time! How gentle that he left the pang he had not time to feel! Bequest of darkness, yet of light, since unborne by him. “Where thou goest, we will go” – how mutual, how intimate! No solitude receives him, but neighborhood and friend.

Relieved forever of the loss of those that must have fled, but for his sweet haste. Knowing he could not spare them, he hurried like a boy from that unhappened sorrow. Death has mislaid his sting – the grave forgot his victory.

Because the flake fell not on him, we will accept the drift, and wade where he is lain.

Do you remember the clover leaf? The little hand that plucked it will keep tight hold of mine.

Please give her love to Annie, and Kate, who also gave a father.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 300–301. Publication: *L* (1894). | See L633 and 678 for the clover Elizabeth picked from Edward’s grave.

965.*To Elizabeth Holland, late October 1881*

Dear Sister –

The Things that never can come back, are several –
 Childhood – some forms of Hope – the Dead –
 Though Joys – like Men – may sometimes make a Journey –
 And still abide –
 We do not mourn for Traveler, or Sailor,
 Their Routes are fair –
 But think enlarged of all that they will tell us
 Returning here –
 “Here”! There are typic “Here”s –
 Foretold Locations –

The Spirit does not stand –
Himself – at whatsoever Fathom
His Native Land –

Emily, in love –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (70). Pencil. Publication: *BM.* | M 634, Fr1564.

966.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about late October or early November 1881

Transcribed F. Norcross

Thank you, dear, for the quickness which is the blossom of request, and for the definiteness – for a new rule is a chance. The bread resulted charmingly, and such pretty little proportions, quaint as a druggist's formula – "I do remember an apothecary." Mother and Vinnie think it the nicest they have ever known, and Maggie so extols it. Mr Lathrop's poem was piteously sweet – I have enclosed it to L.

To know of your homes is comforting. I trust they are both peace. Home is the riddle of the wise – the booty of the dove. [God bless the sunshine in Lou's] curls, and could he find a sweeter task than to "temper the wind" to her curls? –

Tell us when you are happy, but be sure and tell us when you are sad, for Emily's heart is the edifice where the "wicked cease from troubling"

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 531. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored; mistaken ellipses deleted. Words in brackets are cut off Norcross TS; supplied by Todd. | Fanny had sent the requested recipe ("rule") for graham bread. George Parsons Lathrop's poem "The Child's Wish Granted" was published in March 1881. | ED quotes *Romeo and Juliet* on remembering an apothecary; she also quotes Job 3:17: "There the wicked cease from troubling."

967.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, late autumn 1881

The parting of those that never met, shall it be delusion, or rather an unfolding snare whose fruitage is later?

Note: AC 762. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | The Todds moved to Amherst in September 1881; in the autumn, Mabel returned to Washington, DC, to visit her parents.

968.*To Sarah Tuckerman, November 8, 1881*

The Dandelion's pallid Tube
 Astonishes the Grass –
 And Winter instantly becomes
 An infinite Alas –
 The Tube uplifts a signal Bud
 And then a shouting Flower –
 The Proclamation of the Suns
 That sepulture is o'er –

Vinnie told me, dear friend, you were speaking of Mr Root –

Emily –

Note: AAS. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Amherst Mass. Nov 8; envelope endorsed with same date. | Sent with a pressed dandelion, tied with a scarlet ribbon. Elihu Root died in December 1880. | M 725, Fr1565. Only copy.

969.*To Elizabeth Holland, November 1881*

Sister –

I wanted to read the dear Articles slowly – one by one – and alone – as under the circumstances each one of them seemed an interview with the Departed – but that was unpermitted – so I snatched a Line at a time – taking it with me as I worked, and then returning for another –

Each is true – and more – and so warmly lifelike, it almost gives a diffidence, like admiration of a friend in his tender presence.

I have rarely seen so sincere a modesty on a mature Cheek as on Dr Holland's – and one almost feels an intrusiveness in proclaiming him, lest it profane his simplicity.

It was nearly Morning, last Night, when I went to my Room from the loved perusal, and when I laid it in the Drawer, the Telegram of the Heavenly Flight was close beside without design.

It shall always remain there – nearest us – in the Room to the East Father loved the most, and where I bade the Doctor Good Night, that November Morning – He put one Hand on Vinnie's Head and the other on ~~your's~~ mine, and his Heart on your's, as we both knew, and said that the Sunshine and the Scene he should always remember.

No Autumn's intercepting Chill
 Appalls that Tropic Breast –
 But African Exuberance
 And Asiatic Rest.

Poor "Little Child Wife"!

Lovingly, Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (67). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | In November, *Scribner's* became the *Century Magazine*; the December issue (available in November) featured a biographical essay on Holland and a few pieces he wrote: three poems (one composed the day before he died) and two editorials. H. H. Jackson and Washington Gladden wrote poems in his memory and his portrait served as the frontispiece. Elizabeth had sent ED obituary articles in late October. | M 725, Fr1563. Sent to S. Dickinson (1881).

970.

To Elizabeth Holland, shortly after December 7, 1881

Transcribed Todd

Sweet Sister –

We were much relieved to know that the dear event had occurred without overwhelming any loved one, and perhaps it is sweeter and safer so. I feared much for the parting, to you, to whom parting has come so thickly in the last few days. I knew all would be beautiful, and rejoice it was. Few daughters have the immortality of a father for a bridal gift. Could there be one more costly?

As we never have ceased to think of you, we will more tenderly, now. Confide our happiness to Annie, in her happiness. We hope the unknown balm may ease the balm withdrawn.

You and Katie, the little sisters, lose her, yet obtain her, for each new width of love largens all the rest. Mother and Vinnie think and speak. Vinnie hopes to write. Would that mother could, but her poor hand is idle. Shall I return to you your last and sweetest words – "But I love you all"? Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 302. Publication: *L* (1894). | Annie Holland married John Kasson Howe on December 7.

971.

To Sarah Tuckerman, December 1881

Dear friend,

Vinnie asked me if I had any Message for you, and while I was picking it, you ran away –

Not seeing, still we know –
 Not knowing, guess –
 Not guessing, smile and hide
 And half caress,
 And quake – and turn away,
 Seraphic fear –
 Is Eden's innuendo
 "If you dare"?

Emily –

Note: AC 56. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: Emilie Dickinson Dec '81. | M 725, Fr1566.
 Only copy.

972.

To Elizabeth Holland, about December 25, 1881

Transcribed Todd

Dare we wish the brave sister a sweet Christmas, who remembered us punctually in sorrow as in peace?

The broken heart is broadest. Had it come all the way in your little hand, it could not have reached us perfecter, though had it, we should have clutched the hand and forgot the rest.

Fearing the day had associations of anguish to you, I was just writing when your token came. Then, humbled with wonder at your self-forgetting, I delayed till now.

Reminded again of gigantic Emily Bronte, of whom her Charlotte said "Full of ruth for others, on herself she had no mercy." The hearts that never lean, must fall. To moan is justified.

To thank you for remembering under the piercing circumstances were a profanation.

God bless the hearts that suppose they are beating and are not, and enfold in his infinite tenderness those that do not know they are beating and are.

Shall we wish a triumphant Christmas to the brother withdrawn?

Certainly he possesses it.

How much of Source escapes with thee –
 How chief thy sessions be –
 For thou hast borne a universe
 Entirely away.

With wondering love
 Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 303–304. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 725, Fr1567. Only copy.

973.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1881*

Susan,

To thank one for Sweetness, is possible, but for Spaciousness, out of sight –
 The competition of Phantoms is inviolate –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B138). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.**974.***To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, December 1881*

“Boast not” myself “of Tomorrow” for I “knowest not what a” Noon “may
 bring forth” –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | ED paraphrases Proverbs 27:1, “Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”**975.***To Sarah Tuckerman, January 1882*

Dear friend,

The Gray Afternoon – the sweet knock, and the ebbing voice of the Boys are a
 pictorial Memory – and then the Little Bins and the Purple Kernels –’twas like
 the Larder of a Doll –

To the inditing Heart we wish no sigh had come –

Sweet Pirate of the Heart,
 Not Pirate of the Sea,
 What wrecketh thee?
 Some Spice’s Mutiny –
 Some Attar’s perfidy?
 Confide in Me –

Emily –

Note: AC 42. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed “Emilie Dickinson Jan 1882.” | Sarah apparently brought nephews as well as gifts when visiting ED. | M 726, Fr1568. Only copy.

976.*To Catharine Sweetser, late January 1882*

It was the unanimous opinion of the Household that Aunt Katie never wrote so lovely a letter and that it should be immediately replied to by each member of the Family, from the Geraniums down to the Pussies, but unforeseen malignities prevented – Vinnie lost her Sultans too – it was “Guiteau” Year – Presidents and Sultans were alike doomed –

One might possibly come up, having sown itself – if it should, you shall share – it is an Eastern Creature and does not like this Soil. I think it’s first Exuberance was purely accidental – Last was a fatal Season – An “Envious Worm” attacked them – then in early Autumn we had Midwinter Frost – “When God is with us, who shall be against us” but when he is against us, other allies are useless.

We were much amused at your “Gardener”.

You portrayed his Treason so wittily it was more effective than Loyalty. He knew that Flowers had no Tongues –

We trust you are safe this Norwegian Weather, and “desire your Prayers” for another Snow Storm, just over our Heads, the Snows already repealing the Fences.

With love for your Health, and the promise of Sultans and Viziers too, if the Monarchs come –

mily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.3. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Charles J. Guiteau shot President Garfield on July 2, 1881; he was convicted of murder January 25, 1882. | ED’s “envious worm” comes from *Romeo and Juliet*; she also quotes from Romans 8:31.

977.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early 1882*

A “Pear” to the Wise is sufficient –

Follow wise Orion
Till you waste your Eye –
Dazzlingly decamping
He is just as high –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B60). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | The constellation Orion is most visible in the northern hemisphere between January and April. | Second stanza (of two) “Echo has no Magistrate –”; M 634, Fr1569.

978.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late March 1882

Dear friend,

Briefly, in Boston, please accept the delayed Valentine for your Little Girl –

It would please me that she take her first Walk in Literature with one so often guided on that great route by her Father –

E Dickinson –

Note: Missing. H MS Am 1118.99c #894; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1927).

From Thomas Niles to Emily Dickinson, April 13, 1882

Apr 13 / 82

Miss Dickinson

The very latest London Athenaeum, Apr 1st., says “it is rumored that M^r. Cross has abandoned the idea of writing a biography of George Eliot”

We gather from Mr Lowell’s publishers that they have not yet rec^d the M.S.S. of Lowell’s Hawthorne and do not know when the work will be ready

Yrs tru[ly]

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: *JL749a*. Signature has been removed.

979.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, shortly after April 13, 1882

With rosy congratulations for Mama and Mouse –

Emily and Vinnie –

Note: Private hands. Digital copy eBay. Unpublished. Probably sent on the occasion of the birth of Susan Clapp Hills, April 13, 1882. | Provenance uncertain.

From Thomas Niles to Emily Dickinson, April 24, 1882

Apr 24 / 82

Miss Dickinson

I have rec^d yours & I want to say that the last London Athenaeum contradicts the rumor in its previous issue and asserts by authority that [“]Mr Cross has not abandoned the idea of writing a biography of George Eliot”

“H.H.” once told me that she wished you could be induced to publish a volume of poems. I should not want to say how highly she praised them, but to such an extent that I wish also that you could.

Yrs truly, T. Niles

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL749b. | J. W. Cross's *George Eliot's Life* was published in 1885.

980.*To Thomas Niles, late April 1882*

Thank you, Mr Niles,

I am grateful for the Mistake.

I should think it irreparable deprivation to know no farther of her here, with the impregnable chances – The kind, but incredible opinion of “H.H.” and yourself, I would like to deserve. Would you accept a Pebble I think I gave to her, though I am not sure – With thanks,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 832. Pencil. Publication: L (1894). | Enclosure: “How happy is the little Stone”.

981.*To Otis Lord, April 30 and May 1, 1882*

Draft
Sunday.

His little “Playthings” were very sick all the Week that closed, and except the sweet Papa assured them, they could not believe – it had one grace however, it kept the faint Mama from sleep, so she could dream of Papa awake – an innocence of fondness. To write you, not knowing where you are, is an unfinished pleasure – Sweeter of course than not writing, because it has a wandering Aim, of which you are the goal – but far from joyful like yourself, and moments we have known – I have a strong surmise that moments we have not known are tenderest to you. Of their afflicting Sweetness, you only are the judge – but the moments we had, were very good – they were quite contenting –

Very sweet to know from Morn to Morn what you thought and said – the Republican told us – though that Felons could see you and we could not, seemed a wondering fraud. I feared for your sweet Lungs in the crowded Air, the Paper spoke of “Throngs” – We were much amused at the Juror’s “cough” you thought not pulmonary, and when you were waiting at your Hotel for the Kidder Verdict, and the Jury decided to go to sleep, I thought them the loveliest Jury I had ever met – I trust you are “at Home,” though my Heart spurns the suggestion, hoping all – absence – but itself.

I am told it is only a pair of Sundays since you went from me. I feel it many years. Today is April’s last – it has been an April of meaning to me. I have been in your Bosom – My Philadelphia has passed from Earth, and the Ralph Waldo Emerson – whose name my Father’s Law Student taught me, has touched the secret Spring. Which Earth are we in? Heaven, a Sunday or two ago – but that also has ceased – Momentousness is ripening. I hope that all is firm. Could we yield each other to the impregnable Chances till we had met once more?

Monday –

Your’s of a Yesterday is with me. I am cruelly grieved about the “Cold” – I feared it, but entreated it to wrong some other one. Must it of all the Lives have come to trouble your’s? Be gentle with it – Coax it – Don’t drive it or ’twill stay – I’m glad you are “at Home.” Please think it with a codicil. My own were homeless if you were. Was my sweet “Phil” “proud”? What Hour? Could you tell me? A momentary gleam of him between Morning

Note: AC 744a-g. Pencil. Fair copy. Publication: *Revelation*. | The *Amherst Record* reported that Lord, “now on the bench of the supreme court in session at Northampton, was in town over Sunday [April 16], the guest of W. A. Dickinson.” Austin records that Lord “and party” arrived on Friday the 14th. | The *SR* covered extensively the trial of Dwight Kidder for the murder of his half-brother; Lord was one of two judges presiding. | “My Philadelphia” = Wadsworth, who died April 1; Emerson died April 27, 1882. Father’s “Law Student” = Benjamin Newton. ED uses “impregnable chances” in L982.

982.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about late April 1882

A fresh Morning of Life with it’s impregnable chances, and the Dew, for you —
Emily —

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B194). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915).

983.*To Abbie Farley, about May 8, 1882*

Monday –

Dear Abby –

This was all the Letter we had this Morning – Was it not enough? Oh no – a tiding every Hour would not be enough – I hoped to hear nothing yesterday unless it were through you –

The last we knew was Hope, and that would last till Monday, but Austin brought a Morning Paper as soon as I was down – “I hope there’ll be something of Mr Lord – I’ll look it over here,” he said – “Couldn’t I find it quicker,” I inquired timidly. Searching and finding nothing he handed the Paper to me – I found nothing, also – and felt relieved and disturbed too – Then I knew I should hear Monday, but Morning brought me nothing but just this little general Note to a listening World – Were our sweet Salem safe, it would be “May” indeed – I shall never forget “May Day.”

All our flowers were draped – Is he able to speak or to hear voices or to say “Come in,” when his Amherst knocks?

Fill his Hand with Love as sweet as Orchard Blossoms, which he will share with each of you – I know his boundless ways –

As it was too much sorrow, so it is almost too much Joy –

Lovingly, Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (52M-63). Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Newspaper clipping attached reads: “Judge Lord has passed the crisis at Salem, and there is hope that he will soon be about again.” On the same day, the paper published Mary R. W. Blake’s poem “May Day.”

984.*To Otis Lord, May 14, 1882*

Draft

Sunday –

To remind you of my own rapture at your return, and of the loved steps, retraced almost from the “Undiscovered Country,” I enclose the Note I was fast writing, when the fear that your Life had ceased, came, fresh, yet dim, like the horrid Monsters fled from in a Dream.

Happy with my Letter, without a film of fear, Vinnie came in from a word with Austin, passing to the Train. “Emily, did you see anything in the Paper that concerned us”? “Why no, Vinnie, what”? “Mr Lord is very sick”. I grasped at a passing Chair. My sight slipped and I thought I was freezing. While my last smile was ending, I heard the Doorbell ring and a strange voice said “I thought first of you.” Meantime, Tom had come, and I ran to his Blue Jacket and let my Heart break there – that was the warmest place. “He will be better – Dont cry Miss Emily. I could not see you cry.”

Then Vinnie came out and said “Prof. Chickering thought we would like to telegraph”. He “would do it for us” – “Would I write a Telegram”? I asked the Wires how you did, and attached my name.

The Professor took it, and Abby’s brave – refreshing reply I shall remember

Note: AC 745. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Fair copy. | Abbie Farley responded immediately to ED’s telegram; ED writes this letter the following Sunday. | Tom = Thomas Kelley.

985.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about 1882

Only a pond Lily that I tilled myself _____

Note: AC B12, F14. Photostat. Publication: *L* (1894). Pond lilies bloom throughout the spring.

From Washington Gladden to Emily Dickinson, May 27, 1882

Springfield May 27, 1882.

My friend:

“Is immortality true?” I believe that it is true—the only reality—almost; a thousand times truer than mortality, which is but a semblance after all. I believe that virtue is deathless; that God who is the source of virtue, gave to her “the glory of going on, and not to die”; that the human soul, with which virtue is incorporate, cannot perish. I believe in the life everlasting, because Jesus Christ taught it. Say what you will about him, no one can deny that he knew the human soul, its nature, its laws, its destinies, better than any other being who ever trod this earth; and he testifies, and his testimony is more clear, more definite, more positive ^on this^ than on any other subject, that there is life beyond the grave.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you.”

Absolute demonstration there can be none of this truth; but a thousand lines of evidence converge toward it; and I believe it. It is all I can say. God forbid that I should flatter one who is dying with any illusive hope; but this hope is not illusive. May God’s spirit gently lead this hope into the heart of your friend, and make it at home there, so that in the last days it shall be an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast.

Your friend

Washington Gladden.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL752a. | Gladden apparently quotes ED’s question from a missing letter: “Is immortality true?”

986.*To unknown, about 1882**Unsent*

The Moon upon her fluent Route
 Defiant of a Road
 The Star's Etruscan Argument
 Substantiate a God –
 How archly spared the Heaven "to come" –
 If such prospective be –
 By superseding Destiny
 And dwelling there Today –

Thank you –

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 806. Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | RWF speculates that this unsent letter may have been intended for Washington Gladden. | M 636, Fr1574. Sent to S. Dickinson (1882).

987.*To Elizabeth Holland, about May 19, 1882*

"Whom seeing not, we" clasp –
 Emily –

Note: AC 815. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Henrietta Chapin Seelye mentions that she drove with "Lizzie [Elizabeth] and Kate" Holland to Amherst on May 19. | ED paraphrases 1 Peter 1:8, "Whom not having seen, ye love"—a passage also paraphrased in L891.

988.*To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late June or early July 1882*

Dear friend,

Please excuse the trespass of sorrow –

My closest earthly friend died in April – I since saw by the Papers you were very ill – I hope you recover – A friend in Boston, a few weeks since, sent at my request a trifle to your Child.

Yesterday he was here –

A little inscription to the Child, I desired enclosed, he says he erred concerning, but did not tell me how – To ask, I thought not noble –

Whatever mistake there may have been, I hope you kindly excused –

I often think of the Little One. Your tradition is still cherished as one of the
 departures of Light. To be worthy of what we lose is the Supreme Aim –
 Your Scholar –

Note: P Box 6. Publication: JL765. | “closest earthly friend” = Wadsworth. At the end of June
 and through early July, Higginson was confined to the house because of ill health—as reported
 in the papers.

989.

To Samuel Bowles IV, Sunday, July 16, 1882

Dear friend,

A Tree your Father gave me, bore this priceless flower.
 Would you accept it because of him

Who abdicated Ambush
 And went the way of Dusk,
 And now against his subtle name
 There stands an Asterisk
 As confident of him as we –
 Impregnable we are –
 The whole of Immortality
 Secreted in a Star –

E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #935; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Bowles IV was staying
 with Austin and Susan over Sunday, July 16, arriving on Saturday. Apparently sent with a spray
 of jasmine. | M 635 (as “He lived the Life of Ambush”), Fr1571.

990.

To Samuel Bowles IV, shortly after July 16, 1882

Dear friend,

My Mother and Sister hoped to see you, and I, to have heard the voice in the
 House, that recalls the strange Music of your Father’s – A little Bin of Blossoms,
 I designed for your Breakfast, also went astray. I hope you are in strength, and
 that the Passengers of Peace exalt, not rend your Memory – Heaven may give
 them rank, it could not give them grandeur, for that they carried with them-
 selves. With fresh remembrance,

E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 118.99c #761; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

991.*To Mary Ingersoll Cooper, about 1882*

Dear friend,

In a World too full of Beauty for Peace, I have met nothing more beautiful –
 E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 19. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).**992.***To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late July 1882*

Dear friend,

Perhaps “Baby” will pin her Apron or her Shoe with this? It was sent to me a few moments since, but I never wear Jewels – How I would love to see her!

Come show thy Durham Breast to her who loves thee best,
 Delicious Robin,
 And if it be not me, at least within my Tree
 Do thy Avowing –

I am glad you are better, and if to cherish the Cherubim be not too intrepid, desire my love to Baby’s Mama – I am glad you are with the “Elms” – That is a gracious place –

How happy is the little Stone
 That rambles in the Road alone,
 And does’nt care about Careers
 And Exigencies never fears –
 Whose Coat of elemental Brown
 A passing Universe put on,
 And independent as the sun,
 Associates or glows alone,
 Fulfilling absolute Decree
 In casual simplicity –

Obtaining but our own extent
 In whatsoever Realm –
 ’Twas Christ’s own personal Expanse
 That bore him from the Tomb –

Your Scholar –

In memory of your Little Sister

Who “meddled” with the costly Hearts to which she gave the worth and broke them – fearing punishment, she ran away from Earth –

Note: H Lowell Autograph (94). Pencil. Postscript: BPL 1093 (109). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1927) and *L* (1931). The postscript was on a separate sheet, pinned to this letter and addressed to Margaret Waldo Higginson, who turned one on July 25, 1882. Louisa, Margaret’s “Little Sister,” died March 15, 1880. The present was a turquoise brooch. | “Come show thy,” lines 1–4 (of twelve): M 635, Fr1572. “How happy,”: M 635, Fr1570; in 1882 sent to S. Dickinson, Niles, perhaps to H. H. Jackson (lost), and to Norcrosses (lost). “Obtaining but our,” M 726, Fr1573; sent to J. Clark (1882). “Who ‘meddled’ . . .”: M 730, Fr1626; sent to S. Dickinson lineated as poem, beginning “Climbing to reach the costly Hearts” (1883).

993.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1882

How happy is the little Stone
That rambles in the Road alone –
And does’nt care about careers
And Exigencies never fears –
Whose Coat of elemental Brown
A passing Universe put on
And independent as the Sun
Associates or glows alone –
Fulfilling absolute Decree
In casual simplicity –

Heaven the Surly Balm of a Technicality!

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #744; photostat. Pencil. Publication: JL744. Provenance indicates sent to S. Dickinson. | M 635, Fr1570; in 1882 sent to Higginson, to Niles, perhaps to Jackson (lost), and Norcrosses (lost).

994.

To James D. Clark, August 22, 1882

Dear friend,

Please excuse the trespass of gratitude – My Sister thinks you will accept a few words in recognition of your great kindness.

In an intimacy of many years with the beloved Clergyman, I have never before spoken with one ~~met one~~ who knew him, and his Life was so shy and his tastes so unknown, that grief for him seems almost unshared.

He was my Shepherd from "Little Girl"hood and I cannot conjecture a world without him, so noble was he always – so fathomless – so gentle.

I saw him two years since for the last time, though how unsuspected!

He rang one Summer Evening to my glad surprise – "Why did you not tell me you were coming, so I could have it to hope for," I said – "Because I did not know it myself, I stepped from my Pulpit to the Train," was his quiet reply. He once remarked in talking "I am liable at any time to die," but I thought it no omen. He spoke on a previous visit of calling upon you, or perhaps remaining a brief time at your Home in Northampton –

I hope you may tell me all you feel able of that last interview, for he spoke with warmth of you as his friend, and please believe that your kindness is cherished.

The Sermons will be a sorrowful Treasure. I trust your health is stronger for the Summer Days, and with tender thanks, ask your kind excuse.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 714. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). Postmark: Aug 22 '82. | Clark sent ED a volume of Wadsworth's sermons.

995.

To Otis Lord, about early September 1882

Draft

Thank you for knowing I did not spurn it, because it was true – I did not – I denied ^refused^ what Mr Erskine said not from detected feeling but of myself it was not true – I ~~can not~~ supposed not of others

It is joy to be with ^near^ you because I love you – if nature makes a distinction as late as tonight I do not know – the happy troupe toward you like a sight I have [n]ever till long

Note: AC 758. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | Draft on both sides of an envelope and flap. | An article in the September 8 *SR* includes amusing anecdotes involving the stock legal figure of the Scottish attorney Mr. Erskine.

996.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about September 16, 1882

Had "Arabi" only read Longfellow, he'd have never been caught –
Khedive.

"Shall fold their Tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away" –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B12). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Ahmed Ourabi was a member of the Egyptian cabinet who led a rebellion against the French- and English-supported administration of the Khedive Tewfik: his capture was reported in the September 16 *SR*. | ED quotes Longfellow's "The Day is Done"; also in L566.

997.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, September 30, 1882

Dear friend –

That without suspecting it you should send me the preferred flower of life, seems almost supernatural, and the sweet glee that I felt at meeting it, I could confide to none. I still cherish the clutch with which I bore it from the ground when a wondering Child, an unearthly booty, and maturity only enhances mystery, never decreases it. To duplicate the Vision is almost more amazing, for God's unique capacity is too surprising to surprise –

I know not how to thank you – We do not thank the Rainbow, although it's Trophy is a snare. To give delight is hallowed – perhaps the toil of Angels, whose avocations are concealed –

I trust that you are well, and the quaint little Girl with the deep Eyes, every day more fathomless –

With joy,

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 765. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: 30 September 1882. | On September 24, Todd had sent ED a panel she had painted of Indian pipes.

998.

To Margaret (Maggie) Maher, late September or early October 1882 Transcribed Todd

The missing Maggie is much mourned, and I am going out for 'black' to the nearest store.

All are very naughty, and I am naughtiest of all.

The pussies dine on sherry now, and Humming Bird cutlets.

The invalid hen took dinner with me, but a hen like D^r T₋'s horse soon drove her away. I am very busy picking up stems and stamens as the hollyhocks leave their clothes around.

What shall I send my weary Maggie? Pillows or fresh brooks?

Her grieved mistress.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 851. Unpublished. | According to Annie Jameson, Maggie had typhoid fever during October and was nursed at the Kelley house. Dr. Israel H. Taylor lived near the Dickinsons.

999.

To Margaret (Maggie) Maher, late September or early October 1882 *Transcribed Todd*

For my priceless Maggie, with grief it is no more.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 851. Unpublished. Todd notes this is sent “with some delicacy, for the invalid.”

From Margaret (Maggie) Maher, about early October 1882

Some times I think I dont be sick at all and the Next time I am sick again—give my love to Mother and tell ^her^ I miss her and I will sone be home to her how is the ~~two~~ colds I hope ye are better

Note: AC203a. Pencil. Publication: JL771n. On verso of “He ate and drank the precious Words.”

1000.

To Mary Emmeline Stearns, about October 15, 1882 *Transcribed Todd*

Dear friend,

Affection wants you to know it is here. Demand it to the utmost.

Tenderly

E. Dickinson.

Note: Missing. Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 856. Publication: L (1894). | Stearns’s daughter Ethel died October 15.

1001.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, October 18, 1882

Excuse Emily and her Atoms – The “North Star” is of small fabric, but it denotes much –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B103). Pencil. Publication: FF. | A draft (AC 160) indicates that ED writes “on the eve of [Susan’s] departure”; this draft and WN49 use the alternatives “presides”

and “implies” for “denotes.” Sent with a rose. | Susan and her sister Mattie left by train on October 19 for Grand Rapids, Michigan, where Harriett Isabelle Gilbert (daughter of their brother Frank) would marry, on October 25.

1002.

To Elizabeth Holland, about October 29, 1882

Dear Sister –

You knew we would come as soon as we knew – The little Group at the Springfield table has indeed diminished –

Doctor – Mother – Brother – I am glad I have seen your noble Brother, for now I can miss him from Affection rather than report – Like my Father he went to Boston to die – All who die in Boston are endeared to me – ’Twas his Isle of flight. I was just writing to you in congratulatory gladness, when the dark words came – I hope it is not too much for your dear – over burdened spirit – October could not pass you by –

It sometimes seems as if special Months gave and took away – August has brought the most to me – April – robbed me most – in incessant instances –

Your Brother bore a strong resemblance to a Childhood’s friend who long since died, and whose look I have never seen repeated. It is almost involuntary with me to send my Note to that Home in the Grass where your many lie –

Could I visit the Beds of my own who sleep, as reprovelessly, even Night were sweet –

With tender thought of Kate in her joyful Hour,
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (71). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Elizabeth’s brother Charles O. Chapin died on October 28. Her husband Josiah died the previous year in October. Their daughter Kate married Bleecker Van Wagenen September 27.

1003.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, October 1882

Dear friend,

I cannot make an Indian Pipe but please accept a Humming Bird,

A Route of Evanescence
With a revolving Wheel –
A Resonance of Emerald,
A Rush of Cochineal,
And every Blossom on the Bush

Adjusts it's tumbled Head –
 The Mail from Tunis probably,
 An easy Morning's Ride –

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 766. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 618, Fr1489. Sent to Jackson (1879), S. Tuckerman (1880), Higginson (1880), Niles (1883), and Norcrosses (lost). ED consistently referred to this poem as a "Humming Bird," twice perhaps using the tag as signature.

1004.

To James D. Clark, midautumn 1882

Dear friend,

I would like to delay the timid pleasure of thanking you, that it might not be so soon expended, but Gratitude is not willing.

It is almost an apparitional joy to hear him cherished now, for I never knew one who knew him.

The Griefs of which you speak were unknown to me, though I knew him a "Man of sorrow," and once when he seemed almost overpowered by a spasm of gloom, I said "You are troubled." Shivering as he spoke, "My Life is full of dark secrets," he said. He never spoke of himself, and encroachment I know would have slain him. He never spoke of his Home, but of a Child – "Willie", whom, forgive me the arrogance, he told me was like me – though I, not knowing "Willie," was benighted still – I am glad you loved him and please to thank your Brother for prizing him so much. He was a Dusk Gem, born of troubled Waters, astray in any Crest below – Heaven might give him Peace, it could not give him Grandeur – for that he carried with himself to whatever Scene –

Obtaining but his own extent
 In whatsoever Realm –
 'Twas Christ's own personal Expanse
 That bore him from the Tomb –

Thank you for the Face – which I fear it fatigued you too much to seek – and for the monition, tho' to disclose a grief of his I could not surmise –

Your sweet attempt to repair the irreparable, I must also remember –

I do not yet fathom that he has died – and hope I may not till he assists me in another World – "Hallowed be it's Name"! But I fear I fatigue you – I would be glad to see you, and talk with you more boundlessly – I hope your Health may return. I have not been able to thank you.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 716. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 726, Fr1573. Also sent to Higginson (1882).

1005.*To Eudocia Flynt, about 1882*

Would it too deeply inconvenience Mrs Flynt, to tell me Dates of the Bridal and Death of our dear Eliza Coleman, for Prof Crowell, who is preparing a Biography of the Graduates of the College and their Homes, and earnestly asks it? Thanking you for the kindness I am sure you will give, I enclose the address –

E. E. Dickinson –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: *YUL Gazette* (1931). | The *Biographical Record of Amherst College* for the years 1821–1871 was published in 1883, edited by W. L. Montague, with the assistance of E. P. Crowell and W. S. Biscoe.

1006.*To Eudocia Flynt, about 1882*

With the sweetest of thanks for the prompt and earnest reply, and the proffer of any service within my tender power,

I am

Eliza's Playmate –

Prof Crowell entrusts his thanks –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: JL763.

1007.*To James D. Clark, about October 1882*

Dear friend,

Perhaps Affection has always one question more which it forgot to ask.

I thought it possible you might tell me if our lost one had Brother or Sister.

I knew he once had a Mother, for when he first came to see me, there was Black with his Hat. "Some one has died" I said. "Yes –" he said – "his Mother."

"Did you love her", I asked – He replied with his deep "Yes." I felt too that perhaps you, or the one you confidingly call "our Charlie," might know if his Children were near him at last, or if they grieved to lose that most sacred Life. Do you know do they resemble him? I hoped that "Willie" might, to whom he clung so tenderly. How irreparable should there be no perpetuation of a nature so treasured! ~~Whi~~ Please forgive the requests which I hope have not wearied you, except as bereavement always wearies.

The sharing a sorrow never lessens, but when a Balm departs, the Plants that nearest grew have a grieved significance and you cherished my friend. My Sister gives her love to you. We hope you are more strong.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 715. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Wadsworth first visited ED about 1860; his mother died October 1, 1859. | “our Charlie” = James’s brother, Charles H. Clark.

1008.

To Otis Lord, mid- to late October 1882

Draft

I know you [section cut away] acutely weary, yet cannot refrain from taxing you with an added smile – and a pang in it – Was it to him the Thief cried “Lord remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom,” and is it to us that he replies, “This Day thou shalt be with me in Paradise”?

The Propounder of Paradise must indeed possess it – Antony’s remark to a friend, “since Cleopatra died” is said to be the saddest ever lain in Language – That engulfing “Since” –

Note: AC 741. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Incomplete fair copy, from two mutilated fragments and a leaf of the same stationery (ED repeats “from taxing you”; not repeated here). | ED quotes the exchange between Jesus and the thief crucified beside him (Luke 23:42) and quotes from *Antony and Cleopatra*.

1009.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, late October 1882

“Sanctuary Privileges” for Ned, as he is unable to attend –

The Bible is an antique Volume –
 Written by faded Men
 At the suggestion of Holy Spectres –
 Subjects – Bethlehem –
 Eden – the ancient Homestead –
 Satan – the Brigadier –
 Judas – the Great Defaulter –
 David – the Troubadour –
 Sin – a distinguished Precipice
 Others must resist –
 Boys that “believe” are very lonesome –

Other Boys are “lost” –
 Had but the Tale a warbling Teller –
 All the Boys would come –
 Orpheu’s Sermon captivated –
 It did not condemn –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B165). Pencil. Publication: *LL*. | Ned was unable to attend his cousin Isabelle’s wedding in Michigan, October 25. | M 636, Fr1577.

1010.

To Gilbert Dickinson, late October 1882

Poor Little Gentleman, and so revered –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B104). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Susan wrote to Ned from Michigan, saying she was anxious about Gilbert; apparently, he had the croup.

1011.

To Ellen Augusta Mather, about 1882

Dear friend,

It is “Weeks off” as little Dombey said, since you sent me the lovely flowers,
 but Memory is the Sherry Flower not allowed to wilt –

I hope you may never be ill – Should you, I trust some Hand as fair may refresh
 your faintness –

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 26. Pencil. Publication: JL764. ED quotes the same phrase from Dickens’ *Dombey and Son* in L1145.

1012.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about November 10, 1882

I send My own, two answers – Not one of them so spotless nor so strong as
 her’s – Sinew and Snow in one –

Thank her for all the promise – I shall perhaps need it –

Thank her dear power for having come,

An Avalanche of Sun!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B188). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Todd's diary indicates that Susan and Mattie returned on November 10 from their three-week visit to Michigan.

1013.

To Otis Lord, November 11, 1882

Draft

Door either, after you have entered, nor any Window, except in the Chimney, and if Folks knock at the Grass, the Grass can let them in. I almost wish it would, sometimes – with reverence I say it. That was a big – sweet Story – the number of times that “Little Phil” read his Letter, and the not so many, that Papa read his, but I am prepared for falsehood.

On subjects of which we know nothing, or should I say Beings – is “Phil” a “Being” or a “Theme,” we both believe and disbelieve a hundred times an Hour, which keeps Believing nimble.

But how can “Phil” have one opinion and Papa another – I thought the Rascals were inseparable – “but there again,” as Mr New Bedford Eliot used to say, “I may be mistaken.”

Papa has still many Closets that Love has never ransacked. I do – do want you tenderly – The Air is soft as Italy, but when it touches me, I spurn it with a Sigh, because it is not you. The Wanderers came last Night. Austin says they are brown as Berries and as noisy as Chipmunks, and feels his solitude much invaded, as far as I can learn. These dislocations of privacy among the Privateers amuse me very much, but “the Heart knoweth its own” Whim – and in Heaven they neither woo nor are given in wooing – what an imperfect place!

Mrs Dr Stearns called to know if we didnt think it very shocking for Butler to “liken himself to his Redeemer,” but we thought Darwin had thrown “the Redeemer” away. Please excuse the wandering writing – Sleeplessness makes my Pencil stumble – Affection clogs it – too – Our Life together was long forgiveness on your part toward me. The trespass of my rustic Love upon your Realms of Ermine, only a Sovereign could forgive – I never knelt to other – The Spirit never twice alike, but every time another – that other more divine. Oh, had I found it sooner! Yet Tenderness has not a Date – it comes –and overwhelms.

The time before it was – was naught, so why establish it? And all the time to come it is, which abrogates the time.

Note: AC 742a-e. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Fair copy. | Wanderers = Susan and Mattie, upon their return from Michigan; Austin's diary confirms the unseasonably warm weather. | The November 8, 1882, *SR* reported that, on being elected governor of Massachusetts, Benjamin J. Butler addressed a crowd in Boston, asking, “Do you read the scriptures, and if you do have you read therein that the stone which the builders rejected, the same has become the head of the corner”—quoting a passage repeated in Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

1014.

To Elizabeth Holland, November 16, 1882

The dear Mother that could not walk, has flown. It never occurred to us that though she had not Limbs, she had Wings – and she soared from us unexpectedly as a summoned Bird – She had a few weeks since a violent cold, though so had we all, but our's recovered apparently, her's seemed more reluctant – but her trusted Physician was with her, who returned her to us so many times when she thought to go, and he felt no alarm – After her cough ceased she suffered much from neuralgic pain, which as nearly as we can know, committed the last wrong – She seemed entirely better the last Day of her Life and took Lemonade – Beef Tea and Custard with a pretty ravenousness that delighted us. After a restless Night, complaining of great weariness, she was lifted earlier than usual from her Bed to her Chair, when a few quick breaths and a “Don't leave me, Vinnie” and her sweet being closed. That the one we have cherished so softly so long, should be in that great Eternity without our simple Counsels, seems frightened and foreign, but we hope that our Sparrow has ceased to fall, though at first we believe nothing – Thank you for the Love – I was sure whenever I lost my own I should find your Hand –

The Clover you brought me from Father's Grave, Spring will sow on Mother's – and she carried Violets in her hand to encourage her –

Remember me to your Annie and Kate. Tell them I envy them their Mother. “Mother”! What a Name!

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (72). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Emily Norcross Dickinson died in the early morning of Tuesday, November 14; her funeral was held on the 16th. See L633 for first mention of the clover.

1015.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about November 16, 1882

The last Gift on which my fleeing Mother looked, was Mrs Hills' little Bird – I trust this Morning, a Bird herself, she requires no Symbol –

Note: Private collection. AC B12 F14. Photocopy. Publication: *JL778*.

1016.*To Maria Whitney, mid-November 1882*

Tuesday –

Sweet friend,

Our Mother ceased –

While we bear her dear form through the Wilderness, I am sure you are with us.

Emily.

Note: P, Clements / Ryerson Collection. Pencil. Publication: L (1894).

1017.*To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, mid-November? 1882*

Dear Nellie,

I cannot resist your sweet appeal, though the departure of our Mother is so bleak a surprise, we are both benumbed – for the Doctor assured us she was recovering and only the Night before she died, she was happy and hungry and ate a little Supper I made her with such enthusiasm I laughed with delight, and told her she was as hungry as Dick –

Wondering with sorrow, how we could spare our lost Neighbors, our first Neighbor, our Mother, quietly stole away –

So unobtrusive was it, so utterly unexpected, that she almost died with Vinnie alone before one could be called – Amid these foreign Days the thought of you is homelike, for you were peculiarly gentle to her for whom service has ceased.

The last Token but one, on which her dear Eyes looked, was the Grapes from you. The very last, a little Bird from thoughtful Mrs Hills.

Grapes and Birds, how typic, for was she not on her sweet way to a frostless Land?

Plundered of her dear face, we scarcely know each other, and feel as if wrestling with a Dream, waking would dispel.

Thank you for every sweetness to her and to us and please to thank your Husband for the lovely desire to honor her for the last time, and Alice and Nettie too, for many a little Banquet she was indebted to them – Thank them with a kiss.

I hope you are stronger than you were, and that all is safe in your unspeakable Home –

Oh, Vision of Language –

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.4. Pencil. Publication: JL782. | Alice and Nettie were Nellie and J. Howard Sweetser's daughters.

1018.*To Otis Lord, November 19, 1882**Draft*

The celestial Vacation of writing you after an interminable Term of four Days I can scarcely express. My Head was so sick when I woke this morning that I feared I could'nt meet Tom, though how did I know that the dear necessity at that particular moment existed? And more afraid, that should it, I could'nt respond tonight, and a Night is so long, and it snowing too, another barrier to Hearts that overleap themselves. Emily "Jumbo"! Sweetest name, but I know a sweeter – Emily Jumbo Lord – Have I your approval?

Tim's suspicions however will be allayed, for I have thinner Paper, which can elude the very elect, if it undertake.

Note: AC 748. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Fair copy. Drafted, canceled letter (perhaps to Alfred Norcross) later written on another page of this sheet. | It snowed during the week of ED's mother's death.

1019.*To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson, after November 19, 1882*

That's the Little Girl I always meant to be, but was'nt – The very Hat I always meant to wear, but did'nt and the attitude toward the Universe, so precisely my own, that I feel very much, as if I were returning Elisha's Horses, or the Vision of John at Patmos –

Emily –

Note: Missing. Publication: *FF* (with facsimile)—our source copy. Mattie sent her aunt a photograph endorsed "Mattie Dickinson, 19 November 1882."

1020.*To Mary Adelaide and Henry Hills, late November 1882*

Dear friends,

Even the simplest solace, with a loved aim, has a heavenly quality.

Emily –

Note: Private collection. AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: *L* (1894). | According to Bianchi (*LL*), a version of this note was sent to S. Dickinson (lost).

1021.

To Joseph K. Chickering, late November 1882

Dear friend,

I do not know the depth of my indebtedness. Sorrow, benighted with Fathoms, cannot find it's Mind.

Thank you for assisting us. We were timidly grateful.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 797. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Chickering had taught at AC since 1873; he is said to have been especially kind at the time of Emily Norcross Dickinson's death. Endorsed: "After her Mother's death."

1022.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late November 1882

Transcribed E. Gilman

Dear Cousins

I hoped to write you before but Mother's dying almost stunned my spirit. I have answered a few inquiries of love, but written little intuitively. She was scarcely the Aunt you knew – The great mission of Pain had been satisfied – cultivated to tenderness by persistent sorrow so that a larger Mother died than had she died before.

There was no earthly parting – She slipped from our fingers like a flake gathered by the wind and is now part of the drift called "the Infinite" We don't know where she is, tho' so many people tell us.

I believe we shall be in some manner cherished by our Maker – that the One who gave us this remarkable earth has the power still further to surprise that which he has caused. Beyond that, all is silence. She had an easy chair with a little dash [?] where she kept her feet when she was sitting up. Nothing solaced her feet but the Milwaukee shoes and the faithful pair so grievous Vinnie has lain them away.

She was enamoured of Cologne above all myrrhs that grew & the half finished bottle you sent her at Christmas cheered her to the end. "A little cologne" was one of her pleas the last night of her life. I was always elated when she asked it for that I knew how to do – & many of sicknesses ministrations were beyond my skill.

She was very beautiful when she had died – Seraphs are solemn artists. The illumination which comes but once passed upon her features & it seemed like hiding a picture to lay her in the grave. But the grass that received my Father will suffice his guest – the one he asked at the altar to visit him all his life. I cannot tell how Eternity seems. It wraps around me like a sea while I do my work.

Thank you for remembering us. “Remembered” is a mighty word “Thou gavest it me from the foundation of the world!”

Lovingly

Emily.

Note: Private hands, Jerome McGann. Publication: White, “Letter to the Light.” | Letter transcribed from around 1900 by Elizabeth D. W. Gilman—as reported by Melissa White (2007). The Gilman TS differs from that by Frances (used as the basis for earlier publications) in words, punctuation, paragraph structure, and two passages that Frances omitted. The question mark after “dash” is Gilman’s. | ED paraphrases John 17:24.

1023.

To James D. Clark, late 1882

Dear friend,

It pains us very much that you have been more ill. We hope you may not be suffering now. Thank you for speaking so earnestly when our Mother died – We have spoken daily of writing you, but have felt unable. The great attempt to save her Life had it been successful, would have been fatigues – but failing, strength forsook us.

No Verse in the Bible has frightened me so much from a Child as “from him that hath not, shall be taken even that he hath.” Was it because it’s dark menace deepened our own Door? You speak as if you still missed your Mother. I wish we might speak with you. As we bore her dear form through the Wilderness, Light seemed to have stopped –

Her dying feels to me like many kinds of Cold – at times electric, at times numbing – then a trackless waste, Love has never trod.

The Letter from the skies, which accompanied your’s, was indeed a Boon – A Letter always seemed to me like Immortality, for is it not the Mind alone, without corporeal friend?

I hope you may tell us that you are better –

Thank you for much kindness.

The friend Anguish reveals is the slowest forgot.

E. Dickinson. –

Note: AC 717. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). The enclosed letter may have been from Wadsworth. ED quotes from Mark 4:25.

1024.

To Emily Fowler Ford, about late November 1882

Dear friend,

The little Book will be subtly cherished –

All we secure of Beauty is it's Evanescences. Thank you for recalling us,

Earnestly,

Emily –

Note: AC 805. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Ford sent Susan and Austin an inscribed copy of her poems, *My Recreations* (1872), dated November 19, 1882.

1025.

To Otis Lord, December 3, 1882

Draft
Sunday.

What if you are writing! Oh, for the power to look, yet were I there, I would not, except you invited me – reverence for each other being the sweet Aim. I have written you, Dear, so many Notes since receiving one, it seems like writing a Note to the Sky – yearning and replyless – but Prayer has not an answer and yet how many pray! While Others go to Church, I go to mine, for are not you my Church, and have we not a Hymn that no one knows but us?

I hope your “Thanksgiving” was not too lonely, though if it were a little, Affection must not be displeased.

•Sue• sent me a lovely Banquet of Fruit, which I sent to a dying Irish Girl in our neighborhood – That was my Thanksgiving. Those that die seem near me because I lose my own.

Not all my own, thank God, a darling “own” remains – more darling than I name.

The Month in which our Mother died, closed it's Drama Thursday, and I cannot conjecture a form of Space without her timid face – Speaking to you as I feel, Dear, without that Dress of Spirit must be worn for most, Courage is quite changed.

Your Sorrow was in Winter – One of our's in June and the other, November, and my Clergyman passed from Earth in Spring, but Sorrow brings it's own chill – Seasons do not warm it. You said with loved timidity in asking me to your dear Home, you would “try not to make it unpleasant” – so delicate a diffidence, how beautiful to see! I do not think a Girl extant has so divine a Modesty.

You even call me to your Breast with apology! Of what must my poor Heart be made?

That the one for whom Modesty is felt, himself should feel it sweetest and ask his own with such a grace, is beloved reproach. The tender Priest of Hope need not allure his Offering – 'tis on his Altar ere he asks – I hope you wear your Furs today – Those and the love of me, will keep you sweetly warm, though the Day is bitter. The love I feel for you, I mean, your own for me a treasure I still keep

Note: AC 749. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Fair copy. | Thanksgiving fell on November 30 in 1882; ED writes on the following Sunday. | Someone erased "Sue" and wrote in "Lou."

1026.

To Joseph K. Chickering, between November 29 and mid-December 1882

Dear friend,

Thank you for being willing to see me, but may I defer so rare a pleasure till you come again? Grief is a sable introduction, but a vital one, and I deem that I knew you long since through your shielding thought. I hope you may have an electrical absence, as Life never loses its startlingness, however assailed – "seen of Angels" only, an enthralling Aim –

Thank you for the kindness, the fervor of a stranger the latest forgot –

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 798. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | The AC Thanksgiving Recess began November 29, but Chickering may have deferred leaving until the end of fall term, December 19. | ED quotes 1 Timothy 3:16.

1027.

To Mary Ingersoll Cooper, December 1882

Dear friend –

Thank you for the very sweet Message which you sent me in November, though I did not reply till Today –

The Biography of the Blossom might perhaps endear it –

It was sent to me by your Mother, after the Village Fire – and "Mother," to me, is so sacred a name, I take even that of the "Seraphim" with less hallowed significance –

E. Dickinson –

with love –

Note: AC 20. Pencil. Publication: *JL* 789.

1028.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about December 1882

Dear Sue –

With the exception of Shakespeare, you have told me of more knowledge than any one living – To say that sincerely is strange praise –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #757; photostat H 1118.5 (B2). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

1029.

To Elizabeth Holland, about December 19, 1882

Dear Sister –

I have thought of you with confiding Love, but to speak seemed taken from me – Blow has followed blow, till the wondering terror of the Mind clutches what is left, helpless of an accent –

You have spared so much and so patiently, it seems as if some seraphic Armor must have shielded you –

Mother has now been gone five Weeks – We should have thought it a long Visit, were she coming back – Now the “Forever” thought almost shortens it, as we are nearer rejoining her than her own return – We were never intimate Mother and Children while she was our Mother – but Mines in the same Ground meet by tunneling and when she became our Child, the Affection came. When we were Children and she journeyed, she always brought us something. Now, would she bring us but herself, what an only Gift – Memory is a strange Bell – Jubilee, and Knell. I hope your Home with the new Children is a Place of Peace, and believe it to be from Austin’s Story – The Port of Peace has many Coves, though the main entrance cease – I hope the large sons are docile to their little Mother, whose commands are Balm – I had written to Kate, but ere mailing the note that great difference came, and to find it would be to open a Past that is safer closed –

Austin told of his Call with much warmth, and I trust the Sun is still shining there, though it is since Night.

