THE EDUCATION OF THE NEGRO.¹

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the president of the board of trustees of the Peabody fund, said in his address, October 1, 1890, at the twenty-ninth meeting of that board: "If there be a race problem anywhere, time and education can alone supply its solution. But time without education will only render it the more insoluble. Continued ignorance is a remedy for nothing. It is itself the disease to be cured and eradicated. Free common schools with industrial, agricultural, and mechanical departments attached to them, and with all the moral and religious influences which can be brought to bear on them, . . . these seem to me the great need, if not the one and only thing needful, for the countless masses of colored children of the South at this moment."

The religious idea at the bottom of our civilization is the missionary idea. According to our most Christian theologies, the divine Being is conceived as possessed of the spirit of this idea from all eternity. The divine decrees broke up the eternal Sabbath of blessed perfection, and created finite, imperfect beings, in order, it would seem, that there should be occasion for the exercise of this missionary spirit, a spirit of divine charity. For those divine decrees ordained a supreme sacrifice, the descent into finitude on the part of the Divine, a descent to its bitterest depths. For the Eternal Word tasted of death and descended into Hades, the very nadir of the Divine, to make it possible for finite beings to ascend into participation with Him and to grow forever into His image.

That this is the deepest thought in our civilization, and to all appearances a permanent and final idea, we may be assured by a glance at all religious and other protests against the ecclesiastical forms in which this doctrine is stated and the institutions founded upon it. All religious protests that have obtained a following within Christendom have taken pains to ground their opposition on a more explicit assertion of this very doctrine of good will towards men of all conditions, the possibility of salvation for finite beings in their lowest debasement.

If we question in the name of science or philosophy, the significance of this religious faith in the divine altruism, and endeavor to support our objections

¹ This article was sent in advance of publication to several gentlemen whose position and experience especially qualify them to comment on the assertions made and the suggestions offered. Among these correspondents were Hon. Randall Lee Gibson, Senator from Louisiana; Hon. J. L. M. Curry, chairman of the Educational Committee of the John F. Slater fund; Philip A. Bruce, Esq., editor of the Richmond (Va.) Times, and author of The Plantation Negro as a Freeman; and Lewis H. Blair, Esq., of Richmond, Va. The comments made by them severally appear as footnotes. Other communications were received in connection with the paper which were of the nature of general considerations, not readily reduced to the form of annotations, but indicating the profound interest taken in the subject by representative men in the South. — Editor of the Atlantic Monthly.
of an appeal to the results of dispassionate observation and reflection, we
shall find only its confirmation. Outside of religious movements, the other
activities of man in modern civilization all emphasize the same idea with the
strongest unanimity. Science comes to say through Darwin that all nature in
time and space is a process of nurturing individuality,—the principle of sur-
vival of that which develops the most intelligence and will-power. Nature
is a process for the creation of souls. It implies, of course, the supremacy of
mind, since all its lower processes exist for the production of spiritual beings;
they depend on mind, so to speak, and demonstrate the substantiality of mind.
Mind is the final cause and purpose of nature. This again implies that mind
creates nature to reflect it. God creates nature, and through nature creates spir-
tual beings who participate in his blessedness. Hence nature presupposes a
God of grace and good will towards his creatures.

Through Comte and Spencer Science also announces altruism as the highest
law of social existence, and as the necessary condition for the most perfect de-
velopment of individualism. Finally, the political and industrial activities pro-
claim the same thing: the former by continual approaches towards democra-
cy; the latter by the progressive intro-
duction of machinery to perform the drudgery of labor, and to elevate the
human being to a directing power using and controlling the forces of nature.
Without machinery he used his bone and sinew to obtain his livelihood, and was
a "hand;" but with the aid of machin-
ery he saves most of the severe bodily
labor, and substitutes for it brain labor
and directive intelligence. Hence man's
wants have come to necessitate his intel-
lectual education and the development
of his individuality. All the people
as people must be educated in schools,
in order to secure that directive power
over nature requisite for national safety
in a military as well as in an industrial
sense.

Thus religion, which states the deepest
principle of our civilization, is confirmed
by the scientific, political, and social
movements of our age, and all agree in
this supreme doctrine, that the lowest
must be lifted up by the highest,—lifted
up into self-activity and full development
of individuality.

Religion states this in sentimental
forms. Science and philosophy echo,
with more or less inadequacy, the dogma
of religion in their account of the physi-
cal and social structure of the universe.
The one lost sheep shall occupy more
attention than the ninety and nine that
went not astray. The return of the
prodigal furnishes the chief source of
blessed satisfaction and joy in the divine
world.

It is evident that any problem relat-
ing to a lower race, savage or down-
trodden, must be discussed in the light
of this religious principle. The utter-
ance of Mr. Winthrop, quoted above, in
regard to the race problem in the South
was dictated by this lofty ideal of our
civilization. Fortunate it is for our age,
too, that science has come to an altru-
istic first principle, and is in process of re-
adjusting all its conclusions in subordi-
nate spheres so as to harmonize with it:
likewise fortunate that the political and
social welfare is now seen to involve the
care of the weakling classes, and their
elevation into self-help by moral, indus-
trial, and intellectual education.

I shall endeavor here to expand and
apply these considerations to our race
problem, and to show how this Christian
solution meets the given conditions.