I trust the new Home may remain untouched – Is God Love’s Adversary?
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (73). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Five weeks from ED’s mother’s death would be December 19; Austin visited Elizabeth in New York a month earlier, on November 22.

1030.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, before December 25, 1882

Please Excuse Santa Claus for calling so early, but Gentlemen 1882 years old are
a – little fearful of the Evening Air –
Sister –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B27). Pencil. Publication: *LL*.

1031.

To Elizabeth Holland, after December 25, 1882

Sweet Sister.

The lovely recollection – the thought of those that cannot “taste” – of one to whose faint Bed all Boons were brought before revealed, made the sweet Package mighty – It came so long it knows the way and almost comes itself, like Nature’s faithful Blossoms whom no one summons but themselves, Magics of Constancy – The Fiction of “Santa Claus” always reminds me of the reply to my early question of “Who made the Bible” – “Holy Men moved by the Holy Ghost,” and though I have now ceased my investigations, the Solution is insufficient –

Santa Claus, though illustrates – Revelation But a Book is only the Heart’s Portrait – every Page a Pulse – Thank you for the protecting words – The petit Shepherd would find us but a startled Flock, not an unloving one. Remember me to your Possessions, in whom I have a tender claim, and take sweet care of the small Life, fervor has made great – deathless as Emerson’s “Squirrel”. Vinnie gives her love and will write, if a Lady goes away who is calling here – Maggie prized your remembrance – Austin seldom calls – I am glad you were glad to see him – He visits rarely as Gabriel –

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (74). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | ED’s “Holy Men moved by the Holy Ghost” alludes to 2 Peter 1:21. Emerson’s “squirrel” appears in his “Fable.”

1032.

To Sarah Tuckerman, early January 1883

The presence in Life of so sweet an one is of itself Fortune – a covert wealth of spirit I shall not disclose.

I have taken all the naughty Boys and Vinnie the Navy.
 What lovely conceits!
 Then the little Smyrna in the Dish – how tiny – how affecting – though the
 Heart in the rear not tiny –
 Oh no – Vast as the Sea – To caress it's Billows is our liquid aim.
 Emily,
 With love –

Note: AC 44. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Endorsed “Emilie Dickinson Jan 1883.”

1033.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, early January 1883

Dear Nellie,

The Christmas sweetness comes – sweeter for the straying, as the Bible joyously
 says of it's Truant, “This was lost and is found.”

Thank you for the Symbol – it is belovedly beautiful – though may I deem it
 less than the inditing Heart?

As friends who take “the Light” at Night, look back with “Happy Dreams,” and
 come no more till Morning, their Night a tender Fiction, “He giveth our Beloved
 Sleep,” but does he add a Dream, and one more beggary of Love, is it sometimes
 of us? Thank you,

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.6. Pencil. Publication: JL796. | ED alludes to Luke 15:24 and to
 Psalms 127:2.

1034.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about early January 1883

Dear friend,

We often say “how beautiful”! But when we mean it, we can mean no more – a
 Dream personified – E –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: *L* (1894).

1035.

To Sarah Jenkins, January 13, 1883

I omitted the Snow on the Roof, distrusting the premonition –
Emily.

Note: Private collection. Pencil. Publication: *FN*. Sold at Skinner's 2013. Digital copy online; catalog says sent with a tiny sketch of Amherst. | On January 13, Austin took the train to Pittsfield to visit the Jenkinsons.

1036.

To Joseph K. Chickering, January 1883

Dear friend.

I had hoped to see you, but have no grace to talk, and my own Words so chill and burn me, that the temperature of other Minds is too new an Awe –

We shun it ere it comes,
Afraid of Joy,
Then sue it to delay
And lest it fly,
Beguile it more and more,
May not this be
Old Suitor Heaven,
Like our dismay at thee?

Earnestly,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 799. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Chickering had not succeeded in seeing ED at Christmas; she apparently invited him to contact her on his return. | M 727, Fr1595. Only copy.

1037.

To Elizabeth Holland, early 1883

Dear friend,

We were very sorrowful for the illness of the Gentleman with the long name, and it must have been a bleak Holiday for your loved Kate – Would it be chivalrous to say, we rejoice it was “Bleeker”? And for Katrina's Eyes, Camoens is sorry –

We hope “Mr – Bridegroom” is better, as Gilbert calls those sacred ones, and that the Eyes relent – May it not be the glazed Light which the snows make, for with us they are falling always now, and the last is faithful for three Days, an inclement constancy –

Could I thank you for all the sweetness at once, it would deprive me of the joy of thanking you again, which I so much covet – Of the Christmas Munificence two Acorns remain – Those I shall save for Seed, and I know they will bloom by another Christmas – Mother’s Christmas Gift of another Life, is just as stupendous to us now, as the Morning it came – All other Surprise is at last monotonous, but the Death of the Loved is all moments – now – Love has but one Date – “The first of April” “Today, Yesterday, and Forever” –

“Can Trouble dwell with April Days”? “Of Love that never found it’s earthly close, what sequel”? Both in the same Book – in the same Hymn – Excuse your Mourning Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (75). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Punning references are to Bleecker Van Wagenen, Kate Holland’s husband. | Wadsworth died April 1, 1882. | ED alludes to Barrett Browning’s poem “Catarina to Camoens” and quotes from Tennyson’s *In Memoriam* and *Love and Duty*.

1038.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, February 1883

No Brigadier throughout the year
 So civic as the Jay,
 A Neighbor and a Warrior too –
 With shrill felicity
 Subduing Winds that censure us
 A February Day –
 The Brother of the Universe
 Was never blown away –
 The Snow and he are intimate –
 I’ve often seen them play
 When Heaven looked upon us all
 With such severity
 I felt apology were due to an insulted Sky
 Whose pompous frown was Nutriment
 To their temerity –
 The Pillow of this daring Head
 Is pungent Evergreens –
 His Larder – terse and militant –

Unknown – refreshing things –
 His character a Tonic,
 His Future a Dispute –
 Unfair an Immortality
 That leaves this Neighbor out –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (294). Pencil. Publication: AM (1891). | In a retained copy, ED refers to “A January,” not February, day. | M 641, Fr1596. Sent to Higginson (1883).

1039.

To Elizabeth Holland, February 1883

Dear Sister.

Thank you for the glimpse – The Faces are delightful –
 Had I imagined Annie’s friend, he looks as I believed.
 The other two surprised me – Ted’s, by the boyishness.

I looked for an Octogenarian flavor in a Graduate – and perhaps Austin’s assurance that he wore the Supreme Court Judge’s Coat, aided the delusion. The Eyes are the Father’s – though why so stealthy – but the Mother’s Mouth – Where to flatter is truth, what respite for flattery? The other Face is deep and sweet, a lovely Face to sit by in Life’s Mysterious Boat – I hope the missing Health is rapidly returning – and grieve that any faintness should waste your second Home –

It acclimates our thought of you to see your Noble Sons –
 If the Spirits are fair as the Faces “Nothing is here for Tears” –
 May I present your Portrait to your Sons in Law?

To see her is a Picture –
 To hear her is a Tune –
 To know her an Intemperance
 As innocent as June –
 To know her not – Affliction –
 To own her for a Friend
 A warmth as near as if the Sun
 Were shining in your Hand – Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (76). Pencil. Publication: LH. | Elizabeth had sent photographs of her son Theodore and her two sons-in-law. | ED quotes “Nothing is here for tears” from Milton’s *Samson Agonistes*. | M 642, Fr1597. Poem also in 1883 abandoned letter to unknown (L1047).

1040.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid- to late February 1883?

Will Susan lend Emily a little more Alchimy in exchange for a Hyacinth in prospective, and excuse Sister's predilection to a Cold?

The little Vial I still have, labeled "Merc. Sol, Hahn" –

Thanking, always,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B29). Pencil. Publication: JL799. | Merc. sol Hahn stands for *Mercurius solubilis* Hahnemann, a homeopathic mercurial preparation first devised by Samuel Hahnemann as a substitute for the corrosive mercurial salts used to treat syphilis, later used as tablets against cough, cold, and flu.

1041.

To Joel Warren Norcross, early 1883?

Draft

. . . home she is rested and pleased Thank you for loving her and please to tell my Cousins how beautiful she was – We hope you are having a lovely Winter and think of with new peace in the warmth ^Home^ of your Daughter – Accept our love for them and a kiss for the little Grand Boy – Vinnie received the paper – and ~~was much interested~~ – thanks you very much ~~It was very interesting~~ How it would interest mother, each of us exclaimed – I know you will remember her with never ceasing love – She never seemed elderly to us and we think of her in a sweet prime we can scarcely express –

Vinnie gives her love –

mother's Brother

Good night

Note: AC 748a. Pencil. Publication: NEQ (1955). On the verso of a draft to Otis Lord; ED omits word after "think of." | The "paper" may refer to a two-volume *History and Genealogy of the Norcross Family*, which Norcross published in 1882. Daughter and "Grand Boy" are Anna Jones Norcross and Lewis (or Louis) William Swett, born in California October 2, 1880.

1042.

To Forrest F. Emerson, about late February 1883

A Blossom perhaps is an introduction, to whom – none can infer –

Note: Private hands; previously Oresman Collection. TS from digital copy. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Emerson was already fulfilling some duties in Rhode Island but did not move permanently to take up his new position at the United Congregational Church at Newport until March.

1043.

To James D. Clark, late February or early March 1883

To thank you is impossible, because your Gifts are from the Sky, more precious than the Birds, because more disembodied. I can only express my rejoiced surprise by the phrase in the Scripture "And I saw the Heavens opened." I am speechlessly grateful for a friend who also was my friend's, and can scarcely conceal my eagerness for that warbling Silence. The Page to which I opened, showed me first these Words – "I have had a Letter from another World."

Fathoms are sudden Neighbors.

Ignorant till your Note, that our President's dying had defrauded you, we are grieved anew, and hasten to offer you our sorrow.

We shall make Mrs Chadbourne's acquaintance in flowers, after a few Days. "Displeasure" would be a morose word toward a friend so earnest and we only fear when you delay, that you feel more ill. Allow us to hear the Birds for you, should they indeed come –

E – D –

Note: AC 718. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Clark sent ED either a posthumously published volume of Wadsworth's last sermons or a printed memorial of Wadsworth. Paul A. Chadbourne, president of Massachusetts Agricultural College, died February 23, 1883. | ED quotes from Revelation 19:11.

1044.

To Elizabeth Holland, March 3, 1883

Were not the Faces too lovely, I should say the remembrance were lovelier, but a perilous chivalry being involved, I regard the limitude – Annie looks the pathetic Squirrel that she always was and Kate a questioning Dove –

Her question however is answered now – Please tell her from me –

The Clock strikes one that just struck two –

Some schism in the Sum –

A vagabond from Genesis

Has wrecked the Pendulum –

The instant acquiescence was delightfully hearty – the suddenness of a tenderness making it more sweet –

Thank the Suggester and the Enacter, and once more, please, a little news of the ill Linnet – We trust Mr – Van Wagner retakes his fleeing Health – Should suggest a Policeman, and that Kate found Flowers and wonder in the Sweet Land – March is three Days with me, but his Face is so unbecoming still, I don't show him to Strangers.

With love for each, and a shy smile at the new Brethren,
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (77). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Elizabeth sent photographs of her daughters; she had suffered a recent rheumatic attack. | M 642, Fr1598. Sent to S. Tuckerman (1883) and S. Bowles IV (1884). The Tuckerman letter-poem (substantively identical to this version) is not included in this edition because the poem already appears in full twice.

1045.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1883

By homely gifts and hindered words
The human heart is told
Of nothing –
“Nothing” is the force
That renovates the World –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (241). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | M 728, Fr1611. Only copy.

1046.

To Elizabeth Holland, early March 1883

Dear friends.

The “Birds” preceded the Reprimand, which modified it's chastening –

By some divine contingency that strayed to Austin's Box, which deferred it's rancor till fortified by Birds, we had grown impervious – Orthography always baffled me, and to “Ns” I had an especial aversion, as they always seemed unfinished M's. Will dear Mrs “Van Wagenen” excuse me for taking her portentous name in vain? I can best express my contrition in the words of the Prayer of a Clergyman I heard when a Child – “Oh thou who sittest upon the Apex of the Cherubim, look down upon this, thine unworthy Terrapin”! The dear Birds and their Donor

will accept our love for the untiring Sweetness – To never forget to be gracious is Remembrance' most touching Ornament –

The Health that omits to mention itself, we trust is so culpable only because it is better, and hope that Annie's Walk on the Water was a pedestrian success – With memory for each, what sweeter shelter than the Hearts² of such a hallowed Household!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (78). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. ED canceled the apostrophe after "Hearts" in the final sentence. | Elizabeth corrected ED's misspelling of Bleecker Van Wagenen (the "Rep-rimand") and returned as a gift the photographs of her daughters (the "Birds"), which ED had returned. Austin was in New York on March 7 and likely delivered this letter. | Annie and her husband were about to sail for Europe. | A partial early draft of this letter survives (AC 471a).

1047.

To unknown, about March 11, 1883

Draft

Dear friend,

I dream of your little Girl three successive Nights – I hope nothing affronts her –

To see her is a Picture –
 To hear her is a Tune –
 To know her, a disparagement of every other Boon –
 To know her not, Affliction –
 To own her for a Friend
 A warmth as near as if the Sun
 Were shining in your Hand –

Lest she miss her "Squirrels," I send her little Playmates I met in Yesterday's Storm – the lovely first that came –

Forever honored be the Tree whose Apple winter-worn –
 Enticed to Breakfast from the Sky
 Two Gabriels Yester Morn –
 They registered in Nature's Book
 As Robins, Sire and Son,
 But Angels have that modest way
 To screen them from renown –

Note: AC 767. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Possibly intended for Todd, whose daughter Millicent was three. On leaf 4 of her sheet, ED drafts in pencil a letter with similar probable reference to the storm of March 9–10 (JL, PF28):

Dear friends

I cannot tint in Carbon nor embroider Brass, but send you a homespun rustic picture I certainly saw Saturday in ^at^ the ~~hight~~ of the ~~storm~~ terrific storm [*in margin:*] awful storm Please excuse my needlework –

If you have any doubt as to its Authenticity I sent Oats to the same Guests by the man at the Barn and received their Acknowledgements –

“Thomas Niles” is written on this page in ink, with handwriting in a different direction. “To see her”: M 642, Fr1597. Sent to E. Holland (1883). “Forever honored”: M 643, Fr1600. Sent to E. Holland (1883). Also begins “Forever cherished.”

From Thomas Niles to Emily Dickinson, March 13, 1883

13 March 1883

Dear Miss Dickinson

I do not hear anything about the Life of George Eliot by M^r Cross—at least only rumors that he is at work upon it.

We shall publish on Saturday a life of her by Mathilde Blind wh. will be worth your reading.

I shall be glad at any time to answer your inquiries

Very truly

T. Niles

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL813a. | Roberts Brothers published Blind's *Life of George Eliot* on March 17, and Niles sent ED a copy.

1048.

To James D. Clark, about March 15, 1883

Dear friend,

In these few Weeks of ignorance of you, we trust that you are growing stronger, and drawing near that sweet Physician, an approaching spring – for the Ear of the Heart hears Blue Birds already – those enthralling Signals. I could scarcely have believed, the Morning you called with Mr Brownell that I should eventually speak with you, and you only, with the exception of my Sister, of my dearest Earthly friend, though the great confidences of Life are first disclosed by their departure – and I feel that I ceaselessly ought to thank you, were it not indelicate. Our Household is scarcely larger than your's – Vinnie and I, and two Servants, composing our simple Realm, though my Brother is with us so often each Day, we almost forget that he ever passed to a wedded Home – I wish I could show you the Hyacinths

that embarrass us by their loveliness, though to cower before a flower is perhaps unwise – but Beauty is often timidity – perhaps oftener – pain –

A soft “Where is she” is all that is left of our loved Mother, and thank you for all you told us of your’s – Please remember me to the Brother who loved my lost friend –

Faithfully,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 719. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Mar 16 2AM.

1049.

To Thomas Niles, mid-March 1883

Dear friend.

I bring you a chill Gift – My Cricket, and the Snow – A base return indeed, for the delightful Book, which I infer from you, but an earnest one –

Further in Summer than the Birds –
 Pathetic from the Grass
 A minor Nation celebrates
 It’s unobtrusive Mass –
 No Ordinance be seen –
 So gradual the Grace
 A pensive Custom it becomes –
 Enlarging Loneliness.

Antiquiest felt at Noon
 When August burning low
 Arise this Spectral Canticle
 Repose to typify –
 Remit as yet no Grace –
 No furrow on the Glow –
 Yet a Druidic Difference
 Enhances Nature now –

With thanks,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 831. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 534, Fr895. Sent to Vanderbilt (1865), Higginson (1866), Todd (1883), and Norcrosses (lost, perhaps 1865). Repeatedly referred to as her “Cricket.” | Enclosure: “It sifts from Leaden Sieves –” (“the Snow”).

1050.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, March 1883

News is He of all the others –
 Bold it were to die
 With the Blue Birds buccaneering
 On his British Sky –

March –

Note: AC 786. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | Last four lines (of twelve or thirteen), “We like March.”: M 554, Fr1194. Sent to S. Dickinson (1871).

1051.

To Elizabeth Holland, March 1883

We wont fatigue the Fairy Scribe with a farther Letter, but only ask that question small, ever to us so great, how is the Mama? We hope the March Winds may not find her in her dear Retreat, for their ferocious ways would certainly appall her –

We trust the lovely Invalid is growing every Day, not in Grace but Vigor, the latter Foliage needed more –

I have seen one Bird and part of another – probably the last, for Gibraltar’s Feathers would be dismayed by this savage Air – beautiful, too, ensnaring – as Spring always is.

“Though he slay me, yet will I trust him,[”] Commending the Birds of which I spoke, to your Hearts and Crumbs,

Lovingly,

Emily –

Forever honored be the Tree
 Whose Apple Winterworn
 Enticed to Breakfast from the Sky
 Two Gabriels Yestermorn –
 They registered in Nature’s Book
 As Robins – Sire and Son –
 But Angels have that modest way
 To screen them from Renown –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (79). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | ED alludes to 2 Peter 3:18 and quotes Job 13:15. | M 643, Fr1600.

From Thomas Niles to Emily Dickinson, March 31, 1883

31 March 1883

My dear Miss Dickinson

I received the copy of "Curren, Ellis & Acton Bells Poems." I already have a copy of a later Ed. which contains all of these and additional poems by Ellis & Acton.

Surely you did not mean to present me with your copy—if you did, I thank you heartily, but in doing so I must add that I would not for the world rob you of this very rare book, of which this is such a nice copy.

If I may presume to say so, I will take instead a M.S. collection of your poems, that is, if you want to give them to the world through the medium of a publisher

Very truly yours

T. Niles

I return the precious little volume by mail.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL813b. | Rather than a MS of her poems, ED probably sent "Before you thought of Spring" (which she refers to in L1058 as "the Bird"), not "No Brigadier throughout the Year," as previously speculated.

1052.

To Sarah Jenkins, early spring 1883

Nature's Buff message – left for you in Amherst.

She had not time to call – You see her Father and my Father were Brothers –
Emily.

Note: Robert H. Taylor. B6, F23. Pencil. Publication: FN. | Apparently sent with pussy willows.

1053.

To Maria Whitney, early spring 1883

Transcribed Todd

Dear friend,

The guilt of having sent the note had so much oppressed me that I hardly dared to read the reply, and delayed my heart almost to its stifling, sure you would never receive us again. To come unto our own and our own fail to receive us, is a sere response.

I hope you may forgive us.

All is faint indeed without our vanished mother – who achieved in sweetness what she lost in strength – though grief of wonder at her fate, made the winter short; and each night I reach finds my lungs more breathless, seeking what it means.

To the bright east she flies,
 Brothers of Paradise
 Remit her home
 Without a change of wings
 Or Love's convenient things
 Enticed to come.

Fashioning what she is,
 Fathoming what she was,
 We deem we dream –
 And that dissolves the days
 Through which existence strays
 Homeless at home.

The sunshine almost speaks, this morning, redoubling the division, and Paul's remark grows graphic, 'the weight of glory.'

I am glad you have an hour for books, those enthralling friends, the Immortalities, perhaps, each may pre-receive. 'And I saw the Heavens opened.'

I hope that nothing pains you except the pang of Life, sweeter to bear than to omit.

With love and wonder,
 Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.21, 710. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes 2 Corinthians 4:17 and Revelation 19:11. | M 727, Fr1603. Only copy.

1054.

To Helen Hunt Jackson, about April 10, 1883

To be remembered what?
 Worthy to be forgot, is their renown –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: *BM*. Postmark: Palmer April 10. Said to have been sent with pressed bluebells. | "To be forgot by thee" (last three lines of twelve): M 643, Fr1601.

1055.

To Samuel Bowles IV, April 1883

To ask of each that gathered Life, Oh, where did it grow, is intuitive.
That you have answered this Prince Question to your own delight, is joy to us all –

Lad of Athens, faithful be
To thyself,
And Mystery –
All the rest is Perjury –

Please say with my tenderness to your Mother, I shall soon write her –
E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 713. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). Unaddressed but almost certainly to Bowles IV. | Bowles was celebrated as an independent journalist at a dinner of the Lotus Club in New York, April 13; his father's contribution to American journalism was also remembered. | M 643 Fr1606.

1056.

To Charles H. Clark, April 18, 1883

Dear friend,

Would it be possible you would excuse me if I once more inquire for the health of the Brother whom Association has made sacred?

With the trust that your own is impairless and that fear for your Brother has not too much depressed you, please accept the solicitude of myself, and my Sister.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 720. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: 18 April.

1057.

To Charles H. Clark, April 21, 1883

Dear friend.

The sorrowful tidings of your Note almost dissuade reply, lest I for one moment take you from your Brother's Bedside. I have delayed to tell my Sister till I hear again, fearing to newly grieve her, and hoping an encouraging word by another Mail.

Please be sure we are with you in sorrowing thought, and take your Brother's Hand for me, if it is still with you – Perhaps the one has called him, of whom we have so often talked during this grieved year –

With sympathy,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 721. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: 21 April.

1058.

To Thomas Niles, April 1883

Dear friend –

Thank you for the kindness.

I am glad if the Bird seemed true to you.

Please efface the others and receive these three, which are more like him – a Thunderstorm – a Humming Bird, and a Country Burial. The Life of Marian Evans had much I never knew – a Doom of Fruit without the Bloom, like the Niger Fig.

Her Losses make our Gains ashamed.

She bore Life's empty Pack

As gallantly as if the East

Were swinging at her Back –

Life's empty Pack is heaviest,

As every Porter knows –

In vain to punish Honey –

It only sweeter grows –

Note: AC 833. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 727, Fr1602. Sent to S. Dickinson beginning "His Losses." | Enclosures: "The Wind begun to rock the Grass" ("Thunderstorm"); "A Route of Evanescence," ("Humming Bird"); "Ample make this Bed –" ("Country Burial").

From Thomas Niles to Emily Dickinson, April 23, 1883

23 April 1883

My dear Miss Dickinson

I must apologize for neglecting to reply to yours enclosing some specimens of your poetry. You will excuse me, will you not, when I say that sickness & death compelled me to thrust other things one side for the time.

I am very much obliged to you for the three poems which I have read & reread with great pleasure, but which I have not consumed. I shall keep them unless you order me to do otherwise—in that case I shall as in duty bound obey

Yrs very truly

T. Niles

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL814a.

1059.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about 1883

With untold thanks, and the little Dish, founded while she was here, too late to overtake her, too small for her to sip, but her large Heart will excuse –

Emily –

with love –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Private hands; previously Oresman Collection. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | In L1065, ED asks for the recipe for bread Hills gave them in April; this may thank Hills for that bread.

1060.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late April 1883

Dear friend,

May I ask the delight in advance, of sending you the “Life of Mrs Cross” by her Husband, which the Papers promise for publication? I feared some other Pupil might usurp my privilege – Emblem is immeasurable – that is why it is better than Fulfillment, which can be drained –

Note: BPL 1093 (107). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED may have hoped that Cross’s life of Eliot was imminent, although it was not published until 1885—despite conflicting reports in the papers. Blind’s biography was released in March.

1061.

To Maria Whitney, April 25, 1883

Transcribed Todd

Dear friend.

Is not an absent friend as mysterious as a bulb in the ground, and is not a bulb the most captivating floral form? Must it not have enthralled the Bible, if we may infer from its selection? ‘The lily of the field’!

I never pass one without being chagrined for Solomon, and so in love with 'the lily' anew, that were I sure no one saw me, I might make those advances of which in after life I should repent.

The apple-blossoms were slightly disheartened, yesterday, by a snow-storm, but the birds encouraged them all that they could – and how fortunate that the little ones had come to cheer their damask brethren!

You spoke of coming 'with the apple-blossoms' – which occasioned our solicitude.

The ravenousness of fondness is best disclosed by children. Austin's little Gilbert burst in today, 'Oh Aunt Emily, I want something.' 'What shall it be?' I said with a kiss. 'Oh, everything,' he answered.

Is there not a sweet wolf within us that demands its food?

I can easily imagine your fondness for the little life so mysteriously committed to your care. The bird that asks our crumb has a plaintive distinction.

I rejoice that it was possible for you to be with it, for I think the early spiritual influences about a child are more hallowing than we know. The angel begins in the morning in every human life. How small the furniture of bliss! How scant the heavenly fabric!

No ladder needs the bird but skies
 To situate its wings,
 Nor any leader's grim baton
 Arraigns it as it sings.
 The implements of bliss are few –
 As Jesus says of Him,
 'Come unto me' the moiety
 That wafts the cherubim.

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.21, 705–706. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | In April 1883, it snowed only on the 24th. | Whitney's niece died in France May 14, 1882, leaving a one-month-old daughter. Whitney had been in Germany since 1880; she returned to the United States in October 1882 to care for the child with the help of her brother, Joseph Dwight Whitney. | M 728, Fr1605. Only copy.

1062.

To Elizabeth Holland, spring 1883

It was sweet to touch the familiar Hand that so long had led us – "Though thou walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will be with thee," you have taught us was no Exaggeration – How many times we have each crossed it, would

either of us dare to count, but we must bring no Twilight to one who lost her Dawn –

It is very dear you are better – you have had much struggle – That is the deepest illness –

The Birds are very bold this morning, and sing without a Crumb – “Meat that we know not of,” perhaps, slyly handed them – I used to spell the one by that name “Fee Bee” when a Child, and have seen no need to improve! Should I spell all the things as they sounded to me, and say all the facts as I saw them, it would send consternation among more than the “Fee Bees”!

Vinnie picked the Sub rosas, and handed them to me, in your wily Note.

Kisses for “Brooks of Sheffield” – Am glad Annie is well, and that Kate is sacred – Tell her with my love, “I give my Angels charge.” For the sweet Founder of the Fold, the bereft Madonna, more love than “we can ask or think” –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (80). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | For previous use of “Brooks of Sheffield” see L214 and 767. Elizabeth’s daughter Kate was pregnant. | ED quotes from four Bible passages: Psalms 23:4; John 4:32; Psalms 91:11; and Ephesians 3:20. For the quotation from Psalms 91, see L1228, 1229, and 1264.

1063.

To Charles H. Clark, May 1, 1883

Dear friend –

The temptation to inquire every Morning for your sufferer is almost irresistible, but our own Invalid taught us that a Sick Room is at times too sacred a place for a Friend’s knock, timid as that is.

I trust this sweet May Morning is not without it’s peace to your Brother and you, though the richest peace is of Sorrow. With constant and fervent Anxiousness, and the hope of an early Word, please be sure we share your suspense.

E. Dickinsons.

Note: AC 722. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: May 2 (received).

1064.

To Elizabeth Holland, early May 1883

Sister –

I received a Card a few Days since, saying that “as soon as the Weather permitted,” you would not be there. Has the Weather yet made those advances? Not

knowing where the Dear Ones are, I must cherish them heterogeniously till farther notice – Loving the Blest without Abode, this too can be learned –

I wish the dear Eyes would so far relent as to let you read “Emily Bronte” – more electric far than anything since “Jane Eyre”.

Napoleon of the Cross! Try and read a few lines at a time – and then a few more later – It is so so strange a strength, I must have you possess it – Our Cousin, Willie Dickinson, is dying at Saratoga, and the stricken Letters of his Wife reach us every Mail –

We have written to Willie not to be homesick because his Mother and our Father wouldn’t have stayed so long if it were not a lovely place – How deep this Life-time is – one guess at the Waters, and we are plunged beneath!

I send to your New York Home, hoping if you have fled, the Note may pursue you through some of Love’s Deputies, and am Emily, with Vinnie’s affection, and Maggie’s “respects.”

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (81). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | A. Mary F. Robinson’s biography of Emily Brontë was published April 15, 1883. William Hawley Dickinson died May 15.

1065.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about 1883

Draft

Some time when our dear Mrs Hills has an unoccupied moment tho aware that her innumerable company of Angels leave her very few of what are called so, will she please tell Vinnies sister how to make a little loaf of Cake like one she sent in April which is still a remembrance of nectar It was what Austin calls Loaf Cake and the Almanac calls raised Cake – Then Vinnie spied a Loaf of Bread at our lost neighbors, w which enthralled her – steamed Bran Brown Bread she thought it, from the same Hand – and lovelier the same Heart – could I know ^may I know^ the secret of that Though I desire crumbs for but a few Robins, they ~~must be supreme~~ desire supreme ones – Feel no haste dear friend – only some propitious sometime and ~~add to things of sweetness~~ teach us how to thank you too for a more thoughtful ^sacred^ act – the shaggy bloom dear friend and the Druidic odors still make us think of you ^remind us still of you –^

Forgive the white intrusion ’Twas natures and not mine

I hope you may not go – That you are near is sinew

With reverential remembrance

Note: AC 811. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). No copy of the requested recipe survives.

1066.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, early May 1883

Dear Nellie.

I have long been a Lunatic on Bulbs, though screened of my friends, as Lunacy on any theme is better undivulged, but Emerson's intimacy with his "Bee" only immortalised him –

They came in happy safety, and rest in their subterranean Home – "Remembrance faithful to her trust, brings" us "in beauty from the Dust", their divine perspective – Smitten by the sweetness, I only can take those wasted words "Thank you," on my lips.

We shall tenderly think of you in the foreign Home –

Were affection dependent on location, this would be an anonymous World –

The Apple Trees lend Vinnie Blossoms which she lends to me, and I pay no interest, their rosy Bank in need of none, and the Woods lend Austin Trilliums, shared in the same way – If you will lift your little Hands I will surely fill them, though not agree to let them go, but to that your Lovers would not consent – Your great Neighbor the Ocean, will see you oftener than I, and I am jealous already of his Morning calls.

Alice's call is still remembered – and a glance from Nettie in Hyacinth time – Emily, with love –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.7. Pencil. Publication: JL823. The Sweetsters have moved, or are about to move, to a house by the sea.

1067.

To Charles H. Clark, May 21, 1883

Dear friend,

We have much fear, both for your own strength and the health of your Brother, having heard nothing since we last asked, many days ago.

Will you not when possible, give us but a syllable – even a cheering accent, if no more be true? We think of you and your Sufferer, with intense anxiety, wishing some act or word of our's, might be hope or help. The Humming Birds and Orioles fly by me as I write, and I long to guide their enchanted feet to your Brother's chamber –

Excuse me for knocking.

Please also excuse me for staying so long – Spring is a Strange Land when our friends are ill.

With my Sister's tenderest alarm, as also my own,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 723. Pencil. Publication: L (1894). Postmark: May 21.

1068.

To Charles H. Clark, June 6, 1883

I had, dear friend, the deep hope that I might see your Brother before he passed from Life, or rather Life we know, and can scarcely express the pang I feel at it's last denial.

His rare and hallowed kindness had strangely endeared him, and I cannot be comforted not to thank him before he went so far. I never had met your Brother but once –

An unforgotten once. To have seen him but once more, would have been almost like an interview with my "Heavenly Father," whom he loved and knew. I hope he was able to speak with you in his closing moment. One accent of courage as he took his flight would assist your Heart.

I am eager to know all you may tell me of those final Days. We asked for him every Morning, in Heart, but feared to disturb you by inquiry aloud. I hope you are not too far exhausted from your "loved employ."

To know of you, when possible, would console us much, and every circumstance of him we had hoped to see. My Sister gives her love with mine –

Though Strangers, please accept us for the two great sakes – E. D.

Note: AC 724. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: June 6. | James D. Clark died Saturday, June 2, 1883.

1069.

To Charles H. Clark, about June 16, 1883

Transcriber unknown

Dear Friend; –

Thank you for the Paper. I felt it almost a Bliss of Sorrow that the name so long in Heaven on Earth, should be on Earth in Heaven.

Do you know if either of his sons have his mysterious face or his momentous nature?

The Stars are not hereditary. I hope your Brother and himself resumed the tie above, so dear to each below. Your Bond to your Brother reminds me of mine to my Sister – early, – earnest, – indissoluble.

Without her, life were Fear, and Paradise a cowardice, except for her inciting voice. Should you have any picture of your Brother, I should rejoice to see it at some convenient hour – and though we cannot know the last, would you sometime tell me as near the last as your grieved voice is able?

The Friend and then the Friend's Friend! what an entire loss!

Are you certain there is another Life? When overwhelmed to know, I fear that few are sure.

My Sister gives her grief with mine. Had we known in time, your Brother would have borne our Flowers in his mute Hand. With tears

E. Dickinson

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.17, 746–747. Publication: *L* (1894). | Omitted text restored. Clark typically endorsed letters with a date, here repeated by transcriber. “Friend” = Wadsworth.

1070.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, mid-June 1883

Thank Nellie for coming Home – Infinite power of Home, that lurks in that slight figure!

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.10. Pencil. Publication: JL834. | Nellie’s husband, John Howard Sweetser, was the son of Luke and Abby Sweetser—both deceased in 1882. Nellie and Howard were in Amherst by June 20 (according to the *Amherst Record*) and stayed until October 10.

1071.

To Catharine Sweetser, mid- to late June 1883

Dear Aunt.

I have found and give it in love, but reluctant to entrust anything so sacred to my Father as my Grandfather’s Bible to a public messenger, will wait till Mr – Howard comes, whom Mrs Nellie tells us is due this week – Thank you for loving my Father and Mother – I hope they are with the Source of Love – You did not tell me of your Heaith – I trust because confirmed. Thank you too for sorrow, the one you truly knew – With Vinnie’s affection, in haste and fondness,

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.2. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED writes “Heaith.” Howard = John Howard Sweetser.

1072.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, June 19, 1883

Stay with us one more Birthday, Ned – “Yesterday, Today, and Forever,” then we will let you go –

Aunt Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 B120. Pencil. | Ned's birthday was June 19. During the summer of 1883, he suffered from acute rheumatic fever. | ED quotes from Hebrews 13:8. See L1037 for a version of this quotation.

1073.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, early summer 1883

My first Jasmin, with love –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.21. Pencil. Publication: JL839.

1074.

To Sarah Tuckerman, June 1883

Sweet Foot, that comes when we call it!

I can go but a Step a Century, now –

How slow the Wind – how slow the Sea – how late their Feathers be!

Lovingly,

Emily

Note: AC 46. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Letter is endorsed "June 83." | RWF prints the metered prose concluding this letter as a poem (Fr1607); not in M. ED lineates as prose.

1075.

To Maria Whitney, late June 1883

Dear friend –

You are like God –

We pray to him and he answers "No." Then we pray to him to rescind the "No" and he dont answer at all, yet "Seek and ye shall find" is the Boon of Faith –

You failed to keep your appointment with the "Apple Blossoms" – The Japonica, even, bore an Apple to elicit you – but that must be a Silver Bell which calls the Human Heart – I still hope that you live, and in Lands of Consciousness –

It is "Commencement" now – Pathos is very busy –

The "Past" is not a Package, one can lay away – I see my Father's Eyes – and those of Mr Bowles – those isolated Comets. If the "Future" is mighty as the "Past", what may Vista be?

With my Foot in a Sling from a vicious Sprain, and reminded of you almost to Tears by the Week and it's Witness, I send this sombre Word. The Vane defines the Wind –

Where we thought you were, Austin says you are not – How strange to change
one's Sky unless one's Star go with it, but your's has left an Astral Wake.

Vinnie gives her Hand.

Always with love,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (9). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Commencement took place
June 27.

1076.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, late spring or early summer 1883

Persian Hues for my dark eyed neighbour –

Note: Missing. AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: *L* (1894). | Todd notes, sent “with red
lilies.”

1077.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1883

Will my great Sister accept the minutiae of Devotion, with timidity that it is
no more? Susan's Calls are like Antony's Supper –

“And pays his Heart for what his Eyes eat, only –”

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B24). Pencil. Publication: *FE*. | ED quotes Shakespeare's *Antony and
Cleopatra*.

1078.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1883

Dear Sue –

Your little mental gallantries are sweet as Chivalry, which is to me a shining
Word though I dont know its meaning – I sometimes remember we are to die,
and hasten toward the Heart which how could I woo in a rendezvous where there
is no Face? Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B77). Pencil. Publication: JL857.

1079.

To Charles H. Clark, July 9, 1883

Dear friend –

While I thank you immediately for the invaluable Gift, I cannot express the be-reavement that I am no more to behold it.

Believing that we are to have no Face in a farther Life, makes the Look of a Friend a Boon almost too precious. The resemblance is faithful – the scholarly gentleness – the noble modesty – the absence of every Dross, quite there – What a consoling Prize to you, his Mate through years of Anguish so much sharper to see, because endured so willingly – Chastening would seem unneeded by so supreme a Spirit.

I feel great grief for you – I hope his Memory may help you, so recently a Life. I wish I might say one liquid word to make your sorrow less. Is not the devotion that you gave him, an acute Balm? Had you not been with him, how solitary the Will of God!

Thank you for every word of his pure career –

I hope it is nearer us than we are aware.

Will you not still tell us of yourself and your Home – from which this patient Guest has flown?

I am glad he lies near us – And thank you for the tidings of our other Fugitive, whom to know was Life – I can scarcely tell you how deeply I cherish your thoughtfulness. To still know of the Dead is a great permission, and you have almost enabled that. With the ceaseless sympathy of myself and my Sister, and the trust that our Sufferer rests –

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 725. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: July 9. | James Clark was buried in the Bridge Street Cemetery, Northampton.

1080.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, summer 1883

Dear Nellie,

I saw Thomas dressing the Horses and thought them just this color, so if they hav'nt "taken Tea", would they resent this?

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.13. Pencil. Publication: JL837.

1081.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about July 1883

We are much grieved for the sufferings of the Little One, which are so artlessly undeserved, and beg her Mama to assure her of our tender sympathy – The odor of the flower might please her, as these little Beings are only “on a furlough” from Paradise.

With love for the Mama, and sorrow for her weariness,
Emily –

Note: Private collection. Lowenherz facsimile; AC B12, F14 photocopy. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Susan Clapp Hills was one (born April 13, 1882); the Hills had previously lost two children in infancy. In July, the Hills straw goods company failed in business, compounding family difficulties.

1082.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, summer 1883

Will Brother and Sister’s dear friend accept my tardy devotion? I have been unable to seek my flowers, having harmed my foot.

Please accept them now, with the retarded fervor quickened of delay.
E. D.

Note: AC 763. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | See L1074, 1075 on ED’s foot.

1083.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, summer 1883

Sweet friend,

Why is it Nobleness makes us ashamed – Because it is so seldom or so hallowed?
The Pitcher shall be an emblem –
“Rebecca.”

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.1. Pencil. Publication: JL836. | Genesis, chapter 24, tells the story of Rebecca and her watering pitcher at the well.

1084.

To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson and Sally Jenkins, about summer 1883

Dear Girls,

I hope you are having superb times, and am sure you are, for I hear your voices – mad and sweet – as a Mob of Bobolinks.

I send you my love – which is always new for Rascals like you, and ask instead a little apartment in your Pink Hearts – call it Endor's Closet –

If ever the World should frown on you – he is old you know – give him a Kiss, and that will disarm him – if it dont – tell him from me,

Who has not found the Heaven – below –
Will fail of it above –
For Angels rent the House next our's,
Wherever we remove –

Lovingly, Emily –

Note: Morgan, 1556. Pencil. Publication: JL845. On the witch of Endor, see 1 Samuel 28. | M 644, Fr1609.

1085.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, midsummer 1883

Dear Nellie.

Your sweet beneficence of Bulbs I return as Flowers, with a bit of the swarthy Cake baked only in Domingo.

Lovingly,
Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.12. Pencil. Publication: JL835. | See L1066 for Nellie's gift of bulbs; if planted when received, they would have bloomed in July or August. See Miscellaneous Writings for ED's recipe for Black Cake.

1086.

To Sally Jenkins, about summer 1883

Dear Sally –

Do you allow any Roses to compete with your own? Unfortunately, those are stemless –

Emily –

Note: Private hands, Squires. H MS Am 1118.99c #844; photostat. Pencil. Publication: FN.

1087.

To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson, about 1883 or 1884

Is there anything I can do for Little Mattie, for whom I am so sorry, or for her priceless Mama?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Previously thought missing. Pencil. Unpublished.

1088.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, early August 1883

Sweet Nellie,

Blossoms, and Cakes, and Memory! “Choose ye which ye will serve”! I serve the Memory.

Blossoms will run away,
Cakes reign but a Day,
But Memory like Melody,
Is pink eternally.

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.15. Pencil. Publication: JL840. | The Dickinson family reunion took place August 8–9, in Amherst. | M728, Fr1614. Only copy.

1089.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early August 1883

Mama and Sister might like a flower to help them welcome Ned –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B21). Pencil. Publication: JL857.

1090.

To Harriet Austin Dickinson, about mid-August 1883

Dear friend,

I want to thank you for the tenderness to Vinnie, who has been Soldier and Angel too since our Parents died, and only carries a “drawn Sword” in behalf of Eden – the “Cherubim” her criterion.

I am glad that you have your Mother with you – forgive a pang of covetousness that I have not my own – a sacred place for Envy – and you have, I believe, one Sister the most, bereaving me again – Mother – Brother – Sister! “What a Triumvirate”!

But Yesterday, and those three Wealths were actually mine! With sorrowing glut-tony I look away from your’s – Thanking you again for the affection for Vinnie,
Her Sister –

Note: AC 642. Pencil. Publication: Bingham, *Ancestor’s Brocades*. | Harriet attended the Dickinson family reunion. The following note is typically combined with this letter: “Vinnie out for 10 Minutes – Wait – please –,” although the note probably was left for Harriet during the reunion and the letter sent afterward.

1091.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1883

“Lest any” Hen “should boast.”

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B47). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | ED paraphrases Ephesians 2:9, “lest any man should boast.”

1092.

To Jeanie A. Greenough, about summer 1883

Lest any Bee should boast –

Note: AC 1. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | In the first week of July 1883, Jeanie’s husband (Professor James C. Greenough) was elected president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. ED paraphrases Ephesians 2:9.

1093.

To Sarah Tuckerman, August 1883

We wear our sober Dresses when we die,
But Summer, frilled as for a Holiday
Adjourns her Sigh _____

Note: AC 43. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: 1883 August. ED’s extended line, sometimes used as signature, occurs on the same line as her poem text because she was at the bottom of her page. | M 729, Fr1619. Only copy.

1094.

To Sarah Sloan, about August 16, 1883

Will Mrs Sloan accept these few Blossoms for the Hand of her Daughter, with the sorrow of

Emily, and Vinnie Dickinson –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: JL862. | The Sloans' daughter, Mary Emma, died at the age of seventeen on August 16. A death notice appeared in the SR August 17. The Sloans were neighbors.

1095.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1883

Dear Susan,

An untimely knock necessitating my flight from the Kettle, the Berries were overdone – I almost fear to send them, though hope they may have a worthless worth to those for whom they were –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B146). Pencil. Publication: FF. | ED appears to have been cooking fresh berries for a compote.

1096.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, late summer 1883

We have all heard of the Boy whose Constitution required stolen fruit, though his Father's Orchard was loaded –

There was something in the unlawfulness that gave it a saving flavor –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B64). Pencil. Publication: FF.

1097.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1883

How inspiring to the clandestine Mind those words of Scripture, "We thank thee that thou hast hid these things".

Candor – my tepid friend –
 Come not to play with me –
 The Myrrhs, and Mochas, of the Mind
 Are it's iniquity –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B119). Pencil. Publication: AM (1915). | ED quotes Matthew 11:25. | M 728, Fr1608. Only copy.

1098.

To Ellen Augusta Mather, late summer 1883

Dear friend –

We shared the molten Rubies with Austin, who pronounced them dazzling, and desire if not presumptuous to know if you dine every day on Gems? The graphic Cardinal flowers still glow on undimmed.

Thank you –

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 27. Pencil. Publication: JL841. | Cardinal flowers bloom in late summer.

1099.

To Emily Fowler Ford, late summer 1883

Dear friend,

I am too rustic to know if reply to your lovely courtesy is authorized, but the Crickets are too unseen to be censured and their sable homage disturbs none –

I enclose not the “Last Rose of Summer”, but her last Sweet Pea, the Flower “kept after school,” as I think the occasion was in honor of the Sweet Pea Daughter –

With frequent remembrance of your Home and it's vivid inmates, thank you –

Emily –

Note: University of South Carolina, Bailey Collection PS1541, P6 1890. Pencil. Unpublished.

1100.*To unknown, about 1883**Unsent*

Please accept a Sunset –

A Sloop of Amber slips away
 Upon an Ether Sea,
 And wrecks in Peace a Purple Tar,
 The Son of Ecstasy –

Note: AC 836. Pencil. Unpublished. “Prof Tuckerman” written upside down in relation to note. | M 642, Fr1599. A retained phrase (AC 112) echoes the last line: “A Woe of Ecstasy” (WN62).

1101.*To Annie E. Jameson, about September 1883?*

Dear Annie –

Will it fill your Eyes too full of tears when I tell you that Delawares were my sweet lost Mother’s favorite Grape?

Eat the bit of cake in your Garden, and let the Robins taste –
 With thanks –

Note: UVA 10547. Publication: JL863. | Delaware grapes ripen in September.

1102.*To Otis Lord, mid-September 1883**Draft*

The withdrawal of the Fuel of Rapture does not withdraw the Rapture itself.
 Like Powder in a Drawer, we pass it with a Prayer, it’s Thunders only dormant.

Note: AC 750. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Austin notes in his diary that Lord and his party arrived in Amherst on September 8; the Palmer block fire was on September 10. Provenance associates this fair copy note with Lord.

1103.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, late September 1883

Further in Summer than the Birds –
 Pathetic from the Grass –
 A minor Nation celebrates
 Its unobtrusive Mass.

No Ordinance be seen –
 So gradual the Grace
 A pensive Custom it becomes –
 Enlarging Loneliness.

Antique felt at Noon –
 When August burning low
 Arise this spectral Canticle
 Repose to typify –

Remit as yet no Grace –
 No Furrow on the Glow,
 Yet a Druidic Difference
 Enhances Nature now –

Brother and Sister's Emily, with love –

Note: AC 66. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1891). Sent with a dead cricket. | M 534, Fr895. Sent to Vanderbilt (1865), Higginson (1866), Niles (1883), and Norcrosses (lost).

1104.

To Maria Whitney, late summer 1883

Dear friend –

Your sweet self reprehension makes us look within, which is so wild a place we are soon dismayed, but the seed sown in the Lake bears the Liquid Flower, and so of all your words. I am glad you accept rest.

Too many disdain it – I am glad you go to the Adirondacks –

To me the name is homelike, for one of my Lost went every year with an Indian Guide, before the Woods were broken – Had you been here, it would be sweet, but that like the Peach is later.

With a Tomorrow in it's Cupboard, who would be "an hungered"?

Thank you for thinking of Dick. He is now the Horse of Association. Men are picking the Grass from Father's Meadow to lay it away for Winter, and it takes them a long time – They bring three Horses of their own, but Dick, ever gallant, offers to help and bears a little Machine like a Top, which spins the Grass away –

It seems very much like a Gentleman getting his own Supper, for what is his Supper Winter Nights but Tumblers of Clover?

You speak of “disillusion” –

That is one of the few subjects on which I am an Infidel. Life is so strong a Vision, not one of it shall fail –

Not what the Stars have done, but what they are to do, is what detains the Sky –

We shall watch for the promised words from the Adirondacks – and hope the Recess will all be Joy – To have been made alive, is so chief a thing, all else inevitably adds –

Were it not riddled by partings, it were too divine –

I was never certain that Mother had died except while the Students were singing – The Voices came from Another Life –

Adversity if it shall be
Or Wild Prosperity,
The Rumor's Gate was shut so tight
Before my Mind was born,
Not even a Prognostic's push
Could make a Dent thereon –

Good Night, Dear –

Excuse me for staying so long – I love to come to you –

To one who creates, or consoles Thought, what an Obligation!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (10). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | “This Me – that walks and works – must die” (lines 3–8 of eight): M 645, Fr1616.

1105.

To Elizabeth Holland, mid-September 1883

Dear One –

No one had told me your Sister had died. I sweetly remember her on my first visit to you – a tender – timid face, with the appealing look that the ones have, who do not hear entirely –

Perhaps the Brother called her –

“The Kingdom and the Power” may not have filled a Sister's place – For this new solitude to you I am freshly grieved. Would that a few familiar Lips might be left to you, now the best have stopped! We read with deep affection of the dear Doctor's Emblem – in the Republican – proud that each farthest reach of Love had been ratified – I hope he thinks of us – I am glad you are in the open Air – That is nearest Heaven –

The first Abode “not made with Hands” entices to the second – I have thought of you with peculiar urgency for the last few days –

Can it be there was cause?

Said a rude but wondering Mind to me, a Carpenter at work here, “I cant tell how it is, but there are influences” –

Even my Puritan Spirit “gangs” sometimes “aglay –” Sweetest love for Kate, and Annie when you see her, and say with “Heathcliff” to little Katrina – “Oh Cathie – Cathie”! Theodore probably witnessed nothing so “royal” as himself, of which with warm remembrance convince him – Vinnie gives her Heart and Maggie her love, though how do the gifts vary? And I, consign myself to you and find the Nest sufficient – Take faithful care of the dear health and flee no sudden day from your dependent

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (82). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Elizabeth’s sister (Amelia Chapin May) died September 9, and her first grandchild, Katrina Holland Van Wagenen, was born August 8. The July 10 SR announced the erection of a burial monument with a bas-relief by St. Gaudens commemorating Josiah Holland. Theodore Holland attended an industrial fair in Toronto, also attended by Marquis of Lorne and his wife Princess Louise. | ED quotes 2 Corinthians 5:1; Emily Bronte’s *Wuthering Heights* (“Oh Cathie – Cathie”); and Robert Burns’s “To a Mouse”: ““The best laid schemes o’ Mice an’ Men, Gang aft agley.”

1106.

To Otis Lord, about late September 1883

Draft

I feel like wasting my Cheek on your Hand tonight – Will you accept ^approve^ the squander –

Lay up Treasures immediately – that’s the best Anodyne for moth and Rust and the Thief whom the Bible knew enough of Banking to suspect would break in and steal Night is my favorite Day – I love silence so – I dont mean halt ^stop^ of sound – but ones that talk of nought all day mistaking it for [*illegible word*] – Forgive you

Note: AC 440a. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | On recto, ED writes the poem “The Summer that we did not prize.” Editors have read the illegible word variously, as “voices” and “racy.” A page previously described as an intermediate draft of this letter is not in ED’s hand.

1107.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, September or early October 1883

Dear Nellie,

To have woven Wine so delightfully, one must almost have been a Drunkard one's-self – but that is the stealthy franchise of the demurest Lips. Drunkards of Summer are quite as frequent as Drunkards of Wine, and the Bee that comes Home sober is the Butt of the Clover.

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.16. Pencil. Publication: JL838.

1108.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, early October 1883

Thank you, Dear, for the loveliness. It is very sweet to know you are near. We are so much grieved for the little Boy –

Emily –

Note: Private hands. Pencil. Publication: JL867. Sold by Swanns 1979; digital copy online.

1109.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, soon after October 5, 1883

Dear Sue –

The Vision of Immortal Life has been fulfilled –

How simply at the last the Fathom comes! The Passenger and not the Sea, we find surprises us – Gilbert rejoiced in Secrets – His Life was panting with them – With what menace of Light he cried "Dont tell, Aunt Emily"! Now my ascended Playmate must instruct me. Show us, prattling Preceptor, but the way to thee!

He knew no niggard moment – His Life was full of Boon – The Playthings of the Dervish were not so wild as his –

No Crescent was this Creature – He travelled from the Full –

Such soar, but never set –

I see him in the Star, and meet his sweet velocity in everything that flies – His Life was like the Bugle, which winds itself away, his Elegy an Echo – his Requiem Ecstasy –

Dawn and Meridian in one. Wherefore would he wait, wronged only of Night, which he left for us –

Without a speculation, our little Ajax spans the whole –

Pass to thy Rendezvous of Light,
 Pangless except for us –
 Who slowly ford the Mystery
 Which thou hast leaped across!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B79). Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1915). | Gilbert Dickinson died of typhoid fever at age eight on the afternoon of October 5. ED went to the Evergreens with Maggie on the night preceding his death but left around 3 A.M. because of a reaction to the disinfectants; she may herself have been ill. | M 729, Fr1624. Sent to Higginson in 1885.

1110.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about October 8, 1883

Perhaps the dear, grieved Heart would open to a flower, which blesses unrequested, and serves without a Sound.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L50). Pencil. Publication: *JL*869. | Gilbert's funeral was October 8.

1111.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, soon after October 8, 1883

Climbing to reach the costly Hearts
 To which he gave the worth,
 He broke them, fearing punishment
 He ran away from Earth.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (385) Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | M 730, Fr1626. Sent to Higginson as prose (1884, beginning "Who 'meddled' with the costly Hearts").

1112.

To Sarah Jenkins, about 1883

Transcribed MacGregor Jenkins?

Area – no test of depth.

Note: Missing. Publication: *FN*—our source copy. | Reverend Jonathan Jenkins officiated at Gilbert's funeral on October 8.

1113.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, soon after October 8, 1883

Dear Sue –

A Promise is firmer than a Hope, although it does not hold so much –
 Hope never knew Horizon –
 Awe is the first Hand that is held to us –
 Hopelessness in it's first Film has not leave to last – That would close the Spirit,
 and no intercession could do that –
 Intimacy with Mystery, after great Space, will usurp it's place –
 Moving on in the Dark like Loaded Boats at Night, though there is no Course,
 there is Boundlessness –

Expanse cannot be lost –
 Not Joy, but a Decree
 Is Deity –
 His Scene, Infinity –
 Whose rumor's Gate was shut so tight
 Before my Beam was sown,
 Not even a Prognostic's push
 Could make a Dent thereon –

The World that thou hast opened
 Shuts for thee,
 But not alone,
 We all have followed thee –
 Escape more slowly
 To thy Tracts of Sheen –
 The Tent is listening,
 But the Troops are gone!

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B91). Pencil. Publication: JL871. | M 730, Fr1625. Only copy.

1114.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-October 1883

Immured in Heaven!
 What a Cell!
 Let every Bondage be,

Thou sweetest of the Universe,
Like that which ravished thee!

Emily –

Note: Jones. Pencil. Publication: *SH*. | M 731, Fr1628.

1115.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-October 1883

The Heart has many Doors –
I can but knock –
For any sweet “Come in”
Impelled to hark –
Not saddened by repulse,
Repast to me
That somewhere, there exists,
Supremacy –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (386). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). | M 729, Fr1623. Only copy.

1116.

To Charles H. Clark, October 17, 1883

Dear friend.

These thoughts disquiet me, and the great friend is gone, who could solace them – Do they disturb you?

The Spirit lasts – but in what mode –
Below, the Body speaks,
But as the Spirit furnishes –
Apart, it never talks –
The Music in the Violin
Does not emerge alone
But Arm in Arm with Touch, yet Touch
Alone – is not a Tune –
The Spirit lurks within the Flesh
Like Tides within the Sea
That make the Water live, estranged
What would the Either be?

Does that know – now – or does it cease –
 That which to this is done,
 Resuming at a mutual date
 With every future one?
 Instinct pursues the Adamant,
 Exacting this Reply,
 Adversity if it may be, or wild Prosperity,
 The Rumor's Gate was shut so tight
 Before my Mind was sown,
 Not even a Prognostic's Push
 Could make a Dent thereon –

With the trust you live,
 E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 726. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Oct 17. | M 730, Fr1627.

1117.

To Samuel Bowles IV, late October 1883

Dear friend –

There is more than one “Deluge,” though but one is recorded, and the duplicate of the “Dove,” hallows your own Heart. I had feared that the Angel with the Sword would dissuade you from Eden, but rejoice that it only ushered you –
 “Every several Gate is of one Pearl.”

Morning is due to all –
 To some – the Night –
 To an imperial few –
 The Auroral Light –

Reverently,
 E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #864; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Bowles wrote Susan announcing his engagement to Elizabeth Hoar on October 25. On the verso of this note, he writes to Hoar: “This is from the friend whom I have never seen. It has just come. Please keep it for me again.” | ED alludes to Revelation 21:21. | M 729, Fr1621. Only copy.

1118.

To Elizabeth Holland, early November 1883

Sweet Sister –

Was that what I used to call you?

I hardly recollect, all seems so different –

I hesitate which word to take, as I can take but few and each must be the chiefest, but recall that Earth's most graphic transaction is placed within a syllable, nay, even a gaze – The Physician says I have "Nervous prostration".

Possibly I have – I do not know the Names of Sickness. The Crisis of the sorrow of so many years is all that tires me – As Emily Bronte to her Maker, I write to my Lost "Every Existence would exist in thee[']" – The tender consternation for you was much eased by the little Card, which spoke "better" as loud as a human voice –

Please, Sister, to wait –

"Open the Door, open the Door, they are waiting for me", was Gilbert's sweet command in delirium – Who were waiting for him, all we possess we would give to know – Anguish at last opened it, and he ran to the little Grave at his Grandparent's feet – All this and more, though is there more? More than Love and Death? Then tell me it's name!

Love for the sweet Catharines, Rose and Bud in one, and the Gentleman with the vast Name, and Annie and Ted, and if the softest for yourself, would they ever know, or knowing, covet?

How lovely that you went to "Church"!

May I go with you to the "Church of the firstborn"?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (83). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | ED was ill for several weeks after Gilbert's death. "Sweet Catharines": Elizabeth's granddaughter Kathrina Holland Van Wagenen was born August 8, 1883. | ED quotes Brontë's "Last Lines"—the poem that Higginson later read at her funeral—and from Hebrews 12:23. She also quotes this Brontë poem in L1188 and 1191.

1119.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, shortly before November 29, 1883

Thank Sister with love, and reserve an Apartment for two Cocks ^Cocks^ in the Thanksgiving planning.

Mattie is almost with you.

The first section of Darkness is the densest, Dear, After that, Light trembles in –
You asked would I remain?

Irrevocably, Susan – I know no other way –
 Ether looks dispersive, but try it with a Lever –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B67). Pencil. Publication: *HCL*. | In 1883, Thanksgiving fell on November 29.

1120.

To Elizabeth Skeel Carmichael, late 1883

Transcribed Todd

My consoleless Vinnie convinces me of the misfortune of having known dear Mrs Carmichael, whom ‘to name is to praise,’ for indeed, were we both intelligent mourners, I fear delight would close; but the ‘fair uncertainty’ aids me, which is denied Vinnie.

Of her noble loss it is needless to speak – that is incalculable.

Of her sweet power to us when we were overwhelmed, that, too, shall be mute. She has ‘borne our grief and carried our sorrow,’ that is the criterion.

Her society, priceless to mama and my one Vinnie, that also is numbered.

Let me hope she is well today, and sheltered by every love she deserves, which were indeed countless.

We congratulate sweet Mrs Skeel on her beloved booty, and ask a remembrance in her prayer for those of us bereaved.

Lovingly,

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 875. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | Carmichael—a close friend of Vinnie—had moved in 1881 from the Mather house (near the Dickinsons) to live with her sister-in-law Allie Skeel in New York; she probably regularly visited her Mather grandchildren. | ED alludes to Fitz-Greene Halleck’s “On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake” and to Isaiah 53:4.

1121.

To Ellen Augusta Mather, second half of 1883

Is it too late for a Stranger’s remembrance – Is it perhaps too early?
 E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 29. Pencil. Publication: JL992.

1122.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about mid-December 1883

To be Susan is Imagination – To have been Susan, a Dream – What depths of
Domingo in that torrid Spirit!
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B51). Pencil. Publication: *HCL*.

1123.

To Benjamin Kendall Emerson, about December 25, 1883

Dear Kendall –

Christmas in Bethlehem means most of all, this Year, but Santa Claus still asks
the way to Gilbert's little friends – Is Heaven an unfamiliar Road?

Come sometime with your Sled and tell Gilbert's
Aunt Emily.

Note: AC 23. Pencil. Publication: *Amherst Alumni News* (1951). | Kendall was playing in the same mudhole as Gilbert when the latter contracted typhoid fever. ED sent Kendall an annual Christmas note.

1124.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about December 25, 1883

Santa Claus comes with a Smile and a Tear – Santa Claus has been robbed –
not by Burglars but Angels. The Children will pray for
Santa Claus?

Note: Karpeles. Pencil. Publication: *EDIS Bull* (1995). Perhaps accompanied by gifts.

1125.

To Annie E. Jameson, about December 25, 1883

Our Santa Claus is draped, this Year, but Gilbert's little Mates are still dear to
his Aunt Emily –

Note: Dumbarton Oaks. Pencil. Publication: JL878—our source copy. | Annie was eleven; the note may also have been intended for her nine-year-old brother, Arthur.

1126.*To Elizabeth Skeel Carmichael, early January 1884?**Transcribed Todd*

Loved Mrs Carmichael and Mrs Skeel –

I heard long since at school that Diogenes went to sea in a tub. Though I did not believe it, it is credible now.

Against the peril of ocean steamers I am sweetly provided, and am sure you had my safety in mind, in your lovely gifts.

I have taken the passengers from the hold – passengers of honey – and the deck of silk is just promenaded by a bold fly, greedy for its sweets. The little tub with the surcingle I shall keep till the birds, filling it then with nectars, in Mrs Skeel's sweet honor.

Will each of the lovely friends present my thanks to the other, as Vinnie's correspondence with them is too impressive for what dear Dickens calls 'the likes of me' to invade.

Their sweet intercession with Santa Claus in my behalf, I shall long remember.

Always,

Emily

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 874. Publication: *L* (1894). | Carmichael and her daughter Allie Skeel traveled by steamer to Europe in 1872. ED quotes from Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* (1843).

1127.*To Charles H. Clark, January 4, 1884*

Dear friend –

I have been very ill since early October, and unable to thank you for the sacred kindness, but treasured it each Day and hasten with my first steps, and my fullest gratitude. Returning from the dying Child, waiting till he left us, I found it on my Desk, and it seemed an appropriate Message – I never can thank you as I feel –

That would be impossible.

The effort ends in tears.

You seem by some deep Accident, to be the only tie between the Heaven that evanesced, and the Heaven that stays.

I hope the winged Days that bear you to your Brother, are not too destitute of Song, and wish that we might speak with you of him and of yourself, and of the third Member of that sundered Trio. Perhaps another spring would call you to Northampton, and Memory might invite you here.

My Sister asks a warm remembrance, and trusts that you are well.

With a deep New Year,
 Your friend,
 E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 727. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Friday Jan 4 1884.

1128.

To Sarah Tuckerman, January 1884

Dear friend,

To try to speak, and miss the way
 And ask it of the Tears,
 Is Gratitude's sweet poverty,
 The Tatters that he wears –

A better Coat if he possessed
 Would help him to conceal,
 Not subjugate, the Mutineer
 Whose title is "the Soul."

Emily,
 with love –

Note: AC 47. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed "Emilie D—Jan 84." | ED kept a fair copy of this note, complete with signature (AC 834). | M 647, Fr1629.

1129.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1884

I felt it no betrayal, Dear – Go to my Mine as to your own, only more unsparingly –

I can scarcely believe that the Wondrous Book is at last to be written, and it seems like a Memoir of the Sun, when the Noon is gone –

You remember his swift way of wringing and flinging away a Theme, and others picking it up and gazing bewildered after him, and the prance that crossed his Eye at such times was unrepeatable –

Though the Great Waters sleep,
 That they are still the Deep,
 We cannot doubt –
 No Vacillating God

Ignited this Abode
To put it out –

I wish I could find the Warrington Words, but during my weeks of faintness, my Treasures were misplaced, and I cannot find them – I think Mr Robinson had been left alone, and felt the opinion while others were gone –

Remember, Dear, an unfaltering Yes is my only reply to your utmost question –
With constancy,
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B158). Pencil. Publication: JL908. | Habegger dates this letter January 1884. ED anticipates publication of George S. Merriam's *The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles* (1885); Merriam had asked Susan for access to her and Austin's correspondence with Bowles. William Stevens Robinson ("Warrington") was the SR Boston correspondent; Harriet Hanson (his wife) edited a volume of his writings—from which ED had apparently saved passages. | M 649, Fr1641. Sent to C. Sweetser (1884, lost), B. Kimball (1885), A. Cooper (1886).

1130.

To Martha (Mattie) Gilbert Smith, about 1884

Dear Mattie.

Your "our own" was sweet – Thank you for constancy –

Icebergs italicize the Sea – they do not intercept it, and "Deep calls to the Deep" in the old way –

To attempt to speak of what has been, would be impossible. Abyss has no biographer –

Had it, it would not be Abyss – Love for your Little Girl – tho' is it now a "Little Girl," Time makes such hallowed strides? The Little Boy was taken –

Ineffable Avarice of Jesus, who reminds a perhaps encroaching Father, "All these are mine."

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L29). Pencil. Publication: FF. | ED quotes Psalms 42:7.

1131.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about 1884

Who is it seeks my Pillow Nights,
With plain inspecting face –
"Did you" or "Did you not," to ask –
'Tis "Conscience," Childhood's Nurse –

With Martial Hand she strokes the Hair
 Upon my wincing Head –
 “All” Rogues “shall have their part in” what –
 The Phosphorous of God –

Note: H MS Am 1118.3 (376). Pencil. Publication: *SH*. Addressed to Susan on verso. | M 732, Fr1640. Only copy.

1132.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, about 1884

The Auctioneer of Parting
 His “Going, going, gone”
 Shouts even from the Crucifix,
 And brings his Hammer down –
 He only sells the Wilderness,
 The prices of Despair
 Range from a single human Heart
 To Two – not any more –

E –

Note: AC 780. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Vinnie records that Todd is away from Amherst for several weeks beginning December 1883; by February 28 she had returned. | M 733, Fr1646. Only copy.

1133.

To Sarah Tuckerman, February 1884

Do “Men gather Grapes of Thorns”? No – but they do of Roses – and even the classic Fox hushed his innuendo, as we unclasped the little Box – Sherbets untold, and Recollection more sparkling than Sherbets! How wondrous is a Friend, the gift of neither Heaven nor Earth, yet coveted of both!

If the “Archangels veil their faces,” is not the sacred diffidence on this sweet behalf?

Emily –

Note: AC 48. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: “From Vinnie & Emilie Feb. ’84.” Vinnie sent a separate note. | ED quotes Matthew 7:16 and Abbott Eliot Kittredge, a leader of the Presbyterian Church; his phrase “archangels veil their faces” was frequently quoted.

1134.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about February 14, 1884

Dear Sue –

I was surprised, but Why? Is she not of the lineage of the Spirit? I knew she was beautiful – I knew she was royal, but that she was hallowed, how could I surmise, who had scarcely seen her since her deep Eyes were brought in your Arms to her Grandfather's – Thanksgiving? She is a strange trust – I hope she may be saved – Redemption Mental precedes Redemption Spiritual. The Madonna and Child descend from the Picture – while Creation is kneeling before the Frame. I shall keep the secret.

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B102). Pencil. Publication: JL886. | Susan has shown or lent ED a photograph of her daughter Mattie, inscribed on the back "With dearest love of Your Valentine February the 14th 1884."

1135.

To Charles H. Clark, February 22, 1884

Dear friend.

I hoped it might gratify you to meet the little flower which was my final ministry to your Brother, and which even in that faint hour, I trust he recognised, though the thronged Spirit had not access to words.

These are my first out, and their golden trifles are too full of association to remain unshared – With faithful thought of yourself and your Brother, Brothers in bereavement even as myself,

Note: AC 728. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Feb 22.

1136.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about late February 1884

The Snow will guide the Hyacinths to where their Mates are sleeping, in Vinnie's sainted Garden.

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

Paul.

Note: Missing. AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: JL885. | Said to have been sent with hyacinth bulbs. | ED quotes from 1 Corinthians 15:51.

1137.*To unknown, March 2, 1884**Unsent
Sunday –*

Second of March, and the Crow, and Snow high as the Spire, and scarlet expectations of things that never come, because forever here.

“The Twilight says to the Turret if you want an Existence[”]

Note: AC 132a. Pencil. Publication: JL, PF43. | This abandoned fair copy is associated with Otis Lord. Verso used for drafts of “Arrows enamored of his Heart” and “Circumference thou bride of Awe.”

1138.*To Elizabeth Holland, about March 1884*

Sweet Sister –

The contemplation of you as “Grandma” is a touching novelty to which the Mind adjusts itself by reverent degrees.

That nothing in her Life became her like it’s last event, it is probable – So the little Engrosser has done her work, and Love’s “remainder Biscuit” is henceforth for us –

We will try to bear it as divinely as Othello did, who had he had Love’s sweetest slice, would not have charmed the World –

Austin heard Salvini before his Idol died, and the size of that manifestation, even the Grave has not foreclosed.

I saw the Jays this Morning – each in a Blue Pelisse, and would have kissed their Lips of Horn, if I could have caught them, but Nature took good care!

I have made a permanent Rainbow by filling a Window with Hyacinths, which Science will be glad to know, and have a Cargo of Carnations, worthy of Ceylon, but Science and Ceylon are Strangers to me, and I would give them both for one look of the gone Eyes, glowing in Paradise – There are too many to count, now, and I measure by Fathoms, Numbers past away – With longings for the sweet Health and Seraphic Peace of my little Sister,

Her Lover,

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (84). Pencil. Publication: LH. | ED also uses the phrase “remainder biscuit” in L762. In his diary, Austin records seeing Tommaso Salvini in *Othello* on April 11, 1883, but he apparently also saw him perform in winter 1873–74, before Salvini’s “Idol” (his wife) died.

1139.*To Jeanie A. Greenough, early March 1884*

Trusting the happy flower will meet you at the Door, where Spring will soon
be knocking, we challenge your "Come in."

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 2. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

1140.*To Maria Whitney, March 1884*

Dear friend,

The little Package of Ceylon arrived in fragrant safety, and Caliban's "clust'ring
Filberds" were not so luscious nor so brown –

Honey in March is blissful as inopportune, and to caress the Bee a severe temp-
tation, but was not Temptation the first zest?

We shall seek to be frugal with our sweet possessions, though their enticingness
quite leads us astray, and shall endow Austin, as we often do, after a parched Day –

For how much we thank you!

Dear Arrears of Tenderness we can never repay till the Will's great Ores are
finally sifted – but Bullion is better than Minted things, for it has no Alloy –

Thinking of you with fresher love, as the Bible boyishly says "New every
Morning and fresh every Evening",

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (11). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes *The Tempest* and elabo-
rates on Lamentations 3:22–23.

1141.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, late March 1884**Transcribed Todd*

Thank you, dears, for the sympathy. I hardly dare to know that I have lost an-
other friend, but anguish finds it out.

Each that we lose takes part of us;
A crescent still abides,
Which like the moon, some turbid night,
Is summoned by the tides.

I work to drive the awe away, yet awe impels the work.

I almost picked the crocuses, you told them so sincerely. Spring's first conviction is a wealth beyond its whole experience.

The sweetest way I think of you is when the day is done, and L. sets the 'sunset tree' for the little sisters. Dear F. has had many stormy mornings to go to her work; I hope they have not chilled her feet, nor dampened her heart. I am glad the little visit rested you. Rest and water are most we want.

I know each moment of Miss W. is a gleam of boundlessness. 'Miles and miles away,' said Browning, 'there's a girl'; but 'the colored end of evening smiles' on but few so rare.

Thank you once more for being sorry. Till the first friend dies, we think ecstasy impersonal, but then discover that he was the cup from which we drank it, itself as yet unknown. Sweetest love for each, and a kiss besides for Miss W.'s cheek, should you again meet her.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 539–540. Publication: *L* (1894). | Omitted text restored; one of JL891's ellipses does not refer to omitted text. Otis Lord suffered a stroke on March 11 and died March 13. Whitney now lived in Cambridge with her brother; the Norcrosses moved back to Cambridge in 1884 and Frances worked at Harvard College Library. | ED quotes Browning's "Love Among the Ruins." | M 732, Fr1634. Only copy.

1142.

To Elizabeth Holland, after April 8, 1884

When I tell my sweet Mrs Holland that I have lost another friend, she will not wonder I do not write, but that I raise my Heart to a drooping syllable – Dear Mr Lord has left us – After a brief unconsciousness, a Sleep that ended with a smile, so his Nieces tell us, he hastened away, "seen," we trust, "of Angels" – "who knows that secret deep" – "Alas, not I –" Forgive the Tears that fell for few – but that few too many, for was not each a World?

Your last dear words seemed stronger, and smiling in the feeling that you were to be, this latest sorrow came – I hope your own are with you, and may not be taken – I hope there is no Dart advancing or in store –

Quite empty, quite at rest,
The Robin locks her Nest, and tries her Wings –
She does not know a Route
But puts her Craft about
For rumored Springs –
She does not ask for Noon –
She does not ask for Boon –

Crumbless and homeless, of but one request –
The Birds she lost –

Do you remember writing to us you should “write with the Robins”? They are writing now, their Desk in every passing Tree, but the Magic of Mates that cannot hear them, makes their Letters dim –

Later –

Vinnie described it all – The going up to take Medicine and forgetting to return – How many times I have taken that very Medicine myself, with lasting benefit! The Jelly and the pink Cheek, the little clutchings at her frame, to make the grace secure, that had too many Wings – Vinnie omitted nothing, and I followed her around, never hearing enough of that mysterious interview, for was it not a lisp from the irrevocable?

Within that little Hive
Such Hints of Honey lay
As made Reality a Dream
And Dreams, Reality –

Emily

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (86). Publication: *LH*. | Austin records in his diary that Vinnie visited Elizabeth in Northampton on April 8. | “Quite empty”: M 731, Fr1632. Only copy. “Within that little”: M 732, Fr1633. Only copy.

1143.

To Catharine Sweetser, early spring 1884

Aunt Katie’s Rose had many Thorns, but it is still a Rose, and has borne the Extremities of a Flower with etherial patience – and every deference to her is so sweetly deserved, we do not call it courtesy – but only recognition – It is sweeter that Noon should be fair than that Morning should, because Noon is the latest, and yet your Morning had it’s Dew, you would not exchange – Thank you for telling us of your triumphs.

“Peace hath her Victories, no less than War.”

Thank you for speaking so tenderly of our latest Lost – We had hoped the persuasions of the spring, added to our own, might delay his going, but they came too late. “I met,” said he in his last Note, “a Crocus and a Snow Drop in my yesterday’s walk –” but the sweet Beings outlived him. I thought the Churchyard Tarytown, when I was a Child, but now I trust ’tis Trans –

In this place of shafts, I hope you may remain unharmed –

I congratulate you upon your children, and themselves, upon you –
 To have had such Daughters is sanctity – to have had such a Mother, divine –
 To still have her, but tears forbid me –
 My own is in the Grave. “So loved her that he died for her,” says the explaining Jesus.

With love,

Your Emily.

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.26. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED quotes “peace hath her victories / No less renowned than war” from Milton’s Sonnet 16. She may allude to either or both John 3:16 (“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son”) and James Russell Lowell’s “Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865” (“So loved her [Truth] that they died for her.” According to Bianchi (*LL*), versions of the latter quotation and the sentence beginning “I thought the Churchyard Tarrytown” were retained as fragments sent to Susan (lost); a version of the “Tarrytown” sentence is repeated in WN71.

1144.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, early April 1884

Dear One,

When Jesus tells us about his Father, we distrust him –

When he shows us his Home, we turn away, but when he confides to us that he is “acquainted with Grief,” we listen, for that also is an Acquaintance of our own –

With love.

Note: Missing. AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: JL932.

1145.

To Elizabeth Holland, April 13, 1884

The Organ is moaning – the Bells are bowing, I ask Vinnie what time it is, and she says it is Sunday, so I tell my Pencil to make no noise, and we will go to the House of a Friend “Weeks off,” as Dombey said –

Your reunion with Vinnie was amusing and affecting too, and Vinnie still rehearses it to admiring throngs of which Stephen and I are the thrilled components. I think Vinnie has grown since the interview, certainly intellectually, which is the only Bone whose Expanse we woo –

Your flight from the “Sewer” reminded me of the “Mill on the Floss,” though “Maggie Tulliver” was missing, and had she been there, her Destiny could not have

been packed in the "Bath Tub," though Baby's may be as darkly sweet in the Future running to meet her –

How quickly a House can be deserted, and your infinite inference that the "Soul's poor Cottage" may lose it's Tenant so," was vaster than you thought, and still overtakes me –

How few suggestions germinate!

I shall make Wine Jelly Tonight and send you a Tumbler in the Letter, if the Letter consents, a Fabric sometimes obdurate – It is warm you are better, and was very cold all the while you were ill –

Baby's flight will embellish History with Gilpin's and Revere's – With love untold,

Your Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (85). Pencil; Publication: *LH*. ED includes a floating quotation mark after "so" in paragraph 4. In 1884, April 13 was Easter Sunday. | Stephen = Stephen Sullivan, the stableman. Elizabeth was living in New York with the Van Wagenens, who had a clogged sewer that flooded the cellar; they transported the baby's clothes to a bathtub in a nearby hotel. | The phrase "Soul's dark Cottage" originated with Edmund Waller, "On the Foregoing Divine Poems" (1730); "soul's poor cottage" was used frequently in the nineteenth century (quoted L766).

1146.

To Catharine Sweetser, April 1884

Dear Aunt,

Thank you for "considering the Lilies."

The Bible must have had us in mind, when it gave that liquid Commandment – Were all it's advice so enchanting as that, we should probably heed it – Thank you for promptness, explicitness, sweetness – Your account of the Lilies was so fresh I could almost pick them, and the hope to meet them in person, in Autumn, thro' your loving Hand, is a fragrant Future – I hope you are well as you deserve, which is a blest circumference, and give my love to each – Aunt Libbie just looked in on us, and I go to make her a Dish of Homestead Charlotte Russe –

Always,

Emily –

Note: RML AMS 1170 / 18.25. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Lilies are a traditional Easter flower.

1147.*To Sarah Tuckerman, April 1884*

Be encouraged, Sweet friend!

How cruel we did not know! But the Battles of those we love are often unseen –
 “If thou had’st been here,” Mary said, “our Brother had not died.” Hanging my
 Head and my Heart with it, that you sorrowed alone,

Late, but lovingly, Emily –

Note: AC 49. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed April 1884. | Tuckerman was being treated for cupping of the optic nerve, which involved hospitalization. | ED paraphrases John 11:21—where Martha, not Mary, speaks.

1148.*To Charles H. Clark, about April 21, 1884*

Never unmindful of your anxiety for your Father, dear friend, I refrained from asking, lest even the moment engrossed by reply, might take you from him.

The peril of a Parent is a peculiar pang, and one which my Sister and myself so long experienced, Oh would it were longer, for even fear for them were dearer than their absence, that we cannot resist to offer you our earnest sympathy – I most sincerely trust that the sight is redeemed, so precious to you both, more than vicariously to you – even filially – and that the added fear has not exhausted you beyond the Art of Spring to cheer.

I have lost since writing you, another cherished friend, a word of whom I enclose – and how to repair my shattered ranks is a besetting pain –

Be sure that my Sister and myself never forget your Brother, nor his bereaved comrade –

To be certain we were to meet our Lost, would be a Vista of reunion, who of us could bear?

With my own and my Sister’s recollection,

Faithfully,

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 729. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: received Apr 22 84.

1149.*To Daniel Chester French, about late April 1884**Transcribed Margaret F. Cresson*

Dear Mr. French: –

We learn with delight of the recent acquisition to your fame, and hasten to congratulate you on an honor so reverently won.

Success is dust, but an aim forever touched with dew.

God keep you fundamental!

Circumference, thou bride
Of awe, – possessing, thou
Shalt be possessed by
Every hallowed Knight
That dares to covet thee.

Yours faithfully,

Emily Dickinson

Note: Missing. Publication: JL898—our source text. | Both THJ and RWF work from Cresson's TS, THJ more literally. French lived in Amherst as a boy and was acquainted with Susan and the Norcrosses. His statue of John Harvard was unveiled in Harvard Yard, April 1884. | M 648, Fr1636.

1150.*To Elizabeth M. Dickerman, May 1884**Transcribed Elizabeth Street Dickerman*

There are two Mays
And then a Must
And after that a Shall
How infinite the compromise
That indicates I will

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 74. Publication: *Smith Alumnae Q* (1954). | The daughter, E. Street Dickerman, notes: "In a May basket, perhaps." As with valentines, the common practice was to send May baskets anonymously. The Dickermans moved to Amherst about September 1883, after the Reverend George Dickerman accepted the call to become minister of the First Church. | M 732, Fr1637. Sent to Ellen Mather, with arbutus basket (1884; lost).

1151.*To unknown, about spring 1884*

With the leave of the Blue Birds, without whose approval we do nothing.
 E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 885. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

1152.*To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about spring 1884**Unsent*

A Tone from the old Bells, perhaps might wake the Children –

We send the Wave to find the Wave –
 An Errand so divine,
 The Messenger enamored too,
 Forgetting to return,
 We make the wise distinction still,
 Soever made in vain,
 The sagest time to dam the sea is when the sea is gone –

Emily,
 with love –

Note: AC 641. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED sent a revised copy of this letter, with variant writing out of poem. As transcribed by Frances it uses “sage decision” for “wise distinction” and “only” for “sagest”; she also makes “Is when the sea is gone” a new poetic line (Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.19, 491). | M 649, Fr1643. This unsent letter has the only extant copy of this poem in ED’s hand.

1153.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, first half of 1884*

No Words ripple like Sister’s –
 Their Silver genealogy is very sweet to trace.
 Amalgams are abundant, but the lone student of the Mines adores Alloyless things –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B134). Pencil. Signature removed. Publication: *FF*.

1154.*To Caroline and Ebenezer Hoar, about late May 1884*

Dear Mr and Mrs Hoar –

I should hardly dare risk the inclemencies of Eden at this perilous Season –

With proud congratulation that the shortest route to India has been supremely found,

Honoringly,

E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #900; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Frost, ice, and snow were recorded in New England from May 28–31. News of plans for the June 12 wedding of Samuel Bowles IV and Elizabeth Hoar (daughter of Caroline and Ebenezer, a former US Attorney General) were published in mid-May; about 1,200 people were invited—including the Dickinsons.

1155.*To unknown, about 1884**Unsent*

Betrothed to Righteousness might be
 An Ecstasy discreet
 But Nature relishes the Pinks
 Which she was taught to eat –

Note: AC 154. Publication: *BM* (1945). | Unsigned and unaddressed; included because THJ does so. Pinks bloom abundantly in late spring and early summer. | ED alludes to Hosea 2:19: “yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies.” | M 652, Fr1657. Only copy.

1156.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late May or early June 1884*

Morning might come by accident, Sister –

Night comes by Event –

To believe the final line of the Card would foreclose Faith – Faith is Doubt.

Sister –

Show me Eternity, and I will show you Memory.
 Both in one package lain
 And lifted back again –

○

Be Sue, while I am Emily.
Be next, what you have ever been, Infinity –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B90). Pencil. Publication: *HCL*. | M 733, Fr1658. Only copy.

1157.

To Elizabeth Holland, about June 1, 1884

Sweet friend.

I hope you brought your open Fire with you, else your confiding Nose has ere this been nipped –

Three dazzling Winter Nights have wrecked the budding Gardens, and the Bobolinks stand as still in the Meadow as if they had never danced –

I hope your Heart has kept you warm – should I say your Hearts, for you are yet a Banker –

Death cannot plunder half so fast as Fervor can re-earn –

We had one more, “Memorial Day,” to whom to carry Blossoms –

Gilbert had Lilies of the Valley, and Father and Mother, Damson – Hawthorn –

When it shall come my turn, I want a Buttercup. Doubtless the Grass will give me one, for does she not revere the whims of her flitting Children?

I was with you in all the loneliness, when you took your flight, for every jostling of the Spirit barbs the Loss afresh – even the coming out of the Sun after an Hour’s Rain, intensifies their Absence –

Ask some kind Voice to read to you Mark Antony’s Oration over his Playmate Caesar –

I never knew a broken Heart to break itself so sweet –

I am glad if Theodore balked the Professors – Most such are Manikins, and a warm blow from a brave Anatomy, hurls them into Wherefores –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (87). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | The heavy late May frost damaged fruit crops; Memorial Day—for commemorating all departed loved ones as well as fallen soldiers—fell on May 25. Theodore Holland graduated from Columbia Law School in June 1884, probably following an oral examination. | ED refers to a speech in *Julius Caesar*.

1158.

To Alice Tuckerman, about June 6, 1884

Dear friend –

With the trust that the “Madonna and Child” are as safe as sacred, accept this happy flower –

E – Dickinson –

Note: Private hands, last in the possession of Orton L. Clark. Pencil. Publication: JL903—our source text. | Margaret Tuckerman was born June 6, 1884.

1159.

To Abigail Cooper and Margaret Tuckerman, between June 6–14, 1884

Little Margaret –

She that is “least in the Kingdom of Heaven” has the Scripture Warrant for supremacy –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: JL947. | The address “Little Margaret –” was written on a narrow slip of paper pinned to the main sheet; ED addressed the note to Margaret and her grandmother.

1160.

To Alice Tuckerman, early June 1884

Let me commend to Baby’s attention the only Commandment I ever obeyed –
“Consider the Lilies.”

E – Dickinson –

Note: Private hands, last in the possession of Orton L. Clark. Pencil. Publication: FF; JL904 is our source text.

1161.

To Samuel Bowles IV, about June 12, 1884

Dear friend,

The Clock strikes One
That just struck Two –
Some Schism in the Sum –
A Sorcerer from Genesis
Has wrecked the Pendulum –

With warmest Congratulation,
E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #902; photostat. Pencil. Publication: L (1894). | Bowles and Elizabeth Hoar married June 12. | M 642, Fr1598. Sent in 1883 to E. Holland (shortly after Kate Holland’s marriage) and to S. Tuckerman.

1162.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, about mid-June 1884

How strange that each tenderness was precisely the tenderness most craved,
but Nellie is a Seer –

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.18. Pencil. Publication: JL916. | ED fell unconscious on Saturday, June 14, and was ill for about two months. Nellie and John Howard Sweetser had returned to Amherst for their annual summer visit.

1163.

To Abigail Cooper, about late June 1884

How can one be fatherless who has a father's friend within confiding reach?

Note: AC 17. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | June 16 was the tenth anniversary of Edward Dickinson's death.

1164.

To Ellen Augusta Mather, spring 1884

Dear friend,

Accept this dusk remembrance, and thank you for the Dainty, which sipping
just before my sleep, gave me a Sherbet Dream –

With love,

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 28. Pencil. Publication: JL927.

1165.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, mid-June 1884

Did dear Mrs Nellie think Emily had purloined the Napkin? No – only the Heart
of which it was the Exponent, which with roguish love, she will not return –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.9. Pencil. Publication: JL915.

1166.*To Abigail Cooper, about mid-1884*

Dear friend,

I shall deem the little Tumblers forever consecrated by the “unseemliness” –

With Affection,

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 18. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894)**1167.***To Charlotte C. Field, July 1884**Transcribed Todd*

Expulsion from Eden grows indistinct in the presence of flowers so blissful, and with no disrespect to Genesis, Paradise remains –

Beaconsfield says “the time has now come when it must be decided forever, who possesses the great gates to India.”

I think it must be my neighbor. With delicate gratitude,

E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 876. Publication: *L* (1894). | The Fields had recently moved to Amherst and on July 2 hosted the AC Class of 1834 reunion, apparently passing along some of the flowers they received. | ED quotes from a speech given by the Earl of Beaconsfield (Disraeli) on February 20, 1880. Disraeli / Beaconsfield was often referred to in the papers even after his death in 1881.

1168.*To Mabel Loomis Todd, about July 19, 1884*

How martial the Apology of Nature! We die, said the Deathless of Thermopylae, in obedience to Law –

Not Sickness stains the Brave,

Nor any Dart,

Nor Doubt of Scene to come,

But an adjourning Heart –

Note: AC 770. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | In her diary, Todd records receiving this note on July 19. Simonides’s epitaph for the Spartans at Thermopylae was “here obedient to their laws we lie.” ED refers to Thermopylae in four poems and L733. | M 733, Fr1661. Only copy.

1169.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, about summer 1884

The Pedigree of Honey
Does not concern the Bee.
A Clover, any time, to him
Is Aristocracy –

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 423. Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1890). | First four of eight lines; M 650, Fr1650.

1170.

To Theodore Holland, summer 1884

Dear Sir.

Your request to “remain sincerely” mine demands investigation, and if after synopsis of your career all should seem correct, I am tersely your’s.

I shall try to wear the unmerited honor with becoming volume –

Commend me to your Kindred, for whom although a Stranger, I entertain esteem –

I approve the Paint – a study of the Soudan, I take it, but the Scripture assures us our Hearts are all Dongola.

E. Dickinson –

“Cousin Vinnie’s” smile.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (88). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | During the summer of 1884, General Gordon was sent from his headquarters in Dongola to Khartoum to relieve the British garrison.

1171.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, summer 1884

I dare not contrast the Summers, Nellie, but I think the Hearts will measure the same, and that is the only girth. Emily –

Note: RML Ams 1170 / 18.19. Pencil. Publication: JL917.

1172.*To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, summer 1884*

Keepsakes for "Supertime," when all the Bairns come home.

Emily and

Vinnie –

Note: RML Ams 1170 / 18.20. Pencil. Publication: JL881.

1173.*To Ellen Augusta Mather, about midsummer 1884*

Dear friend –

Accept this spotless Supper from your nearest

Neighbor –

Note: Mather. H MS Am 1118.99c #928; photostat. Pencil. Publication: JL928. | ED abandoned an unaddressed note reading: "Accept this spotless Supper though Midsummer"; AC 830; NEQ (1955).

1174.*To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, about summer 1884*

Dear Nellie –

I had felt some uncertainty as to my qualification for the final Redemption, but the delightful Melody has entirely fitted me –

Congratulate your Son on his divine Gift –

Emily –

Note: RML Ams 1170 / 18.17. Pencil. Publication: JL920. | Unseen by ED, Nellie's son sang at the Dickinson house. See L1202 for reference to this occasion.

1175.*To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late July 1884*

That any Flower should be so base as to stab my Susan, I believe unwillingly –
 "Tasting the Honey and the Sting," should have ceased with Eden – choose
 Flowers that have no Fang, Dear – Pang is the Past of Peace –

Sister –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B106). Pencil. Publication: *HCL*. | In late July and early August, Susan was ill because of an allergic reaction—Bianchi speculates to poison sumac. According to Bianchi (*LL*), a fragment of this note was allegedly sent to Susan (lost).

1176.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, early August 1884

Transcribed Todd[?]

Dear Cousins,

I hope you heard Mr. Sanborn's lecture. My Republican was borrowed before I waked, to read till my own dawn, which is rather tardy, for I have been quite sick, and could claim the immortal reprimand, "Mr. Lamb, you come down very late in the morning." Eight Saturday noons ago, I was making a loaf of cake with Maggie, when I saw a great darkness coming and knew no more until late at night. I woke to find Austin and Vinnie and a strange physician bending over me, and supposed I was dying, or had died, all was so kind and hallowed. I had fainted and lain unconscious for the first time in my life. Then I grew very sick and gave the others much alarm, but am now staying. The doctor calls it "revenge of the nerves"; but who but Death had wronged them? Fanny's dear note has lain unanswered for this long season, though its "Good-night, my dear," warmed me to the core. I have all to say, but little strength to say it; so we must talk by degrees. I do want to know about Loo, what pleases her most, book or tune or friend.

I am glad the housekeeping is kinder; it is a prickly art. Maggie is with us still, warm and wild and mighty, and we have a gracious boy at the barn. We remember you always, and one or the other often comes down with a "we dreamed of Fanny and Loo last night"; then that day we think we shall hear from you, for dreams are couriers.

The little boy we laid away never fluctuates, and his dim society is companion still. But it is growing damp and I must go in. Memory's fog is rising.

The going from a world we know
To one a wonder still
Is like the child's adversity
Whose vista is a hill,
Behind the hill is sorcery
And everything unknown,
But will the secret compensate
For climbing it alone?

Vinnies's love and Maggie's, and mine is presupposed.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.16. Publication: *L* (1894). | Eight weeks from June 14, the date of ED's fall, would date this letter around August 9. Dr. Dyer Ball Nelson Fish attended

ED's fall. Frank B. Sanborn lectured July 28 on "Emerson Among the Poets" for the sixth Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, as reported in the *SR* on July 29 and August 2. | gracious boy = Stephen Sullivan; little boy = Gilbert. | M 733, Fr1662. Only copy.

1177.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early August 1884

Wish I had something vital for Susan, but Susan feeds herself –
Banquets have no Seed, or Beggars would sow them –

Declaiming Waters none may dread,
But Waters that are still
Are so for that most fatal cause
In Nature – they are full –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B88). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | M 648; Fr1638.

1178.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, summer 1884

Have I nothing else, Nellie has not? Speak, that she may share it!
Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.11. Pencil. Publication: JL918.

1179.

To Elizabeth Holland, August 1884

The immediate and accurate loveliness deserved an immediate reply, but I have been hoping all the Days to hear from my poor friend, who I fear has taken fright anew, and gone to Dr. Agnew. She has been much in our family, assisting in many crises, and was it not crisis all the time, in our hurrying Home? The support of a Mother, an almost imbecile Husband and two very sweet little Girls, hangs upon her Needle, so her sight is not luxury, but necessity –

Father valued her much, often befriending her, and I love to fulfill the kindness only Death suspends – Forgive the personality – It seemed inevitable, and thank you again for the full sweetness, to which as to a Reservoir the smaller Waters go – What a beautiful word "Waters" is! When I slept in the Pond and ate Seraphs for Breakfast, I thought I should know all about it now, but "Now" comes, and I dont –

I hear you are feasting on Army Worms, Canker Worms, and Cut Worms, and envy you your Salad – We had a gallant Rain, last Night, the first for many Days, and the Road is full of little Mirrors, at which the Grass adorns itself, when Nobody is seeing – reminding me of an instance similar, “Turn thou mine Eyes away from beholding Vanity!” Love of us each – Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (89). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Dr. Agnew was Elizabeth’s oculist, possibly Cornelius Rea Agnew, a surgeon and founder of the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital in 1868 and Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital in 1869. “Friend” unidentified. | ED quotes Psalm 119:37.

1180.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about August 1884

Dear Sue.

I never shall see a Rose in the Boat without beholding you, and were you only at the Helm, it would be supreme –

I give you a Pear that was given me – would that it were a Pair, but Nature is penurious.

I fear you are very tired, and every Day ask Stephen if you seem weary –

Love for your suffering Brother, whose I am each moment, could I in any way refresh him and for each in the loved Home – Tell me any service and my Heart is ready –

Sister.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B124). Pencil. Publication: *FF*.

1181.

To Ellen Augusta Mather, about August 1884

Dear friend,

A reckless Hen devoured the Boon we designed for you, instead of which, please taste the Pears, which are less celestial –

Emily

and Vinnie –

Note: Mather. H MS Am 1118.99c #930; photostat. Pencil. Publication: JL930.

1182.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, perhaps late August 1884

Tell the Susan who never forgets to be subtle, every Spark is numbered –

The farthest Thunder that I heard
Was nearer than the Sky,
And rumbles still,
Though torrid Noons
Have lain their Missiles by –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B108). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Starting August 21, there were several thunderstorms in Amherst, continuing into September. | “The farthest Thunder” (first four of twenty lines); M 653, Fr 1665. Sent two lines as prose to Jackson (1884).

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, September 5, 1884

Colorado Springs Sept 5. 1884

My dear friend,

Thanks for your note of sympathy.

It was not quite a “massacre,” only a break of one leg: but it was a very bad break—two inches of the big bone smashed in—& the little one snapped: as compound a fracture as ~~they~~ is often compounded!—

But I am thankful to say that it has joined & healed—well: I am on crutches now—& am promised to walk with a cane in a few weeks:—a most remarkable success for an old woman past fifty & weighing 170.—

I fell from the top to the bottom of my stairs—& the only wonder was I did not break my neck.—For the first week, I wished I had! Since then I have not suffered at all—but have been exceedingly comfortable—ten weeks tomorrow since it happened—the last six I have spent in a wheeled chair on my verandah;—an involuntary “rest cure,” for which I dare say, I shall be better all my life.—

I trust you are well—and that life is going pleasantly with you.—

What portfolios of verses you must have.—

It is a cruel wrong to your “day & generation” that you will not give them light.—If such a thing should happen as that I should outlive you, I wish you would make me your literary legatee & executor. Surely, after you are what is called “dead,” you will be willing that the poor ghosts you have left behind, should be cheered and pleased by your verses, will you not?—You ought to be.—I do not think we have a right to withhold from the world a word or a thought any more than a deed, which might help a single soul.

Do you remember Hannah Dorrance? She came to see me the other day! A Mrs. Somebody, from Chicago. I forget her name. She has grandchildren. I felt like Methuselah, when I realized that it was forty years since I had seen her. Her eyes are as black as ever.—

I am always glad to get a word from you—

Truly yours Helen Jackson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. Publication: Postmark: Sep 5 1884. | Hannah Dorrance (Mrs. Thomas Corlett) was a student at AA in the same “Classical Course” as ED.

1183.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, about late summer 1884

Dear Nellie –

You sent me all but the Pond, but the Heavens Today have sent me that, which repairs the omission –

Thanks for the lovely sham – A duplicate of Gabriel could not be more enchanting – and Gabriel has no stem. Of your lovely Acts I am never mindless – To reprove the summer that bears you away is instinct and pathos – An Acorn slain with Dew –

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.14. Pencil. Publication: JL919.

1184.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late summer 1884

Dear Sue –

One of the sweetest Messages I ever received, was, “Mrs Dickinson sent you this Cardinal Flower, and told me to tell you she thought of you.”

Except for usurping your Copyright – I should regive the Message, but each voice is it’s own –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B144). Pencil. Publication: FF

1185.

To Elizabeth Holland, about September 17, 1884

Dear Sister –

To have been in the actual presence of “Dodd, Mead, and Co” is impressive to Vinnie, and she says every day, “I thought we should hear from Mrs – Holland,” she being the Chairman of that loved Assembly – Vinnie was charmed with the Stranger – With Kate, she had been always charmed, so the spell was complete – But she found him a dark Man – the Picture depicted him a light – That, she requires explained – Vinnie much regretted that she was’nt in Court Costume, but I told her that high topped Boots would’nt have been expected, which was not the comfort that I could wish. Autumn is among us, though almost unperceived – and the Cricket sings in the morning, now, a most pathetic conduct –

We have no Fruit this year, the Forest having barreled that in the Bud – except the “Fruits of the Spirit,” but Vinnie prefers Baldwins – Thank Kate and the Consort, for their beloved visages – the “surprise parties” of Saints are ineffable, and when they bring the assurance of the loved convalescence, they are even more beatific –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (90). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | On September 17, Kate and Bleecker Van Wagenen drove to Amherst from Northampton, where they were on vacation. Vinnie received them. He worked at the publishing firm Dodd, Mead and Company. | ED paraphrases “Fruits of the Spirit” from Galatians 5:22.