The negro was brought to this coun-
try as a slave almost from the date of
its first settlement. Two hundred and
fifty years of bondage had elapsed when
the issue of civil war set him free. He
had brought with him from Africa the
lowest form of civilization to be found
among men,—that in which the most degrading superstition furnishes the forms of public and private life. His religion was fetishism. But by contact with the Anglo-Saxon race in the very close relation of domestic servitude, living in the same family and governed by the absolute authority which characterizes all family control, the negro, after two and a half centuries, had come to possess what we may call the Anglo-Saxon consciousness. For the negro of the South, with the exception of a stratum of population in the dark belt of large plantations, where he has not been brought into contact with white people through domestic servitude, but segregated as oxen and horses are,—the negro of the South, with this exception, I repeat, is thoroughly imbued with nearly all the ideals and aspirations which form the conscious and unconscious motives of action with the white people among whom he lives.  

It would be very easy to convince one's self of this by free conversation with any specimen of the colored race, and a comparison of his thoughts with those of a newly arrived immigrant from Ireland, Italy, Germany, or Scandinavia. It would be found that the negro is in thorough sympathy, intellectually and emotionally, with our national point of view, while the immigrant looks through the dark glass of his own national presuppositions, and misinterprets most that he sees around him here. Only in the second generation, and after association with the native population in common schools, the workshop, and the political meeting, does the European contingent of our population become assimilated.

Of course I do not say this in disparagement of the European immigrant, for he stubbornly resists our national idea only in proportion to the value of his own. But I do insist on the practical fact that the negro of the South is not an African in his inner consciousness, but an American, who has acquired our Anglo-Saxon consciousness in its American type through seven generations of domestic servitude in the family of a white master. That this has been acquired so completely because of the inherent aptitude of the African race to imitate may be admitted as probable, and it follows from this that the national consciousness assumed by the black race is not so firmly seated as in other races that have risen through their own activity to views of the world more advanced than fetishism. Hence we may expect that the sundering of the negro from the rest of his African ancestors. This is a fact of the utmost importance in the consideration of the proper means to be employed for the improvement of his character. The principal cause of the many failures which have been made in the effort to produce this improvement has been the unfortunate misconception that the Southern negro of to-day is simply an ignorant white man with a black skin. The American descendants of European immigrants are, in the second generation, thoroughly assimilated with the surrounding white population. The grandchildren of an American, a German, and an Englishman differ but little, if at all, in the basis of their character. It can hardly be said that the negroes even of those Northern communities in which their race has enjoyed freedom for five generations are so assimilated with the surrounding white population that they are not to be discriminated from it in racial characteristics. — P. A. B.
close domestic relations with the white race will be accompanied with tendencies of relapse to the old fetish-worship and belief in magic; and this would be especially the case in the dark belt where the large plantations are found. Fetishism, as the elemental or first form of religion that arises among conscious beings,—animals cannot have even fetishism,—attributes arbitrary power to inanimate things, but does not arrive at the idea of one absolute Being. It remains in some of its forms even in the most advanced of religious peoples, as a limited belief in magic, faith in charms, amulets, lucky-bones, signs and omens, sacred places and times, etc. Even the high doctrine of Special Providence, so eminently Christian, easily passes over into fetishism (as the magical control of events through prayer), and is in fact blended with it in all minds devoid of scientific education.

Here is the chief problem of the negro of the South. It is to retain the ele-

4 The first step really to be taken must be by the whites about him, in letting the negro feel that he possesses inalienable rights. What he now possesses is by sufferance only. He knows that he is neither a citizen nor a man, in the full sense. — L. H. B.

5 I should prefer to define the course thus: first, religious; second, industrial; and third, intellectual. An ideal public school system for the Southern negroes for many generations to come would be a system under the operation of which each schoolhouse would be devoted to the religious instruction of the colored pupils, with a sufficient amount of industrial training to impart habits of industry, and a sufficient amount of intellectual training to facilitate the inculcation of the religious teachings. As far as possible, the public school system should be made supervisory of the moral life of the pupils; it should take the place of the parental authority, which is so much relaxed now that the watchful eye and firm support of the slaveholders have been withdrawn. — P. A. B.

6 One of the discouraging features in the character of the young Southern negro is that apparently he has inherited but a small share of the steadiness and industry which were acquired under compulsion by his fathers. I am referring now to the young negro to be

vation acquired through the long generations of domestic slavery, and to superimpose on it the sense of personal responsibility, moral dignity, and self-respect which belongs to the conscious ideal of the white race. Those acquainted with the free negro of the South, especially with the specimens at school and college, know that he is as capable of this higher form of civilization as in slavery he was capable of faithful attachment to the interests of his master.

The first step towards this higher stage which will make the negro a valued citizen is intellectual education, and the second is industrial education. By the expression "industrial education," I do not refer so much to training in habits of industry, for he has had this discipline for two hundred years, but to school instruction in arts and trades as applications of scientific principles. Nor do I refer even to manual and scientific training, valuable as it is, so much as to that fundamental training in thrift which is found in the agricultural communities. He is in a marked degree inferior to the former slave in agricultural knowledge and manipulating skill, for the very simple reason that his employer is unable to enforce the rigid attention to all the details of work which he would do if the young negro were his property. — P. A. B.

Dr. Harris seems to me to overestimate the value of the slave's experience in developing the habits of punctuality and obedience in descendants who were never slaves. I fear that the result is far other; that in the descendants of the slave there is an inherited disposition to be disobedient to law as a proof of the newly acquired freedom. — Ason.

7 There is need of the inculcation and of the adoption in home life, in daily conduct, of sounder principles of economy and of consumption. What to eat, what to wear, how to cook, how to provide and preserve home conveniences and comforts, how to lay by for a rainy day, must be indoctrinated, ingrained, and become a habit. In other days the African slave was cared for from cradle to coffin, and literally took no thought for the morrow. Comparatively few negroes now living were ever slaves, but the habits of servitude have been transmitted. — J. L. M. C.
so essential to the progress of industry. The negro must teach himself to become a capitalist. There are two stages to this: first that of hoarding, second that of profitable investment. The first stage of thrift may be stimulated by adopting the postal savings device. If it be true, as is plausibly asserted, that the so-called poor white of the South is less thrifty than the negro, such adoption by our government of the postal savings institution would be a blessing to both races. We know, indeed, that the poor white in the North is chiefly in need of the thrift that has a habit of hoarding; that is, the habit of saving something from its weekly pittance, no matter how small.

The introduction of manufacturing industries throughout the South is favorable to the rise of the poor white from his poverty. In the early days of cotton manufacture in New England, the unthrifty white people, who hitherto had lived in cottages or hovels near the large farms, removed to the villages that were springing up near water privileges. They learned how to "work in the mill," all the members of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, and the aggregate wages was wealth compared with what they had known before. In fact, they earned more than the well-to-do farmers in whose service they had formerly labored. The children now earned more wages than the parents had earned before. The work on the farm was varied and intermittent, depending upon the season. Ploughing, planting, weeding, haying, harvesting, threshing, marketing, wood-cutting, etc., are regulated by the farmer's calendar. There are rainy days, when the day laborer loses his hire; and, besides these, there are intervals between the season of one species of work and that of the next, in which no employment is offered him by the farm proprietor. If he had thrift, he would find work of some kind for himself at home; he would save money and own his house. But thrift he does not possess. Hence what he earns in the days of the working season is prodigally expended while it lasts, and the days of idleness after harvest are days of want in the household. The children are educated in the same habits of unthrift.

The rise of manufactures and the removal of the ill-to-do families from the farm to the mill put an end to the periodic alternation of want and plenty in the house. Plenty now prevails, but does not generate thrift: for there is less occasion for it. The week's wages may be expended as fast as earned, thanks to the demoralizing institution of credit at the grocery kept by the proprietors of the mill. But, notwithstanding this drawback, there is more self-respect on the part of the children, who now have the consciousness that they earn their living. Manufactures and commerce bring about urban life as contrasted with rural life. The village grows into the city; the railroad carries the daily newspaper from the metropolis to the suburbs and to all towns on its line, and thus extends urban life indefinitely.

The difference between these two orders of life, the urban and rural, is quite important, and its discussion affords us an insight into a process going on rapidly throughout the South. The old regime of the large farm, with its cordon of dependent families, rendered possible a sort of patriarchal constitution. The farm proprietor in the North as well as in the South, wielded great power over the unthrifty families of day laborers.

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8 Until the negro learns thrift he will never be a man, no matter what his scientific or industrial education may be; therefore postal savings banks are especially desirable, indeed necessary, for him. — L. H. B.

9 It is vain to look for manufactures in the South. Manufactures flourish only in a cool climate. Manufacturing has for years been diminishing in the South, press reports to the contrary notwithstanding. — L. H. B.
who lived near him. He helped them do their thinking, as he mingled with them in the daily work. He was called upon to assist whenever their unthrifty pinched them. His intellect and will in a measure supplanted the native intellect and will of his hired laborers, not merely in directing their work on his farm, but also in their private matters, it being their habit to consult him. The farm proprietor thus furnished a sort of substantial will-power that governed his small community as the head of a family governs his.

This semi-patriarchal rule which exists in the exclusively agricultural community produces its own peculiar form of ethical life. The head of the farm, who does the thinking and willing for the others in all matters that are not fixed by routine, so penetrates their lives that he exercises a moral restraint over them, holding them back from crime of all kinds. Such ethical influence is, however, of the lowest and most rudimentary character in the stage next above slavery. It presupposes a lack of individual self-determination in the persons thus controlled. They are obsessed, as it were, by his will and intellect, and fail to develop their own native capacities. He rules as a clan leader, and they are his henchmen. They are repressed, and are not educated into a moral character of their own. There is little outward stimulus impelling them to exercise their independent choice. Hence agricultural communities are conservative, governed by custom and routine, taking up very slowly any new ideas.

The change to urban life through the intermediary step of village life breaks up this patriarchal clanship, and cultivates in its place independence of opinion and action. The laborer in the "mill" recognizes his right to choose his employer and his place of labor, and exercises it to a far greater degree than the farm laborer. He migrates from village to village; in the city he has before him a bewildering variety of employers to choose from. The city employer does not act as patriarch, nor permit his laborers to approach him as head of a clan. The urban life protects the laborer from the obsessing influence of the employer, and throws a far greater weight of responsibility on the individual. Hence the urban life stimulates and develops independence of character.