1186.

To Rebecca Mack, mid-September 1884

Dear Mrs Mack will forgive us – not for not yearning to see her, but for not succeeding!

“While there is Life there is” interview, seems almost inevitable, though in sacred instances it is sometimes not so. We shall never forget you, and your loveliness is a Legend rebateless as the “Babes in the Wood.” While you live, you will be dear Mrs Mack, the Angel of Childhood.

I have not been strong for the last year.

The Dyings have been too deep for me, and before I could raise my Heart from one, another has come – and I fear I might not have dared to see you, even could you have come, but fidelity never flickers – it is the one unerring Light.

A word from you would be very dear, but if too much to ask, deny your faithful
Emily.

Note: Mack. Pencil. Publication: JL939—our source text. | Mack may have been in town for the Agricultural Fair, which began on September 18. | “Babes in the Wood” is a traditional British tale of children abandoned in a wood, who die and are covered with leaves by robins. ED also mentions it in L40 and L830.

1187.

To Helen Hunt Jackson, mid-September 1884

Dear friend,

I infer from your Note you have “taken Captivity Captive,” and rejoice that that martial Verse has been verified. He who is “slain “and smiles, steals something from the” Sword, but you have stolen the Sword itself, which is far better. I hope you may be harmed no more – I shall watch your passage from Crutch to Cane with jealous affection. From there to your Wings is but a stride – as was said of the convalescing Bird,

And then he lifted up his Throat
And squandered such a Note,
A Universe that overheard
Is stricken by it yet –

I, too, took my Summer in a Chair, though from “Nervous prostration”, not fracture, but take my Nerve by the Bridle now, and am again abroad – Thank you for the wish –

The Summer has been wide and deep, and a deeper Autumn is but the Gleam concomitant of that waylaying Light.

Pursuing you in your transitions,

In other Motes,
Of other Myths
Your requisition be,
The Prism never held the Hues,
It only heard them play –

Loyally,

E. Dickinson –

Note: BPL 1093 (110). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Jackson liked this letter so much that she forwarded it to Higginson. ED takes “Captivity Captive” from Ephesians 4:8 and the “robbed that smiles steals something from the thief” from *Othello*, inserting a floating quotation mark. She quotes as prose “is but the Gleam concomitant of that waylaying Light –” from her own “The farthest Thunder” (M 653, Fr 1665). | From “Upon his Saddle sprung a Bird” (last four of eight lines); M 653, Fr 1663. “In other Motes”: M 734, Fr 1664. Only copy. THJ read “Pursuing you in your transitions” as this poem’s first line; Leyda, RWF, and M do not.

1188.

To Rebecca Mack, mid- to late September 1884

It was very dear to see Mrs Mack –

A friend is a solemnity and after the great intrusion of Death, each one that remains has a spectral pricelessness besides it's mortal worth –

I hope you may live while we live, and then with loving selfishness consent that you should go –

Said that marvellous Emily Bronte

Though Earth and Man were gone
And Suns and Universes ceased to be
And thou wert left alone,
Every Existence would Exist in thee –

Tenderly,

Emily –

Note: Private collection. Pencil. Publication: JL940. Sold by Stodolski, 2021, TS from digital copy. | ED quotes from Brontë's "Last Lines" also in L118 and 1191.

1189.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, late September 1884

Are you trying to make me miss you more when you are far hence? You will succeed, Nellie –

Emily –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.22. Pencil. Publication: JL943.

1190.

To Ellen Augusta Mather, about late September 1884

With the congratulatory trust that "there is no place like Home,"

E. Dickinson –

Note: Mather. H MS Am 1118.99c #929; photostat. Pencil. Publication: JL929. | One or both Mathers were traveling for much of August and early September. | "There is no place like home" comes from "Home, Sweet Home," an extremely popular song adopted from an 1823 opera by John Payne.

1191.

To Maria Whitney, late September 1884

Dear friend.

Has the Journey ceased or is it still progressing, and has Nature won you away from us, as we feared she would.

Othello is uneasy but then Othellos always are, they hold such mighty Stakes – Austin brought me the Picture of Salvini when he was last in Boston –

The Brow is that of Deity – the Eyes, those of the Lost, but the Power lies in the Throat – pleading, sov reign – Savage – The Panther and the Dove!

Each, how innocent!

I hope you found the mountains cordial, followed your meeting with the Lakes with affecting sympathy.

Changelessness is Nature's Change – The Plants went into Camp last night, their tender Armor insufficient for the crafty nights –

That is one of the parting acts of the year, and has an emerald pathos – and Austin hangs Bouquets of Corn in the Piazza's Ceiling, also an Omen, for Austin believes.

The "Golden Bowl" breaks breaks soundlessly, but it will not be whole again till another year –

Did you read Emily Bronte's marvellous Verse?

"Though Earth and Man were gone,
And Suns and Universes ceased to be,
And thou wert left alone,
Every Existence would exist in thee –"

We are pining to know of you, and Vinnie thinks to see you would be the opening of the Burr –

I dreamed Saturday night of precious Mr Bowles. One glance of his would light a World –

Emily, with love –

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (12). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | Austin saw Tomaso Salvini perform as Othello at least once (see L1138). | The "Golden Bowl" reference is to Ecclesiastes 12:6. ED quotes Brontë's "Last Lines," the poem Higginson read at her funeral, in L1118 and 1188.

1192.

To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson, early October 1884

What may I do for Mattie, on her way to school?

Asking that of some timid grace I might be the Bearer, say to Mama that I think of her –

Aunt Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B137). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | Susan took Mattie to Miss Porter's school in Farmington, Connecticut, on October 7; she attended for 1884–85.

1193.

To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson, October 1884

We almost question where we are, without our martial Mattie, Flag and Drum in one, and but for a deceiving Shower just at Ned's departure, should have assured her so in Flower's – One Bin in the Ancestral Cellar was filled with Jessamine last Night, for that enchanting purpose, but Destiny mistook, so they shall go again – "Much is to learn, and much to forget, ere the time be come for" dowering "you –" Browning told me so –

That "Homesickness in the back of the Neck" to which I referred, I fear has transpired, though to have been the missing Hero is it's own reward –

I recall with a pang the lovely Suppers you last Summer brought me, Niece "of my better Days", endearing you prospectively, as also at the time, and wish I might respond in some enriching way, now you are far hence – The Bluebirds are singing cherubically, and all the Colors "we know or think" are prancing in the Trees –

Be true to yourself, Mattie, and "Honor and Immortality" – although the first will do – the last is only inferential, and I shall be prouder of you than I am, which would be unbecoming –

Aunt Emily –

with love –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B174). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | ED quotes "Much is to learn . . ." from Browning's "Evelyn Hope"; she also quotes Romans 2:7.

1194.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about October 5, 1884

Twice, when I had Red Flowers out, Gilbert knocked, raised his sweet Hat, and asked if he might touch them – Yes, and take them too, I said, but Chivalry forbade him – Besides, he gathered Hearts, not Flowers –

Some Arrows slay but whom they strike,
 But this slew all but him,
 Who so appareled his Escape,
 Too trackless for a Tomb –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B145). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Gilbert died October 5, 1883. | An abandoned copy of this letter differs slightly, containing “smell” for “touch” and the sentence “Tudor was not a Beggar,” preceding only a first line of the poem, beginning: “Most Arrows slay” (AC 637). | M 734, Fr1666. Only complete copy.

1195.

To Elizabeth Holland, late October 1884

Dear One.

Upon the presumption that the “Swallows homeward” flew, I address to their Nest, as formerly – I trust “the Airs were delicate” the Day they made their flight, and that they still sing Life’s portentous Music – I feared you would steal the Grandchild in the Parents’ absence, but then it would be such a happy theft, so joyful to the robbed, and to the Thief presiding. Could Jurisprudence sigh? I hope the Lass is hearty, loving and beloved – I know she is Grandmama’s Tonic – but which is the biggest, the Patient or the Medicine? You always were a Wren, you know, the Tenant of a Twig – The Leaves are flying high away, and the Heart flies with them, though where that wondrous Firm alight, is not “an open secret –” What a curious Lie that phrase is! I see it of Politicians – Before I write to you again, we shall have had a new Czar – Is the Sister a Patriot?

“George Washington was the Father of his Country” – “George Who?” That sums all Politics to me – but then I love the Drums, and they are busy now – I did not forget the Anniversary you so tenderly marked, but cover it with Leaves, as it was long since covered with Honor – which is better than Leaves – To put one’s Hand on the sacred figures, is like touching “the Ark of the Covenant –” All grows strangely emphatic, and I think if I should see you again, I sh’d begin every sentence with “I say unto you –” The Bible dealt with the Centre, not with the Circumference –

Emily –
 With love –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (91). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | On October 12 ED had a second seizure; the 12th was also the “tenderly marked” anniversary of Josiah Holland’s death. November 4 was election day; Grover Cleveland was elected the 25th president of the United States, in an election season characterized by excessive mudslinging. | ED alludes to Franz Abt’s “When the swal-

lows homeward fly” and to a description of Macbeth’s castle, where the “air is delicate.” In *Aurora Leigh*, an anniversary is covered with leaves.

1196.

To Mary and Eben Jenks Loomis, late October 1884

Dear friends,

The Apostle’s inimitable apology for loving whom he saw not, is perhaps monition to us, who are tempted to the same turpitude.

Timidly,

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 771. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | The Loomises were visiting their daughter Mabel in Amherst; ED did not see them. | ED alludes to 1 Peter 1:8.

1197.

To Mary and Eben Jenks Loomis, early November 1884

It consoles the happy Sorrow of Autumn, to know that plumbless ones are near.

My Acquaintance with the Irreparable dates from the Death Bed of a young Flower to which I was deeply attached.

The element of Elegy, like Bugles at a Grave, how solemnly inspiriting! Ascension has a muffled Route.

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 772. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | The Loomises called on Vinnie on November 4, returning to New York on the 7th.

1198.

To Mary and Eben Jenks Loomis, November 1884

Parting with Thee reluctantly,
That we have never met,
A Heart sometimes a Foreigner,
Remembers it forgot –

In all the circumference of Expression, those guileless words of Adam and Eve never were surpassed, “I was afraid and hid Myself –” E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 773. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | M 734, Fr1667. Only copy.

1199.*To unknown, about 1884*

A Flower will not trouble her, it has so small a Foot,
 And yet if you compare the Lasts,
 Her's is the smallest Boot –

Emily –

Note: H Lowell Autograph (95). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1955). This was given to Amy Lowell by Todd in 1923; it was probably never sent. M 650, Fr1648.

1200.*To Catharine Sweetser, about mid-November 1884**Transcribed Todd*

Sweet and Gracious Aunt Katie.

The beloved lilies have come, and my heart is so high it overflows, as this was mother's week, Easter in November.

Father rose in June, and a little more than a year since, those fair words were fulfilled, 'and a little child shall lead them' – but boundlessness forbids me.

Though the great waters sleep
 That they are still the deep
 We cannot doubt.
 No vacillating God
 Ignited this abode
 To put it out.

It is very wrong that you were ill, and whom shall I accuse? The enemy, 'eternal, invisible, and full of glory' – but he declares himself a friend! It is sweet you are better.

More beating that brave heart has to do before the Emerald recess.

With sorrow for Emma's accident, and love for all who cherish you, including the roses, your velvet allies,

Tenderly

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.23, 861. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. | "little child" = Gilbert. Emma = Aunt Katie's daughter. ED alludes to Isaiah 11:6 and 1 Timothy 1:17. | M 649, Fr1641. Sent to S. Dickinson (1884), Kimball (1885), and A. Cooper (1886).

1201.

To Mary and Eben Jenks Loomis, November 19, 1884

Dear friends.

The atmospheric acquaintance so recently and delightfully made, is not, I trust, ephemeral, but absolute as Ether, as the delicate Emblem just received, tenderly implies. Thank you for the Beauty – thank you too for Boundlessness – that rarely given, but choicest Gift. To “know in whom” we “have believed”, is Immortality.

Oh what a Grace is this,
What Majesties of Peace,
That having breathed
The fine – ensuing Right
Without Diminuet Proceed!

With trust,

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 774 Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). Postmark: Brat & Palmer Nov 19. | The Loomises' gift has not been identified. ED quotes from 2 Timothy 1:12. | M 734, Fr1669. Only copy.

1202.

To Lucy Cornelia Sweetser, about November 20, 1884

Dear Nellie,

I hardly dare tell you how beautiful your Home is, lest it dissuade you from the more mortal Homestead in which you now dwell – Each Tree a Scene from India, and Everglades of Rugs –

Is not “Lead us not into Temptation” an involuntary plea under circumstances so gorgeous? Your little Note dropped in upon us as softly as the flake of Snow that followed it, as spacious and as stainless, a paragraph from Everywhere – to which we never go – We miss you more this time, I think, than all the times before – An enlarged ability for missing is perhaps a part of our better growth, as the strange Membranes of the Tree broaden out of sight.

I hope the Owl remembers me, and the Owl's fair Keeper, indeed the remembrance of each of you, were a gallant boon – I still recall your Son's singing, and when the “Choir invisible” assemble in your Trees, shall reverently compare them – Thank you for all the Acts of Light which beautified a Summer, now past to its reward. Love for your Exile, when you write her, as for Love's Aborigines – Our Coral Roof though unbeheld, its foliage softly adds –

Emily, with Love –

Note: RML AMs 1170 / 18.8. Pencil. Publication: JL951. | The first snow of the fall was November 20. The Sweetsters moved into a new house in 1883. | ED refers to George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" in *The Legend of Jubal and Other Poems* (1874), also mentioned in L1297. | See L1174 for Howard Sweetser's singing.

1203.

To Annie E. Jameson, about 1884

Transcribed by THJ / Ward

Dear Little Annie,

We give her our love, and are each sorry –

E – Dickinson –

Note: Bennett. Pencil. Publication: JL924—our source copy.

1204.

To Austin Dickinson, November 27, 1884

"Resolved,"

That the thanks of this Audience are due to

Mr Dickinson for his very interesting and able Turkey –

Samuel Nash –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B30). Pencil. Publication: FF. | November 27 was Thanksgiving Day. | Samuel C. Nash was the first editor of the *Hampshire and Franklin Express* (founded in 1844); he reported local events in detail.

1205.

To Mary and Eben Jenks Loomis, December 1, 1884

Dear friends.

The etherial Volume is with us – In sweet and rapid evidence the assurance comes.

The Thank you in my Heart obstructs the Thank you on my Lips.

How little of our depth we tell, though we confide our shallowness to "every passing Breeze" –

I hope the ones are well, who bear such loveliness. By their tints ye shall know them –

The Hands I never took, I take anew, still wondering at my privilege –
 With love,
 E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 775. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). Postmark: [Brat?] & Palmer Dec 1. | The Loomises sent a copy of Francesca Alexander's 1883 novel *The Story of Ida*.

1206.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about December 1884

Few, yet enough,
 Enough is One –
 To that etherial throng
 Have not each one of us the right
 To stealthily belong?
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B68). Pencil. Publication: *Poems* (1896). | M 648, Fr1639.

1207.

To Benjamin Kendall Emerson, about December 25, 1884

Missing my own Boy, I knock at other Trundle-Beds, and trust the Curls are in –
 Little Gilbert's Aunt –

Note: AC 24. Pencil. Publication: *Amherst Alumni News* (1951).

1208.

To Arthur and Annie E. Jameson, about December 25, 1884

Arthur forgot to set a Trap for Santa Claus, but that illustrious Mouse will excuse him, if he will steal the Cakes instead –
 And Annie –
 E – Dickinson –

Note: Bennett. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). JL957 is our source copy.

1209.

To Mary Adelaide Hills, about December 25, 1884

When the “Children” for whom the Cakes were founded are “Merchants of Venice” and “Desdemonas,” Santa Claus must tell me – I should never guess –

Note: AC B12, F14 photocopy. Publication: JL958. | Desdemona is the tragic heroine of *Othello*.

1210.

To Anna Carleton, shortly after December 25, 1884

It hardly seems credible that the brave little Boy and the celestial little Girl are Anna’s, and yet would we not expect her to be the Mother of Poets and Prophets, were she the Mother of anyone at all, as the Mail so sweetly assures us –

The bestowal of two such Fairies upon a sordid World, is of itself Prowess, and we give our hallowed congratulation to the Madonna Anna – The Picture of the pretty Home is very warm and vivid, and we half “touch” it too, unless softly forbidden – not with mortal Fingers, but those more tidy, mental ones, which never leave a blot –

Thanks, Dear, for the beatific Package, a murmur of the Saints, and never hide so long again, from your seeking Cousins –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (13). Pencil. Publication: JL925. | Anna Newman married George Henry Carleton in 1874 and now had a daughter and son, Clara Newman and Albert Gibson Carleton. Anna sent photographs of her children and home. According to her daughter, Anna never returned to Amherst after marrying. This letter “was rescued by my father when other personal letters from Emily were destroyed.”

1211.

To Clarissa (Clara) Newman Turner, late December 1884

The cordiality of the Sacrament extremely interested me when a Child, and when the Clergyman invited “all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, to remain,” I could scarcely refrain from rising and thanking him for the to me unexpected courtesy, though I now think had it been to all who loved Santa Claus, my transports would have been even more untimely.

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.1 (12). Pencil. Publication: *Home*.

1212.*To Alice Tuckerman, January 1, 1885*

Bringing a New Year to one who never saw One, is roguishly portentous, and
if the Basket tips a little, is it the Porter's fault?

Is not that which is called "the" Burden of Life," a bewitching Weight?

E. Dickinson –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: JL959. All quotation marks are ED's; she refers to the baby Margaret.

1213.*To Mary and Eben Jenks Loomis, January 2, 1885*

Dear friends.

I thought as I saw the exultant Face and the uplifted Letter,

Take all away from me, but leave me Ecstasy,

And I am richer then

Than all my Fellow Men –

Ill it becometh me to dwell so wealthily

When at my very Door are those possessing more,

In abject poverty –

And what is Ecstasy but Affection and what is Affection but the Germ of the
little Note?

A Letter is a joy of Earth –

It is denied the Gods –

Emily,

with Love –

Note: AC 776. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). Postmark: Brat. & Palmer Jan 2. | "Take all away from me": M 654, Fr1671. Sent to E. and S. Bowles IV. | "A Letter is": M 735, Fr1672. Sent to C. Clark (as prose, 1885).

1214.*To unknown, around 1885**Unsent*

Were Departure Separation, there would be neither Nature nor Art, for there
would be no World –

Emily –

Note: AC 881. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Fair copy, written on small cut piece of paper, folded once as if for sending.

1215.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, January 14, 1885

Transcribed F. Norcross

Had we less to say to those we love, perhaps we should say it oftener, but the attempt comes, then the inundation, then it is all over, as is said of the dead.

V. dreamed about F. last night, and designing for days to write dear L.— dear, both of you, indeed, with the astounding nearness which a dream brings, I must speak this morning. I do hope you are well and that the last enchanting days have refreshed your spirits, and I hope the poor little girl is better, and the sorrow at least adjourned.

L asked “what books” we were wooing now – [Watching like a vulture for] Walter Cross’ life of his wife, a friend sent me “Called back.” It is a haunting story and as loved Mr Bowles used to say “greatly impressive to me.” Do you remember the little picture with his deep face in the centre, and Governor Bross on one side, and Colfax on the other? The third of the group died yesterday, so somewhere they are again together.

Moving to Cambridge seems to me like moving to Westminster Abbey as hallowed and as unbelieved, or moving to Ephesus with Paul for a next door neighbor.

Holmes Life of Emerson is sweetly commended, but you, I know have tasted that. But the whistle calls me – I have not begun – so with a moan and a kiss, and a promise of more, and love from Vinnie and Maggie and the half blown carnation, and the western sky, I stop.

That we are permanent temporarily, it is warm to know, though we know no more.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.19, 541–43. Publication: *L* (1894). THJ omits the word “a” twice in JL962. Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS are supplied by Todd’s. Frances herself writes “Mr B.” and then fills in the name “Bowles”; also “Vinnie” and “Maggie” in the penultimate paragraph. | The January 14 SR reported that Schuyler Colfax, US vice president in Grant’s first administration, died suddenly; the “little picture” includes Bowles, Colfax, Albert Richardson, and Governor William Bross. | ED refers to *Called Back* (1883) by Frederick John Fargus (pen-name, Hugh Conway) and Oliver Wendell Holmes’s *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (December 1884).

1216.

To Charles H. Clark, January 18, 1885

Dear friend.

Though no New Year be old – to wish yourself and your honored Father a new and happy one is involuntary and I am sure we are both reminded of that sacred Past which has forever hallowed us.

I trust the Years which they behold are also new and happy, or is it a joyous expanse of Year, without bisecting Months, untiring Anno Domini? Had we but one assuring word, but a Letter is a joy of Earth – it is denied the Gods –

Vivid in our immortal Group we still behold your Brother, and never hear Northampton Bells without saluting him –

Should you have any Picture of any Child of my friend, while we are both below, I hope you may lend it to me for his great sake, as any circumstance of him is forever precious.

Have you Blossoms and Books, those solaces of sorrow? That, I would also love to know, and receive for yourself and your Father, the forgetless sympathy of

Your Friend

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 730. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Jan 19; Clark endorses it “Jan 18 / 85.” | J. Clark was buried in Northampton, but their “friend” Wadsworth was not. “A Letter is a joy” (here metered prose) was sent to the Loomises as verse (L1213).

1217.

To unknown, early 1885

Draft

Dear friend –

But of what shall I first speak – the beautiful Child, or it's deep Possessor, or the little “Book” it is famine to read till I have obtained it –

Thank you for the Grave – empty and full – too –

As if I asked a common Alms and in my wondering Hand

A Stranger pressed a Kingdom, and I bewildered stand,

As if I asked the Orient had it for me a Morn,

And it should lift it's Purple Dikes, and shatter me with Dawn –

Your Letter much impressed me – Your every suggestion is Dimension Thought is the Knock which

Note: AC 845. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Abandoned fair copy. ED also retains a slightly variant copy of the beginning of this letter (AC 846). | M 37, Fr14. Sent to Higginson (1862).

1218.*To unknown, early 1885*

Dear friend.

I thank you with wonder – Should you ask me my comprehension of a star-light Night, Awe were my only reply, and so of the mighty Book – It stills, incites, infatuates – blesses and blames in one. Like Human Affection, we dare not touch it, yet flee, what else remains?

But excuse me – I know but little. Please tell me how it might seem to you –

How vast is the chastisement of Beauty, given us by our Maker! A Word is inundation, when it comes from the Sea –

Peter took the Marine Walk at the great risk.

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 847. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). THJ speculates that this is to same recipient as preceding draft, because there she anticipates a book and here thanks her friend for one. | See WN79 for extension of the last sentence.

1219.*To Abigail Cooper, early 1885*

Dear friend –

Nothing inclusive of a human Heart could be “trivial.” That appalling Boon makes all things paltry but itself –

To thank you would profane you – there are moments when even Gratitude is a desecration –

Go thy great way!

The Stars thou meetst

Are even as Thyself –

For what are Stars but Asterisks

To point a human Life?

E. Dickinson,

with love –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | M 735, Fr1673. Sent to B. Kimball (1885).

1220.*To Maria Whitney, early 1885?*

Dear friend.

I cannot depict a friend to my mind till I know what he is doing, and three of us want to depict you.

I inquire your avocation of Austin, and he says you are “engaged in a great work”! That is momentous but not defining – The thought of you in the great City has a halo of Wilderness.

Console us by dispelling it.

The Candy is still with is, not in it’s first boundlessness, for Austin has prettily shared it with us, but still luscious and gracious.

Vinnie is happy with her duties, her Pussies and her Posies, for the little Garden within, though tiny is triumphant. There are scarlet Carnations, with a witching suggestion, and Hyacinths covered with promises which I know they will keep.

How precious to hear you ring at the Door and Vinnie ushering you to those melodious moments of which friends are composed. This also is fiction.

I fear we shall care very little for the technical Resurrection, when to behold the one face that to us comprised it, is too much for us and I dare not think of the voraciousness of that only gaze and it’s only return. Remembrance is the great Tempter –

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.10 (13). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Omitted text restored. Whitney taught at the Brearley School in New York, 1884–1885 and autumn 1885.

1221.*To Martha Ann Cushing Esty, about 1885**Unsent*

I bring my Mrs Estey not Treasure, nor Temptation, but just this little Vat of Numidian Wine.

Emily –

Note: AC 178. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955; as facsimile *BM*). | Martha was the sister of Sarah Tuckerman. ED writes various disconnected phrases on this abandoned letter, including “Why should we hurry – why indeed”; and “Tragedy.” She drafts “Extol thee – could I – Then I will” on the back (M 656, Fr1682).

1222.*To Elizabeth and Samuel Bowles IV, about early 1885*

Dear friends.

Had I not known I was not asleep, I should have feared I dreamed, so blissful was their beauty, but Day and they demurred.

Take all away from me, but leave me Ecstasy,
 And I am richer then, than all my fellow men –
 Is it becoming me, to dwell so wealthily, when at my very door
 Are those possessing more, in boundless poverty?

With joyous thanks,
 E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #1014. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). ED misspells “should.” THJ prints poem as prose. | M 654, Fr1671. Sent to Loomises (1885).

From Helen Hunt Jackson to Emily Dickinson, February 3, 1885

Santa Monica, Cal. By the Sea. Feb. 3. 1885

My dear Miss Dickinson,

Thank you heartily for your note, and for the fan. It is pathetic, in its smallness—poor souls, how did they come to think of making such tiny ones.—I shall wear it sometimes, like a leaf, on my breast.—

Your letter found me in Los Angeles, where I have been for two months & a little more,—sunning myself, and trying to get on my feet.—I had hoped by this time to be able to go without crutches, and venture to New York, for the remainder of the winter—but I am disappointed. So far as the broken leg is concerned, I could walk with a cane now; but the whole leg having been badly strained by doing double duty so long, is obstinate about getting to work again, is very lame and sore, & I am afraid badly given out,—so that it will take months for it to recover.—I dislike this exceedingly;—but dare not grumble, lest a worse thing befall me: & if I did grumble, I should deserve it,—for I am absolutely well—drive the whole of every afternoon in an open carriage on roads where larks sing & flowers are in bloom; I can do everything I ever could—except walk!—and if I never walk again, it will still remain true that I have had more than a half century’s excellent trotting out of my legs—so even then, I suppose I ought not to be rebellious.—Few people get as much out of one pair of legs, as I have!—

This Santa Monica is a lovely little Seaside hamlet,—only eighteen miles from Los Angeles,—one of the most beautiful Seaside places I ever saw: green to the tip edge of the cliffs, flowers blooming and choruses of birds, all winter.—There

can be nothing in this world nearer perfection than this South California climate for winter.—cool enough to make a fire necessary, night & morning; but warm enough to keep flowers going, all the time, in the open air,—grass & barley are many inches high—some of the “volunteer” crops already in head.—As I write—(in bed, before breakfast,) I am looking straight off towards Japan—over a silver sea—my foreground is a strip of high grass, and mallows, with a row of Eucalyptus trees, sixty or seventy feet high;—and there is a positive cackle of linnets.

Searching here, for Indian relics, especially the mortars or bowls hollowed out of stone, with the solid stone pestles, which they used to pound their acorns in, I have found two Mexican women called Ramona, from whom I have bought the Indian mortars.—

I hope you are well—and at work.—I wish I knew what your portfolios, by this time, hold.—

Yours ever truly Helen Jackson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL976. Postmark: Santa Monica Feb 1885.

1223.

To Benjamin Kimball, about February 19, 1885

Dear friend –

To take the hand of my friend's friend, even apparitionally, is a hallowed pleasure –
I think you told me you were his kinsman.

I was only his friend – and cannot yet believe that

“his part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the Southern Hills,
Is that his Grave is green.”

His last words in his last Note were “A Caller comes.” I infer it to be Eternity, as he never returned –

Your task must be a fervent one – often one of pain –

To fulfill the will of a powerless friend supersedes the Grave –

Oh, Death, where is thy Chancellor? On my way to my sleep, last night, I paused at the Portrait – Had I not loved it, I had feared it, the Face had such ascension.

Go thy great way!
The Stars thou meetst
Are even as Thyself,
For what are Stars but Asterisks
To point a human Life?

Thank you for the nobleness, and for the earnest Note – but all are friends, upon a Spar.

Gratefully,

E. Dickinson –

Note: NYPL Berg. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. An envelope associated with this letter is post-marked Palmer Mass Feb 19. | Kimball was the executor of Lord's estate. | ED quotes W. C. Bryant's "June." | M 735, Fr1673. Sent to A. Cooper (1885).

1224.

To Elizabeth Holland, early February 1885

Dear Sister,

Horace, the wise, but acrid Man who so long lived with us, was pleased to say of what displeased him, "I hate it, I despise it," and I feel an animadversion similar to the Rheumatism – To wring your bonnie shoulder, how brutal, how malign!

Were Revenge accessible, I would surely wreak it, but that, like all the rest of us, is an Apparition –

I trust he will discontinue you for something more befitting – I shall then seek the "Letter" which the "Weird Woman promised" me –

The Winter which you feared has shrunk to February, which limited Expanse has the enchantment of the last, and is therefore beloved – "But the last Leaf fear to touch," says the consummate Browning –

Tell Katrina about the Buttercups that Emily tills, and the Butterflies Emily chases, not catches, alas, because her Hat is torn – but not half so ragged as her Heart, which is barefoot always –

Vinnie wrote you a few Days since, and is sure if you value her as much as you did in Northampton, you will soon reply!

Love for all but the Rheumatism –

Always,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (92). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | In "By the Fire-Side" Browning writes "But a last leaf—fear to touch!"

1225.*To Abigail Cooper, February 1885*

Trusting an April flower may not curtail your February, that Month of fleetest sweetness.

E. Dickinson.

Note: Blaine. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). JL971 is our source text.

1226.*To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, February 1885*

Dear friend,

It is long since I asked and received your consent to accept the Book, should it be, and the ratification at last comes, a pleasure I feared to hope –

Biography first convinces us of the fleeing of the Biographed –

Pass to thy Rendezvous of Light,

Pangless except for us –

Who slowly ford the Mystery

Which thou hast leaped across!

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (111). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | John Walter Cross's *George Eliot's Life as Related in Her Letters and Journals*, volume I, was published February 1885. | M 729, Fr1624. Sent to S. Dickinson (1883).

1227.*To Elizabeth Holland, late February 1885*

So Madonna and Daughter were incomplete, and Madonna and Son, must supersede!

Perhaps the Picture is right. But isn't it rather cool Weather for the Wise Men of the East?

Perhaps their shining Overcoats obviate the Climate –

The young Man is doubtless an acquisition, but I uphold Katrina, and any encroachment upon her, shall resent to the last.

Congratulate the New Moon on her second Star, and with love for each, and a "Dont wake the Baby,[""] we are heartfully

Emily.

Rejoice that you are better.
 One more word for Baby –
 I send him Daniel Webster's Hat for his Golden Wedding – It can be found in
 the "Century" –
 March Number, I think.
 Be sure and try it on –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (93). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Elizabeth's second grandchild, Garrat Bleecker Van Wagenen, was born on February 9. The March *Century* frontispiece showed Webster wearing a large beaver hat.

1228.

To Mary Warner Crowell, March 2, 1885

Is it too late to touch you, Dear?
 We this moment knew –
 Love marine and Love terrene –
 Love celestial too –

 I give his Angels charge –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.4 (L33). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed: "Emily Dickinson March 2, 1885." | On March 2, AC announced that Professor Crowell was retiring. He and Mary left for England, where he underwent eye surgery and they remained until late June. See L1062, 1228, and 1263 for ED's use of the same closing phrase (from Psalms 91:11). | M 735, Fr1674. Only copy.

1229.

To Catharine Sweetser, about March 1885

Transcribed Todd

Aunt Katie never forgets to be lovely, and the sweet clusters of yesterday only perpetuate a heart warm so many years.

Tropic, indeed, a memory that adheres so long. They were still vivid and fragrant when they reached my fingers, and were the wrist that bears them bolder, it would give reply. As it is, only a kiss and a gratitude, and every grace of being, from your loving niece. 'I give his angels charge'!

Should I say his Flowers, for qualified as Saints they are.
 Vinnie's and my transport.

Note: Y MSS & Archives, MS496C 69.23, 864. Publication: *L* (1894). ED was ill in March. She quotes Psalms 91:11 in L1062, 1227, and 1263.

1230.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, about March 21, 1885

Dear friend –

Nature forgot – The Circus reminded her – Thanks for the Ethiopian Face –
The Orient is in the West –
“You knew, Oh Egypt” said the entangled Antony –

Note: AC 777. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Todd endorses: “On receiving from me a jug of shaded yellow painted with red trumpet-vine blossoms,” letter received March 21.

1231.

To Helen Hunt Jackson, March 1885

Draft

Dear friend –

To reproach my own Foot in behalf of your’s, is involuntary, and finding myself, no solace in “Whom he loveth he chasteneth” your Valor astounds me – It was only a small Wasp, said the French Physician, repairing the sting, but the strength to perish is sometimes withheld – though who but you could tell a Foot.

Take all away from me, but leave me Ecstasy
And I am richer then, than all my Fellow men.
Is it becoming me to dwell so wealthily
When at my very Door are those possessing more,
In abject poverty?

That you compass “Japan” before you you breakfast, not in the least surprises me, clogged only with Music, like the Wheels of Birds –

Thank you for hoping I am well. Who could be ill in March, that Month of proclamation? Sleigh Bells and Jays contend in my Matinee, and the North surrenders, instead of the South, a reverse of Bugles –

Pity me, however, I have finished Ramona –

Would that like Shakespere, it were just published! Knew I how to pray, to intercede for your Foot were intuitive – but I am a Pagan –

Of God we ask one favor,
That we may be forgiven –

[*ED rewrites and completes the final poem and letter on a separate page:*]

Of God we ask one favor, that we may be forgiven –
For what, he is presumed to know –
The Crime, from us, is hidden –
Immured the whole of Life

Within a magic Prison
 We reprimand the Happiness
 That too competes with Heaven.

May I once more know, and that you are saved?
 Your Dickinson –

Note: AC 817, 819. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Abandoned fair copy. ED writes “before you you breakfast.” | ED retains other brief sections of this letter (AC 820, 821, 822); AC 821 contains the phrase “Afternoon and the West and the gorgeous nothings which compose the sunset keep their high Appointment Clogged only with Music like the Wheels of Birds.” | “Take all away”: M 654–55, Fr1671; sent to Loomises and to E. and S. Bowles IV (1885). “Of God we”: M 655, Fr1675. Only extant copies are in these drafts.

1232.

To Benjamin Kimball, early spring 1885

Dear friend.

Had I known I asked the impossible, should I perhaps have asked it, but Abyss is its' own Apology –

I once asked him what I should do for him when he was not here, referring half unconsciously to the great Expanse – In a tone italic of both Worlds “Remember Me,” he said. I have kept his Commandment. But you are a Psychologist, I, only a Scholar who has lost her Preceptor.

For the great kindness of your opinion, I am far indebted. Perhaps to solidify his faith was for him impossible, and if for him, how more, for us! Your noble and tender words of him were exceedingly precious – I shall cherish them.

He did not tell me he “sang” to you, though to sing in his presence was involuntary, thronged only with Music, like the Decks of Birds.

Abstinence from Melody was what made him die. Calvary and May wrestled in his Nature.

Neither fearing Extinction, nor prizing Redemption, he believed alone. Victory was his Rendezvous –

I hope it took him home.

But I fear I detain you.

I try to thank you and fail. Perhaps the confiding effort you would not disdain?
 Sacredly,

E. Dickinson –

Note: NYPL Berg. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Enclosure: “Though the great Waters sleep”.

1233.*To Maria Whitney, about late March 1885**Draft*

Dear friend

I was much quickened toward you and all Celestial things to read ^see^ that the Life of our loved Mr Bowles would be with us in Autumn, and how fitting ^sweet^ that ~~that~~ his and George Eliots should be given so near – ^should be chosen so near And how strong that his and George Eliot's are in the same year^ On his last arriving from California he told us the Highwayman did not say your money or your life, but have you read Daniel Deronda –

That wise and tender Book I hope you have seen – It is full of sad ^high^ nourishment –

Note : AC 839. Pencil. Publication : *NEQ* (1955). | Written on a banjo and guitar concert program performed at AC on March 23. On March 7, an article in the *SR* announced the “autumn” publication of Merriam's *Life* of Bowles; Cross's *George Eliot's Life* is mentioned in the *SR* on March 3, 10, and 28.

1234.*To Mariette Jameson, about late March 1885*

Excuse these Brown Suggestions – Wisdom is seldom dressed in Pink –
E. Dickinson –

Note: LOC. Pencil. Publication: *EDJ* (2001). | By the end of March, after months of public speculation, the Dickinsons were concerned that Jameson would be replaced as village postmaster and offered repeated sympathy. In July, Jameson wrote to her son that ED had earlier sent her Cape jasmine.

1235.*To Elizabeth Holland, late March or early April 1885*

Dear Sister –

To “gain the whole World” in the Evening Mail, without the baleful forfeit hinted in the Scripture, was indeed achievement – and I was led resisting to Bed, but Vinnie was firm as the Soudan – Thank you tenderly. I was breathlessly interested. Contention “loves a shining Mark.” Only fight about me, said the dying King, and my Crown is sure –

It is only the Moss upon my Throne, that impairs my Dying – None of us know her enough to judge her, so her Maker must be “Crowners Quest” – Saul criticized his Savior till he became enamored of him – then he was less loquacious –

It was lovely to see your Hand again in the old attitude – a literary one, and the Present flew like a Butterfly, and the Past was, but there we must not linger – too many linger with us – Love for the “Holy Family,” and say to the Son that the Little Boy in the Trinity had no Grandmama, only a Holy Ghost –

But you must go to Sleep – I, who sleep always, need no Bed –

Foxes have Tenements, and remember, the Speaker was a Carpenter –

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.2 (94). Pencil. Publication: *LH*. | Elizabeth may have sent ED the March 28 *Critic*, with a long article on Higginson, reviewing new work of his. Cross’s biography of Eliot also was being reviewed—occasionally accusing Eliot of immorality. | ED quotes “loves a shining mark” from Young’s *Night Thoughts*; to “gain the world” from Mark 8:36; and “the foxes have holes” from Matthew 8:20. Hamlet uses the phrase “Crown’s Quest.”

1236.

To Elizabeth M. Dickerman, April 1885

Transcribed Elizabeth Street Dickerman

The love of the grape – Catawba.

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 74. Publication: *Smith Alumnae Q* (1954). Dickerman’s daughter recalls that this note was sent to her mother with a jar of wine jelly, perhaps around April 5, the date of the birth of the Dickerman’s fourth child, Alfred.

1237.

To Sarah Tuckerman, after April 5, 1885

Dear friend –

We want you to wake – Easter has come and gone. Morning without you is a dwindled Dawn – quickend toward all celestial things by Crows I heard this Morning –

Accept a loving Caw from a nameless friend,

“Selah.”

Note: AC 51. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Endorsed “Emelie D- Ap- 85.” | Easter fell on April 5. | “Selah” occurs frequently at the end of verses in Psalms and Habakkuk, perhaps indicating a musical direction or marking the final sentence as metered prose—as ED’s is here.

51
Dear Friend.
No man
you to hate.
Faster has come
and gone.
Morning has met
you is a divine
little man.
I believe to have
an celestial
thing of, cross
I heard this
morning -
a great a
loving can.

Figure 11 (a and b). To Sarah Tuckerman,
after April 5, 1885 (AC 51).

Emily Dickinson Collection, Amherst College
Archives and Special Collections, Amherst,
Massachusetts.

52
From a
Nameless Friend.
"Dearest."

1238.

To Charles H. Clark, April 21, 1885

Dear friend.

The flower for which your Brother cared, resumes it's Siren Circuit, and choosing a few for his Name's sake, I enclose them to you – perhaps from some far site he overlooks their transit, and smiles at the beatitudes so recently his own – Ephemeral – Eternal Heart!

I hope you are in health, and that the fragile Father has every peace that years possess.

My Sister's tender interest.

We think of your small Mansion with unabated warmth, though is not any Mansion vast, that contains a Father?

That this beloved Spring inspirit both yourself and him, is our exceeding wish.
E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 731. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: Apr 21.

1239.

To Abigail Cooper, April 1885

Little Margaret, and April, and the Dog! "What a Triumvirate"!

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: JL982. | Margaret was ten months old.

1240.

To Jeanie A. Greenough, about spring 1885

The Flower keeps it's appointment – should the Heart be tardy?
When Memory rings her Bell, let all the Thoughts run in –
Emily –

Note: AC 3. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

1241.*To Benjamin Kimball, spring 1885*

Dear friend.

Your Note was unspeakable strength.

May I keep its' promise in solemn reserve? To know that there is shelter, sometimes dissuades it's necessity – In this instance defers it.

Even to ask, a legal question might so startle me that my Voice would pass to another World before it could be uttered.

In tribute to your fidelity I send you the face of my Father.

Thank you for the Seal – it covers the whole area of sanctity.

Confidingly,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 823. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Edward Dickinson was one of Lord's closest friends and political allies, as Kimball—Lord's executor—would have known.

1242.*To Charlotte C. Field, spring 1885?**Transcribed Todd*

Should you not have this flower, the first of Spring with me, I should regret not sending it. Your azaleas are still vivid, though the frailer flowers are flitted away.

E. Dickinson

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 877. Publication: *L* (1894). | Apparently sent with a daphne.

1243.*To unknown, late April or May 1885**Unsent*

Dear friend.

“May” I, or is it still April.

Reprieve the Mistake

Note: AC 849. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

1244.

To Sarah Tuckerman, May 1, 1885

We trust the repairs of the little friend are progressing swiftly, though shall we love her as well revamped? Anatomical dishabille is sweet to those who prize us –
A chastened Grace is twice a Grace –

Nay, 'tis a Holiness.

With a sweet May Day,
Emily –

Note: AC 50. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Endorsed “Emilie Dickinson Easter 1885” but ED’s closing suggests May 1. “A chastened Grace”: M735, Fr1676. Only copy. ED begins the two-line poem as a continuation of her prose line.

1245.

To Charlotte C. Field, 1885?

Transcribed Todd

I was much chagrined by the delayed flower – please accept its apology.
E. Dickinson.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.23, 877. Publication: *L* (1894). | Todd dated note 1885.

1246.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, early May 1885

To the Bugle every color is Red –

Note: AC 778. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Todd’s diary for May 6 says Vinnie invited her to see a beautiful red lily, which she then painted.

1247.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, about May 8, 1885

Their dappled importunity
Disparage or dismiss –
The Obloquies of Etiquette
Are obsolete to Bliss –

Note: AC 779. Pencil. Publication: *Letters* (1931). | ED signs with horizontal line. In her May 8 diary, Todd notes “some adder’s tongue sent over by Lavinia”; adder’s tongue is also known as trout lily. | M 735, Fr1677. Only copy.

1248.

To Thomas Dwight Gilbert, late May 1885

Unsent

There is little to say, dear Mr Gilbert, when the Heart is bruised.

How hallowedly Macbeth said “that sort must heal itself,” yet a grieved whisper from a friend might instruct it how –

Though we go by detachments to the strange Home, have no

Note : AC 354. Pencil. Publication : *NEQ* (1955). Incomplete. | Thomas and Susan’s brother Frank Gilbert died on May 25, 1885. On the verso, ED writes “Some one prepared this mighty show” (only copy).

1249.

To Abigail Cooper, early June 1885

With Leopards for Playmates, the beautiful Child defies the Latitudes and I trust that her Session of Domingo has but just begun.

With thanks for the little Usher, and the lurking Mama.

E. Dickinson –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: JL1005. Cooper’s grand-daughter Margaret was born a year ago, June 6, 1884.

1250.

To Abbie Farley and Mary Farley, June 8, 1885

Dear friends.

When I opened the little Box and the vestal flower sprang out, an instant conviction of it’s source overpowered me, and I did not attempt to dispute the Tears which were bolder than I.

Thank the sweet Mother who plotted, and the loved Daughter that executed the spotless commission. Again the vanished lived –

Can the Jasmine outlast the Hand that bore it so joyously away? Then the Mutable is the elder – It lies beside the Portrait.

“Lovely in their Lives, and in their Death, not divided.”

How entirely lovely in your Mother to remember one whom she has never seen! I trust she is still well, and may long be a keepsake to us all.

One of Sue's noble Brothers has died, and Sue and Ned are expected tonight from an absence of two weeks, on that sad account – Mattie comes home occasionally, for a Moment's Recess, and fast becomes an imperial Girl.

I hope you may have a charming Trip, and return refreshed.

You have indeed endured.

Can one scant year contain so much?

With Affection,

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (52M-64). Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Susan and Ned returned to Amherst June 8. ED quotes 2 Samuel 1:23.

1251.

To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson, early to mid-June 1885

Mattie will take this piece of Cake to School instead of the other – and a Crumb, for her Cousin –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B109). Pencil. Publication: JL961. | Cousin = Isabel Cutler, who also attended Miss Porter's school. Austin writes on May 29 that Mattie is back from school, with her friend "Issie"; by June 23, both are back at school.

1252.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, June 1885

Ned will plead his Cousin's acceptance of the blushing Trifle? To be a Bell and Flower too, is more than Summer's share, but Nature is a Partisan –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B100). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | Cousin = Isabel Cutler. An abandoned version of this note reads: "Ned will ask his Cousin's perusal of this "Scarlet Letter," whose postage is a Solstice –" (AC 638).

1253.

To Joseph K. Chickering, July 1885

Dear friend –

The Amherst Heart is plain and whole and permanent and warm.

In childhood I never sowed a seed unless it was perennial – and that is why my Garden lasts.

We dare not trust ourselves to know that you indeed have left us –

The Fiction is sufficient pain. To know you better as you flee, may be our recompense. I hope that you are well, and nothing mars your peace but its divinity – for Ecstasy is peril.

With earnest recollection,
E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 800. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | On June 30, the *New York Times* announced that AC Professor Chickering had resigned; he moved to Vermont and later joined the University of Vermont faculty.

1254.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, about early July 1885

Brother and Sister's Friend –

"Sweet Land of Liberty" is a superfluous Carol till it concern ourselves – then it outrealms the Birds –

I saw the American Flag last Night in the shutting West, and felt for every Exile.
I trust you are homesick.

That is the sweetest courtesy we pay an absent friend. The Honey you went so far to seek, I trust too you obtain. Though was there not an "Humbler" Bee?

"I will sail by thee alone, thou animated Torrid Zone."

Your Hollyhocks endow the House, making Art's inner Summer, never Treason to Nature's. Nature will be just closing her Picnic, when you return to America, but you will ride Home by Sunset, which is far better –

I am glad you cherish the Sea. We correspond, though I never met him.

I write in the midst of Sweet-Peas and by the side of Orioles, and could put my Hand on a Butterfly, only he withdraws. Touch Shakespeare for me –

The Savior's only signature to the Letter he wrote to all Mankind, was, A Sranger and ye took me in –

America.

Note: AC 781. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | ED writes "Sranger" for Stranger. The Todds left for Europe June 24. ED's letter may have been sent with one dated July 31 from Austin. | ED quotes from "My Country 'tis of Thee" and (imprecisely) Emerson's "The Humble-Bee."

1255.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, summer 1885

Dear Sue.

I could send you no Note so sweet as the last words of your Boy – “You will look after Mother”?

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B41). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | During the summer of 1885, Ned vacationed in the Adirondacks, at Lake Placid.

1256.

To Joseph K. Chickering, about 1885

How charming the magnanimity which conferring a favour on others, by some mirage of valor considers itself receiving one!

Of such is the Kingdom of Knights!

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 801. Ink—rare for this period. Publication: *L* (1894).

1257.

To Abbie Farley, early August 1885

Dear friend,

What a reception for you! Did she wait for your approbation?

Her deferring to die until you came seemed to me so confiding – as if nothing should be presumed. It can probably never be real to you.

The Vail that helps us, falls so mercifully over it.

“An envious Sliver broke” was a passage your Uncle peculiarly loved in the drowning Ophelia.

Was it a premonition? to him to whom Events and Omens are at last the same?

I shall certainly think of you in the second departure, so innocent, so cruel.

Isaac pleads again, “but where is the Lamb for the Sacrifice?” The Clock’s sweet voice makes no reply.

No faithful pang is silenced, but Anguish sometimes gives a cause which was at first concealed. That you two be not sundered is my holy wish. With love – Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (52M-65). Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Mary Farley drowned on August 1, while swimming in Walden Pond. Abbie’s “Uncle” = Otis Lord. | ED quotes from

Hamlet and Genesis 22:7. On the “two” (Saul and Jonathan) being “not sundered,” see L1250, 2 Samuel 1:23.

1258.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, August 1885

Dear Boy.

I dared not trust my own voice among your speechless Mountains, and so I took your Mother's, which mars no majesty – So you find no treason in Earth or Heaven.

You never will, My Ned –

That is a personal refraction – shall I question you, or let your Story tell itself? “Day unto Day uttereth Speech” if you do not tease him.

I was stricken with laughter by your Dr Irish – The search for the Syphon is unremitting.

How favorable that something is missing besides Sir John Franklin! Interrogation must be fed –

Your intimacy with the Mountains I heartily endorse – Ties more Eleusinian I must leave to you – Deity will guide you – I do not mean Jehovah – The little God with Epaulettes I spell it in French to conceal it's temerity What made you quote that sweetest verse I never heard from Lips but scarcely wake or sleep without re-loving it?

Love for Maria Pearl – and a ruddy remembrance to my Neighbors. Vinnie is still subsoiling, but lays down her Spade to caress you – and ever be sure of me, Lad –

Fondly,

Aunt Emily.