In the case of the Southern slave there was none of this alternation between idleness and industry, plenty and want, that comes to the poor white at the North and South by reason of his freedom. But his will and intellect were obsessed more effectually because the slave could not be allowed the development of spontaneous, independent self-activity. Since the civil war, however, the condition of the negro has changed, and in the agricultural regions it now resembles more nearly the status above described as that of the poor white in rural in contradistinction from urban surroundings. Where the country is sparsely settled the proprietor farmer retains the dominant influence. Where the villages are getting numerous the tendency to independence manifests itself in a partial revolt from the patriarchal rule of the plantation, and the struggle leads naturally to an unpleasant state of affairs for all parties. But the urban factor in the problem is certain to gain the ascendancy, and we must see in the near future, with the increase of railroads and manufacturing centres, the progressive decadence of the patriarchal rule. The old system of social morality will perish, and a new one will take its place. In the formation of the new one the present danger lies.

If the negro separates entirely from the white classes so far as domestic relations are concerned, and forms his own independent family, he separates from the clan influence also, and loses the education of the white master's family in
manner." He loses, too, the education of the master's counsel and directing influence. Unless this is counterbalanced by school education, it will produce degeneracy; for to remove the weight of authority is productive of good only when there has been a growth of individuality that demands a larger sphere of free activity. In case of entering upon village life and mechanical industries greater freedom from authority is demanded, and its effects are healthful; but with the isolated life on the plantation the opposite holds.

The remedy for evils incident to these changes is, as before said, school education, provided it is inclusive enough to furnish industrial and moral as well as intellectual training.

Education, intellectual and moral, is the only means yet discovered that is always sure to help people to help themselves. Any other species of aid may enervate the beneficiary, and lead to a habit of dependence on outside help. But intellectual and moral education develops self-respect, fertility of resources, knowledge of human nature, and aspiration for a better condition in life. It produces that divine discontent which

10 The increasing isolation of the negro of the South from the whites is, so far as his own advancement is concerned, the most significant fact connected with his present condition. In one point only does he come in contact with the white man, and that is in the formal relation of employer to employer. The negro and the white man are driven into this relation of necessity. In their social spheres they are as wide apart as if they inhabited different countries. They have separate churches and separate schools, and it is only a question of time for them to have, in all parts of the South, separate public conveyances. The two races resemble two great streams that flow side by side, never commingling nor converging. There is no disposition to unite. On the contrary, the tendency is to swerve still further apart. This is a fact of supreme importance in its bearing upon the prospects of the negro race in the South, for that race is essentially imitative and adaptive in its character, showing a parasitic loyalty to its environment. In a state of servitude, the negro was disciplined into a fixed goads on the individual, and will not let him rest.11

How does the school produce this important result? In what way can it give to the negro a solid basis for character and accomplishments? The school has undertaken to perform two quite different and opposite educational functions. The first produces intellectual training, and the second the training of the will.

The school, for its intellectual function, causes the pupil to learn certain arts, such as reading and writing, which make possible communication with one's fellow-men and impart certain rudimentary insights or general elementary ideas with which practical thinking may be done, and the pupil be set on the way to comprehend his environment of nature, and of humanity and history. There is taught in the humblest of schools something of arithmetic, the science and art of numbers, by whose aid material nature is divided and combined,—the most practical of all knowledge of nature because it relates to the fundamental conditions of the existence of nature, the quantitative structure of time and space themselves. A little geography, also, is

11 Self-respect is near akin to self-support. Any one who has lived in a foreign land where class distinctions prevail knows how ineffaceable is deference to rank, sometimes approaching servility. The negro seems to assume, to feel, to act on, his inferiority. The action of the government, of party managers, of religious organizations, of givers of pecuniary aid, of administrators of charitable benefactions, has tended to make him look to and rely upon Hercules. Slavery subordinated will, repressed intelligence, did not cultivate individuality or self-determination, and what is needed for the African is a strengthening at weak points so as to build up self-reliant character. — J. L. M. C.
taught; the pupil acquires the idea of the interrelation of each locality with every other. Each place produces something for the world-market, and in return it receives numerous commodities of useful and ornamental articles for food, clothing, and shelter. The great cosmopolitan idea of the human race and its unity of interests is born of geography, and even the smattering of it which the poorly taught pupil gets enwraps this great general idea, which is fertile and productive, a veritable knowledge of power from the start.

All school studies, moreover, deal with language, the embodiment of the reason, not of the individual, but of the Anglo-Saxon stock or people. The most elementary language study begins by isolating the words of a sentence, and making the pupil conscious of their separate articulation, spelling, and meaning. The savage does not quite arrive at a consciousness of the separate words of the language, but knows only whole sentences. All inflected languages preserve for us their primitive form of language consciousness, the inflections being the addition (to the roots or stems) of various subjective or pronominal elements necessary to give definiteness of application. The Turanic languages are called "agglutinative," because the power of analytic thinking has not proceeded so far as to differentiate the parts of speech fully. Every sentence is as it were some form of a conjugation of its verb.

Now, the steps of becoming conscious of words as words involved in writing and spelling, and in making out the meaning, and, finally, in the study of grammatical distinctions between the parts of speech, bring to the pupil a power of abstraction, a power of discriminating form from contents, substance from accidents, activity from passivity, subjective from objective, which makes him a thinker. For thinking depends on the mastery of categories, the ability to analyze a subject and get at its essential elements and see their necessary relations. The people who are taught to analyze their speech into words have a constant elementary training through life that makes them reflective and analytic as compared with a totally illiterate people.

This explains to some degree the effect upon a lower race of adopting the language of a higher race. It brings up into consciousness, by furnishing exact expressions for them, complicated series of ideas which remain sunk below the mental horizon of the savage. It enables the rudimentary intelligence to ascend from the thought of isolated things to the thought of their relations and interdependencies.

The school teaches also literature, and trains the pupil to read by setting him lessons consisting of extracts from literary works of art. These are selected for their intensity, and for their peculiar merits in expressing situations of the soul brought about by external or internal circumstances. Language itself contains the categories of thought, and the study of grammatical structure makes one conscious of phases of ideas which flit past without notice in the mind of the illiterate person. Literary genius invents modes of utterance for feelings and thoughts that were hitherto below the surface of consciousness. It brings them above its level, and makes them forever after conscious and articulate. Especially in the realm of ethical and religious ideas, the thoughts that furnish the regulative forms for living and acting, literature is preëminent for its usefulness. Literature may be said, therefore, to reveal human nature. Its very elementary study in school makes the pupil acquainted with a hundred or more pieces of literary art, expressing for him with felicity his rarer and higher moods of feeling and thought. When, in mature age, we look back over our lives and recall to mind the influence that our schooldays brought us, the time spent
over the school readers seems quite naturally to have been the most valuable part of our education. Our thoughts on the conduct of life have been stimulated by it, and this ethical knowledge is of all knowledge the nearest related to self-preservation.

The school, even in its least efficient form, does something on these lines of intellectual insight. For the most fruitful part of all intellectual education is the acquisition of the general outline and the basal idea,—the categories, so to speak, of the provinces of human learning. This intellectual part of school education could not well be more accurately directed to aid the cause of civilization. For the kind of knowledge and mental discipline that conserves civil life is the knowledge that gives an insight into the dependence of the individual upon society. The school is busied with giving the pupil a knowledge of the conditions of physical nature and human nature; the former in mathematical study, the latter in language study.

The school also educates the will through its discipline. It demands of the pupil that he shall be obedient to the rules of order, and adopt habits that make it possible to combine with one's fellows. The school is a small community, in which many immature wills are combined in such a way as to prevent one from standing in the way of another, while each helps all and all help each. For the pupil learns more by seeing the efforts of his fellows at mastering the lesson than he does by hearing the teacher's explanations. In order to secure concert of action, the semi-mechanical moral habits of regularity, punctuality, silence, and industry are insisted on. Moral education is not accomplished by lectures on morals so much as by a strict training in moral habits. The American school is proverbially strict in the matter of these semi-mechanical moral habits. They constitute the basis of self-control as related to combination with one's fellows. Leave out punctuality and regularity, and no combination is practicable; leave out silence and industry, and the school work is not possible. Without industry and abstention from meddlesomeness (and this is the equivalent of silence in the school) there can be no combination in civil society at large. The school secures peaceful cooperation, repressing the natural quarrelsome ness that exists among boys who are strangers to one another, and insuring civil behavior. Good behavior is the general term that characterizes the ideal aimed at by the school in the matter of will-training. A mastery of the "conventionalities of intelligence," as the "three R's" are called by a thoughtful observer, characterizes in like manner the ideal of its intellectual training.

From these considerations we can see how the common school may work, and does necessarily work, to civilize the intellect and will of the child, and how it must affect any lower race struggling to master the elements of civilization. For this scholastic training gives one the power to comprehend the springs of action that move the races which possess the directive power, and thus he can govern himself. It enables the pupil to see the properties and adaptabilities of material things, and he can subdue nature and convert things into wealth.

Here is the ground for the addition of industrial training to the traditional course of study in the common schools. The negro must learn to manage machinery, and make himself useful to the community in which he lives by becoming a skilled laborer.12 Every physical peculiarity may be converted by the trades, any substantial advantage from the prosperity which may surround him. In the first place, he will encounter race prejudice; employers will prefer mechanics of their own

12 It is well to understand clearly the formidable character of the obstacles which the negro mechanic will be called upon to overcome before he can acquire, in the mechanical
cunning of intellect into some knack or aptitude which gives its possessor an advantage in productive industry. But the skill to use tools and direct machinery is a superior gift. Invention is fast discounting the value of special gifts of manual dexterity. Science is the seed-corn, while artisan skill — yes, even art itself — is only the baked bread.

The first step above brute instinct takes place when man looks beyond things as he sees them existing before him, and begins to consider their possibilities; he adds to his external seeing an internal seeing. The world assumes a new aspect; each object appears to be of larger scope than in its present existence, for there is a sphere of possibility enveloping it, — a sphere which the sharpest animal eyes of lynx or eagle cannot see, but which man, endowed with this new faculty of inward sight, perceives at once. To this insight into possibilities there loom up uses and adaptations, transformations and combinations, in a long series, stretching into the infinite behind each finite real thing. The bodily eye sees the real objects, but cannot see the infinite trails; they are invisible except to the inward eye of the mind.