Latest from the Dam – Telegraphed Torricelli to bring a Vacuum, but his Father wrote that he was'nt at Home –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B183). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | First sentence suggests that Susan addressed envelope. “Maria Pearl” = nickname for Whitney, who owned a cottage at Lake Placid. On August 6, the superintendent of the Amherst waterworks ordered work suspended on the new flume at the reservoir because of dangerously high water. The Torricelli vacuum was a barometer. | ED quotes Psalm 19:2.

1259.

To Eugenia Montague Hall, about 1885

I heard a very sweet voice, during the presentation of the Cake, more charming if possible, than the Cake itself, for both of which, my thanks.

May I know how to make it, the Music, and the Cake beside?
 Smilingly,
 Cousin Emily.

Note: Private hands, Mabbott. Pencil. Publication: JL1001, our source. | Eugenia was twenty or twenty-one years old.

1260.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, about summer 1885

Accept the Firstling of my Flock, to whom also it's Lastling is due –
 To broil our Benefits, perhaps, is not the highest way –
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B115). Pencil. Publication: AM (1915).

1261.

To "Marcia" / unknown recipient, about 1885

Unsent

Dear Marcia.

I waited to try the Cake, but

Note: AC 824. Pencil. Publication: JL, PF29. | Abandoned fair copy. Possibly addressed to the dressmaker "Marcia," mentioned L163, March 1854.

1262.

To unknown, about summer 1885

Unsent

Sweet friends.

I send a message by a Mouth that cannot speak –

The Ecstasy to guess,
 Were a receipted Bliss
 If Grace could talk.

With love –

Note: AC 873. Pencil. Publication: L (1894). | M 656, Fr1680. Only copy.

1263.

To Eugenia Montague Hall, about summer 1885

Let me thank the little Cousin in flowers, which without lips, have language –
 Somewhat Cousin
 Emily –

Note: UVA 7658. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894).

1264.

To Samuel Bowles IV, about August 5, 1885

Dear friend,

I did not know. God bless you indeed!

Extend to that small Hand my own "Right Hand of Fellowship" and guide the Woman of your Heart softly to my own.

I give "his Angels Charge" – Well remembered Angels, whose absence, only, dims our Eyes –

The Magnanimity I asked, you how freely gave!

If ever of any act of mine you should be in need, let me reply with the Laureate, "Speak that I live to hear"!

Vitally,

E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #1012; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Samuel Bowles V was born on July 31, 1885; Susan sent congratulations on August 5, and it is likely ED also knew this news by then. | ED takes "Speak that I long to hear" from *Hamlet*; she quotes Psalms 91:11 in L1062, L1228, and L1229.

1265.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, August 6, 1885

Dear friend.

I was unspeakably shocked to see this in the Morning Paper –

She wrote me in Spring that she could not walk, but not that she would die – I was sure you would know – Please say it is not so –

What a Hazard a Letter is! When I think of the Hearts it has scuttled and sunk, I almost fear to lift my Hand to so much as a Superscription.

Trusting that all is peace in your loved Abode,

With alarm,

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (112). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). Postmark: Palmer Aug 6 1885. | ED enclosed a clipping from the *SR*, August 6, stating that Jackson is “reported at the point of death in San Francisco, where she has been steadily declining for the past four months. She broke a knee by a fall at Los Angeles, removed to San Francisco for treatment, was prostrated by a low fever and now for a month her stomach has been in such a condition that it would retain no food and she has lived on frozen cream.” | For variations on the “What a Hazard” passage, see L1270.

1266.

To Samuel Bowles IV, August 19, 1885

Dear friend,

May I ask a service so sacred as that you will address and mail a note to the friend of my friend Mrs Jackson? I do not know Mr Jackson’s address, and desire to write him –

That your loved Confederate and yourself are in ceaseless peace, is my happy faith – The Sweet Peas you hallowed – stand in Carmine Sheaves – Would that you could plunder them!

Gratefully,

E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #1008; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: sent and received August 19, 1885 (Palmer to Springfield). | Signature missing from photostat but reproduced in Todd’s TS (Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.21, 729).

1267.

To William Sharpless Jackson, August 19, 1885

I take the Hand of Mr Bowles to express my sympathy for my grieved Friend, and to ask him when sorrow will allow, if he will tell me a very little of her Life’s close? She said in a Note of a few months since, “I am absolutely well.”

I next knew of her death – Excuse me for disturbing you in so deep an hour – Bereavement is my only plea –

Sorrowfully,

E. Dickinson –

Note: Jones Box 1. Pencil. Publication: JL1009. Postmark: Springfield Mass Aug 20 1885. | ED enclosed a cut envelope with her name and address. Helen Hunt Jackson died of cancer on August 12.

*From Thomas Niles to Emily Dickinson, August 19, 1885*Boston, Aug^t 19 1885

Dear Miss Dickinson

I have yours asking about Mrs Jackson. A year since, she broke her leg & in the autumn she managed to get down to Los Angeles where she passed the winter leaving there in Mch for home but got no farther than San Francisco where she was taken down with what she called Malarial fever. Judging by her continued letters the doctors did not know what her real trouble was. Most likely they did however, but kept it from her. We only know here what has been telegraphed that she died of Cancer in the stomach.

In her last letter to me, recd. since the news of her death, she says she "has but a few days to live and shall be thankful to be released" and she closes thus:

"I shall look in on your new rooms some day, be sure—but you won't see me—
Good bye—Affy. forever, H. J."

And by this you will know that she thinks it is the "beginning."

I will send you a photograph of her in a day or two

Yrs truly

T. Niles

Note: H MS Am 1118.7 (87M-65). Publication: JL1009a.

1268.*To Samuel Bowles IV, August 1885*

Dawn and Dew my Bearers be –

Ever,

Butterfly.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #1013; photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | On the envelope, someone wrote "with some sweet peas."

1269.*To Martha (Mattie) Dickinson, late summer 1885*

Mattie will hide this little flower in her friend's Hand – Should she ask who sent it, tell her as Desdemona did when they asked who slew her,

"Nobody –

I myself."

Note: Private hands; previously Oresman Collection. Pencil. Publication: *AM* (1910). | In 1936, Colton informed Frederick Pohl of the *Hartford Daily Times* that ED twice sent her notes with white Cape jasmine when she visited her friend Mattie.

1270.

To Sara P. Colton, late summer 1885

What a hazard an Accent is! When I think of the Hearts it has scuttled or sunk,
I hardly dare to raise my Voice to so much as a Salutation.

E – Dickinson.

Note: Private hands; previously Oresman Collection. Pencil. Publication: *Hartford Daily Times* (1936). | A fragment contains virtually identical wording, differing only in the conclusion: “I almost fear to lift my Hand to so much as a punctuation –” (AC 802). For another variation on these lines, see L1265.

1271.

To William Sharpless Jackson (?), late summer 1885

Draft

Helen of Troy will die, but Helen of Colorado, never. Dear Friend, can you walk, were the last words that I wrote her – Dear friend I can fly – her immortal
^soaring^ reply – I never saw Mrs Jackson but twice, but those twice are indelible,
and one Day more I am deified was the only impression she ever left on any House
^Heart^ she entered –

Note: AC 857a. Pencil. Publication: JL1015 (previously in separate parts). | “Jackson” is ED’s misspelling. In “The Last Ride Together” Browning writes, “one day more am I deified.”

1272.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, September 1885

Why should we censure Othello, when the Criterion Lover says “Thou shalt
have no other Gods before
Me”?

Note: AC 782. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Todd called on Vinnie September 18, after returning from Europe.

1273.

To Forrest F. Emerson, week of September 20, 1885

Dear Clergyman –

In a note which you sent my Brother, soon after the dying of our Child, was a passage our only spar at the time, and solemnly remembered –

We would gladly possess it more accurately, if convenient to you – “And I can but believe that in such a mysterious providence as the dying of Little Gilbert, there is a purpose of benevolence which does not include our present happiness.” Vinnie hoped too to speak with you of Helen of Colorado, whom she understood you to have a friend, a friend also of hers –

Should she know any circumstances of her Life’s close, would she perhaps lend it to you, that you might lend it to me?

Oh had that Keats a Severn! But I trespass upon your thronged time – With affection for Mrs Emerson, and my sister’s love

Earnestly

E. Dickinson.

Note: UVA 7658. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Emerson was in Amherst the week of Sunday, September 20, and preached at First Church the 20th.

1274.

To Samuel Bowles IV, September 28, 1885

Dear friend,

I am sure you will guide the Note to your Brother’s Hand. I am unaware of his Residence, and Eden has no number nor street. As I thank you and glance at your own Possessions, may I not touch the words, “What a Triumvirate”!

Faithfully,

E. Dickinson.

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #1017. Photostat. Pencil. Postmark: from Brattleboro; received Springfield Sep 28. | Charles Allen Bowles married Nellie Seaver Harris on October 7, 1885.

1275.

To Austin, Susan, and Edward (Ned) Dickinson, autumn 1885

Brother, Sister, Ned –

Enclosed please find the Birds which do not go South –
Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B46). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. Said to have been sent with roasting chickens.

1276.

To Sarah Tuckerman, mid-October 1885

Dear friend.

I thought of you on your lonely journey, certain the hallowed Heroine was gratified, though mute – I trust you return in safety and with closer clutch for that which remains, for Dying whets the grasp.

October is a mighty Month, for in it Little Gilbert died. “Open the Door” was his last Cry – “the Boys are waiting for me”!

Quite used to his Commandment, his little Aunt obeyed, and still two years and many Days, and he does not return –

Where makes my Lark his Nest? But Corinthians’ Bugle obliterates the Birds, so covering your loved Heart to keep it from another shot,

Tenderly,

Emily –

Note: AC 52. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | See L118 for a different version of what Gilbert said on his deathbed. ED may allude to 1 Corinthians 15:52.

1277.

To Jeanie A. Greenough, shortly after October 15, 1885

Dear friend,

I had the luxury of a Mother a month longer than you, for my own Mother died in November, but the Anguish also was granted me to see the first Snow upon her Grave, the following Day – which, dear friend, you were spared – but Remembrance engulfs me, and I must cease – I wish I could speak a word of courage, tho’ that Love has already done. Who could be motherless, who has a Mother’s Grave within confiding reach? Let me enclose the tenderness which is born of bereavement. To have had a Mother, how mighty!

Emily.

Note: AC 4. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Jeanie’s mother (age seventy-seven), Jane Pelletreau Bates, died October 15, 1885; ED’s mother (age seventy-eight) died November 14, 1882.

1278.

To Eugenia Montague Hall, mid-October 1885

Will the sweet Cousin who is about to make the Etruscan Experiment, accept
a smile which will last a Life, if ripened in the Sun?

Cousin Emily –

Note: UVA 7658. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Eugenia married Franklin Lambert Hunt on the
afternoon of October 20, 1885, in the home of her grandparents, George and Sarah Montague.

1279.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson about November 7, 1885

Dear Ned.

Burglaries have become so frequent, is it quite safe to leave the Golden Rule
out over night?

With sorrow for his illness,

Aunt Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B58). Pencil. Publication: *FF*. | On November 6, the Evergreens was
robbed while the family was at supper. On the 5th, both Hills houses also were robbed.

1280.

To Alice Tuckerman, about late autumn 1885

But if “Little Margaret’s love” is so vivid, is it quite safe to ignite it?

I never have taken a Peach in my Hand, so late in the Year. My Lips, also, are
guiltless of that pink experience –

Believing Mama to be her Envoy, may I entrust my smiles to her?

E. Dickinson –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: JL1019.

1281.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, late November 1885

The World hath not known her, but I have known her, was the sweet Boast of
Jesus –

The small Heart cannot break – The Ecstasy of it's penalty solaces the large –
 Emerging from an Abyss, and re-entering it – that is Life, is it not, Dear?
 The tie between us is very fine, but a Hair never dissolves.

Lovingly,

Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B148). Pencil. Publication: JL1024. | ED was ill and bedridden in late November; on November 30 Austin wrote that he dared not leave her. She recovered somewhat in mid-December. | The phrase “Emerging from an Abyss . . .” is preserved verbatim in ED's WN80 and has been associated with Otis Lord.

1282.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early December 1885

Dear Sue.

The Supper was delicate and strange. I ate it with compunction as I would eat a Vision. The Blossoms only were too hearty – those I saved for the Birds – How tenderly I thank you. I often hope you are better – Beneath the Alps the Danube runs –

Deeply,

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B66). Pencil. Publication: FF. | A signature, once torn off, has been reattached.

1283.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson, late 1885

What an Embassy –

What an Ambassador!

“And pays his Heart for what his Eyes eat only!”

Excuse the bearded Pronoun –

Ever,

Aunt Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B118). Pencil. Publication: AM (1915). | ED used this quotation from *Antony and Cleopatra* previously to Susan (L1077) and in a retained fragment (WN65).

1284.

To Benjamin Kendall Emerson, about December 25, 1885

Dear Kendall.

I send you a Blossom with my love – Spend it as you will –
 The Woods are too deep for your little Feet to grope for Evergreen –
 Your friend
 Emily –

Note: AC 25. Pencil. Publication: “College Activities,” *Amherst Alumni News* (1951).

1285.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, early January 1886

How lovely every solace! This long, short, penance “Even I regain my freedom
 with a Sigh”
 Emily –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B128). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | ED quotes the last line of Byron’s “The Prisoner of Chillon.”

1286.

To Katherine Prince, early January 1886

Dear friend.

Thank you for the tenderness of a Stranger. Life is deep and swift – Spars without
 the Routes but the Billows designate –

What a Comrade is Human Thought! The Circumstance you so sweetly
 recall, steals from my remembrance. Thank you for an Act fragrant so far
 past.

In behalf of your liquid Note and your delicate Niece, shall I not think of you
 as the Bird and the Aid de camp?

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 30. Pencil. Publication: JL1031.

1287.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid- to late January 1886

Thank you, dear Sue – for every solace –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B101). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | ED suffered a relapse in her health on the afternoon of January 12.

1288.

To Susan Gilbert Dickinson, mid-February 1886

I was just writing these very words to you, “Susan fronts on the Gulf Stream,” when Vinnie entered with the Sea. Dare I touch the Coincidence? Do you remember what whispered to “Horatio”?

Emily.

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B65). Pencil. Publication: *FF* | On February 16, the *SR* reported: “Amherst for the last three days has been almost as gay as at commencement time,” with a large number of weekend visitors; Susan gave a party at her house on Saturday the 13th. | Upon his death, Hamlet whispered to Horatio: “Report me and my cause aright. . . . And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain / To tell my story.”

1289.

To Mabel Loomis Todd, February 28, 1886

“Or Figs of Thistles?

Note: AC 784. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | In her diary, Todd writes that she painted a plaque with thistles, sent to ED on February 15. On the 18th she received a hyacinth and on the 28th this note. ED did not close the quotation marks. | ED quotes Matthew 7:16.

1290.

To Elizabeth Holland, early to mid-March 1886

Transcribed Todd

Concerning the little sister, not to assault, not to adjure, but to obtain those constancies which exalt friends, we followed her to St. Augustine since which the trail was lost, or says George Stearns of his alligator “there was no such aspect.”

The beautiful blossoms waned at last, the charm of all who knew them, resisting the effort of earth or air to persuade them to root, as the great florist says, “The flower that never will in other climate grow.”

To thank you for its fragrance would be impossible, but then its other blissful traits are more than can be numbered. And the beloved Christmas, too, for which I never thanked you. I hope the little heart is well, big would have been the width, and the health solaced, any news of her as sweet as the first arbutus.

Emily and Vinnie give the love greater every hour.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 68.17, 306. Publication: *L* (1894). TS page torn; words recovered from second TS (H MS Am 1118.2 [95]). | Elizabeth spent the winter of 1885–86 in Florida for her rheumatism. George M. Stearns, a Chicopee lawyer and humorist, was the butt of jokes for years based on his failure to shoot an alligator; a poem about him appeared in the March 4 *SR*, shortly after he was appointed US attorney general. | ED quotes from *Paradise Lost*.

1291.

To Sarah Tuckerman, about March 15, 1886

Transcribed Todd

Dear one,

‘Eye hath not seen nor ear heard.’

What a recompense! The enthusiasm of God at the reception of his sons! How ecstatic! How infinite! Says the blissful voice, not yet a voice, but a vision, ‘I will not let thee go, except I bless thee.’

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.24, 900. Publication: *L* (1894). | Abandoned page (AC 835) has first three words of this letter. Edward Tuckerman died March 15, 1886. | ED quotes 1 Corinthians 2:9–10 and Genesis 32:26, also quoted in L1297 to Higginson (1886); see WN43.

1292.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, about March 1886

Transcribed F. Norcross

I scarcely know where to begin but love is always a safe place – I have twice been very sick, dears, with a little recess of convalescence, then to be more sick and have lain in my bed since November, many years, for me, stirring as the arbutus does, a pink and russet hope; but that we will leave with our pillow. When your dear hearts are quite convenient, tell us of their contents, the fabric cared for, most, not a fondness wanting.

Do you keep musk as you used to, like Mrs Moreno of Mexico? Or cassia [carnations so big they split their fringes of berry? Was your winter a tender] shelter, perhaps like Keat’s bird, “and hops and hops, in little journeys.”

Are you reading and well, and the W’s, near and warm. When you see Mrs F. and Dan give them a tear from us. V. would have written, but could not leave my side. Maggie gives her love. Mine most sweetly still.

Emily.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.24, 901. Publication: *L* (1894). | Words in brackets cut off Norcross TS; supplied by Todd. Ws = Whitneys. Pamela French and her son Daniel Chester French were good friends of the Norcrosses. Moreno is a character in *Ramona*, who had a saucer of musk by her bedside to help with illness. | ED quotes Keats's *Endymion*.

1293.

To Abigail Cooper, late March 1886

Transcribed Todd

Is it too late to express my sorrow for my grieved friend?
Though the first moment of loss is eternity, other eternities remain.

Though the great waters sleep
That they are still the deep
We cannot doubt.
No vacillating God
Ignited this abode
To put it out.

Note: Y MSS & Archives MS496C 69.22, 817. Publication: *L* (1894). | Edward Tuckerman's funeral was on March 18. The Coopers and Tuckermans were close friends. | M 649, Fr1641. Sent to S. Dickinson and C. Sweetser (lost) in 1884, and B. K. Emerson (1885).

1294.

To Charles H. Clark, April 5, 1886

Dear friend,

Are you living and well, and your Father in peace, and the Home in Degraw St without effacing change?

I received your very kind Message, I think in November, since which I have been very ill, and begin to roam in my room a little, an hour at a time.

Do you as time steals on, know anything of the "Willie" whom Mr Wadsworth so loved – and of whom he said with a smile "should he find a gold Watch in the street he would not pick it up, so unsullied was he," and did his Daughter regret her flight from her loved Father, or the Son who left the Religion so precious to him? My Sister gives her faithful remembrance to yourself, and your Father, the Brother so cherished, never once forgot – You will recall the flower sacred to your Brother. No Sloth has Memory –

E. Dickinson –

Note: AC 732. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: 5 Apr.

1295.

To Forrest F. Emerson, spring 1886

Dear friend –

I step from my Pillow to your Hand to thank it's sacred contents, to hoard, not to partake, for I am still weak –

The little Package has lain by my side, not daring to venture, or Vinnie daring to have me – a hallowed denial I shall not forget –

I fear you may need the Papers, and ask you to claim them immediately, would you desire them?

I trust you are sharing this most sweet Climate with Mrs Emerson and yourself, than which remembrance only, is more Arabian –

Vinnie brings her love, and her Sister, what gratitude.

Emily –

Note: UVA 7658. Previously thought missing. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | “Package” = apparently clippings about Helen Hunt Jackson.

1296.

To Alice Skeel Mather, about early April 1886

May it have occurred to my sweet neighbor that the words “found peace in believing” had other than a theological import?

With happy congratulations.

E. Dickinson

Note: Cushing. Pencil. Publication: JL1032—our source text. | Daughter of Elizabeth and Richard Mather, Alice married the Reverend Williston Walker June 1, 1886; ED would have known of the engagement before its announcement in the papers (April 14). The phrase “found peace in believing” (Romans 15:13) was often associated with religious revivals.

1297.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, early to mid-April 1886

“Mars the sacred Loneliness”! What an Elegy! “From Mount Zion below to Mount Zion above”! said President Humphrey of her Father – Gabriel’s Oration would adorn his Child –

When she came the last time she had in her Hand as I entered, the “Choir invisible”. “Superb”, she said as she shut the Book, stooping to receive me, but fervor suffocates me – Thank you for “the Sonnet –” I have lain it at her loved feet.

Not knowing when Herself may come
I open every Door,
Or has she Feathers, like a Bird,
or Billows, like a Shore –

I think she would rather have stayed with us, but perhaps she will learn the Customs of Heaven, as the Prisoner of Chillon of Captivity.

You asked had I read “the notices”.

I have been very ill, Dear friend, since November, bereft of Book and Thought by the Doctor’s reproof, but begin to roam in my Room now –

I think of you with absent Affection, and the Wife and Child I never have seen, Legend and Love in one –

Audacity of Bliss, said Jacob to the Angel “I will not let thee go except I bless thee” – Pugilist and Poet, Jacob was correct –

Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (113). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | H. H.’s father, Nathan Welby Fiske, died in 1847 in Jerusalem; ED quotes an 1848 tribute to Fiske by Heman Humphrey. Higginson’s sonnet “To the Memory of H. H.” appeared in the May *Century Magazine*; a five-page obituary, along with her portrait and seven of her “last poems,” appeared in the December issue. | ED (mis) quotes Higginson’s “Decoration”; Luke 1:28; a poem by George Eliot (which begins “O may I join the choir invisible / Of those immortal dead who live again”); and Genesis 32:26 (also quoted L1291 to Tuckerman 1886); see WN43. | M 650, Fr1647.

1298.

To Charles H. Clark, April 15, 1886

Thank you, Dear friend – I am better. The velocity of the ill, however, is like that of the snail.

I am glad of your Father’s tranquillity, and of your own courage.
Fear makes us all martial.

I could hardly have thought it possible that the scholarly Stranger to whom my Father introduced me, could have mentioned my Friend, almost itself a Vision, or have still left a Legend to relate his name

With the exception of my Sister who never saw Mr Wadsworth, your Name alone remains.

“Going Home,” was he not an Aborigine of the Sky? The last time he came in Life, I was with my Lilies and Heliotropes, said my Sister to me, “the Gentleman with the deep voice wants to see you, Emily,” hearing him ask of the Servant. “Where did you come from,” I said, for he spoke like an Apparition.

“I stepped from my Pulpit ~~from~~ to the Train” was my simple reply, and when I asked “how long”, “Twenty Years” said he with inscrutable roguery – but the loved Voice has ceased, and to some one who heard him “Going Home,” it was sweet to speak. I am glad his Willie is faithful, of whom he said “the Frogs were his little friends” and I told him they were my Dogs, the last smile that he gave me. Thank you for each circumstance, and tell me all you love to say of what said your lost Brother “The Doctor opened his Heart to Charlie.” Excuse me for the Voice, this moment immortal. With my Sister’s remembrance,

E. Dickinson.

Note: AC 733. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). Postmark: 15 Apr. Lack of punctuation is ED’s. | She recalls her last visit from Wadsworth, in 1880.

1299.

To Elizabeth M. Dickerman, spring 1886?

Transcribed Elizabeth Street Dickerman

Dear friend,

Daphne always seems to me a more civic Arbutus, though the sweet Barbarian will forgive me if the suggestion is invidious, for are not both as beautiful as Delight can make them?

If we love Flowers, are we not “born again” every Day, without the distractions of Nicodemus? Not to outgrow Genesis, is a sweet monition –

With Affection,

E. Dickinson –

Note: Y Beinecke 74. Pencil. Publication: *Smith Alumnae Q* (1954). Sent with a daphne.

1300.

To Elizabeth Dickinson Currier, April 17, 1886

Mr Hunt was tinning a Post this Morning, and told us Libbie didn’t feel quite as well as usual and I hav’n’t felt quite as well as usual, since the Chestnuts were ripe, though it wasn’t the Chestnuts’ fault, but the Crocuses are so martial and the Daffodils to the second Joint, let us join Hands and recover.

“I do remember an Apothecary,” said that sweeter Robin than Shakespeare, was a loved paragraph which has lain on my Pillow all Winter, but perhaps Shakespeare

has been “up Street” oftener than I have, this Winter. Would Father’s youngest Sister believe that in the “Shire Town,” where he and Blackstone went to school, a man was hung in Northampton yesterday for the murder of a man by the name of Dickinson, and that Miss Harriet Merrill was poisoned by a strolling Juggler, and to be tried in the Supreme Court next week?

Dont you think Fumigation ceased when Father died? Poor, romantic Miss Merrill! But perhaps a Police Gazette was better for you than an Essay – I hope you are both stronger, and ask a word of gain with these ecstatic Days. I give my anxious love, and Vinnie’s faithfulness with mine.

Your Emily –

Note: Y Beinecke ED Collection MSS 200. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Allen J. Adams was hanged in Northampton, April 16, for the murder of Moses Billings Dickinson of Amherst in November 1875. Dr. Joseph De Vore was suspected of poisoning Harriet Merrill—the aunt of ED’s friend of the same name; De Vore was living in Merrill’s house and was her heir. | ED quotes *Romeo and Juliet*.

1301.

To Mariette Jameson, April 24, 1886

How dare a Tear intrude on so sweet a Cheek?

Gentlest of Neighbors, recall the “Sparrows” and the great Logician –

Tenderly,

E. Dickinson –

Note: H MS Am 1118.99c #1044, photostat. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1894). | Jameson transcribed this note, with date, in an April 26 letter to her son, reporting that Vinnie brought it to her on Saturday night, with a “basket of rare geraniums” and mentioning that she’d recently given ED and Vinnie a photograph of herself. ED never met Jameson. | “Sparrows” alludes to Matthew 10:29.

1302.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, late April 1886

Dear friend.

The beautiful Sonnet confirms me – Thank you for confiding it –

The immortality she gave

We borrowed at her Grave –

For just one Plaudit famishing,
The Might of Human Love –

The sweet Acclamation of Death divulges it – There is no Trumpet like the
Tomb –

Of Glory not a Beam is left
But her Eternal House –
The Asterisk is for the Dead,
The Living, for the Stars –

Did you not give her to me?
Your Scholar –

Note: BPL 1093 (114). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | ED refers to Higginson's sonnet "To the Memory of H. H." The phrase "forever founded" has previously been read as "bounded." A partial draft of this letter (AC 810) reads:

Dear friend.

No "Sonnet" had George Eliot. The sweet Acclamation of Death is forever
founded –

There is no Trumpet like the Tomb –

The Immortality she gave,
We borrowed at her Grave,
For just one Plaudit famishing,
The might of Human Love –

Beautiful as it is it's criminal shortness maims it.

Note: | "The Immortality she gave": M 657, Fr1684. "Of Glory not a Beam": M 735, Fr1685. Only copy.

1303.

To Thomas Wentworth Higginson, April 30 or May 1, 1886

Deity – does He live now?
My friend – does he breathe?

Note: BPL 1093 (115). Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | On April 30, the *SR* reported that Higginson was ill.

1304.

To Louisa and Frances Norcross, May 1886

Transcribed F. Norcross

Little Cousins,

“Called back.”

Emily.

Note: AC Tr66. Publication: *L* (1894). | ED alludes to *Called Back*, by Hugh Conway (1883), mentioned in L1215. ED fell unconscious on the morning of May 13; Dr. Bigelow prescribed chloroform for convulsions, described as “apoplexy” by the SR. She died May 15.

Writing Notes

What Johnson and Ward called “Prose Fragments” we call “Writing Notes” (WN), as explained in the Introduction. Some are in fair hand, some in rough; some are on neatly cut pieces of paper or whole sheets, others on torn scraps or strips. They are not drafts, which assume an independent whole, although some take an epistolary tone, and only a few are incomplete fragments. Some are metered, a few include rhyme. Some are used in letters, a few in poems, and some do not appear in ED’s extant writing. If ED uses language from these writing notes in a dated letter, we date the note as “about” the same date, although it could have been taken earlier. It is unlikely to have been written to preserve after she has once used it.

1. *about 1872*

Paradise is no Journey because it ^{he} is within – but for that ^{very} cause
though – it is the most Arduous of Journeys – because as the servant conscientiously says at the Door We are out – always – invariably –

Note: AC186. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). On back of a flier for *The Children’s Crusade* by George Zabriskie Gray, multiple editions of which appeared in the early 1870s. Top of page contains draft of “Fly – fly – but as you fly –”; M 557, Fr1244. Only copy.

2. *after June 27, 1873*

Of our deepest delights there is a solemn shyness
The appetite for silence is seldom an acquired taste

Note: AC 868. Pencil. Publication: first line, *NEQ* (1955); second line, *Revelation*. On Organ Concert program by Howard Parkhurst, New College Church, Amherst, June 27, 1873.

3. *about 1874*

Revised to Retrospect –

Note: AC 296. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). On verso of two lines of “No man saw awe” (M 661, Fr1342).

4. *about 1876*

Why offer Hue – to you – Damsel of Artery?

Note: AC 884. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

5. *about June 1877*

[*recto*:] I feel Barefoot all over as the Boys say –

Such ^These^ are the inlets of the mind –

His outlets – would you see ^know^

Ascend with me the eminence ^Table Land^

Of Immortality –

[*verso*:] He is an ardent Jockey for so old a man and his piercing cries of go cadgie when they leave him behind – rend the neighborhood –

Note: AC 361, 361a. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Verso text used verbatim in L713 to Sarah Jenkins, about June 20, 1877. Verso is written at end of article on Black women’s education, and general life conditions, perhaps by Josiah Holland. “Such are the inlets of the mind –” M 601, Fr1431. Only copy.

Writing Notes 6–10, about late 1876 or 1877

6. [*recto*:] With the trust that the little Citizen is already a patriot, I send him the national Colors, or such of them as I can find, for hues just now are few – so minute a Veteran will possibly excuse them –

7. [*verso*:] How invaluable to be ignorant, for by that means one has all in reserve and it is such an Economical Ecstasy –

8. Consummation is the hurry of fools, but Expectation the Elixir of the Gods –

9. A prey to Expectation

10. Is not the Election of a Daphne much ^{more} more signal than that of a President – for Beauty needs no Magistrate, and ^{for} Ecstasy is it's only mob – is a hushed mob

[*in margin:*] Exhilaration of fools

Note: AC 887. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Where no line follows a text, ED separates notes by page turn or changing direction of her writing. The “little Citizen” is probably Gilbert, born 1875. Rutherford B. Hayes was elected president in 1876 and took office in 1877.

11. *about 1877*

her eyes were ^{are} very shrill –
I remember nothing so dear as to see you –

Note: AC 856 Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). A version of the second sentence appears in L733, a mid-September 1877 letter to Higginson.

12. *about January 1878*

[*recto:*] I hope you have the power of hope –
[*verso:*] close – Anguish has but ^{just} so many throes – then unconsciousness claims it seals it

Note: AC 838. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). The recto phrase appears in L754 [JL537], a late January 1878 letter to Maria Whitney.

13. *about 1878*

As it takes but a moment of imagination to place us anywhere, it would not seem worth our while to stay where it was stale –

Sere must be the inertia that could resist this ~~sunny~~ Journey – To many ^{numbers} it is their only trip, nor would they ^{one} exchange it –

Other Sails must slack – other steeds retire ^{expire} – but this is it's own divine Relay –

We thank thee Oh Father for this gay ^strange^ guide ^gait pace^ to Days unbound, and ^but^ whose search surpasses the occupying – ascertaining – certifying – ratifying – estimation

Let me not thirst with this Hock at my Lip, nor beg, with Domains in my Pocket – Has any not where to lay his Heart ^Head^, here is he befriends ^provides^ him –

A stranger and ye took me in –

We have ^There are men have^ two saviors – an Earthly and a Heavenly – This one is the Heavenly, for the other ~~one~~ says of himself he was seen of the Twelve, and ^but^ this one had no Hours of Flesh – It is his things that the Angels desire to look into and are not permitted –

Note: AC 841. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). THJ prints “Let me not thirst” through “Pocket” as verse in *Poems* (1955). ED draws almost encircling brackets around these lines (written as prose).

14. *about 1878*

One Note from One Bird

Is better than a Million Words

A scabbard has – ^holds^ ^needs^ but one sword

Note: AC 320. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). “Words” runs off the right margin of the page, so the “s” is only partially visible and may instead be a dash. | M 615, Fr1478. Only copy.

15. *about 1878*

God cannot ~~annul~~ ^discontinue –^ himself – This appalling trust is at times all that remains –

Note: AC 855. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. The first phrase appears in L772, an early June 1878 letter to Higginson.

16. *about 1878*

Nature, that sweet parishioner, trust her –

Note: AC 97a. Pencil. Unaddressed and unsigned but folded as if for sending. Draft of “A Chilly Peace infests the Grass” (M 612, Fr1469) on verso.

17. *mid- to late 1870s*

A little late for spring but early yet for summer – Indian –

Note: AC 840. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). On wrapping paper from Henry Adams Pharmacist.

18. *mid- to late 1870s*

a similar mirage of thought –

Bottle

Slip –

Nothing is so resonant with mystery as the friend one that forgets us – and the boundlessness ^wonder^ of ^her^ him so far transcends Heaven and Hell that it makes them tepid [*verso:*] and ignoble trifles

so dwarfs Heaven and Hell that we think – recall of them if at all, as tepid and ignoble trifles

or if we recall them it is as tepid, (or we recall

It's intricacy is so boundless that it dispels Heaven and Hell

Note: AC 867. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). On wrapping paper from Henry Adams Pharmacist. The handwriting on verso goes in multiple directions; new direction of print is marked as new paragraph.

Writing Notes 19–23, mid- to late 1870s (see Figure 2).

19. The Grass is the Ground's Hair, and ^which^ it is singed with heat – Mrs Gamp would say – [*in margin:*] And it curls like a Girl's, in the damp wind –

20. +Dim is the Heavenly prospective that enlivens some + weary –

21. I dont keep the Moth part of the House – I keep the Butterfly part –

22. The Leaves are very gay – but we know they are elderly – 'Tis pathos to dissimulate, in their departing case –

23. Mansions of Mirage –

Note: AC 888. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Mrs Gamp is a character from Dickens's *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit*; another character, Pecksmith, falls into the fireplace and is extracted "before a hair upon his head was singed."

24. late 1870s?

But are not all Facts Dreams as soon as we put them behind us –

Note: AC 843. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Clear hand, on inside of envelope scrap. Associated with Lord by provenance.

25. 1878–1879

[*recto*:] Death being the first form of Life which we have had the power to contemplate, our entrance here being ~~before our own comprehension~~ [*in margin*: preliminary to our own] an Exclusion from comprehension, it is strange [*in margin*: amazing] that the fascination of our predicament does not entice us more.

[*verso*:] With such sentences as these directly over our Heads we are as exempt from Exultation as the stones –

Note: AC 850 Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

26. about 1879

Common Sense is almost as omniscient as God –

Note: AC 761. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. On small piece of stationery, apparently scissored from abandoned text; writing is visible on edge of bottom cut.

27. 1879

Pompeii –

All it's ^the^ occupations crystalized – Everybody gone away

Note: AC 331. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). The 1,800th anniversary of the 79 BCE eruption was in 1879; the year brought significant attention to Pompeii, including a series of illustrated lectures in Springfield by Rev. Henry Spaulding.

28. *about 1879*

The consciousness of subsiding power is too startling to be admitted by men – but ~~best~~ comprehended by the meadow over which the Flood has quivered, when the waters return to their kindred, and the tillage is left alone – acre –

comprehended perhaps by the meadow, over which Floods have ~~quivered~~ – rumbled –

Note: AC 444a. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Draft on verso of “The sweets of pillage, can be known” (M 620, Fr1504; sent to S. Dickinson, 1879).

29. *late 1870s?*

I send you natures Mittens – They need a little mending I could not match the color here but you have wiser shelves –

Note: AC 859. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

30. *late 1870s early 1880s*

[*recto*:] I should think a faded spirit must be the most dreadful treasure that one could possess, as a spirit always in bud must ^{^could^} be the sweetest –

[*verso*:] To [*words cut off*] might [*words cut off*] a climate of Escape is natural to – Fondness

Note: AC 861. Pencil. Publication: *recto*, *NEQ* (1955); *verso*, JL, PF58.

31. *late 1870s early 1880s*

[*recto*:] Spirit cannot be moved by Flesh – It must be moved by spirit –

It is strange that the most intangible is the heaviest – but Joy and Gravitation have their own ways. My Ways are not your ways –

[*verso*:] of [*cut off*] is always [*cut off*] we are always in danger of magic

The perils of magic can not be overestimated –

A single 1 ~~One~~ a thrill can end a life or open it ~~anew~~ forever

~~and this my~~

This mystic territory then is Life –

Note: AC 871. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*.

32. *late 1870s, early 1880s*

[*leaf 1*] We ^he^ said she said Lord Jesus – receive my Spirit – We were put in separate rooms to expiate our temerity [*leaf 2*] and thought how hateful Jesus must be to get us into trouble when we had done nothing but Crucify him and that before we were born –

Note: AC 880. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). On two narrow scraps of paper, once pinned together.

33. *late 1870s, early 1880s*

[*recto:*] Eve gave ^left^ her pretty Gowns to the Trees – but they dont
^wont^ always wear them
[*verso:*] A sufficing enchanting wardrobe –

Note: AC 852. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

34. *late 1870s, early 1880s*

I saw two Bushes fight just now –
The wind was to blame – but to see them differ was pretty as a Lawsuit Nature is so sudden she makes us all antique.

Note: AC 858. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Written on a Supreme Court judgment on stock dividends.

35. *late 1870s, early 1880s*

It has a Roof at the Bottom but not any Roof at the top – like a Bird's nest

Note: AC 862. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

36. *late 1870s early 1880s*

Flowers are so enticing I fear that they are sins – like gambling or apostasy –

Note: AC 853. Pencil. Publication: *Home*.

37. *late 1870s, 1880s*

A cold yet parched alarm that chills ^and sears^ and ~~sickens and stings~~ in one

Note: AC 538. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

38. *late 1870s, 1880s*

Honey grows everywhere but iron ^valor^ on a seldom Bush –

Note: AC 214. Pencil. Publication *NEQ* (1955).

39. *about 1880*

Grasped by God –

Note: AC 169. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). See “Drowning is not so pitiful,” M 662, Fr1542.

40. *about 1880*

Not to send errands by John Alden is one of the instructions of History –

Note: AC 865. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

41. *about 1880*

I wonder we ever leave the Improbable – it is so fair a Home, and perhaps we
dont –

What is half so improbable

Note: AC 746. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Associated with Lord by provenance. THJ prints this as a letter to unknown, unsent.

42. *about late 1880*

With love, for Supper – if deferred it will fade like Ice cream –

Note: AC 283a. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

43. *about 1881*

“Let me go for the day breaketh.”

Note: AC 340. Pencil. Publication: JL720. Draft on verso of “‘Secrets’ is a daily word” (M 619, Fr1494; only copy). | ED quotes Genesis 32:26, the words of the angel that wrestled with Jacob; see L1291 and L1297 for other reference to this passage.

44. *early 1880s*

Acquainted with Grief through Father's dying it grieves me ^us^ that neighbors so thoughtful of us must make its' acquaintance – To be willing the Kingdom of Heaven should invade our own requires years of sorrow –

I hope you are resting from the shock and that every Balm which is possible you may have received –

Note: AC 812. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | Mention of acquaintance with grief appears in L1144 to Mary Adelaide Hills, early April 1884.

45. *early 1880s*

As there are Apartments in our own minds that – [*in margin: which*] we never enter without Apology – we should respect the seals of others –

Note: AC 842. Pencil. Publication *L* (1931). On inside of envelope that ED addressed to Otis Lord.

46. *early 1880s*

Train up a Heart in the way it should go and as quick as it can – twill depart from it

Note: AC 877. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. On the corner of this fragment, someone has written and erased the word "quick." ED paraphrases Proverbs 22:6.

47. *about 1882, spring*

Sir Christopher Wren is here prospecting for his nest –
I suppose it will have a Dome and Aisles –

Note: AC 870. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | Christopher Wren was the architect of St Paul's Cathedral in London. House wrens returned to Amherst in April or May. Spring was also the season for village improvement work, and Austin was president of the Amherst Village Improvement Association as of late 1881.

48. *about 1882*

[*recto:*] A group of students passed the House – one of them said Oh no like you The same vagabond sweetness I followed the voice

[*verso*:] You know I have a vice for voices – That way lies – yearning – pathos –
(pleading lies)

Note: AC 743. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. On fragment of brown wrapping paper. Associated with Lord by provenance.

49. *about 1882*

[*recto*:] Excuse Emily and her atoms The north star is of small fabric but it
implies much presides yet

[*verso*:] A miracle for all denotes Cordial is the miracle A Firmament for all

Note: AC 636. Pencil. Publication: recto JL774; verso Fr1594. | On envelope addressed by Otis Lord to “Misses Emily and Vinnie Dickinson,” postmarked December 11, Salem, Massachusetts. If Lord posted on Monday, the year is 1882. This may be an instance of ED preserving a phrase (“Excuse Emily . . .”) she had used already in a note earlier that year (L1001).

50. *about 1882*

Dont you think you could ^would^ understand if you perhaps tried The
Rafters of the Apocalypse must not be too bare Of the sweet Adjacency that
Exalts by humbling I remember never knew when Questions are not needed
for answers

Note: AC 156a. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Text canceled by two long vertical lines, midpage.

51. *about 1882*

Nothing is so old as a dilapidated charm –

Note: AC 866. Pencil. | On a corner of this fragment, George Montague wrote “happy to off[er]” and, on the verso, “Cous[in]”; he and ED addressed each other as “cousin” in correspondence. For a time, he addressed envelopes for her.

52. *about 1882*

[*recto*:] to know whether we are in Heaven or or on Earth is one of the most
impossible of the minds decisions, and but I think it the balance always leans in
favor of the negative – if Heaven is negative

[*verso*:] most enchanting fortune bestowed upon us by a delightful God For
he knew what was in men – I remember last may with distinctness and sorrow
Today has gratitudes of

Note: AC 876. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Verso canceled lightly by crosshatched lines. ED repeats the word “or.” Possible reference to Mary E. Stearns’s son William, who died of tuberculosis in May 1881.

53. *about 1882*

The little sentences I begun and never finished – the little wells I dug and never
filled –

Note: AC 785. Pencil. Publication: *L* (1931). | Written on the back of an abandoned fair copy note consisting only of the words “Mrs Todd.” Recent deaths and illnesses in 1882 included Wadsworth (in April), her mother (in November), and Lord (critically ill in May).

54. *1880s*

[*recto*:] lonesome as ~~occupations~~ entertainments of ended minds –
[*verso*:] Thank my Cousin –

Note: AC 864. Pencil. Publication: *recto*, *NEQ* (1955); *verso*, JL, PF45.

55. *1880s*

necessitates celerity were better nay were immemorial may to duller by
duller things

Note: AC 540. Pencil. On the back of a Maison Fondée en 1760 Chocolate Meunier Lombart wrapper. THJ transcribes as verse but these lines were never used in a poem, and the MS does not indicate verse.

56. *1880s*

It is essential to the sanity of mankind that each one should think the other
crazy – a condition ~~which~~ with which the cynicism of Human nature, ^cor-
dially^ so readily complies, one could wish it were ~~upon~~ a concurrence ^sub-
ject theme^ more noble

Note: AC 863. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). ED writes “cynicism.”

57. 1880s

Stolidity is more dreadful ^terrible^ than sorrow for it is the stubble of the soil where sorrow grew

Note: AC 872. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Torn from longer document; bottom of words visible at torn top of page.

58. 1880s

The Fatherless Serpent –

Note: AC 875. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

59. 1880s

There are those who are shallow intentionally and only profound by accident.

Verso: ~~which=has the wisest men undone=Doubt has the wisest~~

Note: AC 539a, 539. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Text on the verso side is canceled with multiple lines.

60. 1880s

[*slip 1*] I send you the last of the Sapphire Flowers so linked with you its' little flight ^lapse^ feels, ^seems^ like her wan loveliness, A ^her^ Sabbath on your Breast will cost her no compunction but she will lie as quiet there as on her stem at Home, mysterious human heart – whose accident in Eden one accident (one mistake – in Eden) has cost it all it's Calm to come mortal calm (earthly calm) and therefore all its' calm

[*slip 2*] A Sabbath on your breast for her has no compunction misgiving – she lies as quiet there as on her stem at Home

mysterious human heart whose one reverse in Eden, refuted all her earthly calm –

Note: AC 860. Pencil. Publication: slip 1, *NEQ* (1955); slip 2, unpublished. | Written on two small, neatly cut slips of paper. ED encircles “earthly calm,” drawing lines above and below the parentheses; she draws a line above the words “one mistake.”

61. *probably before mid-1883*

[recto:] Throngs who would not prize them, know those holy circumstances which your dear Eyes have sought for mine. I hope it may sometime be that you will chance

[verso:] When it becomes necessary for us to stake our all upon the belief of another in as for instance Eternity we find it is [in margin: discover that it is] impossible ^how^ to make the transfer –

Belief is unconsciously to most of us Ourselves – an Untried Experience

Note: AC 760. Pencil. Publication: NEQ (1955). Recto text is canceled with a few vertical lines. Associated with Otis Lord because of provenance.

62. *about 1883*

A Woe of Ecstasy

Note: AC 112. Pencil. Publication: NEQ (1955). Rough draft on brown wrapping paper, with a line drawn above the text, indicating that it was initially on sheet with other writings. Used as alternative line in a draft of “A sloop of Amber slips away” (AC 386). M 642, Fr1599.

Writing Notes 63–67, about 1883

63. immured in Heaven – What a Cell –

64. Undertow of the Organ –

65. With thanks for my health I send you Antony's Orchard, who paid his Heart for what his eyes ate, only –

66. Solomon says that no matter how often we dine we are just as hungry because the meat was killed always – served – but Solomon is a Gourmand and not to be believed –

67. Lad of Athens faithful be to thyself and mystery
all the rest is perjury –

Note: AC 249-250. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955) and M 731, Fr1628; M 643, Fr1606. | WN63 and 67 are a line from a poem and a draft of a poem: "Immured in Heaven!" sent to S. Dickinson (1883); "Lad of Athens," sent to S. Bowles IV (1883). WN65: ED quotes the same line from *Antony and Cleopatra* (WN65) in L1077 and 1283.

68. *about autumn 1883*

[*recto*:] Two things I have lost with Childhood – the rapture of losing my shoe in the mud and going Home bare foot, wading ^grop^ for Cardinal flowers and the mothers reproof which was for more for my sake than her weary own for she frowned with a smile now Mother and Cardinal flower are parts of a closed world – But is that all I have lost – memory drapes her Lips

[*verso*:] Did we not find ^gain^ as we lost we should make but a threadbare Exhibition after a few years

Note: AC 878. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | On slip of advertising flyer for a traveling chiropodist, Dr. L. Simonsen, who traveled in the Northeast in the autumn of 1883. The interlineation "grop" occurs above "ing" suggesting it is an alternative: "wading" or "groping."

69. *after 1883*

Gilbert's I wont – I wont surpasses Citizen's I wills and when 'tis interspersed with little pretty Execrations tis lovely as a stubborn Bird –

Note: AC 854. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Verso is letter to Lavinia from Nancy Harrington, an Amherst dressmaker.

70. *about 1884*

But ought not the Amanuensis also to receive a Commission also.

Note: AC 844. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

71. *about spring, 1884*

Tis a dangerous moment for any one when the meaning goes out of things and Life stands straight and punctual and yet no contents ^signal^ comes Yet such moments are

If we survive ^survive^ them they expand us, if we do not, but that is Death, whose if is everlasting when I was a little girl I called the Cemetery

Tarry Town but now I call it Trans – A wherefore but no more and the if of
Deity – Avalanche or Avenue – every Heart asks which

Note: AC 637. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Some phrases in L1143 to Catharine Sweetser, early spring 1884; verso is draft of L1194 to Susan, about October 5, 1884. Associated with Lord by provenance.

72. *late May 1884*

[*recto*:] who ever heard of the Blest June delaying or of a tedious visit from the
Snow –
or a protracted session with the Snow –
[*verso*:] when most beloved sagacious go prudential go
Below –

Note: AC 523. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | On a fragment cut from a law book. “Below” is written sideways, on margin of the fragment, and half cut off. This may be verse, with alternative lines and phrases. On May 29–31, 1884, after several days of warm weather, there were frosts for three successive days. Snell wrote “Heavy frost: fruit much injured.”

73. *about July 1884*

Science is very near us – I found a megatherium on my Strawberry –

Note: AC 869. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Amherst owned the casts of a skeleton of a *Megatherium americanum*, an extinct giant ground-sloth; the July 3, 1884, *SR* reported that a Williams College commencement speaker referred to this creature.

74. *about 1884*

for Light would certainly find it and I ~~think I did~~ and believe perchance ^so^ I
did –
Love first and last of all things made
Of which (this our – living world is but the shade

x possibly I did

text Book – Airy

Bring your down your text Book –
– Be sure to bring on which to consult you –

to the agile topics

though that I add to all ^myriad themes^ other subjects on which ^to consult you^

Note: AC 175b. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | The initial lines are adapted from Swinburne. Very rough draft, with unclear organization of lines, phrases, and a possible alternative phrase marked with an x. Text canceled with one long, slanted line. Verso and half of recto page contain draft of "But that defeated accent" (M 653, Fr1660; only copy).

75. *about 1884*

~~The mower is tuning his scythe~~

Note: AC144. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Written on verso in middle of a draft of "Back from the Cordial Grave I drag thee" (M 650, Fr1649; only copy).

76. *about 1884 or later*

Did you ever read one of her Poems backward, because the plunge from the front overturned you? I sometimes ^often have – many times^ have – A something overtakes the Mind –

Note: AC 851. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). "A something overtakes the Mind" is repeated in WN77.

77. *1884 or later*

We must travel abreast with Nature if we want to know her, but where shall be obtained the Horse –
A something over takes the mind – we do not hear it coming

Note: AC 879. Pencil. "A something over takes the mind –" is repeated in WN76. Bingham rewrites some words on this page to clarify handwriting.

78. *1884 or later*

A Message from the Meadows –

Note: AC 790. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955).

79. *about early 1885*

Peter took the Marine walk at a great risk – I think I am correct but the Apostles misgive me

Note: AC 848. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). Uses first part of this note in L1218, early 1885.

80. *about 1885*

Emerging from an Abyss and entering it again – that is Life, is it not?

Note: AC 752. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. | Used verbatim in L1281, late November 1885, to Susan. Associated with Lord by provenance. On torn slip, followed by long line, to mark end of this note; text below, torn off, partly visible. Fragment of letter on verso.

81. *about 1885*

[recto:] What Lethargies of Loneliness –
[verso:] Little Margaret –

Note: AC 883. Pencil. Publication: *NEQ* (1955). | “Margaret” perhaps refers to Abigail Cooper’s grandchild, Margaret Tuckerman, whom ED calls “little Margaret” twice in 1885 (L1239, 1280).

82. *about summer 1885*

We do not think enough of the Dead as exhilarants – they are not dissuaders but Lures –

Keepers of that great Romance still to us foreclosed – while we envy their wisdom – we do ^lament^

Coveting their wisdom we lament their Silence Grace is still a secret – That they have existed – none can take away That they still exist is a trust so daring we thank thee that thou hast hid these things from us and hast revealed them to them – The power and the glory are the post mortuary gifts.

Note: AC 638a. Pencil. Publication: *Revelation*. Recto concludes note and contains abandoned fair-hand letter to Ned, L1252, June 1885.

Writing Notes 83–86. (Available only in transcription by S. Dickinson, who did not date them. The “E” concluding transcriptions WN83–85 is almost certainly an editorial addition.)

83. As one ^noble^ act makes a whole neighborhood tender with the new or forgotten grace possible to each – E

Note: H MS Am 1118.95 (ST21b). TS S. Dickinson. Publication: JL, PF1.

84. No dreaming can compare with reality, for Reality itself is a dream from which but a portion of mankind have yet waked and part of us is a not familiar Peninsula –
E.

Note: H MS Am 1118.95 (H ST 17b). TS S. Dickinson. Publication: JL, PF2.

85. That was a beautiful passage – “the Empire on which the Sun never sets” – but it was misapplied – it’s meaning is Immortality – E

Note: H MS Am 1118.95 (H ST 20d). TS S. Dickinson. Publication: JL, PF3.

86.

The import of that Paragraph “The Word made Flesh”
Had he the faintest intimation
Who broached it Yesterday!

“Made Flesh and dwelt among us”

Note: H MS Am 1118.95 (H ST 14c). TS S. Dickinson. Publication: JL, PF4. | Susan follows these lines with a dotted line and then her transcription of “A word made Flesh is seldom” (M 671, Fr1715), only copy.

87.

To do a magnanimous thing and take oneself by surprise, if one is not in the habit of it, is precisely the finest of joys. Not to do a magnanimous thing, notwithstanding it never be known, notwithstanding it cost us existence, is rapture herself spurned.

Note: No extant MS or TS. Publication: LL. Allegedly sent to S. Dickinson.

Miscellaneous Writings

These materials, not included in either the letters or writing notes, include a few fragments of writing, the recipes mentioned or enclosed in her letters, and a list of poems by others that have been copied over by Dickinson and kept with her papers; we do not include her adaptation of lines from Swinburne (WN74) or a valentine composed of a popular verse (L79). For the recipes, we include those for which there are extant copies identified as her recipe. We do not include the fragment (AC 510a) mentioning “Sugar. White” and some unspecified ingredient (“½ pound”) since it does not correspond to any known recipe.

1.

“Sloth”

Note: AC B1, F76. Pencil. Unpublished. On a clean page, folded lightly in thirds. Word written in upper left-hand third of page.

2.

If I should see a single bird

Note: Missing. Publication: Yale University and William Henry McCarthy, *Emily Dickinson*, first line only, with notation that the MS was addressed to Gilbert. Bianchi’s papers mention that ED sent a poem beginning with this line to Gilbert. A MS was extant as late as 1930, when Bianchi lent it to Yale for exhibition; no extant TS exists. We do not include it among the letters because there is no material evidence of its existence. Fr1591; not included in M.

3.

Kate's Doughnuts –

 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cup Butter

2 Eggs

1 Cup Sugar –

Yeast – 1.ct yeast $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg –

salt –

milk – 2

Cups

Note: AC 889, Pencil. Unpublished. On cut and neatly torn small page. It is notable that ED does not mention flour in this recipe.

4.

Gingerbread

1 Quart Flour,

 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cup Butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ Cup Cream,

1 Table Spoon Ginger,

1 Tea Spoon Soda,

1 – Salt,

Make up with Molasses –

Note: H MS Am 1118.5 (B164). In L560 to Elizabeth Holland, ED writes, "I am pleased the Gingerbread triumphed."

5.

Chocolate Caramels $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Baker's chocolate.

2 cups sugar. (large)

 $\frac{1}{2}$ " butter (small) $\frac{1}{2}$ " milk

1" molasses. ^Stir^ constantly.

Boil until a little dropped in water is stiffened hard.

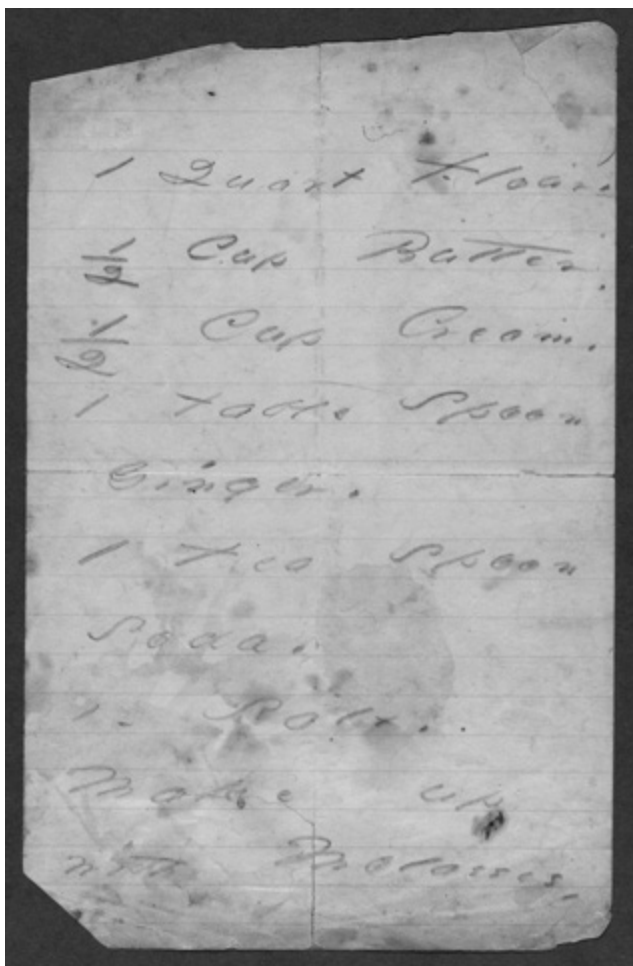


Figure 12. Gingerbread recipe, c. November 1871. Paper folds, butter smears, and traces of flour indicate use in the kitchen. (H MS Am 1118.5 [B164]).

Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

This is all today. I am really disturbed that the Silver Bill has passed. Our love to all. Lou is going to write in a few days. We are both well.

Yours lovingly,

Fanny.

It is a good comfort to us to know that you are so much better.

The chocolate may be cut into pieces as large as an inch square and allowed to melt gradually with the other ingredients. This saves much trouble.

Note: AC, Cushing-Tuckerman-Esty Family Papers, Series 6. Publication: Recipe in Mudge et al., *Emily Dickinson*; letter from Norcross published by M. R. Dakin, *The Consecrated Eminence*, blog, February 2012. End of March 1 letter from Frances Norcross to Lavinia; ED enclosed Fanny's entire letter in an early March 1878 letter to Sarah Tuckerman (L762) to avoid rewriting the recipe.

6.

Coconut Cake, two versions

1)

1 cup Cocoanut.
 2 cups Flour –
 1 cup Sugar –
 ½ cup Butter.
 ½ cup milk –
 2 Eggs –
 ½ teaspoonful Soda.
 1 teaspoonful
 Cream Tartar.
 this makes one half the Rule –

2)

1 pound sugar –
 ½ — Butter –
 ½ — Flour –
 6 – Eggs –
 1 grated Cocoa Nut –

Mrs Carmichael's –

Note: H MS Am; AC 445. Version 1: unpublished. Version 2: Mudge et al., *Emily Dickinson*. The MS of version 1 (H) contains no commentary. The second version MS (AC) is written on the back of the conclusion of "The Things that never can come back, are several"—sent late October 1881 to Elizabeth Holland (M 634, Fr1564; L965). Elizabeth Skeel Carmichael and ED exchanged Christmas holiday treats—as indicated in all three of her letters to Carmichael. Coconuts were readily available in New England during ED's lifetime, shipped from Cuba and other parts of the Caribbean.

7.

Black Cake –
 2 pounds Flour –

2 Sugar –
 2 Butter –
 19 Eggs –
 5 pounds Raisins –
 1 ½ Currants –
 1 ½ Citron –
 ½ pint Brandy –
 ½ — Molasses –
 2 Nutmegs –
 5 teaspoons Cloves – Mace – Cinnamon –
 2 teaspoons Soda –
 Beat Butter and Sugar together –
 Add Eggs without beating – and beat the mixture again – Bake 2 ½ or three
 hours, in Cake pans, or 5 to 6 hours in Milk pan, if full.

Note: H MS Am 1118.7. In L1085, ED refers to sending Nellie Sweetser “a bit of the swarthy Cake baked only in Domingo.”

*List of poetry written by others, retained in Dickinson's handwriting
among her papers*

8.

George Herbert, second and third stanzas of “Mattens.”

Note: AC 890.

9.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, single line from “The Snow Storm.”
 “Tumultuous privacy of Storm”

Note: AC 769.

10.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, poem “Sacrifice.”

Note: AC 891.

Dickinson's Correspondents and Others

Key to *The Letters of Emily Dickinson* (1958)

Selected Bibliography

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Dickinson's Correspondents and Others

Descriptions of letter recipients and people mentioned in letters sent by ED are followed by the letter number and date for those letters and a listing of letters sent to ED. Unless otherwise indicated, every location mentioned is in the state of Massachusetts. First names are used for childhood friends, family members, later close friends of the Dickinsons, and to differentiate among family members within entries. ED's school acquaintances who do not remain friends into adulthood are listed by maiden, not married, names—e.g., Harriet Merrill (not Harriet Noble). Names of individuals who have their own entry are marked with *; family members (e.g., Austin or Susan) are not so marked. A few individuals mentioned only once, in passing, in the letters can be found through the Index of Names and are not included here. As others have documented, information for men and women who work in the Dickinson household is often incomplete; we refer only to those mentioned in letters.

AA registration catalogues are incomplete. Consequently, unless there is corroborating evidence beyond the catalogues, we cannot always be certain of exact semesters of attendance.

Adams, Elizabeth C. (1810–1873) [m. April 7, 1847, Albert Clark]. “Our dear Miss Adams” of Conway was one of ED’s favorite teachers at AA. She served as preceptress at various times from December 1843 through the winter term of 1847, when she left to marry. There were no catalogs for 1844–1846, but a note from Edward Hitchcock Jr. says that Adams was preceptress “during a part of this time.”

Anthon, Catherine (Kate) Mary (Scott) Turner (1831–1917) [m. October 1855 Campbell Ladd Turner (1831–1857); m. July 30, 1866, John Hone Anthon (1831–1874)]. Born on March 12, 1831, in Cooperstown, New York, to Catherine Mary Strong and Henry Scott. Attended Utica Female Seminary about 1849–50, where she met Susan Gilbert, who became a close friend. Turner visited Susan in early 1859, meeting ED—whom she saw again during visits in October 1861 and January 1863; she did not see ED in 1877. Campbell Ladd Turner (1831–1857) died of tuberculosis May 26, 1857; Kate lived with her father and stepmother in Cooperstown until marrying Anthon. The originals of ED’s letters to her survive only as two sets of transcripts Anthon made: for Susan and for *Mabel Loomis Todd.

(1859) 212, 215, 236

(1860) 266

(1862) 335

Bartlett, Mary Learned (1821–1893) [m. Rev. Samuel Colcord Bartlett (1817–1898)]. Born in Canterbury, Connecticut, to Sophia and Rev. Erastus Learned, her brother Samuel Julius Learned married Susan's sister, *Mary Arms Gilbert Learned. Susan, Julius, and the Bartletts corresponded, and Susan visited. Samuel was at Western (now Case Western) Reserve, and later president of Dartmouth College. He visited the Dickinsons in September 1852, when there was an opening for a pastor at First Church.

Belden, Pomeroy (1811–1849) (AC 1833). A trustee of AA (which he attended during ED's time there), Belden was Minister of East Amherst Parish, 1842–1849.

Bigelow, Orvis F. (1835–1899). Bigelow was ED's physician during the last years of her life, diagnosing her with (in ED's words) "nervous prostration" and "revenge of the nerves." When she died, he recorded her illness as Bright's disease, though the symptoms described by Austin corresponded to heart disease. Bigelow admitted that he was never in the same room as ED while she was conscious.

Boltwood, Fanny (Haskins Shepard) (1807–1888) [m. August 1824 Lucius Boltwood (1792–1872)]. Born in Little Compton, Rhode Island, to Deborah Haskins and the Rev. Mase Shepard, her maternal aunt Ruth Haskins Emerson was mother to Ralph Waldo Emerson. Fanny and Lucius Boltwood had nine children, three of whom died young. Fanny's brothers were Charles Upham Shepard, an eminent mineralogist, and George Champlain Shepard, a noted preacher. Fanny had a keen interest in genealogy and local history. Boltwood was secretary of Amherst College (1828–1864) and a law partner of Edward Dickinson. Fanny and Lucius were at the center of Amherst social life for half a century; their visitors included her cousin Ralph Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, and Wendell Phillips.

(1871) 552

(1880) 850, 868

Bowdoin, Elbridge Gridley (1820–1893) (AC 1840). Born in South Hadley, Bowdoin practiced law as a junior partner with Edward, 1847–1855. Like other AC graduates, for several years Bowdoin socialized with the Dickinson family, and he lived with their *Montague cousins on Main Street during his studies, delivering letters to Emily at Mount Holyoke in 1848. He spent nine years as a clerk to the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives in Washington, DC, 1863–1872, before becoming a farmer and real estate owner in Rockford, Iowa.

(1849) 29

(1850) 35

(1851) 41

Bowles, Mary Sanford Dwight (Schermerhorn) (1827–1893) [m. 1848 *Samuel Bowles (1826–1878)]. Born August 14, 1827, in Geneva, New York, to Hannah Buckminster

Dwight and Henry Van Rensselaer Schermerhorn, Mary lived with Dwight relatives at Springfield after her mother's death in 1838, attending the same school as Samuel Bowles. They married in 1848 and had seven surviving children; ED refers to daughter Mary as Mamie and later corresponds with *Samuel Bowles IV. ED writes fondly to Mary of the children and in sympathy with her three miscarriages, often attempting to distract her from the stress of child-raising, hosting private and business-related visits, and managing the household while Bowles worked on the morning paper, was away on extended reporting trips, or undergoing treatment for chronic illnesses. During some of these periods, Mary was helped by *Maria Whitney, her relative on the Dwight side. Lavinia notes in an 1894 letter, that "Mrs. Bowles was the first to suggest giving Emily's letters to the masses."

(1859) 225, 239, 240, 242

(1860) 247, 276

(1861) 278, 302, 315, 316

(1862) 329, 334

(1878) 746, 753, 781

(1879) 801

(1880) 867

(1881) 955, 957

Bowles, Samuel (1826–1878) [m. 1848 *Mary Sanford Dwight Schermerhorn]. Born February 9, 1826, to Huldah Deming and Samuel Bowles II, a journalist and editor who had founded the weekly *Springfield Republican* in 1824. Bowles III was influential in making the *SR* a daily in 1844 and a morning paper in 1845: by 1850 the *SR* had the largest circulation in New England, and by 1851 he was sole owner and editor of the paper, and a well-known journalist. The first of many breakdowns in his health occurred as early as 1844–45. Many of his travels (to the South in 1844; cross-country in 1865, 1868 and 1869; and to Europe in 1862, 1870, 1871 and 1874) combined therapeutic, personal, and journalistic purposes. He and Mary had seven surviving children. Bowles was a Trustee of AC and, from 1858, a close friend of Austin and Susan's, with whom he exchanged visits, sometimes with Mary. He was also a widely respected and influential political commentator. ED sent him several letters and letter-poems, especially in the early 1860s. After Bowles's death in February 1878, ED stayed in touch with Mary and their son, Samuel Bowles IV.

(1859) 224, 225, 229, 231, 234

(1860) 273

(1861) 278, 279, 280, 281, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 294, 295, 296, 303, 309, 310, 313, 317

(1862) 320, 321, 324, 325, 327, 331, 333, 342, 350, 354, 360, 363, 365

(1863) 367, 381, 392, 397

(1864) 410

(1865) 446

(1870) 526

(1874) 619, 626, 628

(1875) 634

(1876) 667

(1877) 710, 715, 718

Bowles, Samuel IV (1851–1915) [m. June 12, 1884, *Elizabeth Hoar]. Born August 15, 1851, in Springfield to *Samuel Bowles and *Mary Schermerhorn Bowles, Samuel studied at Yale for a year (1871–72), followed by a term at the University of Berlin, and then ran the family newspaper for thirty-six years, following his father's death in 1878. His wife, Elizabeth, came from a socially and politically prominent family. They had two children.

(1879) 802

(1880) 873

(1882) 989, 990

(1883) 1055, 1117

(1884) 1161

(1885) 1222, 1264, 1266, 1268, 1274

Brewster, John Milton Jr. (1817–1902). An Amherst-based physician whom the Dickinson sisters consulted in 1851; they also socialized with him and his wife, Catharine.

Bullard, Lucretia Gunn (Dickinson) (1806–1885) [m. 1832 Asa Bullard (1804–1888) (AC 1828)]. Born in Amherst, Lucretia was the third child of her mother, Lucretia Gunn, and Samuel Fowler Dickinson. She was among the earliest pupils at AA (registered in November 1818). Her husband Asa roomed with Lucretia Gunn and *Samuel Fowler Dickinson in his last year at AC. After their marriage, they moved to Cambridge, where Asa worked as an agent for the Massachusetts Sunday School Society (later the Congregational Sunday School Society and Publishing House; 1834–1874). He also edited *The Sunday School Visitor*, which the Dickinson children read. The Bullards had five children and lived near the Bangs boardinghouse, where ED lodged while in Cambridge for eye treatment. There is no record of visits.

(1864) 422, 432, 433

Burgess, Ebenezer George (1826–1877) (AC 1852). From Dedham, Burgess was a doctor who worked in Springfield before returning to Dedham in 1853, where he practiced until his retirement in 1875. Socialized with the Dickinsons in the early 1850s.

Carleton, Anna Dodge (Newman) (1846–1887) [m. June 3, 1874, George H. Carleton [1840–1918]]. Orphaned by the deaths of both parents from tuberculosis in 1852, Anna and her older sister *Clara became wards of Edward, moving to Amherst in April 1853 with their sisters Catherine and Sara. They first lived with *Hannah (Newman) Fay, a relative, then from late 1858 at the Evergreens. Summer 1864, they visited ED in Cambridge. When Clara married in 1869, Anna moved with her to Norwich, Connecticut, and then to Concord, staying with the family of Judge Henry F. French (whom she knew from Amherst). When she married, Edward attended the ceremony.

(1884) 1210

Carmichael, Elizabeth Skeel (Otis) (1814–1894) [m. 1832 Daniel Carmichael (1796–1849)]. Born November 12 in Pelham. Married Carmichael after the death of his first wife, her aunt Almira Otis, and they had four surviving children: Elizabeth (“Lissie”), wife of Amherst professor *Richard Henry Mather; Henry (AC 1867); Daniel; and Almira (“Allie”). Elizabeth lived with the Mathers in the same street as the Dickinsons from 1870 and then with her daughter Allie and husband Almet Skeel. In 1891, Allie’s nephew Roswell P. Skeel Jr. married Emily Ellsworth Ford, daughter of ED’s friend *Emily Fowler (and Gordon) Ford.

(1880) 908

(1883) 1120

(1884) 1126

Cate, Hamilton J. (1824–1929). Highly praised by Helen Hunt Jackson, he was a homeopathic physician practicing in Amherst during the 1870s.

Chickering, Joseph Knowlton (1846–1899) (AC 1869) [m. 1873 Mary E. Connor (1845–1875), m. 1889 Sarah J. Hoxie (1858–1936)]. Born in Portland, Maine, on July 20 to Frances Evelina (Knowlton) and the Rev. John W. Chickering. Joseph taught at AC as an instructor and eventually associate professor of English (1873–1885). He then moved to the University of Vermont (1888). His mother is thought to have been among the first to have created lithographic reproductions of snowflakes, seen through a microscope (see *Cloud Crystals: A Snow Flake Album*, 1864). He and ED corresponded after her mother’s death in 1882.

(1882) 1021, 1026

(1883) 1036

(1885) 1253, 1256

Church, Horace (1825–1881). Son of Spencer and Sarah Church, Horace was a farmer and laborer; he also worked in the Dickinson garden and grounds, for AC, and was a sexton of the First Church. By 1880 he was diagnosed, as ED would be, with Bright’s disease.

Clark, Charles Henry (1833–1915). Born April 8 in Charleston, South Carolina, Charles Henry was the son of Charles C. Clark (1804–1889), and brother of *James Dickson Clark; the family had long-established connections with Northampton. A bookkeeper and broker by trade, he lived with his father and brother in Brooklyn, New York.

(1883) 1056, 1057, 1063, 1067, 1068, 1069, 1079, 1116

(1884) 1127, 1135, 1148

(1885) 1216, 1238

(1886) 1294, 1298

Clark, James Dickson (1828–1883). Son of Charles C. Clark, James was a Williams College graduate (1848) who then studied at Cambridge Law School. A broker by trade, he ran a Classical and English School in Brooklyn, New York, from 1858 to 1864. He lived with his brother *Charles Henry Clark and father in Brooklyn, but they retained

a family home in Northampton, and a collection of his minerals and shells was purchased by Smith College. James was a longstanding friend of Charles Wadsworth; he met ED at least once, introduced by her father.

(1882) 994, 1004, 1007, 1023

(1883) 1043, 1048

Clark, William Smith (1825–1886) (AC 1848). An AC professor of Chemistry when he enlisted to fight in the Civil War, Clark encouraged students to join him, including Frazar Stearns, who died at New Bern, North Carolina, in 1862. Clark survived to become president of Massachusetts Agricultural College, 1867–1878.

Coleman, Eliza Maria (1832–1871) [m. June 1861 *Rev. John Langdon Dudley]. ED's maternal second cousin, a school friend, and a correspondent—though their letters do not survive. Eliza's mother, Maria Flynt Coleman, was the daughter of Sarah Norcross Flynt. Her father, Rev. Lyman Coleman, was principal of AA and taught Greek and German. The family moved away from Amherst in 1846 because of Eliza's sister *Olivia's illness. Eliza studied at Monson Academy, 1842–43. Emily and Lavinia stayed with her family in Philadelphia for two weeks in March 1855. The young women visited each other in 1851, 1854, 1856, and 1860 (with her fiancée). The Norcross sisters looked after Eliza in Milwaukee for a year during her final illness. ED refers to Eliza and Dudley in many letters to the Norcrosses.

Coleman, Olivia M. (1827–1847). *See* *Eliza for Coleman family connections. Olivia studied at Monson Academy and died September 28, days before ED entered Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

Colton, Aaron Merrick (1809–1895). Pastor of First Church from June 1840 until December 1852. He oversaw a revival in 1850, and impressed Edward Dickinson.

Colton, Sara Phillips (1867–1951) [m. 1911 Arthur Lincoln Gillett (1859–1935)]. The eldest child of Elizabeth Gray and Dr. Frederick Henry Colton, Sara was a friend of *Mattie Dickinson, who visited her during the late summer of 1885. She moved to Hartford, Connecticut, in 1911 when she married the Rev. Gillett, widowed and a professor at the Hartford Theological Seminary; also a trustee of both Amherst and Smith Colleges. In 1936, Frederick Pohl interviewed her about her visit to Amherst when, without ever seeing ED, she received two gifts of “snow white cape jasmines” along with “cryptic and characteristic notes” (Pohl, “The Poetry of Emily Dickinson”).

(1885) 1270

Conkey, Ithamar (1788–1862) [m. Elizabeth Clapp Kellogg (1795–1883)]. A lawyer and judge, an AA trustee, and for many years an overseer of the Fund in Aid of Indigent Students at AC.

Conkey, Ithamar Francis (Frank) (1823–1875) [m. June 15, 1847, Luthera Fiske Cutler (1826–1885)]. Attended AA and AC (1839–1841); was elected to the MA House

of Representatives in 1853, and in 1856 was district attorney for the Northern District of Massachusetts. His father was *Judge Ithamar Conkey. Edward Dickinson and Frank served on various committees together, but Edward was a conservative Whig, and Frank was Republican. The Dickinsons were Congregational; the Conkeys were Episcopal. They were at times political rivals.

Cook, Moody (1816–1870). Blacksmith, farmer, and carpenter, son of James Cook and Martha Moody, he was born and died in Amherst. Worked for the Dickinsons as a blacksmith. In 1851, ED reports to Austin that “Moody Cook took tea here Saturday – he came to see ‘his pony’ and it being suppertime Father asked him to stay.” Married and widowed twice, he had three surviving children.

Cooke, Fidelia Hayward (1816–1897). Born in Plainfield, Cooke was literary editor of the *SR*; she also published stories, hymns, and poems under “Cooke” or using the initials “F. H. C.”

(1861) forwarding an ED letter to Samuel Bowles.

Cooper, Abigail (Abby) Ingersoll (Girdler) (1817–1895) [m. October 1, 1845, James S. Cooper (1802–1870)]. Born May 10, 1817, in Manchester, Abigail moved to Amherst in May 1866 with her husband and their five children. Their three daughters, *Mary (by James’s first wife), Elizabeth, and *Alice (Tuckerman), all had contact with ED and Lavinia, though no letters to Elizabeth survive. Their son James (AC 1873) studied law with Austin 1875–76, before becoming a partner with Austin in 1878; another son, Charles (AC 1873), was a physician in Amherst and was twice consulted by the Dickinsons, in late 1877 and early 1878.

(1874) 618, 623

(1875) 650

(1876) 662, 672, 673

(1877) 712, 720, 722, 727, to ED, about summer; about late summer

(1878) 761, 782

(1879) 831, 832, 835

(1880) 866, 872, 893, 915

(1884) 1159 (and Margaret Tuckerman), 1163, 1166

(1885) 1219, 1225, 1239, 1249

(1886) 1293

Cooper, Alice Girdler. See *Alice Girdler (Cooper) Tuckerman.

Cooper, Mary Ingersoll (1833–1915). Mary Cooper was the only surviving child of the marriage between Mary Elisabeth Savage and James Sullivan Cooper. A friend of ED and Vinnie, only two of her letters from ED are extant.

(1882) 991, 1027

Copeland, Melvin Blake (1828–1905). A friend and admirer of Lavinia, who sent flowers for her funeral, Copeland was a cashier and then president of the Middletown, Connecticut, National Bank for over twenty years and organist at the church where John Dudley preached. He was best man at *Dudley's wedding to *Eliza Coleman in June of 1861.

Cowan, Dwight Henry (1831–1854). [m. November 10, 1853, Mary E. Spear] Born August 28, 1831 in Amherst, to Hiram Cowan and Joanna Reynolds, one of nine children. Harness-maker and tanner for the Dickinsons. Died at age twenty-two, and buried in West Cemetery, which had a section for African American burial.

Cowan, Perez Dickinson (1843–1923) (AC 1866) [m. October 26, 1870, Margaret Elizabeth Rhea (1849–1943)]. Born December 26, 1843, Perez was the son of Lucinda Foster Dickinson of Amherst and James H. Cowan of Knoxville, Tennessee: Cowan's business partner, Perez Dickinson Jr., was Lucinda's brother. Their father, Perez Dickinson Sr., was an older brother of Samuel Fowler Dickinson. In 1863, Cowan moved to Amherst with his uncle, where he graduated from AC before studying at the Union Theological and Princeton Theological seminaries. After his ordination, he returned to Tennessee and served at churches in Rogersville, New Market, Jonesboro, Knoxville, and Wellesley. He and Margaret had three children, two of whom survived childhood.

(1869) 509, 512

(1870) 536

(1873) 578

(1879) 840

(1880) 891

Crowell, Mary Hardy (Warner) (1830–1903) [m. August 13, 1861, Edward Payson Crowell (1830–1911) (AC 1853)]. Born May 11, 1830, in Medford, Mary was the daughter of Mary Atwood and Aaron Warner; he was professor of Rhetoric at AC, 1844–1853. Mary is registered as a pupil at AA for the academic year ending 1847 and as a nongraduating student at Mount Holyoke Seminary. Her husband taught at AC, eventually as a professor of Latin, from 1855–1908. Together they had five children. Mary's correspondence from ED was burned during the final illness of her daughter Jean Caroline Crowell, in the late 1940s.

(1856) 187

(1861) 300

(1885) 1228

Currier, Elizabeth (Dickinson) (1823–1886) [m. 1866 Augustus Nelson Currier (1820–1896)]. Born May 29, 1823, ED's aunt Elizabeth was Edward's sister and the youngest daughter of Lucretia Gunn and Samuel Fowler Dickinson. Her birth record initially recorded her as male, which became a family joke. A little more than seven years older than the poet, she was described by her sister Catherine in an 1835 letter to Edward as a "wild, uneducated, boisterous girl." She lived with Edward's family in April and May

of 1842, and again for six months in 1844. A poet herself, in 1850 she sent Austin a fifty-stanza poem accusing him of being difficult; later, she printed a history of the Dickinsons in verse (1883). She and her husband Augustus had no children. She was active in the formation of the Home for Aged Females in Worcester, where he had his insurance business.

(1861) 284

(1886) 1300

Cutler, Frances (Gaylord) (1822–1904) [m. May 23, 1849, George Cutler (1823–1919)]. Born in Windsor, Connecticut, and mother to four children. Grosvenor House, now home to the Classics Department at AC, was built for the Cutlers in 1865. Her sister-in-law, *Harriet Gilbert Cutler, was Susan Gilbert's older sister, married to William Cutler, who was also an Amherst dry goods merchant.

(1877) 726

Cutler, Harriet (Gilbert) (1820–1865) [m. 1842 William Cutler (1811–1870)]. Born in Greenfield to Harriet Arms and Thomas Gilbert, Harriet moved to Amherst when she married businessman William Cutler in 1842; by the end of that decade, her sisters Mary, Susan (later Austin's wife), and *Martha (Mattie) had lived with them at various times.

Davis, Aurelia Bissell (Hinsdale) (1827–1906) [m. 1847 Armon W. Davis (1826–1853)]. Daughter of Harriet Moseley (1779–1869) and Levi Hinsdale (1780–1830), Aurelia attended AA in the academic year ending July 1841; Wheaton for the year ending October 1842; and graduated from Mount Holyoke Female Seminary in 1844. Her aunt (Anne) Nancy Hinsdale (1769–1851) was vice-principal of the seminary beginning in 1841, having previously had her own seminary in Pittsfield. Hinsdale's cousin, Emma Willard, was preceptress of the Troy Female Seminary. Aurelia and Armon had one daughter, Harriet Hinsdale Davis. She and Harriet lived at South Pleasant Street and took in boarders, including William and *Mattie C Esty and their two-year-old son William.

(1878) 791 (and Harriet)

Dickerman, Elizabeth Mansfield (Street) (1843–1926) [m. 1870 George Sherwood Dickerman (1843–1937)]. Born in Jamestown, New York, July 23, 1843, to Elizabeth Mansfield Rutty (1808–1887) and the Rev. Owen Street (1815–1887), she and George, a Congregational minister and Yale graduate, came to Amherst in September 1883, he as minister to the First church there; he assisted at ED's funeral. They had four children. Their daughter Elizabeth Street Dickerman (Smith College Class 1892) was among the first women to receive a PhD in Mathematics from Yale University (1896) and wrote an article on her mother's relationship to Vinnie in the *Smith Alumnae Quarterly*.

(1884) 1150

(1885) 1236

(1886) 1299

Dickinson, (William) Austin (1829–1895) (AC 1850) [m. July 1, 1856, Susan Gilbert]. ED's first (extant) letter was to her older brother, then at Williston Academy in the spring of 1842. Austin studied at AC, then Harvard. He married ED's intimate friend Susan Gilbert, and they settled next door to the Dickinsons, at the newly built Evergreens; by then ED had written over eighty letters to him and Susan had received over twenty. A keen collector of paintings, Austin practiced law in Amherst, taking over as attorney and then treasurer at AC (also trustee and treasurer of AA). He was active in the Village Improvement Society and the development of Wildwood Cemetery. He was a close friend of *Samuel Bowles and *Jonathan Jenkins. Beginning in late 1883, he was involved in a clandestine affair with *Mabel Loomis Todd.

(1842) 1, 2, 2a

(1844) 4

(1847) 16, 17, 19

(1848) 21, 22, 24, 25

(1850) 39

(1851) 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 62, 63, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69

(1852) 70, 73, 74, 77, 78, 82, 83, 85, 86, 87, 90, 93, 94, 100

(1853) 110, 111, 113, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 130, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 149, 150

(1854) 156, 161, 162, 163, 164, 169, 171

(1862) 347, 356

(1864) 424

(1873) to ED about autumn

(1877) 739

(1884) 1204

(1885) 1275

Dickinson, Edward (1803–1874) [m. May 6, 1828, Emily Norcross Dickinson]. Father of ED, Austin, and Lavinia. Educated at AA, AC, and Yale, he worked as a lawyer in Amherst from 1826 until his death, serving as trustee and treasurer of AC from 1835–1873. From 1853–1855, he served as a Whig delegate to Congress, and twice to the Massachusetts House of Representatives (1838–39 and 1873–74). ED writes of him fondly, although acknowledging his sternness. Extant correspondence consists of only one letter in each direction.

(1854) to ED July 26

(1874) 615

Dickinson, Edward ("Ned") (1861–1898). Born June 19, the first child of Susan and Austin, Ned attended AC but did not graduate because of epileptic fits that began in February 1877. He became an assistant librarian at AC. ED sent more letters and letter-poems to Ned than to any other of Susan and Austin's children.

(1864) 428

(1871) 544

(1872) 567

(1873) 596

(1876) 690

(1877) 702, 721

(1878) 764, 767, 786, 787

(1879) 814, 821, 822, 827, 837

(1880) 864

(1882) 1009

(1883) 1072, 1096

(1885) 1252, 1258, 1275, 1279, 1283

Dickinson, Ellen E. (Pike) (1830?–1898?) [m. 1868 *William Hawley Dickinson]. In an article for the *Boston Evening Transcript* September 28, 1894, Ellen reported that she met ED at the end of the 1860s, shortly after her marriage to ED's cousin William, and that she and her husband received several letters from her, "all of which after my Husband's death I destroyed." ED writes to Elizabeth Holland in 1883 that Willie was dying, and that the "stricken Letters of his Wife reach us with every Mail"; these letters were also destroyed.

(1878) 794

Dickinson, Emily (Norcross) (1804–1882) [m. May 6, 1828, Edward Dickinson]. Educated at Monson Academy and the Herrick School for Young Ladies in New Haven, Connecticut (summer 1823), one of two daughters to Betsey Fay and *Joel Warren Norcross. Mother to (William) Austin, Emily, and Lavinia. The couple were socially prominent, renowned for hosting an annual reception during AC Commencement week. She was a member of committees for the town Cattle Show, in recognition of her orchard and gardening skills. Her daughters grew closer to her after she suffered a stroke in June 1875. She rarely traveled, and there is no extant correspondence with ED.

Dickinson, Harriet Austin (1835–1913). Daughter of Martha (Bush) and Rev. Baxter Dickinson, of Amherst, and sister of *William Cowper Dickinson. Hattie attended AA for the academic year ending 1849, and for the fall and winter terms 1850–1851. She was a friend of Vinnie's, and may have seen both Dickinson sisters in Boston, September 1851, when Baxter was based there as district secretary for the American Foreign and Christian Union. Harriet studied music at the Lasell Female Seminary in Boston 1852–1854. In the second half of 1859, the family relocated to Lake Forest, Illinois, where Harriet and her sisters Martha, *Mary, and Isabella established the Dickinson Seminary for Young Ladies. When it closed in 1867, Harriet taught literature and history at the Packer Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn for several decades.

(1877) 732

(1883) 1090

Dickinson, Mary Taylor (1833–1921). Mary assisted her sister Harriet in founding the Dickinson Seminary for Young Ladies in Lake Forest, Illinois, in 1859. Harriet and Mary Taylor visited Vinnie in the summer of 1876; when they spotted ED in the garden, they banged the gate to warn her of their arrival, at which she disappeared. This anecdote was recorded in 1930 by Austin Baxter Keep, one of their sister Isabella's two sons. Isabella's other son, Wallace, was given the only known daguerreotype of ED by Vinnie in 1892, as a token of her friendship with Hattie and Mary.

(1877) 732

Dickinson, Lavinia Norcross (1833–99). Born February 28 in Amherst, and named after her mother's sister, she is registered at AA for the academic terms ending July 1841 and 1842, August 1843, and August 1847 and 1849. She attended Ipswich Female Seminary for two terms, ending in 1850. She and ED were part of a socially active group of young women and men that included *Martha and Susan Gilbert, *Harriet Austin Dickinson, *Eliza Coleman, *Emily Fowler, *Jane Humphrey, *Jane (Jennie) Hitchcock, *Emmeline Kellogg, *Abby Wood, and a variety of AC tutors, including *William Howland and *Joseph Lyman. ED's younger sister, Vinnie assumed responsibility for managing the day-to-day running of the house, especially during periods when their mother was ill. ED missed her sister intensely when Vinnie was absent for extended periods (usually looking after sick relatives). "I had the family to take care of," Lavinia wrote, while Emily "had to think . . . Father believed; and mother loved; and Austin had Amherst."

(1860) 259

(1864) 421, 430, 438, 439, 440

(1865) 455, 457

Dickinson, Martha (Mattie) (1866–1943) [m. 1903 Alexander Bianchi (1873–1922)]. Born in Amherst, ED's niece attended Miss Howland's School in Union Springs, New York (1879–80), Miss Marsh's (1882–83), and Miss Porter's at Farmington, Connecticut (1884–85). As Martha Dickinson Bianchi, she published several articles and books relating anecdotes of ED's life and including letters and poems sent to their family, not previously published.

(1873) 603

(1881) 951

(1882) 1019

(1883) 1084, 1087

(1884) 1192, 1193

(1885) 1251, 1269

Dickinson, Samuel Fowler (1775–1838) [m. 1802 Lucretia Gunn Dickinson (1775–1840)]. Lucretia was from Montague, Samuel a lawyer from Amherst with a civic career in town and state politics. His over-subscription to the funding of AC meant that by 1833 they were forced to sell their home on Main Street (later called the Homestead) to David Mack, a storeowner, and relocate to Ohio.

Dickinson, Samuel Fowler Jr. (1811–1886) [m. 1834 Susan Witherspoon Cook (1819–1894)]. Lived in Georgia for most of his adult life and is buried in Richmond, Virginia. Mentioned in a letter as "Uncle Samuel."

Dickinson, Susan Huntington (Gilbert) (1830–1913) [m. 1856 (William) Austin (1829–1895)]. Born December 19, the youngest child of Harriet Arms (1792–1836) and Thomas Dwight Gilbert (1793–1841), she was raised at Geneva, New York, after her mother died. She registered at AA for the term ending August 1847. During this term, she lived with her elder sister *Harriet Cutler. She then studied at Utica Female Academy, where she met *Kate Turner (Anthon) and Gertrude Vanderbilt. She and Austin had three

children: Edward (Ned) in 1861; Martha (Mattie) in 1866; and Gilbert (Gib) in 1876. Susan hosted a socially and culturally active salon at The Evergreens, and their guests included Samuel and Mary Bowles, Francis Hodgson Burnett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Josiah and Elizabeth Holland, Otis and Elizabeth Lord, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. ED was often among the participants. Susan wrote ED's obituary for the *SR*; she was ED's most intimate friend. Her first extant correspondence from ED was in early 1851 and she received more letters and poems than any other addressee.

(1851) 42, 60

(1852) 72, 75, 76, 80, 88, 91, 96, 97, 98, 101, 103

(1853) 107, 108, 109, 112, 139, 140

(1854) 158, 172, 177, 180

(1855) 181, 182

(1858) 196, 197, 201, 202, 203, 205, 206, 207

(1859) 208, 211, 213, 218, 219, 220, 222, 226, 227, 228, 230, 235, 237, 238, 243, 246

(1860) 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 257, 258, 261, 262, 263, 265, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 274

(1861) 285, 292, 293, 298, 301, to ED late summer, 305, to ED autumn, 306, 307, 308, 312

(1862) 326, to ED around March 1, 326, 332, 336, 344, 349, 353, 358, 361, 362, 364

(1863) 370, 371, 374, 375, 377, 380, 382, 383, 384, 386, 387, 388, 389, 388, 391, 393, 394, 399, 400, 403, 404, 406, 407, 408, 409

(1864) 411, 414, 415, 417, 420, 425, 427, 429, 434, 435, 436, 442

(1865) 444, 447, 450, 452, 453, 456, 458, 459, 461, 462, 463, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 473, 475, 476, 477, 479, 480, 481, 485

(1866) 487, 489, 490, 491

(1867) 495, 497, 498, 499

(1868) 501, 503, 504

(1869) 506, 507, 511, 513, 515, 516, 517, 518

(1869 or 1870) 519

(1870) 522, 527, 530, 534, 535, 538, 540, 541, 542

(1871) 546, 547, 549, 553, 554, 555, 556, 559

(1872) 562, 564, 565, 568, 572, 575

(1873) 579, 580, 585, 589, 590, 595, 602, 604

(1874) 613, 621, 622, 629

(1875) 640, 647, 651, 652, 653

(1876) 657, 688, 689, 692

(1877) 742, 743, 745

(1878) 747, 749, 768, 773, 776, 779, 788, 792, 795, 796, 798, 800

(1879) 815, 820, 833, 834, 842, 844

(1880) 848, 857, 861, 876, 894, 904, 906, 907

(1881) 924, 928, 931, 953, 973, 974

(1882) 977, 982, 993, 996, 1001, 1012, 1028, 1030

(1883) 1038, 1040, 1045, 1077, 1078, 1089, 1091, 1095, 1097, 1109, 1110, 1111, 1113, 1114, 1115, 1119, 1122

(1884) 1129, 1131, 1134, 1153, 1156, 1175, 1177, 1180, 1182, 1184, 1194, 1206

(1885) 1255, 1260, 1275, 1281, 1282

(1886) 1285, 1287, 1288

Dickinson, (Thomas) Gilbert ("Gib") (1875–1883). Born August 1, 1875, to Susan and Austin, Gib was ten years younger than his sibling closest in age. ED's letters to—and about—him, show delight in his arrival. He died of typhoid fever on October 5, 1883; ED's vigil on the night that he died left her ill for months afterward. His death occasioned some of her most moving letters and poems to his mother, Susan.

(1881) 937, 938

(1882) 1010

Dickinson, William (1804–1887) [m. Eliza Hawley 1805–1851; m. Mary Louise Whittier 1828–1906]. The second child of Lucretia Gunn and Samuel Fowler Dickinson, Edward's brother, he was educated at AA. He then went into business, moving to Worcester in 1829, working as a clerk and then bank cashier, and becoming director of a Life Assurance and a Fire Insurance company, an alderman, and a trustee of the public library. With Eliza he had a son, ED's favorite cousin *William Hawley Dickinson; with Mary he had two sons and a daughter.

(1881) 901

Dickinson, William Cowper (1827–1899) (AC 1848) [m. 1854 Annis Dougherty]. Born in Longmeadow to Martha Bush and Rev. Baxter Dickinson (a leading theologian and minister from Amherst), William Dickinson taught at Monson Academy 1848–49 and as a tutor at AC 1851–52 before being ordained in 1854. He taught for many years at Lake Forest, where his sisters had founded a school, and at other places in Illinois. He and Annis had six children. During his college years he socialized with the Dickinsons, and his sisters were close to Vinnie.

(1849) 28

(1852) 79

Dickinson, William Hawley (1832–1883) [m. 1868 *Ellen E. Pike]. Born in Hardwick to Eliza Hawley and William Dickinson (Edward's brother). Vinnie paid social calls in his company: both sisters referred to him fondly as "Cousin Willie." He graduated from Brown University in 1852 and studied theology at Andover, then law at Harvard. He and his wife Ellen lived in Saratoga Springs, New York, where he practiced law. ED corresponded with him, but no letters remain.

Dole, Adelaide Bartlett (Stanton) (1839–?) [m. 1867 John Dole (1838–1872); m. 1889 Thomas Gilman Stanton (1842–?)]. Born in New Orleans, Louisiana, Adelaide graduated with a gold medal from Mystic-Hall Seminary in 1858. She and her husband lived in Amherst for some time. After John died while on a trip to Europe for his health, Adelaide returned to Amherst and lived with her sister, Helen E. Stanton, wife of AC professor Henry Hill Goodell (AC 1862). Adelaide was an accomplished pianist who sometimes played for ED.

(1879) 838

Dudley, John Langdon (1812–1894) (AC 1844) [m. 1861 *Eliza M. Coleman; m. 1872 Marion Churchill]. Born in Andover, New Hampshire, Dudley's first wife was ED's second cousin. He was ordained at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1847, and preached at the South Congregational Church in Middletown, Connecticut, 1849–1868. He was pastor at the Plymouth Congregational Church in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, at the time of Eliza's death, in 1871. Three years after remarrying, he moved to Boston, where he preached at the Theodore Parker Memorial Church, 1877–1879. He was known as an eloquent speaker and a religious liberal. The Norcrosses visited Eliza and him frequently; Helen Hunt Jackson described him as "one of the cleverest [men] I ever met."

Dwight, Edward Strong (1820–1890) [m. 1849 Lucy Elizabeth Waterman (1823–1861); m. 1864 Elizabeth McGregor Adams (1836–1879)]. Born April 30 in New Haven, Connecticut, the Rev. Dr. Dwight was a graduate of Yale (1838) and then Yale Theological Seminary; his grandfather was a former president of the University and his mother, Clarissa Strong, was the daughter of Massachusetts governor Strong of Northampton. In July 1854 he became pastor of the First Church in Amherst. He and his first wife Lucy had two children, Annie and Edward. Because of his wife's illness, Dwight resigned as First Church pastor. He was a trustee on the AC Board, serving until his death in 1890. One letter (L304) is addressed to Dwight's son Edward (Ned), on behalf of his ill mother.

(1861) 304 (to son, Edward Huntington Dwight), 314

(1862) 322

Eastman, Charlotte Sophia (Sewall) (1816–1896) [m. 1841 Benjamin C. Eastman (1812–1856)]. Born September 22 in Hallowell, Maine; her husband Benjamin, also from Maine, was a lawyer elected to Congress from 1851–1855. The Eastmans probably met the Dickinson sisters during their visit to Washington, DC, in 1855, when both Benjamin and Edward Dickinson were members of Congress. Charlotte drove to the top of Mount Holyoke with ED and Vinnie in August 1859, when she was visiting the Dickinsons, and she sent ED a copy of *Jane Eyre*, inscribed "To Emily With the love of Mrs Eastman. Sept 20th 1865." The only surviving correspondence is from October 1872, in response to a letter from ED and Vinnie.

(1872) to ED and Lavinia, October 21

Edwards, Henry Luther (1822–1903) (AC 1847). An AC tutor, 1849–1852.

Eliot, Thomas Dawes (1808–1870). A member of the Whig, and later Free Soil, Party from New Bedford, he shared a room with Edward Dickinson during some of their time at Congress, 1854–55. The Dickinson sisters met him during their trip to Washington, D.C., in 1855, and ED referred to him as "Mr New Bedford Eliot" in an 1882 letter to Lord.

Emerson, Benjamin Kendall Jr. (1875–1962). Born in Amherst to Mary Annette (Hopkins) and Benjamin Kendall Emerson Sr. (AC 1865), in the same year as Gilbert

Dickinson. Ben and Gib were friends and playmates. The Emersons had returned to Amherst in 1870 when Benjamin Sr. was appointed an instructor (later a professor) in Geology and Zoology at AC, and socialized with Austin and Susan. His grandmother was from Northampton and lived next door to Maria Whitney.

(1883) 1123

(1884) 1207

(1885) 1284

Emerson, Forrest F. (1823–1902) [m. 1864 Sarah M. Hartwell (1838–1913)]. Emerson was installed as pastor of the First Church of Amherst, June 1879, and served until 1883, when he took up a position in Newport, Rhode Island. In September 1885, the *SR* reported that he was “spending a few days in Amherst, and will occupy his old pulpit at the First church to-morrow morning and evening” while Rev. Dickerman preached in his stead in Newport. He was much sought after as a minister, holding prayers at the 1885 service of evangelists Moody and Sankey in Providence, Rhode Island, attended by 3,000 people, and offering his support at an 1886 meeting in Newport against the lynching of thirteen Black men in Carrollton, Mississippi. He stayed in touch with the Dickinsons after moving to Rhode Island.

(1879) 828, 829

(1880) 858, 888, 889

(1883) 1042

(1885) 1273

(1886) 1295

Emerson, John Milton (1826–1869) (AC 1849). Born in Heath to Sarah Elvira Cheney and Joseph Emerson, he studied at Williston Seminary and worked as an AC tutor (1851–1853) and lawyer (1854–1856) in Amherst, with Edward, before moving to New York. He also taught for a while at Monson Academy. About 1847, his mother, grandmother, and four sisters moved to Amherst. ED and Lavinia knew that Emerson was interested in their second cousin *Eliza Coleman.