What we call directive power on the part of man, his combining and organizing capacity, all rests on this ability to see beyond the real things before the senses to the ideal possibilities invisible to the brute. The more clearly man sees these ideals, the more perfectly he can construct for his behoof another set of conditions than those in which he finds himself.

The school, in so far as it gives intellectual education, aids the pupil by science and literature. Science collects about each subject all its phases of existence under different conditions; it teaches the student to look at a thing as a whole, and see in it not only what is visible before his senses, but also what is invisible, — what is not realized, but remains dormant or potential. The scientifically educated laborer, therefore, is of a higher type than the mere "hand laborer," because he has learned to see in each thing its possibilities. He sees each thing in the perspective of its history. Here, then, in the educated laborer, we have a hand belonging to a brain that directs, or that can intelligently comprehend, a detailed statement of an ideal to be worked out. The laborer and the overseer, or "boss," are united in one man. Hence it is that the productive power of the educated laborer is so great.

The school may indefinitely reinforce the effect of this general education by adding manual training and other industrial branches, taking care to make the instruction scientific; for it is science that gives scope and power of adaptation to new conditions. The instrument of modern civilization is the labor-saving machine. The negro cannot share in the white man's freedom unless he can learn to manage machinery. Nothing but drudgery remains for a race that cannot understand applied science. The productive power of a race that works only with its hands is so small that only one in the hundred can live in negro unions work at cheaper rates and the white mechanics be forced to come down to the same wages, the former would at once be exposed to those destructive conditions to which I have referred. These are the influences that diminish the prospect of the negro taking an active part in the manufacturing development of the South, except in those branches of labor which are distinctly below such as require special skill and training. — P. A. B.
the enjoyment of the comforts of life. The nations that have conquered nature by the aid of machinery can afford luxury for large classes. In Great Britain,\(^\text{13}\) for example, thirty per cent of the families enjoy incomes of $1000 and upwards per annum, while the seventy per cent constituting the so-called "working classes" have an average of $485 to each family. When we consider how much this will buy in England, we see that the common laborer of to-day is better off for real comforts than the nobleman of three hundred years ago. In France, seventy-six per cent, including the working classes, receive $395 per family, while the twenty-four per cent, including the wealthy, get an average of $1300 and upwards. But in Italy the income returns show (in 1881) only $500 families with incomes above $1000, while more than ninety-eight per cent of the population average less than $500 for each family.\(^\text{14}\) Agriculture without manufactures and commerce cannot furnish wealth for a large fraction of the people. But with diversity of industry there is opportunity for many, and will be finally for all. The increased use of machinery multiplies wealth, so that production doubles twice as often as the population in the United States.

This is the significance of manual training in our schools. The youth learns how to shape wood and iron into machines, and thus how to construct and manage machines. The hand worker is to be turned into a brain worker; for the machine does the work of the hand, but requires a brain to direct it. Human productive industry needs more and more directive power, but less and less mere sleight of hand. The negro, educated in manual training, will find himself at home in a civilization which is accumulating inventions of all sorts and descriptions to perform the work necessary to supply the people with food, clothing, and shelter at so cheap a rate as to have a large surplus of income to purchase the means of luxury, amusement, and culture.

The friends of the education of the negro, North and South, have seen the importance of providing industrial education for him. So long as he can work only at the cultivation of staple crops he cannot become a salutary element in the social whole.\(^\text{15}\) When he acquires skill in mechanical industries, his presence in the community is valued and his person is respected. Many colored institutions have been founded for the special promotion of skill in the arts and trades, and nearly all of the higher institutions have undertaken to provide some facilities for industrial education.

In analyzing the details of the school statistics for colored schools of the South for 1889, we find 25,530 pupils enrolled in private and endowed schools against 1,213,092 pupils in public schools. Although this number is relatively small, — less than one fortieth, — yet its importance cannot easily be overestimated, because of the fact that most of the secondary and higher education is received through these schools. Hence the efficiency of the colored teacher depends chiefly on the endowments made to institutions of this class. By teachers one is to understand preachers and all manner of professional men as well as those actually in charge of schools; for it is evident that every colored person who receives a higher education is a teacher of his race for good or evil in an exceptional sense.


\(^{\text{14}}\) The English laborer has a greater income than the Italian, because England is the common manufacturer for Italy. Southern climates, whether occupied by negroes or Casians, are fatal to the rigorous demands of scientific industry. — L. H. B.

\(^{\text{15}}\) As yet public sentiment confines him principally to agricultural or other similarly unremunerative employments. — L. H. B.
The Education of the Negro.