Emmons, Henry Vaughan (1832–1912) (AC 1854) [m. 1865 Anne Shepard]. Born in Hallowell, Maine, to Lucy Vaughan and Williams Emmons, he was educated at Hallowell, Gorham, and (briefly) Williston Academies; after AC, he studied for the ministry at Bangor Theological Seminary, Maine. He visited the Dickinson sisters often during his time at Amherst, alone or in the company of *John Long Graves, a distant cousin who roomed at the same boarding house in town. He was engaged to ED's friend *Susan Davis Phelps, but the engagement was broken off by her family. During the Civil War, he served as a chaplain in the Christian Commission. He and his wife, Anne, had five children.

(1853) 122, 126, 128, 141, 152, 153 (1853 or 1854)

(1854) 155, 160, 166, 167, 168, 173, 175, 176

Esty, Martha Ann (Cushing) (1837–1887) [m. 1867 William Cole Esty (1838–1916)].

Born to Martha Ann Cargill and Thomas Parkham Cushing, a Boston merchant, she was the younger sister of *Sarah Eliza Cushing Tuckerman. She and William had four sons. The Estys were leading members of Amherst society, he a mathematician with a special interest in planets (computing the orbit of Saturn, 1869, and an eclipse, 1885), she a prominent social host.

(1885) 1221 (unsent)

Farley, Abbie Cogswell (1846–1932). Born in Ipswich, Abbie was the niece of Elizabeth Wise Farley, *Otis Lord's wife. Together with her mother, Mary Cogswell Farley, she cared for Lord after Elizabeth's death in 1877. In the 1880 census, Lord is recorded as living with Mary Farley and all three of her children: Abbie, Mary, and Joseph. Abbie was the chief beneficiary of Lord's will after his death. Remarks about ED attributed to Farley may, if real, have been prompted by anxiety about this inheritance.

(1882) 983

(1885) 1250 (and Mary C. Farley), 1257

Fay, Hannah (Newman) (1809–1889) [m. 1833 Rev. Samuel Austin Fay (1809–1842)]. Hannah was the sister of *Mark Haskell Newman and aunt to *Anna Newman (Carleton) and *Clara Newman (Badger): she cared for her nieces in Amherst for a period after they were orphaned, and by 1868 was living in Andover. She had one daughter, Annie Newman Fay (1833–1864).

Fearing, Amelia Gay (Hills) (1832–1899) [m. 1860 Henry Dana Fearing (1831–1917)]. Born in Amherst to Amelia (Gay) and Leonard Mariner Hills, she attended AA for the academic terms ending August 1847 and 1849, and Mount Holyoke Female Seminary for 1849–50. She and Henry had one child. ED wrote in sympathy after a fire destroyed the H. D. Fearing and the Hills Co. hat factories in April 1880.

(1880) 859

(1881) 918

Field, Charlotte (Coit) (1826–1890) [m. 1866 Rev. Thomas Power Field (1814–1894)]. Born in New London, Connecticut, to Charlotte and Robert Coit, she and her husband (AC 1834) moved to Amherst in 1877. He had received an appointment at AC.

(1884) 1167

(1885?) 1242, 1245

Fish, Dyer Ball Nelson (1838–1895). An Amherst native, Fish was the “strange physician” who attended to Dickinson after her collapse in June of 1884.

Fiske, Nathan Welby (1798–1847) [m. Deborah Waterman Vinal (1807–1844)]. Professor of languages and later Moral Philosophy at AC from 1824–46, he was the father of *Helen Fiske Hunt Jackson.

Fiske, Samuel (1827–1864) (AC 1848). Fiske attended AC with *William Cowper Dickinson and was a tutor there, 1852–1855; he socialized with ED and Lavinia. His sister

Rebecca W. Fiske taught at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, 1846–1849, overlapping with ED. He was killed in the Civil War, at Fredericksburg, May 1864.

Flynt, Eudocia Carter (Converse) (1822–1906) [m. 1852 William Norcross Flynt (1818–1895)]. Born in Brimfield to Sophia Lyon (1785–1851) and Marquis Converse (1785–1842); Sophia's parents were prominent enough to have a memorial fountain erected in their honor in 1895, an event reported by the *Springfield Weekly Republican*. She was the second wife of ED's mother's cousin William Flynt, a leading businessman and politician from Monson. They had six children; their grandchild Stanley King was the eleventh president of AC. Her friends included *Eliza Coleman and *Louisa and Frances Norcross, and her diary records information about Eliza's marriage with *Rev. John Langdon Dudley.

(1862) 343

(1882) 1005, 1006

Ford, Emily Ellsworth (Fowler) (1826–1893) [m. 1853 Gordon Lester Ford (1823–1891)]. Daughter of Harriet Webster (1797–1844) and William Chauncey Fowler (1793–1881), she attended AA for at least two of the same years as ED, and the two girls exchanged many visits. Fowler was engaged to Frederick March (AC 1845), but when he developed symptoms of consumption, she turned to his business partner, Gordon L. Ford. ED attended their wedding in December 1853 in Amherst. ED sent Emily a lock of her hair in 1852. They corresponded intermittently for decades.

(1850) 33

(1851) 61, 66

(1852) 81, 95, 99, 102

(1853) 104, 114, 115, 131, 148

(1865) 448

(1874) 624

(1882) 1024

(1883) 1099

French, Daniel Chester (1850–1931). Best known for his sculptures of Lincoln and the Minute Man, French was the son of Anne Richardson and Judge Henry Flagg French, and lived in Amherst from the autumn of 1865 to September 1866, the period when his father—a friend of Edward Dickinson's—was first president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. During that year, Daniel attended Amherst High School and met the Dickinsons and the Newman sisters. His family then moved to Concord, where he became friends with *Louisa and Frances Norcross. *Anna Newman Carleton was married in the French home in 1874.

(1884) 1149

French, Mary Field (1825–1900). Born June 30, 1825 at Troy, New York, to Theodore Francis French and Mary Hubbard Field. Mary was registered as a student at AA for the year ending August 1843, and ED mentions her in a letter of January 1852. She helped care for her insane brother Theodore (who died 1865). At various times, she lived with her half-sister Augusta Thayer Jones, cousins Eugene and Roswell Field, and *Tempe Linnell. Eugene Field, a journalist who wrote poems for children, published

an article on ED in the *Chicago Morning News* (May 3, 1891), based in part on Mary's recollections.

Frink, Henry (1812–1875). Born in Deerfield, Frink is registered as living in Amherst from 1835–1850. He worked as a liveryman up to about 1845, offering transport by private carriage, and was then deputy sheriff until relocating to Greenfield. In 1841, he attempted to prevent the kidnapping of a freeborn Black woman, Angeline Palmer, whose rescuers were defended in court by Edward Dickinson.

Gilbert, Francis Backus (1818–1885) [m. Caroline Elizabeth Throop (1831–1869); m. Sabra Ellsworth (1820–1907)]. Brother to Susan Gilbert Dickinson, with his older brother *Thomas, he moved to Michigan around 1837, shortly thereafter settling in Grand Rapids. He became president of the Grand Rapids Gas Company and Michigan Barrel Company.

Gilbert, Harriet. See *Cutler, Harriet (Gilbert).

Gilbert, Thomas Dwight Jr. (1815–1894). Born in Greenfield and older brother of Susan Gilbert Dickinson. With his brother *Francis, he moved to Grand Haven, Michigan, and became a successful businessman, rising to president of the City National Bank and a city alderman.

(1859) 221

(1885) 1248

Gladden, Washington (1836–1918). A congregational minister at the North Church in Springfield from 1875, he took part at Bowles's funeral in 1878 and held services at Northampton and Amherst. He was also an author with an interest in social causes, and the editor of *Sunday Afternoons*, a late 1877–1880 periodical dedicated to stories by writers, including Edward Everett Hale and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. He and ED corresponded about the deaths of her mother, Emily Norcross Dickinson, and *Otis Lord. (1882) to ED May 27

Godfrey, Anna Cole (c.1800–1875) [m. 1822 William B. Godfrey 1799–1879]. Seamstress who worked for the Dickinsons and ran a boarding house across from their house on West Street. In 1853, ED writes: "Mr and Mrs Godfrey have moved into the Baker house, across the road, and we're so glad to get them back again." William was a farmer. They had four children, all baptized in 1838; Philena B. and George Fay went to AA. Their son George became a mason. By 1860 they had moved to Illinois.

Gould, George Henry (1827–1899) (AC 1850) [m. 1862 Nellie M. Grout (1840–1915)]. A student at the Amherst and Monson Academies, Gould socialized with the Dickinson sisters and was an editor of the AC monthly *Indicator*, which published ED's 1850 valentine. He served in a number of parishes before settling in Worcester, in 1872. In 1894, he wrote to Todd that "a cherished batch of Emily's letters . . . kept secretly in a small trunk" had been lost.

(1850) to ED February 1, 34

Graves, John Long (1831–1915) (AC 1855). “Cousin John” was a relative on the Gunn / Montague side of the Dickinson family, from Sunderland, who boarded near the Dickinsons while he was at AC. He was friends with *Henry Vaughan Emmons. When Lavinia and her mother visited Edward in Washington, John stayed with ED (and Susan). He began studying theology in Boston in 1856. No correspondence with ED is extant after that time.

(1853) 105, 106, 124, 151

(1854) 165, 174

(1856) 188, 189

Greely, Jane (1822–1886). Born to Abigail Stevens (who died when Jane was fifteen) and Samuel Greely (who died when she was two). She attended AA and lived in Amherst with the family of ED’s friend *Mary Warner; *Leonard Humphrey also boarded there in 1849–1850.

Greenough, Jeanie Ashley (Bates) (1835–1921) [m. 1860 James Carruthers Greenough (1829–1924)]. Daughter of Jane P. Ashley (1808–1885) and William Gelston Bates (1803–1880) of Westfield, a prominent lawyer and district attorney. She was a well-known author, of *At Dawn of Day* (1889), *A Year of Beautiful Thoughts* (1902), and some children’s books. ED met Jeanie and the Bates family at Willard’s Hotel in Washington in 1855. Edward and William G. Bates, both Yale graduates, served on the Governor’s Council of Massachusetts in 1845 and were co-signatories of a letter to *The Liberator* (December 28, 1860), expressing opposition to armed intervention in the cause of emancipation.

(1859) 233

(1883) 1092

(1884) 1139

(1885) 1240, 1277

Gridley, Jane Lawrence (1829–1915) [m. September 17, 1849, Dr. George Sullivan Woodman (1823–1906, AC 1846)]. Daughter of Elizabeth Lawrence and Dr. Timothy Jones Gridley. Jane was a pupil at AA for the academic years ending July 1841 and 1842, and August 1843, overlapping with ED. She attended Wheaton Female Academy at Norton for the academic years ending July of 1844 and 1845. ED mentions her among her school friends.

Grout, Austin Osgood (1840–1913). Brother of ED’s school friend *Jane Grout, he began working at least occasionally for the Dickinsons when he was ten. In 1851, ED writes to Austin, “little Austin Grout comes every day to pick [cherries], and mother takes great comfort in calling him by name.”

Grout, Jane B. (1832–1851). Born in Pelham, she was registered as a pupil at AA for the school years ending in August of 1847 (with ED) and 1849. She was the daughter of Susan Arnold Hall and Austin Grout, who lived in Amherst; Austin Sr worked as a butcher (as registered in 1850). ED mentions Jane (“Jennie”) and Jane’s younger brother *Austin, and comments in a letter on Jane’s death at the age of nineteen.

Hale, Edward Everett (1822–1909). A journalist, author, philanthropist, and minister, Hale was pastor at the Church of the Unity at Worcester that *Benjamin Franklin Newton belonged to when ED wrote to ask him if Newton was “willing to die” and was “today in Heaven,” ten months after his death in 1853. Although Hale did not attend Newton’s death, his response occasioned two other letters from ED.

(1854) 157, 159

(1858) 191

Hall, Eugenia Montague (1864–1930) [m. 1885 Franklin Lambert Hunt II (1862–1933)]. Eugenia was the granddaughter of Dickinson neighbors George and Sarah Montague and came with her sister Katie Ives Hall to live with them in 1868. They were the children of Montague’s only daughter, Mary Eugenia (1839–1864), from George’s first marriage to Mary A. Parsons. George Montague was a first cousin of Samuel Fowler Dickinson, and addressed envelopes for ED.

(1876) 659, 663

(1885) 1259, 1263, 1278

Harrington, Brainerd Timothy (1826–1910) (AC 1852). From Heath, he was at AA, and Lavinia mentions visiting him in October 1851; ED records a visit in June of the same year, and “quite often” with others in 1852. He became a teacher at Westchester, New York.

Harrington, Samuel (1820–?) [m. December 1843 Caroline S. Prevear (1820–1905)]. An Amherst watchmaker and silversmith, he had a partnership with Edward Prevear—as ED mentions—until 1852. With Edward Dickinson, he was a delegate from Amherst to the Whig convention in Boston in December 1851, in support of Webster for president.

Haskell, Abby Ann (1831–1851). Born to Charlotte Wood and Deacon Mark Haskell in Hardwick, she enrolled at AA as a student in the academic year ending August 1847, when Dickinson was there, and August 1849, when *Jane Humphrey taught there. She died at the age of twenty and is buried in the West Cemetery.

Haven, Joseph (1816–1874) (AC1835) [m. 1840 Mary Emerson]. From Dennis, Joseph became professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at AC, 1851–1858. His departure for the Congregational Seminary at Chicago occasioned an exchange of letters between *Mary Emerson Haven and ED.

Haven, Mary Emerson (1819–1896) [m. 1840 *Joseph Haven]. Daughter of Eliza Rockwell and Ralph Emerson, professor at Andover Theological Seminary. She attended school at Ipswich, Andover, and Boston. She came to Amherst in 1850 when Joseph was appointed professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy at AC. They moved to Chicago in 1858. She was involved in, and president of, several artistic, cultural, educational, and literary clubs and associations.

(1858) 194, 200

(1859) 209

Higginson, Mary Elizabeth (Channing) (1820–1877) [m. 1847 *Thomas Wentworth Higginson]. The Channings were a prominent New England family, related to the Higginsons; Mary and her husband were second cousins. They shared many of the same views on religion, slavery, and women's rights, and cared for the daughter of her sister-in-law Ellen Fuller Channing after her mother's death in 1855. Mary died from an undiagnosed muscular wasting disease.

(1876) 668, 680, 682, 691

(1877) 705, 714

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth (1823–1911) [m. 1847 *Mary Elizabeth Channing; m. 1879 Mary Potter Thacher]. A Unitarian minister, author, and literary critic, Higginson was actively involved in abolitionism and the women's suffrage movement. He mentored and befriended several women authors, including Helen Hunt Jackson, to whom he introduced ED's poetry, and Julia Ward Howe. He served in the Civil War as Colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteer Infantry regiment, composed of escaped and freed slaves. ED initiated their lifelong correspondence after his April 1862 *AM* publication of "Letter to a Young Contributor"; Higginson visited her in Amherst twice, in August 1870 and December 1873. His second wife, Mary Potter Thacher, was a children's author with whom he had two daughters; through Higginson, ED wrote to the surviving daughter, Margaret.

(1862) 337, 338, 341, 345, 348, 355

(1863) 369, 373

(1864) 426

(1866) 482, 484, 488

(1867) 496

(1869) to ED May 11, 508

(1870) 531, to Mary Higginson August 16, to Mary Higginson August 17, 537, 532

(1871) 558

(1872) 563, 574

(1873) 591, 600, to ED December 31

(1874) 607, 614, 620

(1875) 643, 644

(1876) 654, 656, 658, 660, 661, 664, 665, 669, 676, 683, to ED October 22, 684

(1877) 693, 696, 711, 725, 729, 730, 733, 735

(1878) 748, 763, 772, 790, 793

(1879) 807, 841, 845

(1880) 853, 863, 877, 896, 897, 898

(1881) 939, 959

(1882) 978, 988, 992 (and Margaret)

(1883) 1060

(1885) 1226, 1265

(1886) 1297, 1302, 1303

Hills, Henry Francis (1833–1896) [m. 1863 *Mary Adelaide Spencer]. Henry was the son of *Amelia Gay Fearing and Leonard Mariner Hills (1803–1872). He began working

at his father's mill, where they paid women hat braiders who worked from home, then had hat factories built near the railroad depot and Dickinson meadow. They expanded their business to New York, where Henry worked as the family's sales agent. Though he suffered several business reversals in 1870, 1878, 1880, and 1883, the Amherst factory continued to do well; it was at times the largest hat factory in the United States. ED was a friend of his wife, Adelaide, and at times included Henry in her address. They had five surviving children. His sister, *Mary E. Hills, was a school friend of ED.

(1878) 750, 752

(1880) 895

(1882) 1020

Hills, Mary Adelaide (Spencer) (1840–1910) [m. 1863 *Henry Francis Hills]. Both of Adelaide's parents died early; Mary Hollister Pitkin (1821–1845), from Manchester, Connecticut, when she was five; Owen Spencer (1817–1855) when she was fifteen. Adelaide and Henry had five surviving children. Their son Samuel died February 23, 1879, as an infant, and ED sent several notes at this time. From 1870–1876, the Hills lived in New York during the winter, summering in Amherst. In 1876, they made Amherst their permanent home, although Henry continued to travel for business.

(1871) 550, 561

(1874) to ED about mid-January, 617

(1877) 737

(1878) 750, 752, 778, 797

(1879) 805, 808, 809, 810, 811, 813, 816, 830, 843

(1880) 854, 855, 860, 862, 879, 895, 910

(1881) 944, 949

(1882) 979, 985, 1015, 1020

(1883) 1034, 1059, 1065, 1076, 1081, 1124

(1884) 1136, 1144, 1209

Hills, Mary E. (1830–1916) [m. 1866 Ira Jay Clizbe (1836–1923)]. Born in Amherst a few days before ED on December 4, 1830, Hills was the daughter of Amelia Gay Fearing and Leonard Mariner Hills, who owned and ran the palm hat factory. Mary is registered at AA for the academic year ending August 1847 and attended Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, graduating 1850. She later moved to Michigan.

Hitchcock, Edward (1793–1864) [m. 1821 Orra White (1796–1863)]. Celebrated scholar in the fields of geology and natural history and president of AC, 1845–1854. Edward was ordained as a Congregationalist minister but left the ministry in 1825 to become professor of chemistry and natural history at AC. He published several books and essays, in some of which he argued that God was the agent of scientific change—rejecting the notion of a six-day creation. He was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Orra was a gifted artist and scientific illustrator. ED refers to Hitchcock in letters and was a friend of their daughter *Jane.

Hitchcock, Jane Elizabeth (1833–1894) [m. 1864 Granville Bradstreet Putnam (1835–1900, AC 1861)]. Born in Amherst, daughter of Orra White and *Edward Hitchcock,

Jane is registered at AA for the academic years ending July 1842, August 1843, 1847, and 1849. She attended Ipswich Female Seminary with Lavinia for the year ending November 1850 and studied at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary 1851–52. She and her husband lived in Boston. Her older sister Kate (Catharine Hitchcock) was also at AA and Mount Holyoke (1842–1845), and taught at the Monson Academy 1849–50. Jane and Kate are mentioned in early letters as among ED's and Lavinia's friends.

Hoar, Ebenezer Rockwood (1816–1895) [m. 1840 Caroline Downes (Brooks) (1820–1892)]. E. Rockwood Hoar was a lawyer from Concord who attended the same school as Thoreau (the Concord Academy). He became a judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, 1859–1869, and served briefly as the attorney general for President Ulysses S. Grant. Their daughter *Elizabeth Hoar married *Samuel Bowles IV. (1884) 1154

Hoar, Elizabeth (1854–1924) [m. June 12, 1884 *Samuel Bowles IV]. Daughter of *Ebenezer Rockwood and Caroline Downes Hoar, Elizabeth maintained connections with her extended family and friends in Concord, visited hospitals and schools, and managed visits from the people she and Samuel knew from their public and private lives. They had two children. (1885) 1222

Holden, Jeremiah (1822–1856) [m. 1840 Adeline Pharaoh]. Laborer who worked for the Dickinson family, mainly as a hostler. Born in Enfield, Connecticut, the son of Job (mother unknown). His and Adeline's children, Angeline and Joseph Bradley Holden, were baptized in July 1852. He died in an accident on April 1, 1856, when he was crushed by a falling piece of timber while doing construction work. He was buried in West Cemetery, which included a section for African American burial.

Holland, Elizabeth Luna (Chapin) (1823–1896) [m. 1845 *Josiah Gilbert Holland]. A descendant of an important New England family, she was educated at the Albany Female Academy in New York, where she was sent to live after the death of her father. She met ED in July 1853 and quickly became a close friend, whom ED often addressed as "sister." Elizabeth had serious eye problems (one was removed): as a result, ED letters were often read aloud to her by her children. Elizabeth's cousin Henrietta Chapin (1836–1925) was married to Laurens Clark Seelye, who taught literature at AC 1865–1873, after which he became the first president of Smith College at Northampton—where the Hollands visited frequently. Around 100 letters from ED survive, and several others were lost. She and Josiah had three children who survived to adulthood, whom she mentions in letters or to whom she also writes: Annie, *Kate, and *Theodore. (1853) 138
(1854) 154, 178, 179
(1855) 183
(1856) 186
(1858) 199, 204

(1859) 210, 214, 217, 232, 241, 245
 (1860) 260
 (1862) 346, 359
 (1864) 418, 431
 (1865) 472, 478
 (1866) 483, 486, 492
 (1870) 523, 533
 (1871) 545, 560
 (1872) 570, 571
 (1873) 588, 592, 594, 599
 (1874) 612
 (1875) 633, 641, 649
 (1876) 678, 679, 685
 (1877) 695, 698, 699, 701, 709, 731, 736, 741
 (1878) 755, 765, 771, 774
 (1879) 803, 839
 (1880) 869, 887, 903, 911
 (1881) 917, 919, 923, 929, 947, 950, 954, 960, 961, 963, 964, 965, 969, 970, 972
 (1882) 987, 1002, 1014, 1029, 1031
 (1883) 1037, 1039, 1044, 1046, 1051, 1062, 1064, 1105, 1118
 (1884) 1138, 1142, 1145, 1157, 1179, 1185, 1195
 (1885) 1224, 1227, 1235
 (1886) 1290

Holland, Josiah Gilbert (1819–1881) [m. 1845 *Elizabeth Luna Chapin]. At the time of his death in 1881, Dr. Holland was one of the most popular and influential writers and public speakers in America. Educated as a doctor, he became a journalist for the *SR*, meeting the Dickinsons in June 1853, alone, and then with Elizabeth in July: ED and Lavinia visited them in September 1853 and 1854. He was literary editor for the *SR* and then editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. ED wrote several letters to both Josiah and Elizabeth, as well as a few independently to Josiah and many to Elizabeth. They had three surviving children, whom she mentions in letters or to whom she also writes: Annie, *Kate, and *Theodore.

(1853) 138
 (1854) 154, 179
 (1855) 183, 185
 (1858) 204
 (1859) 232
 (1862) 346, 359
 (1864) 413, 418
 (1865) 445, 460
 (1873) 588
 (1877) 728
 (1878) 766
 (1881) 926

Holland, Kate Melia (1853–1936) [m. September 1882 Bleecker Van Wagenen (1847–1921)]. Daughter of *Elizabeth and *Josiah Holland. ED mentions Kate in several letters. Her husband was a book publisher and eugenicist. They had three children: Kathrina, Garrat, and Theodora. Theodora (1891–1974, later Ward) edited a volume of the letters to her grandparents and, with Thomas H. Johnson, the 1958 *Letters of Emily Dickinson*.

Holland, Sophia (1828–1844). Born June 14, 1828, in Belchertown to Edward's cousin Fanny Dickinson (1794–1844) and Seneca Holland (1790–1870), Sophia and her family moved to Amherst in 1830, where her father had a hardware store. She attended AA in the academic years ending July 1841, 1842, and August 1843, at the same time as ED. ED described her as a friend "with whom my thoughts and her own were the same." Both were caught up in a religious revival in early 1844, but Sophia died of typhoid fever on April 29, before joining the church. ED was greatly affected by the death of her friend and was sent to live with Lavinia and Loring Norcross in Boston for about a month to recover.

Holland, Theodore (1859–1937) [m. 1891 Florence Olmsted Ward]. Born in December 1859 to *Elizabeth (Chapin) and *Josiah Holland, he attended Williston Seminary among other schools, graduated from Yale in 1882, and attended Columbia Law School. He worked as a lawyer and then a businessman, moving to Denver in 1888. He and his wife had three children.
(1884) 1170

Holt, Jacob (1822–1848). Attended AA 1841–42, at the same time as Austin, Lavinia, and ED. After his death from consumption in May 1848, ED pasted his obituary, and a poem from the *Hampshire and Franklin Express*, into the inside back cover of her Bible. She mentions him in three letters.

Houghton, Jane. (1830–1908). The daughter of Ruth Jane Howe (sister of *Albin Page Howe, owner of Amherst House) and Merrick Houghton, Jane was registered as a pupil (with her brother Edwin) at AA for the academic year ending August 1843. ED mentions her in 1846, among other school friends; she was *Sabra Howe's cousin.

Howard, Maria (Avery) (1833–1893) [m. 1864 Rev. William Washington Howard (1819–1871)]. Maria was the half-sister of Lydia Avery Arms, whose sister Harriet Arms Gilbert was Susan Gilbert Dickinson's mother. She visited Amherst on occasion and sent a letter describing the Dickinson family to her niece, Lydia Avery Coonley.
(1863) 385

Howe, Sabra Elizabeth (1829–1919) [m. Frederick S. Sanford]. Born August 23, 1829, in Amherst, Sabra was a classmate and friend of ED's at AA for the academic years ending July 1841 and 1842, and the academic year ending August 1843. From 1843–1867, her parents Sabra and Albin Page Howe ran the Amherst House hotel on the corner of Pleasant and Amity streets.

Howland, William (1822–1880) (AC 1846). Born in Conway to Hannah Morton and William Avery Howland, he tutored at AC, 1849–1851. He studied law with Edward Dickinson and was fond of Vinnie, whose diary records a ride with him to Ware and back, after which she noted, “Parents displeased.” William practiced law at Lynn (1852–1880). His brother George Howland (1824–1892, AC 1850) also tutored at AC (1852–1855) and socialized with the Dickinson family until he moved to Chicago in 1858.

Humphrey, Helen (1822–1866). Daughter of Betsy Stiles and Dr. Levi Wooster Humphrey and the older sister of *Jane, Helen graduated from Mount Holyoke Female Seminary in 1839, taught there for a year, and was then preceptress at AA during the winter and spring terms of 1841–42, when ED attended.

Humphrey, Jane T. (1829–1908) [m. 1858 William Henry Wilkinson (1832–1902)]. Born in Southwick, where she lived most of her life, Jane was the daughter of Betsy Stiles and Dr. Levi Wooster Humphrey. She attended AA for the autumn semester of 1841, staying with the Dickinsons and sharing a bedroom with ED. In 1847–48, Jane and ED were also both at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. After graduating, Jane became a teacher and preceptress at AA for the academic year ending August 1849; she taught at the Lawrence Academy in Groton, 1854–55. Her husband was also a teacher, and then a chemist; they had four children.

(1842) 3

(1850) 31, 36

(1852) 84, 89

(1855) 184

Humphrey, Leonard (1824–1850) (AC 1846, valedictorian). Born in Weymouth to Elizabeth Jones and Lemuel Humphrey, he was a popular teacher and principal at AA for the academic year ending August 1847. He brought *Mary Warner to visit ED at Mount Holyoke in the autumn of 1847. As a tutor at AC, 1850, he socialized with the Dickinsons. His sudden death on November 30, 1850, caused ED to write to *Abiah Root: “my master has gone to rest . . . [the tears] are the only tribute I can pay the departed Humphrey.”

Hunt, Caroline (Dutch) (1800–1861) [m. 1824 Rev. William Worthington Hunt (1796–1837)]. Preceptress of AA during the academic year 1840–41, the fall semester of 1841, and the academic year 1842–43, while ED attended. Hunt had previously taught Emily Norcross Dickinson, ED’s mother, at Monson Academy.

Jackson, Helen Hunt (Fiske) (1830–1885) [m. 1852 Edward Bissell Hunt (1822–1863); m. 1875 *William Sharpless Jackson (1836–1919)]. Helen Marie Fiske was born in Amherst to Deborah Waterman Vinal (1807–1844) and *Nathan Welby Fiske, an AC professor of Latin and Greek languages, Literature, and (later) Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and a Congregational minister. Her parents died young, of tuberculosis—in 1844 and 1847. Helen attended a number of schools, including, briefly, AA, though her name is not listed in the catalogues. In 1841 she lived with family friends in Hadley, and the

following year with relatives in Charlestown. She attended Pittsfield Young Ladies Institute (1843–1845), Ipswich Female Academy (1846–47), and the Abbot Institute in New York, run by family friend and historian Rev. John Stevens Cabot Anderson. She became a well-known short story writer, novelist, and poet, and was active as a reformer on behalf of Native American rights; ED wrote to Helen, “Pity me . . . I have finished *Ramona*”—one of her best-known novels. Helen’s first husband was an army engineer, with whom she had two children; neither survived childhood. The couple visited ED in August 1860. She moved with her second husband, a banker and railroad executive, to Colorado. She visited ED again in October 1876 and October 1878 (with Jackson). Her correspondence with ED began in the late 1860s and continued until Helen’s death. She greatly praised ED’s poetry, urged her to publish, and volunteered to serve as ED’s literary executor, should ED predecease her.

(1875) 648

(1876) to ED March 20; August 20; October 18

(1878) to ED April 29; October 25; December 8

(1879) 819, to ED May 12, 824

(1883) 1054

(1884) to ED September 5, 1187

(1885) to ED February 3, 1231

Jackson, William Sharpless (1836–1919) [m. 1875 *Helen Fiske Hunt]. By the time he married, Jackson was a successful businessman in Colorado Springs with interests in several banks and a railroad company; he was a trustee of Colorado College.

(1885) 1267, 1271

Jameson, Annie Esther (1868–1931). The third child of *Mariette and John Jameson, she trained as a teacher of the Deaf at Washington, DC, and then taught at Mt. Airy, Pennsylvania.

(1883) 1101, 1125

(1884) 1203, 1208

Jameson, Arthur Hugh (1870–1958). The youngest child of *Mariette and John Jameson, he attended Harvard and had a career as an industrial chemist.

(1884) 1208

Jameson, Mariette (Thompson) (1838–1924) [m. 1856 John Jameson (1828–1905)]. Mariette moved to Amherst with her husband around December 1876, where he practiced law and served as postmaster until March 1885. The Dickinson sisters were sympathetic when Jameson lost his position. Mariette was especially close to Vinnie. ED also corresponded with two of her children, *Annie Esther and *Arthur Hugh.

(1877) 700

(1885) 1234

(1886) 1301

Jenkins, Jonathan Leavitt (1830–1913) [m. 1862 *Sarah Maria Eaton]. Minister of the First Church from 1867–1877 and a favorite preacher of the Dickinsons, Jonathan and

his wife, Sarah, lived across the street from The Evergreens and socialized frequently with Austin and Susan. After they moved to Pittsfield (in 1877), the families kept in touch, partly in person—with Austin visiting there, and Jonathan visiting when he preached in Amherst and in neighboring towns. Jonathan read a prayer at Edward's funeral, and ED referred to him as "Father's clergyman." He also officiated at both Gilbert's and ED's funerals. In 1873, Edward asked him to interview ED about her faith, and he pronounced her theologically "sound." He and Sarah had two children, to whom ED also wrote.

(1874) 630

(1876) 655, 671

(1877) 706 (to "family"), 734

(1878) 783

(1881) 952

Jenkins, Sarah Maria Eaton (1841–1910) [m. 1862 *Jonathan Leavitt Jenkins]. Sarah was born in Wentworth to Mary Maria Battey (1804–1876) and Worcester Eaton (1802–1877); she attended the State Normal School of Salem in 1858–59, teaching music there while completing her studies, 1859–60. Sarah was close to Susan during the years after their arrival in Amherst, in 1876, and had a warm and active correspondence with ED, who admired her "beautiful intonation and . . . scrupulous precision of language." By the 1880s, ED was sending some of her most affectionate messages to Sarah. She wrote to both their children, *MacGregor and *Sarah (Sally), and some letters to the family or both parents, but primarily to Sarah.

(1874) 611, 625, 630

(1876) 655, 675

(1877) 694, 704, 706 (to "family"), 707, 708, 713, 734

(1879) 804, to ED late January 1879

(1880) 899

(1881) 952

(1883) 1035, 1052, 1112

Jenkins, James MacGregor (Mac) (1869–1940) [m. Alice Boorum Duncan (1875–1952)]. Son of *Jonathan Leavitt and *Sarah Maria Jenkins. In the 1890s, MacGregor worked at a Boston publisher, and his poems featured regularly in newspapers—as did a sketch for the *Christian Union* (October 24, 1891) entitled "A Child's Recollections of Emily Dickinson." Later, this was expanded to a book, *Emily Dickinson: Friend and Neighbor* (Little Brown, 1930). ED wrote to MacGregor together with his sister *Sarah (Sally).

(1876) 686

(1877) 724

(1881) 948

Jenkins, Sarah (Sally / Did) Eaton (1865–1955) [m. Pittsfield 1891 Grant Squires (1863–1928)]. Born in Hartford, Connecticut, and daughter of *Jonathan Leavitt and *Sarah Maria Jenkins, Sally was a friend of Mattie Dickinson's, and a regular visitor to the Evergreens, along with her brother MacGregor. One of her last letters from Dickinson,

in December 1880, included a gift of roses. Most letters to Sally include MacGregor or Mattie in their address.

(1876) 686

(1877) 723, 724

(1880) 912

(1881) 948, 951

(1883) 1084, 1086

Jewett, George Baker (1818–1886) and Mary Jennison Whipple (1819–1886). Jewett (AC 1840) was an AC professor of Latin and modern languages, 1850–1854. ED mentions him and his wife Mary in letters during the early 1850s.

Judkins, Eliza Maria (1809–1887). Taught drawing and painting at AA off and on between 1839 and 1842. Lavinia and ED both mention Judkins in letters (1852 and 1854). She was the daughter of Elizabeth, third wife of Charles Porter Phelps, and stepsister to *Susan Davis Phelps.

Karr, William Stevens (1829–1888) (AC 1851). An AC trustee (1877–1888), Karr gave the Philosophical Oration on “Shadows of Partial Faith” during the AC Commencement ceremony that conferred an honorary Master of Arts degree upon *Josiah Holland. ED mentions him in 1851, spelling his name “Carr.”

Kelley, Thomas (1833–1920) [m. 1855 Mary Maher (1826?–1910)]. Born in Ireland to Margaret Crowley and Michael Kelly. Brother-in-law of Margaret Maher. He was among a number of Dickinson workmen who, by her request, carried ED’s coffin from the family home to her grave on May 19, 1886, after her funeral service was completed and the honorary pallbearers had taken the casket outside.

Kellogg, Eliza. *See* *Read, Eliza Maria (Kellogg).

Kellogg, Emeline (1828–1900) [m. November 9, 1855 *Henry Clark Nash (1829–1900) (AC 1851)]. Daughter of Fidelia Dickinson and Major James Kellogg, a prominent Amherst manufacturer of wood planes who at one time owned two factories. Emeline was registered as a pupil at AA for the academic years ending 1841, 1842, and August 1843.

Kimball, Benjamin (1850–1932) [m. 1880 Helen Manning Simmons (1850–1899)]. Born in Ipswich to Lucy Sarah Farley and Otis Kimball, he was a Boston lawyer and, through Lord’s mother Eunice Kimball, a cousin of *Otis Lord. The SR reported on March 22, 1884, that Kimball had inherited Lord’s law library and been appointed executor of his estate, most of which passed to *Abbie C. Farley.

(1885) 1223, 1232, 1241

Kimball, James Parker (1828–1882) (AC 1849) [m. 1858 Mary Barton Dickinson]. Born in Vermont, Kimball was ordained in 1857, ministering at Falmouth and Haydenville before becoming secretary for the American Tract Society for New England, 1876–1880, and returning to Amherst in 1881. He and Mary had two sons. ED referred to him as “our ‘Theologian’” and “young ‘D. D.’” (Doctor of Divinity).

Kimberley, Deborah W. (1804?–?). Seamstress, wife of tailor Thompson Kimberley. In 1851, ED tells Austin that Deborah Kimberley is sewing for them.

Kingman, Ellen Mary (1838–1851) and Martha Augusta (1832–1851). The daughters of Phoebe Hayden and Colonel Cyrus Kingman, both sisters were born in Pelham (with Martha attending AA 1850–51). ED refers to the health and deaths of both sisters in letters.

Kingsbury, Mary (1804–1856). Daughter of farmers Mary Benton (1772–1841) and Samuel Kingsbury (1763–1851). She had an older sister, Hannah. ED refers to the family in letters.

Learned, Mary Arms (Gilbert) (1822–1850) [m. September 1849 Samuel Julius Learned (1823–1892) (AC 1845)]. The sister of Susan Gilbert Dickinson and *Martha Gilbert Smith, she died July 14, 1850, at the age of twenty-eight of puerperal fever after the birth of her only child.

Leavitt, Thomas Hooker (1824–1906) [m. 1857 Mary Greenleaf Clement). An accountant, Leavitt boarded across the street in Boston from the Norcrosses, with Loring Norcross’s business partner Matthew F. Wood. John White Jr. also boarded there. The two young men socialized with the Dickinson sisters. ED and Leavitt were among a party walking up Mount Holyoke in October 1849; Lavinia’s diary of September 6, 1851, mentions meeting “Messrs White & Leavitt” when she and ED visited Austin in Boston; on September 8, ED rode with Leavitt; on July 8, 1852, Lavinia notes that they had received cards from White. There is no extant correspondence.

Linnell, Tempe Seabury (1828–1881). Born May 4, 1828, in Orleans to Temperance Seabury and Jonathan Linnell, she is registered at AA for the academic years ending 1842 and 1843. Her brothers Nathan and Jonathan graduated from AC. William Hammond describes Tempe in an 1847 diary entry as the “pleasing, commonplace Tempe Linnell.”

Loomis, Eben Jenks (1828–1912) and Mary Wilder Loomis (1833–1910) [m. 1853]. The parents of *Mabel Loomis Todd, Eben worked at the Nautical Almanac Office in Washington, DC, and Mary traced her ancestry from John Alden of Plymouth. Like Mabel, they never met Dickinson, but they received messages. All letters are to Mary and Eben Loomis.

(1884) 1196, 1197, 1198, 1201, 1205

(1885) 1213

Lord, Otis Phillips (1812–1884) [m. 1843 Elizabeth Wise Farley (1814–1877)]. Born in Ipswich, he attended Harvard Law School (1833–1835). In 1844 he moved to Salem. He had a distinguished career as a barrister, a representative to the MA Legislature (1847–1849 and 1851–1855), and Judge of the Supreme Court of MA from 1875 until his retirement from ill health in 1882. His wife Elizabeth died of cancer in December 1877. Lord's sister-in-law and niece, *Abbie Farley, kept house for him after Elizabeth's death. Dickinson described Lord as "my Father's closest friend"; he visited Amherst regularly, having made friends there during his years as a student at AC, and he and Elizabeth were often guests at the Homestead. Lord continued to visit after Edward's death in 1874. After Elizabeth's death, he typically stayed with Austin and Susan; Austin records visits in August and September 1880 and in April 1882. His first letter to ED may have been on November 10, 1873, and in a February 1877 letter to Lavinia he mentions "Emily, whose last note gave me a good deal of uneasiness, for knowing how entirely unselfish she is, and how unwilling to disclose any ailment, I fear that she has been more ill, than she has told me." By 1880 his relationship with ED had become romantic. His correspondence to her does not survive; hers to him is extant only as drafts. After ED's death, *Higginson noted that Lavinia had placed two heliotropes in her casket for her to take to Judge Lord.

(1880) 870, 871, 875, 880, 885, 892, 905, 913, 914

(1881) 930, 940

(1882) 981, 984, 995, 1008, 1013, 1018, 1025

(1883) 1102, 1106

Lyman, Joseph Bardwell (1829–1872) [m. 1858 Laura E. Baker (1831–1912)]. Born in Chester, Joseph boarded with the Dickinsons during Edward's absence in 1846, from the end of March until the beginning of the summer term at Williston Seminary (which he attended while Austin was there). He was Yale class of 1850, and later graduated from the New Orleans Law School in 1856, practicing in that city until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he served eighteen months in the Confederate army, mainly with medical and supplies work. Throughout this time, he remained in touch with both Dickinson sisters. In September 1863, he moved to Boston—where his family had already adjourned. In February 1864, he embarked on a successful career in journalism, working primarily for New York papers, until his death. None of ED's correspondence to him is extant, but he transcribed passages that have survived.

(1848) 26

(1856) 190

(1858) 193

(1861) 297

(1863) 401, 405

(1867) 493

(1870) 525, 528

Lyon, Mary (1797–1849). The founder (in 1837) of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, at South Hadley, where ED was enrolled from late September 1847 to August 1848. Though much of the emphasis was on religion, the school subjects included chemistry,

physiology and composition, physical exercise, musical practice, and singing. Dickinson roomed with her cousin Emily Norcross Dickinson.

Mack, Harriet Williams Washburn (Parsons) (1793–1874) [m. 1814 Royal Washburn; m. 1844 David Mack Jr. (1778–1854)]. Daughter of Harriet Williams and Rev. David Parsons III, she was the second principal of the Amherst Female Seminary, which opened in 1832. ED probably began school there in 1835; in 1838, it was destroyed by fire. Harriet was related to three ministers of the First Church—her father and grandfather, both Harvard graduates, and her husband Rev. Royal Washburn, who was the fourth First Church minister, serving from 1826 until his death. Harriet's second husband (his third wife) was David Mack Jr., who had bought the Dickinson Homestead in 1840. In an 1846 letter, ED refers to her as "Mrs! Deacon! Washburn! Mack!"

Mack, Rebecca Amelia (Robbins) (1814–1899) [m. 1841 Samuel Ely Mack (1815–1866)]. Rebecca and Samuel lived in what had been the Dickinson family house, the Homestead, with his parents Mary and David Mack Jr. after David purchased it in 1840; in 1833, David had bought the western half from Samuel Fowler Dickinson; Emily and Edward Dickinson had rented and occupied the eastern half until 1840. In 1855, Samuel and Rebecca sold it back to the Dickinsons and kept in touch: in 1899, their daughter Henrietta recalled that after Samuel's death (December 1866) her mother visited Amherst and ED "insisted upon meeting" her; "the conversation was carried on without either seeing the other's face." The two met in person in 1884.

(1884) 1186, 1188

Mack, Rosanna (c. 1805-?). Lived next door to *Charles and Eliza Thompson and worked for at least a few years beginning around 1851 doing laundry for the Dickinsons. ED refers to her as "Emerald Mack" in 1852 and 1853 to distinguish her from the Macks of Amherst and to refer to her Irish heritage.

Maher, Margaret (Maggie) (1841–1924). Born in Tipperary, Ireland, she first worked for two generations of the Boltwoods in Amherst, joining the Dickinson family when Clarinda and Lucius Manlius Boltwood moved to Hartford, in 1869. She lived at the Homestead until Lavinia's death in 1899; her sister, Mary and brother-in-law, *Thomas Kelley, lived nearby. ED letters describe her in language that mixes the personal and the professional, and she expressed fond concern when Maggie's brother died in 1880 and when Maggie was ill with typhoid in 1882. Her place in the family is shown in formulations such as "Vinnie gives her Heart and Maggie her love" (1883 to Elizabeth Holland); Maggie refers to ED's mother as "Mother" in a note to ED. For an incomplete note from Maggie to an unidentified person, see L930n.

(1882) 998, 999, to ED about early October 1882

March, Francis Andrew (1825–1911) (AC 1845). A tutor at AC, 1847–1889, March was engaged to *Emily Fowler (Ford). When he developed symptoms of tuberculosis in the winter of 1851–52, he was sent to Havana for his health, and the engagement was broken. Recovering, he taught English at Lafayette College, 1855–1906.

Mann, Margaret (1816–1897) [m. 1850 Thomas Osborne Rice (1815–1888)]. A teacher at Mount Holyoke in the academic years ending 1845–1848, while ED was there, and later at Wheaton Female Seminary.

Master [unknown] Dickinson referred to various people in letters and poems as “Master,” including *Leonard Humphrey; *Thomas Wentworth Higginson (multiple times); and (once, humorously) Austin. She also uses “Master” to refer to God or Christ. Whether ED was writing a person, a fictitious character, or experimenting with language of desire and devotion in these drafts remains in debate.

(1858) 192

(1861) 282, 299

Mather, Alice (Allie) Skeel (1862–1923) [m. 1886 Williston Walker (1860–1922)]. Allie was the only daughter of Elizabeth Carmichael Mather of Geneva, New York, and *Richard Henry Mather. ED writes to congratulate her upon her engagement.

(1886) 1296

Mather, Ellen Augusta (1847–1896) [m. 1881 *Richard Henry Mather]. Originally from Cleveland, Ellen was the second wife of AC professor *Richard Henry Mather; she was an active member of the First Church. ED never met Ellen face to face, but they were near neighbors and exchanged flowers and baked goods.

(1881) 925

(1882) 1011

(1883) 1098, 1121

(1884) 1164, 1173, 1181, 1190

Mather, Richard Henry (1834–1890) (AC 1857) [m. Elizabeth Carmichael (1837–1877); m. 1881 *Ellen Augusta Worthington Mather]. Professor of Greek at AC from 1864 until his death. ED writes a letter of consolation after the death of his first wife. With his first wife, he had one daughter.

(1877) 738

Matthews, Francis Joseph (1845–1911). Born to Ann Steele and *Richard (Dick) Matthews. “Pat” or “Little Pat” is traditionally thought to have been Joseph Francis Matthews. He performed small tasks about the Dickinson property, including delivering a note from ED to *Henry Vaughan Emmons in August 1854. In the 1865 Census he is registered as a soldier and seems to have left Amherst shortly afterward, returning from time to time to help his parents. ED refers to “Pat” in letters ranging from 1854 to 1874, but the “Pat” referred to in 1874 may be *Patrick J. Ward, who also worked for the Dickinsons.

Matthews, Richard (c.1813–1876) [m. Ann L. Steele (1818-?)]. Worked for the Dickinsons as a stableman. He and Ann lived in a house in back of the Dickinsons on West Street. They had sixteen children; nine died young. ED mentions their children “Pat” (probably *Francis), Sammie, and Harriet, who died in 1858.

Merrick, Harriet Hodge (1831–1862) [m. 1854 Archibald Clark Lindsey (1814–1862)]. Daughter of Hanna Elvia Morton (1808–1882) and Leander Merrick (1799–1856), a draper and tailor in Amherst who went out of business in 1850. Harriet was a pupil at AA in the academic years ending August 1843, 1847, and 1849.

Merrill, Harriet (1829–1853) [m. April 1851 Samuel Borrome Noble (1828–1881)]. Born May 18, 1829, in Amherst to Cordelia Aurelia Leonard and Calvin Merrill. ED regarded her as one of “we five” friends attending AA, June 1844 to May 1845. She and her younger sister Frances left Amherst, perhaps in the summer of 1845, eventually joining the family of their older sister Caroline (Merrill) Granger in Grand Rapids, Michigan. After Harriet’s death, her sister Frances married her widower, Samuel (in March 1854), and then died six months later. ED and Harriet are known to have corresponded, but no letters remain.

Merrill, Harriet Orinda was an unmarried aunt of *Harriet Merrill. As ED reports in a letter, her death on October 6, 1885, was treated as suspicious, because “poor, romantic Miss Merrill” had left her entire estate to a boarder, Dr. Joseph De Vore; her family sued.

Merrill, Orinda Rowe (1770–1861). Grandmother to *Harriet Merrill, she had a boarding house for AC students as early as 1825, which was managed by her daughter *Harriet Orinda Merrill after her death. Lavinia stayed there in September 1842 while the rest of the family visited Boston.

Montague, George (1804–1893) [m. 1834 Mary Parsons (1812–1853); m. 1856 *Sarah M. Seelye]. Born in Amherst and educated at AA, he worked in various parts of the United States before returning to Amherst, becoming president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College (1866–1879), auditor of accounts for AC, and deacon of the First Church. He occasionally addressed envelopes for ED—to *Elizabeth Holland, *Samuel Bowles IV, and *Otis Lord. George’s mother, Irene Dickinson Montague, was a sister of Samuel Fowler Dickinson, making George first cousin to ED’s father. ED writes to George individually and to him and Sarah.

(1877) to ED and Lavinia February 19

(1881) 922, 935, 936, 941, to ED 1881?, 942, 943, 945, 946

Montague, Harriet (1808–1895). Born in Amherst, the youngest daughter of Irene Dickinson and (Amherst merchant) Luke Montague, and younger sister of *George Montague, Harriet lived with her brother Zebina after he returned from the South an invalid in the winter of 1839. She looked after him for the rest of his life, though she herself was crippled by a fall in 1871. Mentioned in several letters.

Montague, Sarah Maria (Seelye) (1820–1893) [m. 1856 *George Montague]. Born in Bethel, Connecticut, she was the daughter of Polly Mariette Dibble and Frederick Seelye and the second wife of George. In an 1881 letter to George, ED addressed the

couple as "Cousin George" and "Cousin Sarah," signing herself as "Cousin." All letters to Sarah are also addressed to George.

(1881) 922, 935, 936, 945

Montague, Zebina Clinton (1810–1881). Born in Amherst, son of Irene Dickinson and (Amherst merchant) Luke Montague and brother of *Harriet and *George Montague. Zebina lived with Harriet after he returned from the South, an invalid, in 1839. Mentioned in several letters.

Nash, Henry Clark (1829–1900) (AC 1851) [m. 1855 *Emeline Kellogg]. Taught at the Mount Pleasant Institute in Amherst from 1851–54, after which he took over from his father, Rev. John A. Nash, as principal from 1854–1877. ED refers to him as "Mr Mt Pleasant-Nash."