[June,

With the growing isolation of the negro in his state of freedom comes the necessity of a well-educated clergy to counteract an increasing tendency to relapse into fetishism and magic and all manner of degrading superstitions. The profession of Christianity in empty words does not avail anything, and the practical interpretation of those words by means of the ideas of fetishism secures and confirms the lowest status of savagery. The more highly educated the colored clergy, the more closely are the masses of the people brought into intelligent sympathy with the aspirations and endeavors of the white race with whom they live. For it is not the abstract dogma that gives vital religion, important though it be as a symbol of the highest. It is the correct interpretation of that dogma in terms of concrete vital issues which makes it a living faith. One must be able to see the present world and its Sphinx riddles solved by the high doctrines of his creed, or he does not possess a “saving faith.” The preacher who cannot, for his illiteracy, see the hand of Providence in the instruments of modern civilization — in the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the morning newspaper, the popular novel, the labor-saving machine, the investigations in natural science —

16 The improvement of the character of the negro preachers is even more important than the improvement of the character of the negro teachers; but it is an end more difficult to reach, because the preachers cannot be selected, like the teachers, after submission to an ordeal that tests their fitness for the positions to be filled. As a rule, the present spiritual guides of the Southern negroes are self-appointed. The most feasible plan for promoting this improvement of character seems to be the establishment of a large number of seminaries, to be controlled absolutely by the white religious denominations, in which the general system of instruction now pursued in the normal institutes, with religious courses predominating, shall be employed for the education of the students. A second Peabody or Slater, instead of leaving a large fund for the advancement of the usefulness of the normal schools for the Southern negroes, should set aside the same amount for establishing new seminaries for the education of negro preachers, or enlarging the scope and improving the methods of those already in existence. — P. A. B.

17 One of the chief drawbacks to higher civilization in the negro race is the exceeding difficulty of giving a predominant ethical character to his religion. In the black belt religion and virtue are often considered as distinct and separable things. The moral element, good character, is eliminated from the essential ingredients of Christianity, and good citizenship, womanliness, truth, chastity, honesty, cleanliness, trustworthiness, are not always of the essence of religious obligation. An intelligent, pious, courageous ministry is indispensable to any hopeful attempt to lift up the negro race. — J. L. M. C.
development, stunting the soul in its growth, — these are Christian instrumentalities, and are seen to be such by an educated clergy. But an illiterate clergy condemns them as works of Antichrist, because it cannot see the spirit of the doctrines which it preaches. It sounds like a paradox to say that the illiterate is bound by the letter and cannot see the spirit, but it is true.

It is quite important that the higher education of the negro should include Latin and Greek. The Anglo-Saxon civilization in which he lives is a derivative one, receiving one of its factors from Rome and the other from Athens. The white youth is obliged to study the classic languages in order to become conscious of these two derivative elements in his life, and it is equally important for the colored youth. A “liberal” education by classic study gives to the youth some acquaintance with his spiritual embryology.

In 1889, the pupils in private and endowed schools and schools supported by taxation, performing this much-needed work of educating the spiritual leaders among the colored people, were classified as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of School</th>
<th>Number of Pupils</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Secondary schools</td>
<td>11,480</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Normal schools</td>
<td>7,462</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universities and colleges</td>
<td>5,010</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theological seminaries</td>
<td>1,008</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law schools</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medical schools</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Institutions for deaf, blind</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>25,530</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These details as reported vary much from year to year, and quite naturally; 18 for those who are receiving a secondary or higher education may intend to teach in schools for a time, at least, and the greater part may ultimately reach the pulpit. Hence they may be enrolled under the head of normal schools properly enough.

It is clear, from the above considerations, that money expended for the secondary and higher education of the negro accomplishes far more for him than similar expenditures accomplish for the white people. It is seed sown where it brings forth a hundred fold 19 because each one of the pupils of these higher institutions is a centre of diffusion of superior methods and refining influences among an imitative and impressible race. State and national aid as well as private bequests should take this direction first. There should be no gifts or bequests for common elementary instruction; this should be left to the common schools, and all outside aid should be concentrated on the secondary and higher instruction, inclusive of industrial education.

What may be done by the wise administration of an endowment fund has been demonstrated by the history of the Peabody education fund. Its benefactions have been distributed in such a manner as always to stimulate greater local effort, and never to paralyze. During the year 1889-90 the sum of $87,487 was given to aid institutions in ten States. The largest sum, $26,000, was given to the Peabody Normal College in Nashville, Tennessee, a central normal school for the education of white teachers from ten of the Southern States. The sum of one hundred dollars is paid as a scholarship to each regularly appointed pupil, and traveling expenses perfect the methods of the normal schools for the negroes. The Hampton Institute represents in an eminent degree the true principle to be applied in this age to their improvement through the public school, that principle being embodied in the careful selection of the best material which the race affords for instructors of the young. — P. A. B.

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18 In 1888, the total value of property used for colored normal schools was $1,224,130, for colored secondary schools (high schools and preparatory) $544,865, colleges $1,816,530, schools of science $61,500, schools of theology $252,500, schools of law $40,000, schools of medicine $80,000. — W. T. H.

19 The wisest course to pursue at present is to employ every means to widen the scope and
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are also allowed. This item amounted to $22,500 (scholarships and traveling expenses) in the year 1889-90. In the years from 1868 to 1886 a total of $1,576,649 was distributed from this fund for all purposes, making an average of upwards of $80,000 per annum. The funds are now managed so as to assist and encourage normal instruction chiefly. 20

Since 1883 this work of discriminating endowment has been reinforced by the Slater fund, which has aided the industrial phase of education. From 1883 to 1886 the trustees of this fund disbursed an average of $23,000 per annum. In the year 1888-89 the amount appropriated had increased to $44,310. This fund has recently been placed under the management of the agent of the Peabody fund.