Newman, Mark Haskell (1806–1852) [m. Mary Dickinson (1809–1852)]. Mary was a younger sister of Edward Dickinson; Mark Newman was a publisher of educational texts in New York. They had five children, who were orphaned by their parents' deaths in 1852, including *Anna (Carleton) and *Clara (Turner). From 1858, Anna and Clara lived with Austin and Susan at The Evergreens until Anna's marriage in 1869.

Newport, Amos (1771–1859) [m. December 6, 1806, Melita Paine]. Laborer, born in Hatfield, who worked in the Dickinson garden. Amos's grandfather was enslaved in Africa and sold in 1727 to a Hatfield farmer. Amos lived as a free man. His wife, Melita, was the first Black person to own land in Amherst.

Newport, Joseph Wells (1831–1868) [m. August 1856 Martha J. Thomas (1834–)]. Son of Melita and *Amos Newport. Called "Wells," he worked as a hostler and did manual work for the Dickinsons. He and Martha had two children: Henry A. Newport (1853–?) and Frederick Dwight Newport (1859–1937). ED reports in 1852 that "Wells Newport has disappeared," perhaps because of the 1850 Fugitive Slave Law that endangered even free Blacks in the North.

Newton, Benjamin Franklin (1821–1853). Studied law with Edward Dickinson and *Elbridge Gridley Bowdoin in 1847. In ED's autograph book, he wrote, "All can write autographs, but few, paragraphs; for we are mostly no more than names." Later someone pasted this passage into the copy of Emerson's *Poems* he gave to ED in 1849. ED mourned him as "the first of my own friends" when she learned of his death from consumption, March 24, 1853.

Niles, Thomas Jr. (1825–94). Born in Boston, he died in Perugia, Italy. Niles was an editor and partner in the Boston firm Roberts Brothers, who published Louisa May Alcott and Helen Hunt Jackson, among others. It was his idea to start the "No Name Series," which included a poem by ED in its 1878 *A Masque of Poets*. He also invited ED to send him a "M.S collection of [her] poems"; instead she sent him four poems with her next letter.

(1879) to ED January 15

(1882) to ED April 13; to ED April 24; 980

(1883) to ED March 13; 1049, to ED March 31; 1058, to ED April 23

(1885) to ED August 19

Nims, Seth (1798–1877) [m. Emila Dickinson (1800–1874)]. Nims was for several years the Amherst postmaster and shared an interest in fine horses with Edward and Austin Dickinson. He was, as ED writes to Austin, a “merciless . . . loco”—that is, loco-foco, or Democrat. His and Emila’s daughters, Clarinda (Clara) and Maria R. Nims, were at AA for some of the same years as ED.

Norcross, Alfred (1815–1888) [m. Olivia C. Chaman (1817–1898)]. A younger brother of ED’s mother, Emily Norcross Dickinson. Mentioned in an 1863 letter, apparently during a visit to Amherst. Louisa and Frances also visit Alfred and Olivia in Monson, sending their “love.” The single extant letter concerns the upcoming marriage of their nephew William J. Norcross.

(1881) to ED early 1881

Norcross, Joel Warren (1821–1900) [m. 1854 Lamira Hicks Jones (1833–1862); m. Maggie P. Gunnison]. The youngest of Emily Norcross Dickinson’s brothers, he stayed with the Dickinsons during the spring of 1836 before going to Monson Academy. He then moved to Boston, where his sister *Lavinia lived with her husband, Loring Norcross, and sold imported goods. His business was effectively ruined during the Civil War, and he retired to Lynn. Many of the letters sent to Austin at Boston during his time as a teacher at the Endicott School were addressed to Joel’s care, and both the Norcross cousins and the Dickinson sisters showed concern for him after Lamira’s death.

(1850) 30

(1862) 340

(1864) 412

(1883) 1041

Norcross, Frances. *See* *Louisa Norcross.

Norcross, Lavinia (1812–1860) [m. 1834 Loring Norcross, her first cousin (1808–1863)]. The youngest (surviving) daughter of Betsey Fay and *Joel Norcross and sister of ED’s mother, she was educated at Monson Academy and had a warm relationship to her older sister and to her nieces Emily and Lavinia. When her namesake (Lavinia Norcross Dickinson) was born, she looked after two-and-a-half-year-old ED for several weeks, and both nieces visited Lavinia and Loring in Boston. Their daughters, *Louisa and *Frances, visited their cousins in Amherst often.

Norcross, Louisa (1842–1919) and **Frances Lavinia** (1847–1896). Born in Boston to *Lavinia (Emily Norcross Dickinson’s sister) and Loring Norcross, after the death of both parents they eventually moved into the boarding house of Eunice and Louise Bangs, in 1864–65. This is where ED lived with them when she spent several months over these

two years in Cambridge for eye treatment. Typically, one or both of the cousins helped the Dickinsons during commencement week at Amherst, and Louisa later remembered ED writing “most emphatic things in the pantry . . . while she skimmed the milk,” which she then read to her. In 1870–1872, they cared for *Eliza (Coleman) Dudley in Milwaukee, during the final period of her consumptive illness. In 1880, they relocated to Concord. Frances, who worked as a librarian at Harvard, prepared transcripts of their letters and poems from ED for Todd. Both cousins were political and religious liberals and culturally active, attending concerts and plays, taking part in amateur theatricals and recitals, and participating in a literary salon where they read ED’s poems aloud. ED was extremely fond of these cousins, and writes them some of her most intimate letters—addressing them as Fanny and Loo, or Loolie. ED’s final (extant) letter is to her “Little Cousins.”

To Louisa and Frances:

(1860) 272
 (1861) 283, 318
 (1862) 330, 366
 (1863) 368, 372, 379, 390, 396, 398, 402
 (1865) 474
 (1868) 500
 (1869) 510
 (1870) 521, 524, 529, 539, 543
 (1871) 557
 (1872) 566, 569
 (1873) 577, 582, 584, 586, 593, 597, 601
 (1874) 609, 610, 616
 (1875) 638, 642
 (1876) 674, 687
 (1879) 826
 (1880) 849, 884, 886, 890, 909
 (1881) 920, 921, 927, 932, 958, 962, 966
 (1882) 1022
 (1884) 1141, 1152, 1176
 (1885) 1215
 (1886) 1292, 1304

To Frances:

(1862) 323
 (1873) 581, 587

To Louisa:

(1859) 216, 244
 (1860) 256, 277
 (1861) 311
 (1862) 319, 328, 339, 351
 (1863) 378
 (1864) 419, 441

(1865) 443, 451, 454

(1867) 494

(1869) 514

(1871) 548, 551

(1872) 573, 576

(1880) 882

(1881) 934

Norton, Luthera (1829–) [m. 1861 John Keightley Dinzey]. Born in Ware, to Huldah Thomas and Allen Norton; her father was first married to Mehitable Ware Snell. Two of her brothers were educated at Amherst: Thomas Snell Norton (AC 1840) and Franklin Burroughs Norton (AC 1856). Luthera attended AA for the academic years ending July 1842 and August 1843. ED refers to Luthera's mother's death (in 1845); another letter indicates that she and Luthera corresponded.

O'Brien, Margaret (1829?–1886?) [m. 1865 Stephen R. Lawler (1828–1888)]. O'Brien worked for the Dickinsons from about 1857 until 1865, when she married an Irish laborer from Kerry. He had three children from his first marriage. In 1870, he, Margaret, and their family were living at a mill yard behind King Street in Northampton.

Palmer, Sabra Debell (1830–1905). A pupil at AA in the years ending July 1842 and August 1843 and 1847, overlapping with ED. She was a cousin of *Abiah Palmer Root.

Payson, Charles Henry (1831–1877) (AC 1852). Born in Leominster to Betsey Bontelle and Rev. Phillips Payson, he studied in Heidelberg and Berlin, 1857–58, and was pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Memorial Chapel in New York from 1860 to his death. Mentioned in letters in 1850 and 1851.

Phelps, Susan Davis (1827–1865). Born in Hadley, daughter to Charlotte Elizabeth (Parsons) Phelps, the second wife of the Honorable Charles Porter Phelps. Harvard educated, her father served ten terms (1820–1841) as Hadley representative in the Massachusetts legislature and was a lawyer, businessman, farmer, and politician. Susan's sister was Charlotte Elizabeth Phelps (1825–1871), who attended AA for the year ending April 1839. Susan's stepsister, *Eliza Maria Judkins, taught drawing and painting at AA in the years ending April 1839 and July 1842. Susan was engaged to *Henry Vaughan Emmons in 1854, but her family broke it off in May 1860. Extant correspondence suggests she and ED were close.

(1858) 198

(1860) 264

Prince, Katherine (Kitty or Kittie) Barber (James) (1834–1890) [m. 1861 William Henry Prince (1817–1883)]. Katherine was born in Albany, New York, to William and Maria James; her mother was the cousin of William, Henry, and Alice James, and Katherine corresponded with William and Alice. Her sister, *Elizabeth Tillman James Seelye, corresponded with ED. After the death of her husband in 1883, Kath-

erine spent some of her later life in Amherst. Her first name was spelled variously in formal records: sometimes with initial "C" and with both penultimate "e" and "a": Catherine / Katherine / Katharine.

(1886) 1286

Read, Eliza Maria (Kellogg) (1822–1902) [m. 1851 Hanson Leland Read (1818–1887) (AC 1848)]. Born in Amherst to Maria Bixby and Chester Kellogg, who was a successful merchant and member of the First Church. She attended AA for the academic years ending April 1839, July 1841–42, and August 1843, overlapping with ED. Her husband was a member of the Massachusetts legislature (1856), a school teacher and principal, and a superintendent of Amherst schools. A letter from ED to *Jane Humphrey implies that she attended the Reads' wedding, but Lavinia's diary mentions that ED did not attend. Their son William was AC class of 1876; two sons drowned in 1873 while skating on Adams Pond, which occasioned the only known correspondence from ED.

(1873) 605

(1874) 632

Root, Abiah Palmer (1830–1910) [m. 1854 Samuel Worcester Strong (1821–1856)]. Abiah was enrolled at AA for the summer term in 1844 and was one of the circle of friends to whom ED referred as "the five." She and ED corresponded at length about their studies, interests, and network of friends, and Abiah is known to have visited ED five times after moving to Springfield in late 1845.

(1845) 5, 6, 7, 8

(1846) 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14

(1847) 15, 18

(1848) 20, 23, 27

(1850) 32, 38, 40

(1851) 51

(1852) 71, 92

(1854) 170

Root, Henry Dwight (1832–1855) (AC 1852). Born February 21 in Greenfield to Mary Johnson and Cephas Root, the youngest of their seven children, and one of two to survive infancy. He socialized with the Dickinsons in 1851 and was a friend of Austin's. He attended Harvard Law School 1854–55.

Sanborn, Franklin Benjamin (1831–1917). A national figure, he was one of six people to have supported radical abolitionist John Brown financially and had to flee to Canada as a result. Sanborn was also active in philanthropic work and contributed frequently to the *SR*, becoming an editor 1868–1872. He corresponded with *Higginson and *Bowles, and also knew ED's father through his political involvements. He was a head teacher at the Concord Academy, a founding member of the American Social Science Association, and involved with the Massachusetts State Board of Charities. He participated in Bowles's funeral.

(1873) 598

(1878) 751 to unknown; perhaps sent to Sanborn

Sanford, Baalis (1825–1875) (AC 1845) [m. 1853 Amelia Shepard Sproat; m. 1858 Elizabeth Baylies Cobb]. Born in Dennis to Sophia Lord and Rev. John Sanford. He attended AA in the academic years ending April 1839 and July 1841 and then AC. He studied law first with Charles Delano and then with Edward Dickinson (in 1850). He practiced law in Taunton (1851–1860), in New York City (1860–1869), and Boston (1869–1875). ED mentions him in an 1851 letter to Austin.

Sanford, John Elliot (1830–1907) (AC 1851, Valedictorian) [m. 1856 Emily J. White]. Born in Dennis to Sophia Lord and Rev. John Sanford. Attended AA in the academic years ending July 1841, August 1843, and 1847. Like his brother *Baalis, he studied law with Edward Dickinson, among others, then pursued a career in law and politics; he was elected to the MA House of Representatives twice, was speaker 1872–1874, and an AC trustee 1874–1907. He and his wife had three daughters. ED writes Austin: “John Sanford acts like a simpleton since he got the valedictory, he is so delighted, he dont know what to do.”

Sawtelle, Henrietta Lovell (1832–1916). Born to Elizabeth Lyman (1809–1886) and Cullen Sawtelle (1805–1887); while Cullen represented ME in Congress (1845–1847), Elizabeth and their daughter Henrietta lived in Amherst. Henrietta does not appear in the AA registration but ED mentions her as attending in 1846.

Scott, Sally Ann Brown (c.1819–1896) [m. George W. Scott]. Born in Enfield, Connecticut, to Spencer Brown of Hatfield and Celia Wilson of Enfield, Sally was a maid in the Dickinson household; her husband George (also born in Enfield), was a day laborer and butcher. They were among several African Americans who left Connecticut to come to Amherst, probably because Massachusetts effectively abolished slavery in 1783, but Connecticut not until 1848. She died at the age of seventy-seven, and is buried at West Cemetery. Mentioned by ED and Lavinia in early letters.

Seelye, Elizabeth (Libby or Libbie) Tillman (James) (1833–1881) [m. 1854 Julius Hawley Seelye (1824–1895)]. Born in Albany, New York, to William and Maria James and sister of *Katharine James Prince, Elizabeth and her husband lived in Schenectady for five years before his appointment to the chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy at AC in 1858; he served as AC president, 1877–1890. They had four children.
(1877) 716, 719

Selby, Ann Elizabeth (Vaill) (1820–1883) [m. 1843 Samuel West Selby (1821–1874)]. Born in Brimfield, Massachusetts, she was the daughter of Anne Kirtland and *Rev. Joseph Vaill. During the summer of 1845, while her husband Samuel was in California, preparing for their move there, she lived with the Dickinsons, giving piano lessons to the fifteen-year-old ED, who referred to her as “Aunt Selby.”

Sloan, Sarah Thayer (Williams) (1829–1897) [m. Timothy Wilson Sloan (1827–1899)]. Born in Shutesbury, Sarah’s husband was a shoemaker and Civil War veteran. They moved to Amherst around 1852 and had a shoe and boot store by 1870. They were

neighbors of the Dickinsons. ED wrote to them when their youngest daughter, Mary Emma, died at the age of eighteen.

(1883) 1094

Smith, David Page (1830–1880). A professor at Yale Medical School, who knew *Samuel Bowles and *Josiah Holland. The Dickinsons are thought to have consulted him about Emily Norcross Dickinson's treatment in the years after Edward's death. At his death in 1880, ED described him as the "Family Savior."

Smith, Henry Boynton (1815–1877). A professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at AC. ED praised his preaching in 1848, when she was at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

Smith, Martha (Mattie) Isabella (Gilbert) (1827–1895) [m. 1857 John Williams Smith (1822–1878)]. Daughter of Harriet Arms and Thomas Gilbert, she was sister to Susan Gilbert Dickinson. Mattie's husband was a dry goods merchant. They made their home in Geneva, New York, where Susan visited frequently. Two of their children died within their first two years; a third child, Elizabeth Throop Smith, survived into adulthood. Mattie had two sisters in Amherst: Susan and *Harriet Gilbert Cutler. Mattie was very close to the Dickinson siblings, at the time they were getting to know Susan.

(1855) 182

(1859) 223

(1877) 717

(1878) 799

(1880) 874, 878

(1884) 1130

Smith, Thankful Dickinson (1807–1889). Born in Hadley, she was the unmarried daughter of Samuel Fowler Dickinson's younger sister Anna Dickinson and Oliver Smith. In 1880, ED refers to "Cousin Thankful."

Snell, Sabra Cobb (Clark) (1807–1883) [m. 1828 Ebenezer Strong Snell (1801–1876)]. Sabra was born September 1 in Conway, and was the wife of AC professor and weather keeper Ebenezer (AC 1822). At Ebenezer's death, ED writes her, "I had a father once." Their daughter Sabra Clark Snell (1845–1932) continued Ebenezer's weather records after his death.

(1876) 681

Spencer, John Laurens (1818–1850) (AC 1848). Born in Griswold, Connecticut, he attended Williston Seminary and was a teacher and principal at AA for the academic year ending August 1849. He is mentioned in a number of letters.

Stearns, Frazar Augustus (1840–1862) (AC 1863). Son of Rebecca Alden Frazar (1803–1855) and *William Augustus Stearns, he was a friend of Austin's. He died in the Civil War, at New Bern, North Carolina, in March of 1862, prompting some of ED's most moving writing on war deaths.

Stearns, Mary Emmeline (Kittredge) (1835–1905) [m. 1859 William French Stearns (1835–1874)]. Mary and William lived in (present-day) Mumbai, India; after his death, she returned to Amherst in the 1870s, where Mary started the Ladies Home School. ED writes Mary to console her on the death of her children—William in 1881 and Ethel in 1882.

(1881) 933

(1882) 1000

Stearns, Olive (Coit) (1815–1911) [m. 1857 *William Augustus Stearns (1805–1876)]. She was the second wife of W. A. Stearns, AC president from 1854–1876, and the step-mother of *Frazar Stearns.

(1874) 627

(1875) 636, 637, 645

(1876) 666 (also to William), 670

(1877) 703

(1878) 777

(1879) 823, 825

Stearns, William Augustus (1805–1876) [m. 1857 *Olive Coit]. President of AC, 1854–1876, father of Frazar Stearns—who died early in the Civil War and was mourned deeply by the citizens of Amherst. William Stearns is mentioned in several letters.

Stebbins, Milan Cyrus (1828–1889) (AC 1851). Mentioned in a few early letters and in Lavinia's diary as an occasional Dickinson visitor.

Storrs, Richard Salter Jr (1821–1900) (AC 1839). Editor of *The Drum Beat*, a short-lived Civil War publication, selling subscriptions for the Benefit of the U.S. Sanitary Commission; it published three poems by ED. William Smith Clark, an Amherst neighbor, was another contributor. Storrs was an AC trustee, 1863–1898.

Sweetser, Abigail (Abby) Tyler (Munsell) (1804–1882) [m. 1833 *Luke Sweetser]. Socially active, Abby and her husband, Luke, an Amherst merchant, provided a home for her niece, and ED's friend, *Abigail Maria Wood, from 1838–1855. She is mentioned in several letters, often as a figure of fun—"reverend marble" in one letter, "roll[ing] out in crape" in another. She and Luke had one son, *John Howard Sweetser, and raised Luke's nephew *Charles Humphreys Sweetser.

(1868) 502

Sweetser, Catharine (Dickinson) (1814–1895) [m. 1835 *Joseph A. Sweetser]. ED's Aunt Kate, sister of Edward, lived in Brooklyn, New York. Her oldest son, Henry Edwards Sweetser (1837–1870)—together with *Charles Humphreys Sweetser—established *The Round Table*, a weekly New York periodical that published ED's "Some keep the Sabbath going to church," March 1864. ED's correspondence with her Aunt Kate documents ongoing gift exchange but also concerns for her health and sharing of news and ideas.

(1870) 520

(1874) 608

(1880) 881, 883

(1882) 976

(1883) 1071

(1884) 1143, 1146, 1200

(1885) 1229

Sweetser, Charles Humphreys (1841–1871) (AC 1862) [m. 1868 Mary Newman Sweetser]. A nephew of the Dickinsons' neighbor *Luke Sweetser, he was raised by *Luke and *Abby after the deaths of his parents. He worked at the *SR* before founding *The Round Table* with Henry Edwards Sweetser, son of *Catharine and *Joseph Sweetser. This New York weekly published one ED poem, in March 1864. His wife, Mary, was Henry Sweetser's sister.

Sweetser, John Howard (1835–1904) [m. 1860 *Lucy Cornelia (Nellie) Peck]. The only son of ED's neighbors *Abby and *Luke Sweetser. He and his wife Nellie spent summers in Amherst, and she carried on a warm exchange of flowers and gifts with ED. He was a dry goods merchant, based in New York.

Sweetser, Joseph Artenatus (1809–1874). Married to ED's Aunt *Catharine, in January 1874 he disappeared on his way to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, to which he belonged, after suffering a concussion a few days previously. His brother *Luke and sister-in-law *Abby Sweetser were ED's neighbors.

(1858) 195

Sweetser, Lucy Cornelia (Nellie) (Peck) (1832–1907) [m. 1860 *John Howard Sweetser]. The warm correspondence with Nellie was mainly about flowers, family, and food: perhaps most famously, she was the recipient of ED's recipe for black cake.

(1878) 770, 785

(1882) 1017

(1883) 1033, 1066, 1070, 1073, 1080, 1083, 1085, 1088, 1107, 1108

(1884) 1162, 1165, 1171, 1172, 1174, 1178, 1183, 1189, 1202

Sweetser, Luke (1800–1882) [m. 1833 *Abigail (Abby) Tyler Munsell]. Born in Athol, he studied at AA, then worked in Wright Strong's store as a clerk, buying him out in 1818, and going on to become one of the most successful merchants in Amherst, occupying many offices in town and church and representing Amherst in the state legislature. He was for several years overseer of the Fund in Aid of Indigent Students at AC (1866–1877). He and Abby had one son, *John Howard Sweetser, and they provided a home for her niece, *Abigail Maria Wood, from 1838–1855; they also raised his nephew *Charles Humphreys Sweetser.

Taylor, Rev. Jeremiah (1817–1898) (AC 1843). Taylor was principal of AA, 1843–1844, and minister of the North Congregational Church at Middletown, Connecticut. Mentioned in an early letter.

Thompson, Eliza Antheny (c.1832–c.1901) [m. 1857 *Charles Thompson (1814?–1906)]. Daughter of James Thompson from Albany, New York, Eliza provided household help for the Dickinsons. It is reported that during AC commencement week “she always helped prepare the President’s house for the guests, assisted with the cooking, and waited upon the table. One afternoon and evening she always left herself free to go to Mr. Dickinson for his yearly ‘levee.’” Her husband worked for the family of AC president *William Stearns and was janitor and groundskeeper for AC. Both are African American.

Thompson, John Howland (1827–1891) (AC 1850). From Heath, he attended AC with *George Gould and Austin, with whom he roomed; he also visited the Dickinsons, and is mentioned in Lavinia’s 1851 diary. *George Howland was a cousin. His sister, Sarah Grace Thompson, was at Mount Holyoke at the same time as ED.

Todd, Mabel Loomis (1856–1932) [m. David Peck Todd (AC 1875)]. Mabel and David moved to Amherst in August 1881 when he was appointed professor of Astronomy and director of the AC observatory. By October, she was socializing with Susan and Austin. She first mentioned “a lady whom the people call the *Myth*” in a November letter to her parents. By the end of 1883, she was in an affair with Austin that lasted until his death. Todd and ED never met, but they corresponded, and Todd gave ED gifts and sang and played the piano at the Homestead. After ED’s death, Todd and *Higginson edited three volumes of her poems (1890, 1891, 1896), and Todd edited an edition of her letters (1894). She promoted ED’s writing for the rest of her life, as did her daughter Millicent Todd (Bingham).

(1881) 967

(1882) 997, 1003

(1883) 1050, 1082, 1103

(1884) 1132, 1168, 1169

(1885) 1230, 1246, 1247, 1254, 1272

(1886) 1289

Tolman, Albert (1824–1891) (AC 1845). Born in Dorchester to Mary Pierce and Stephen Tolman, he was an AC tutor, 1848–1851. He then taught at Pittsfield Academy, 1851–1891. He and his wife Jane were friends of *Eliza Judkins.

Tracy, Sarah Skinner (1828–1916). Born in Thetford, Vermont, her mother, Eleanor Washburn, died in 1836; her father was the Rev. Joseph Carter Tracy, a Congregational minister. After her father married his second wife, Sarah S. Prince, Tracy and her father moved to Beverly. Tracy was one of ED’s circle of five friends, alias “Virgil,” at AA but is not listed among the pupils there. She left AA around May 1845. Through her mother, she was related to Harriet Parsons Washburn, former principal of the Amherst Female Seminary. ED mentions correspondence with Tracy.

Tuckerman, Alice Girdler (Cooper) (1857–1932) [m. 1881 Frederick May Tuckerman (1857–1929)]. Born in Calais, Maine, Alice moved with her parents, *Abigail Ingersoll

and James Sullivan Cooper, to Amherst. She received her first extant letter from ED around the time of the birth of her and Frederick's first child, Margaret Tuckerman, on June 6, 1884.

(1884) 1158, 1160 (to Margaret Tuckerman)

(1885) 1212, 1280

Tuckerman, Sarah Eliza Sigourney (Cushing) (1832–1915) [m. 1854 Edward Tuckerman (1817–1886)]. Sarah and Edward, a professor of Botany at AC, lived near the Dickinsons. Her friendship with ED dates to 1855, the year the Tuckermans moved to Amherst: letters from her sister Anna indicate that ED and Vinnie visited Sarah on May 24, 1855, and ED sent flowers from her garden on May 30. By the 1880s, she and ED were intimate friends, exchanging frequent gifts and notes. Sarah was the older sister of *Martha Ann Cushing Esty, who also corresponded with ED.

(1873) 606

(1875) 635, 639

(1877) 744

(1878) 762, 775, 780, 784

(1879) 806, 836,

(1880) 846, 847, 851, 852, 865, 900, 902

(1881) 916, 956, 968, 971

(1882) 975

(1883) 1032, 1074, 1093

(1884) 1128, 1133, 1147

(1885) 1237, 1244, 1276

(1886) 1291

Turner, Clarissa (Clara) Badger (Newman) (1844–1920) [m. 1869 Sidney Turner (1824–1889)]. Clara was the daughter of Mary Dickinson and *Mark Newman. She was orphaned at the age of eight. Along with her sisters Catherine, Sara, and *Anna Dodge Newman (Carleton), she became Edward's ward after the deaths of her parents, and moved to Amherst in April 1853. Initially, she lived with their aunt *Hannah (Haskell Newman) Fay. In October 1858, Clara and Anna moved to The Evergreens, where they lived until Clara's marriage. Clara and Sidney eventually lived in Baltimore, where she was an active member of the Young Women's Christian Association and Women's Literary Club. She penned an essay, "My Personal Acquaintance with Emily Dickinson," and published one book of poetry, *Mail from Nowhere*, taking the title from a Dickinson poem.

(1874) 631

(1884) 1211

Tyler, Anna Newell (1828–1878). From Weymouth, the daughter of Nancy Newell and William Tyler, she and her older sister Elisabeth Balcom Tyler were pupils at AA. Anna attended 1841–1843. She was among ED's school friends and wrote a postscript on one of ED's 1845 letters. She later attended the Bradford Academy of Young Ladies.

Tyler, William Seymour (1810–1897) (AC 1830). Professor of Latin and Greek at AC, 1836–1893, and is mentioned as “Prof Tyler” in early letters.

Unknown

- (1850) 37
- (1862) 352
- (1864) 423
- (1873) 583
- (1875) 646
- (1876) 677
- (1877) 697
- (1878) 751 (perhaps to F. B. Sanborn), 758
- (1879) 812, 817, 818 (perhaps to O. Lord)
- (1882) 986 (perhaps to W. Gladden)
- (1883) 1047, 1100
- (1884) 1137 (perhaps to O. Lord), 1151, 1155, 1199
- (1885) 1217, 1218, 1243, 1261, 1262

Vaill, Rev. Joseph (1790–1869). As a president of the Board of Trustees for AA from 1842–1851, and a trustee of AC from 1822–1869, Vaill worked closely with Edward Dickinson. Vaill was further connected with the Dickinsons as a trustee for Monson Academy, 1819–1868. His sister Sarah Vaill (1788–1854) was the second wife of *Joel Norcross. His daughter *Ann Elizabeth Vaill Selby gave ED piano lessons. The surname Vaill was sometimes spelled “Vail.”

Vanderbilt, Gertrude (Lefferts) (1824–1902) [m. 1846 John A. Vanderbilt (1819–1877)]. Gertrude Vanderbilt was the daughter of a New York representative to Congress, John Lefferts, and a friend of Susan and *Kate Turner (Anthon)’s; she lived in Flatbush, New York. Vanderbilt was involved with charity work for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers during the Civil War. Vanderbilt and Turner visited Susan in Amherst in November 1861. On March 20, 1864, Vanderbilt was seriously wounded in a shooting incident—which prompted a series of letter-poems from ED.

- (1863) 376
- (1864) 437
- (1865) 449, 464

Wadsworth, Charles (1814–1882) [m. 1847 Sarah Jane Locke]. Born May 8, 1814, in Litchfield, Connecticut. Wadsworth’s father Henry died in 1830; his mother Mary Ann (Bradley) Wadsworth remarried in 1834. In the same year, Charles entered Union College in Schenectady, then attended Princeton Theological Seminary. He and his wife had three children. ED apparently heard Wadsworth preach at the Arch Street Church in Philadelphia in March 1855. In 1882, Dickinson refers to Wadsworth as “my Philadelphia” and “my dearest earthly friend.” He is known to have visited her in the summer of 1860 and in 1880. Wadsworth accepted a call to Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, in 1862. He returned to the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia in 1869.

- (1862) To ED about late April

Ward, Mary R. (Robinson) (1825–1907) [m. 1844 Horace Ward (1819–1898)].

Horace was a merchant and active in local politics. He also served as president of the Amherst YMCA in 1868 and a warden of Grace Episcopal Church in 1869. ED writes to Mary on the birth of their daughter Josephine. (1860) 275

Ward, Patrick J. (1847–1913). An 1870 arrival to Amherst who worked for the Dickinsons, for the Hills Co., and as a laborer. ED's references to "Pat" in two letters in 1874 may be to him or to *Francis Matthews. Ward was among the workmen who carried ED's coffin to her grave.

Warner, Mary Hardy (1830–1903) [m. Edward Payson Crowell (1830–1911, AC 1853)]. The daughter of Mary Atwood and AC professor Aaron Warner, Mary was a pupil at AA 1846–47 (with ED, Susan Gilbert, and Lavinia), and visited ED at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary in the company of AA principal *Leonard Humphrey in early 1848. Her husband was also an AC professor.

Washburn, Emma (1831–1848). Born in Royalton, Vermont, Emma died in May 1848, probably of pneumonia, at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Her father, the Rev. Asahel Cornwell Washburn, published a 101-page memoir at the bequest of friends, entitled *The Young Christian's Victory; or, Memoir of Miss Emma G. Washburn* (1849). Though ED does not refer to this death, it may have influenced her parents' decision to bring her back to Amherst in August 1848.

Washburn, William Parsons (1830–1904) (AC 1851). Born to Rev. Royal Washburn and *Harriet Williams Washburn (later Mack). Along with his brother John Henry Washburn (AC 1849), he attended AA for the academic years ending July 1841–August 1843; he also attended Williston Seminary. Both brothers were friends of Austin and ED. William taught in Virginia for four years while studying law. He began practice in 1857, then settled in Knoxville, Tennessee. He was a captain in the Confederate army, 1863–1865.

Wesselhoeft, William Sr. (1794–1858). A German-born practitioner of homeopathy. Together with his brother Robert, he had a well-established practice in Boston from the early 1840s. ED comments in 1852 that she and Lavinia have tried his remedies "and are satisfied that for us the medicine has no power, but I am glad we tried him."

White, John. See *Leavitt, Thomas Hooker.

Whitney, Maria (1830–1910). Born in Northampton to Sarah Williston (sister of Samuel, who founded Williston Seminary) and Josiah Dwight Whitney, she taught modern languages at Smith College from 1875–1880, then pursued further language studies in Germany, returning in 1882, in part to help look after her brother Josiah's infant granddaughter. Whitney was close to the family of *Samuel Bowles, living with them for three months in 1863, intermittently in 1867, and from September 1867 to April 1868;

she was related to *Mary Bowles on her father's side. She knew ED's Norcross cousins, *Frances and *Louisa, and also Susan and Austin Dickinson, with whom she visited and corresponded. For three terms in 1884–85, she taught German and French at the new Brearley day school for girls in New York City. Much of ED's correspondence concerns their mutual friendship with Samuel Bowles.

(1862) 357

(1863) 395

(1864) 416

(1877) 740

(1878) 754, 756, 757, 759, 760, 769, 789

(1880) 856

(1882) 1016

(1883) 1053, 1061, 1075, 1104

(1884) 1140, 1191

(1885) 1199, 1220, 1233

Wood, Abigail (Abby) Maria (1830–1915) [m. 1855 Rev. Daniel Bliss (1823–1916)]. Born on October 12, 1830 in Westminster, to Joel and Abigail Moore Sweetser Wood, she lived with her maternal uncle *Luke Sweetser and his wife, *Abby, after the death of her father in 1834. The Dickinson and Sweetser families both attended First Church. Abby attended AA for the years ending July 1842, August 1843, and August 1847, overlapping with ED; the textbook they shared of *The Works of Virgil* contains notes from both. When Abby married Daniel Bliss, ED presented her with their copy of Virgil as a wedding gift, inscribed, "When I am far away then think of me." The couple left for Beirut, where Bliss was a missionary and later president of the Syrian Protestant College (now the American University of Beirut). When Abby returned to Amherst in 1873 for a year with her four children, three of whom would later graduate from AC, she visited ED. She then returned to Beirut. There are many references to Abby in ED's correspondence.

Key to *The Letters* of *Emily Dickinson* (1958)

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404	605	447	653
405	607	448	652
406	606	449	654
407	546	450	656
408	608	451	658
409	609	452	660
410	610	453	661
411	611	454	659
412	612	455	663
413	614	456	657
414	616	457	664
415	619	458	665
416	618	459	669
417	617	460	668
418	620	461	666
419	623	462	662
420	626	463	670
421	624	464	671
422	625	465	628
423	630	466	667
424	627	467	689
425	631	468	672
426	632	469	673
427	621	470	676
428	547	471	674

Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number	Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number
472	680	515	718
473	679	516	729
474	681	517	730
475	678	518	732
476	683	519	733
477	684	520	734
478	881	521	736
479	687	522	735
480	692	523	738
481	691	524	740
482	686	525	741
483	675	526	690
484	688	527	726
485	694	528	744
486	693	529	727
487	695	530	743
488	696	531	742
489	715	532	746
490	698	533	748
491	699	534	749
492	701	535, 535a	750, 752
493	702	536	753
494	703	537	754
495	704	538	759
496	723	539	757
497	724	540	769
498	705	541	747
499	706	542	755
500	737	543	761
501	708	544	766
502	709	545	762
503	711	546	763
504	712	547	765
505	710	548	764
506	713	549	767
507	716	550	770
508	719	551	771
509	720	552	1167
510	722	553	772
511	721	554	773
512	714	555	774
513	725	556	775
514	717	557	778

Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number	Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number
558	780	601	819
559	880	602	824
560	892	603	821
561	875	604	827
562	905 & 913	605	837
563	930	606	831
564	783	607	832
565	784	608	835
566	785	609	801
567	781	610	826
568	758	611	836
569	782	612	823
570	786	613	825
571	787	614	810
572	777	615	830
573	789	616	838
574	790	617	828
575	793	618	829
576	797	619	839
577	799	620	840
578	791	621	841
579	794	622	845
580	788	623	843
581	776	624	834
582	792	625	842
583	800	626	798
584	795	627	846
585	796	628	847
586	779	629	850
587	768	630	853
588	806	631	854
589	803	632	855
590	802	633	858
591	756	634	888
592	804	635	889
593	807	636	857
594	805	637	851
595	808	638	859
596	809	639	860
597	811	640	862
598	816	641	863
599	813	642	864
600	817	643	856

Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number	Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number
644	867	686	918
645	870, 871, 885, 914, WN41	687	919
646	899	688	931
647	872	689	923
648	866	690	921
649	868	691	927
650	869	692	929
651	873	693	932
652	844	694	933
653	877	695	940
654	874	696	934
655	878	697	925
656	882	698	944
657	879	699	949
658	895	700	935
659	752	701	936
660	904	702	942
661	861	703	922
662	876	704	945
663	848	705	943
664	906	706	915
665	908	707	973
666	886	708	974
667	887	709	928
668	883	710	909
669	884	711	937
670	890 & 920	712	938
671	891	713	941
672	893	714	924
673	900	715	926
674	896	716	946
675	897	717	948
676	898	718	951
677	902	719	952
678	903	720	WN43
679	907	721	947
680	894	722	953
681	910	723	954
682	912	724	955
683	911	725	956
684	916	726	957
685	917	727	958
		728	959

Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number	Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number
729	960	772	1000
730	961	773	1007
731	963	774	1001, WN49
732	964	775	1002
733	965	776	1004
734	962	777	1016
735	939	778	1015
736	967	779	1014
737	966	780	1018
738	969	781	1024
739	968	782	1017
740	970	783	1020
741	971	784	1021
742	972	785	1022
743	950	786	1026
744	993	787	1019
745	975	788	1023
746	976	789	1027
747	987	790	1025
748	WN53	791	1008
749	980	792	1029
750	981 & 1013	793	1030
751	983	794	1031
752	984	795	1032
753	1009	796	1033
754	1010	797	1034
755	1012	798	1036
756	982	799	1040
757	1028	800	1041
758	977	801	1037
759	991	802	1039
760	985	803	1042
761	990	804	1043
762	1005	805	1044
763	1006	806	1046
764	1011	807	1048
765	988	808	1051
766	994	809	1047
767	992	810	1035
768	996	811	1112
769	997	812	1052
770	1003	813	1049
771	998	814	1058

Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number	Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number
815	1053	858	1095
816	1054	859	1079
817	1056	860	1104
818	1057	861	1090
819	1060	862	1094
820	1062	863	1101
821	1063	864	1117
822	1064	865	1055
823	1066	866	1105
824	1061	867	1108
825	1067	868	1109
826	1068	869	1110
827	1069	870	1111
828	1071	871	1113
829	1072	872	1116
830	1075	873	1118
831	1082	874	1119
832	1074	875	1120
833	1179	876	1123
834	1070	877	1124
835	1085	878	1125
836	1083	879	1126
837	1080	880	1127
838	1107	881	1172
839	1073	882	1138
840	1088	883	1133
841	1098	884	1135
842	1102	885	1136
843	1106	886	1134
844	1086	887	1139
845	1084	888	1145
846	1081	889	1140
847	1059	890	1142
848	1076	891	1141
849	1065	892	1143
850	1092	893	992
851	1096	894	978
852	1091	895	1147
853	1097	896	1148
854	1077	897	1146
855	1122	898	1149
856	1078	899	1130
857	1089	900	1154

Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number	Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number
901	1157	944	1196
902	1161	945	1197
903	1158	946	1198
904	1160	947	1159
905	1163	948	1191
906	1168	949	1180
907	1176	950	1195
908	1129	951	1202
909	1184	952	1200
910	1177	953	1201
911	1175	954	1204
912	1156	955	1205
913	1153	956	1207
914	1182	957	1208
915	1165	958	1209
916	1162	959	1212
917	1171	960	1213
918	1178	961	1251
919	1183	962	1215
920	1174	963	1216
921	1170	964	1217
922	1295	965	1218, WN79
923	1151	966	1224
924	1203	967	1223
925	1210	968	1232
926	1211	969	1220
927	1164	970	1219
928	1173	971	1225
929	1190	972	1226
930	1181	973	1240
931	1166	974	1233
932	1144	975	1228
933	700	976	1231
934	1152	977	1227
935	989	978	1230
936	1185	979	1235
937	1187	980	1242
938	1194	981	1237
939	1186	982	1239
940	1188	983	1238
941	1192	984	1244
942	1193	985	1246
943	1189	986	1248

Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number	Johnson and Ward Letter Number	Miller and Mitchell Letter Number
987	1250	1019	1280
988	1252	1020	1276
989	1253	1021	1278
990	1256	1022	1277
991	1229	1023	1279
992	1121	1024	1281
993	1155	1025	1282
994	1221	1026	1283
995	1262	1027	1284
996	1245	1028	1288
997	1275	1029	1285
998	1260	1030	1287
999	1255	1031	1286
1000	1258	1032	1296
1001	1259	1033	1289
1002	1263	1034	1292
1003	1241	1035	1291
1004	1254	1036	1293
1005	1249	1037	1299
1006	1257	1038	1290
1007	1265	1039	1294
1008	1266	1040	1298
1009	1267	1041	1300
1010	1269	1042	1297
1011	1270	1043	1302
1012	1264	1044	1301
1013	1268	1045	1303
1014	1222	1046	1304
1015	1271		422
1016	1272	1048	432
1017	1274	1049	433
1018	1273		

Prose Fragments

For JL prose fragments (PF) 1–4 (Miller and Mitchell writing notes [WN] 83–85) there are no manuscripts; we have only Susan Dickinson's undated transcriptions. She may have marked them with "E" for her own purposes, that is, ED may not have signed these notes.

Johnson and Ward PF Number	Miller and Mitchell or Other Number
PF1	WN83
PF2	WN84

Johnson and Ward PF Number	Miller and Mitchell or Other Number
PF3	WN85
PF4	WN86
PF5	JL393 / L590 (lost)
PF6	Not included; per Johnson "editorially constructed"
PF7	JL320 / L489 (lost)
PF8	JL598 / L816 (lost)
PF9 & 18	JL727 / L958
PF10	Not included (not written; reported as allegedly said)
PF11	L538
PF12	JL892 / L1143
PF13	JL911 / L1175
PF14	JL534 / L749
PF15	JL783 / L1020
PF16	JL596 / L809
PF17	WN87
PF18	JL727 / L958
PF19	WN48
PF20	WN44
PF21	WN45
PF22	WN24
PF23	WN70
PF24	Not included; draft of poem (M 653, Fr 1660)
PF25	JL928n / L1173
PF26	L1243
PF27	L812
PF28	JL809n / L1047n
PF29	L1261
PF30	WN76
PF31	WN50
PF32	WN80
PF33	WN69
PF34	WN15
PF35	WN11
PF36	WN6
PF37	WN12
PF38	WN29
PF39	WN60
PF40 & 46	L995
PF41	WN74
PF42	L818
PF43	L1137
PF44	WN31
PF45	WN54

Johnson and Ward PF Number	Miller and Mitchell or Other Number
PF46	L995
PF47	L677
PF48	WN61
PF49	WN71
PF50	WN82
PF51	WN32
PF52	L1214
PF53	WN61
PF54	WN4
PF55	WN42
PF56	WN65
PF57	WN6
PF58	WN30
PF59	WN37
PF60	WN17
PF61	WN78
PF62	WN9
PF63	WN18
PF64	WN33
PF65	WN62
PF66	WN13
PF67	WN12
PF68	WN26
PF69	WN8
PF70	WN25
PF71	WN68
PF72	WN20
PF73	WN33
PF74	WN36
PF75	Not included; draft of poem (M 557, Fr 1244)
PF76	WN39
PF77	Not included; draft of poem (M 661, Fr 1342)
PF78	WN38
PF79	Not included; draft of poem (M 628, Fr 1534)
PF80	WN21
PF81	Not included; draft of poem (M 652, Fr 1659)
PF82	WN34
PF83	WN30
PF84	Not included; poem (M 608, Fr 1452)
PF85	WN10
PF86	WN35
PF87	WN56
PF88	WN54

Johnson and Ward PF Number	Miller and Mitchell or Other Number
PF89	WN23
PF90	WN52
PF91	WN16
PF92	WN55
PF93	WN40
PF94	WN51
PF95	WN18
PF96	WN2
PF97	WN14
PF98	Not included; lines from two poems (M 555, Fr 1195; M 508, Fr 1227)
PF99	WN1
PF100	WN27
PF101	WN3
PF102	WN73
PF103	WN47
PF104	WN66
PF105	WN57
PF106	WN2
PF107	Not included; draft of poem (M 633, Fr 1558)
PF108	WN28
PF109	WN58
PF110	WN19
PF111	WN22
PF112	WN75
PF113	WN59
PF114	WN52
PF115	WN46
PF116	Miscellaneous
PF117	WN68
PF118	WN64
PF119	WN77
PF120	WN81
PF121	WN72
PF122	WN59
PF123	WN72
PF124	L37

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Acknowledgments

We are indebted to many libraries and librarians, but we would like to call special attention to a few who have been of extraordinary support over the years of our engagement with this project. The majority of Dickinson materials are held at Archives and Special Collections, Amherst College, and at Houghton Library, Harvard University. To them, and their library staff, we are above all grateful. For over a decade, Margaret R. Dakin at the Archives and Special Collections of the Frost Library has assisted us with digitizing, identifying, and locating materials in the extensive collection at Amherst College and in more general research on Dickinson correspondents and letters, and on questions of Amherst genealogy. Michael Kelly has been graciously welcoming in advice and providing access to this library's essential collection, as were John Lancaster, Daria D'Arienzo, and Peter Nelson before him. At the Houghton Library, similarly, Leslie Morris, the Gore Vidal Curator of Modern Books and Manuscripts, has for years been crucially helpful in giving us access to Harvard's extensive Dickinson collections and locating Dickinson materials that were perceived as missing or have disappeared into private hands. At the Houghton, we would also like to acknowledge Susan Halpert's deep knowledge of the Dickinson collection and good will toward our endless questions; she has been of essential, ongoing assistance. Special thanks also go to James Capobianco, Elizabeth Falsey, Mary Haegert, Micah Hoggatt, Dale Stinchcomb, and Emily Walhout for guidance during our many visits there, helping us navigate their vast resources and generally easing our task.

At the Boston Public Library, Roberta Zonghi and Kathleen Monahan have been generous and helpful. Patricia Burdick at Colby College, Maine, arranged a viewing of manuscripts and made copies, as did Elizabeth Fuller and Jobi O. Zink at the Rosenbach Museum and Library of the Free Library of Philadelphia, and Tal Nadal and Jessica Pigza at the New York Public Library, Special Collections. Several generations of curators—Dan Lombardo, Tevis Kimball, and Cynthia Harbeson, as

well as librarian Kate Boyle—from the Jones Library Special Collections were generous with their assistance, as was Richard Teller, archivist and assistant librarian, at the Williston Northampton School. Richard C. Frajola, philatelist, has given informed responses to new interpretations of certain postmarks. Michele Levandoski, archivist of the Sisters of Notre Dame, helped us track down letters that had been in the possession of Sister Mary James. At Yale University, Special Collections, Genevieve Coyle, Adrienne Sharpe, and Jessica Becker have been especially supportive in navigating their complex system and coordinating digitization.

Other libraries and librarians on whom we've relied include: Christine Nelson and Carolyn Vega, of the Morgan library; Molly Schwartzburg, Anne P. Causey, Brenda Gunn, and Penny White at the Albert and Shirley Small Special Collections at the University of Virginia Library; Brianne Cregle and Sandra Bossert at the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Firestone Library, Princeton University; Yoann Givry at the Foundation Martin Bodmer, Switzerland; Barbara Blumenthal at the Mortimer Rare Book Room of Neilson Library, Smith College; Deborah Hollis at the University of Colorado Boulder Libraries; the Trexler Library, Muhlenberg, Pennsylvania; the Special Collections and Archives, James Branch Cabell Library, Virginia Commonwealth University; David Karpeles at the Karpeles Manuscript Library Museums; and Special Collections, Lehigh University Library. Several librarians have moved to other institutions; we acknowledge them as assisting us at the library we visited.

We would like to place on record our gratitude for the kindness and encouragement of Professors Helen Vendler and Stephanie Burt, and the Department of English at Harvard University, which granted us an affiliated status for an unusually long period, enabling our ongoing access to digital images of Dickinson's letters and electronic databases that were critical to our research.

We are equally indebted to decades of scholarship on Dickinson, and in particular to Ralph W. Franklin, Thomas H. Johnson, Jay Leyda, and Theodora Ward. Franklin's contribution to the editing of Dickinson's texts has been a remarkable feat of acuity and stamina and deserves singular praise, but our work with manuscripts has also reinforced our appreciation of the important work performed by Theodora Ward in studying and dating Dickinson's handwriting, while Leyda's exertion in situating Dickinson within a wider local network of historical personalities remains a stunning achievement. And although our purpose has been to update, correct, and extend the work of Johnson and Ward in the 1958 *Letters*, our debt to their work will be visible on every page.

Of the handful of contemporary scholars to whom we directed questions about correspondents and dating, we are particularly grateful to Alfred Habegger, who has offered support, advice, and constructive criticism during the entirety of this project: his unsurpassed *My Wars Are Laid Away in Books* was a frequent reference, and Al himself has been liberal in responding to queries about his research. Marta Werner has been equally generous in responding to queries about handwriting

and manuscripts, and her publications have provided another touchstone. Jonnie Guerra has provided indispensable commentary on early versions of letter files, in proofreading, and in responding to general questions about priorities and focus in annotation and our introduction. Vivian Pollak has engaged with us repeatedly in respect to individual correspondents and priorities. At early stages of this project's gestation, Polly Longworth offered encouragement and deep knowledge about Dickinson in Amherst, as did the late Betty Bernhard; Cindy Dickinson and Jane Wald of the Emily Dickinson Museum were generous hosts. All previous editors of Dickinson's letters and poems have provided work we have relied on, repeatedly, as have the many scholars writing on newly discovered Dickinson material—or who themselves have discovered such material. You will find many of their names in our Selected Bibliography. To them, our profound thanks.

We are crucially indebted to the indefatigable work of Patricia C. Chaudron, who kept our spreadsheet and proofread all letter files. Thanks to her extraordinary eye for detail, we have avoided many errors! The University at Buffalo Humanities Institute and English Department provided funds for Miller to travel to libraries, and the department provided staff support in processing paperwork and manipulating spreadsheet files: thanks in particular to Wendy Belz and Karen Serianne. The Humanities Faculty of the Norwegian University of Science and Technology afforded Mitchell support in the shape of two yearlong periods of research leave, and the Houghton Library granted him two fellowships of two months each, which were invaluable. We are grateful to our early editors at Harvard University Press, John Kulka and Heather Hughes, as well as the wise counsel of Stephanie Vyce. Emily Silk, our current editor at Harvard University Press, enthusiastically supported this edition and provided astute suggestions for revising the supporting editorial material. Sharmila Sen has also importantly supported this project and recognized its significance.

"It takes a village," or perhaps a metropolis, to produce an edition as inclusive as we have tried to make this one. All errors are ours. We thank the historical and current community of scholars, editors, and librarians for all the ways they have contributed to what we get right.

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