During the twelve years 1877-89 the enrollment of both races in the schools of the fifteen former slave States and the District of Columbia increased more than twice as fast as the population. While the white population, as a whole, during that period gained over thirty-four per cent, the white enrollment in school gained seventy-five per cent, or double the ratio. While the colored population increased about twenty-five per cent, the colored increment in school was one hundred and thirteen per cent, or quadruple the rate.

It appears that in the last thirteen years the South has expended of public money the sum of $216,000,000 for education. Of this sum the colored schools have received about one fourth, — say $50,000,000. 21 The colored school enrollment is about one fourth of the whole (twenty-seven and two thirds per cent in 1889). It is found that the white school population enrolls a larger proportion of children of school age than the colored; exceeding it, in fact, by about twenty per cent. This showing on the part of the South in the matter of school attendance stimulates and encourages the friends of the "new South." The friends of schools are at work in the legislatures of the Southern States to increase the length of the school term, which remains quite brief, being only ninety days, on an average, in the South Central States, and one hundred days in the South Atlantic States.

In the words of the former agent of the Slater fund, Rev. Dr. Haygood (recently appointed bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South), in his report for 1889: "There has never been at any time in the past so much thought concentrated upon the subject of education in the South by Southern people as now.... Notably the public schools have been championed by the church and press as never before. If any proof were lacking of an awakened interest in the subject, it is found in the attention now paid to the subject of the education of the masses by the county newspapers."

20 At first the Peabody fund was used to secure the establishment in the Southern States of systems of free schools, and to create a local sentiment favorable to the maintenance and patronage of such schools. Now an insignificant portion of the income is used in aid of individual schools, and in no instance unless state revenues are supplemented by local taxation. Help those who help themselves is an inflexible law. The bulk of appropriations is now applied to the training of teachers through the Peabody Normal School at Nashville, state normal schools, and teachers' institutes for both races. The Slater fund, given for "the lately emancipated race," makes prominent the industries in order to impart habits of steady and intelligent and remunerative application. Aid will hereafter be concentrated upon fewer institutions. The object is to promote directive intelligence, to develop leadership, to teach the application of science so as to enable men to rise above unintelligent, unproductive drudgery. — J. L. M. C.

21 Alabama expended, from 1870 to 1887 inclusive, the sum of $4,610,947 for its white schools, and $3,290,783 for its colored schools. Of these sums, from 1872 to 1887, $124,000 went for normal schools for whites, and $107,500 for colored normal schools. — W. T. H.
This interest, however, except in the cities, takes the form of state aid rather than local taxation. Cities can aid themselves, for the urban public opinion is organized in a corporate form. Moreover, self-protection from the results of illiteracy becomes a conscious motive in the public opinion of a dense population. But the rural population of the South far exceeds that in the cities.

This is the strong ground on which the demand for national aid for education is urged. It is not for urban but for rural populations which will not assess local taxes sufficient to maintain schools of a suitable grade of excellence or adequate length of annual session. In this matter, it is the urban population everywhere that possesses the wealth, and can afford local taxation sufficient for education. In the State of Massachusetts, the value of the land held for building lots and urban purposes surpasses the value of the land held solely for agriculture in the ratio of ten to one, as may be seen by the data of the census taken by Hon. Carroll D. Wright for 1885.

The three symbols of our most advanced civilization are the railroad, the morning newspaper, and the school. The rural population everywhere is backward in its sympathies for these "moderns." The good school is the instrumentality which must precede in order to create this sympathy. But the good school will not spring up of itself in the agricultural community. It must be provided for by the urban influence of the State and nation. By judicious distribution of general funds, coupled with provisions requiring local taxation as a condition of sharing in these funds, even the rural districts may be brought up to the standard. The State as a whole gains in wealth and in the priceless increase of individual ability by education.

It was revealed by the census of 1880 that the colored race furnished a disproportionate share of illiterates even in the Northern and Pacific group of States. In the Northern group the percentage of colored illiterates was nearly five times as large as the percentage of white illiterates,—sixteen per cent for the colored, and three and a third per cent for the white. In the Pacific group the same disproportion prevailed. In the Southern section of the colored population of the ages of fifteen to twenty years the illiterates amounted to sixty-seven per cent, while the white illiterates were only seventeen per cent of their quota; colored illiterates from ten to fourteen were seventy per cent, and the white thirty per cent, of their respective quotas.

The illiterate person is apt to be intolerant and full of race prejudice, and to this cause we may attribute the larger portion of the feuds between the races wherever they have existed in the South. But the worst feature of illiteracy is to be found in the fact that it is impenetrable to the influence of the newspaper. Enlightened public opinion depends so much on the daily newspaper that it is not possible without it; and lacking this, an ideal self-government is not to be thought of.

The most advanced form of government is that by public opinion. This is essentially a newspaper form of government. The extension of the railroad system into all parts of the South will carry the urban influence to the towns and villages; every station being a radiating centre for the daily newspapers of the metropolis. The education that comes from the daily survey of the events of the world, and a deliberate consideration of the opinions and verdicts editorially written in view of these events, is a supplement or extension of the school. It takes the place of the village gossip which once furnished the mental food stand for the lamb drinking below and muddying the stream above. — L. H. B.
for the vast majority. School education makes possible this participation in the world process of thought by means of the printed page. The book and periodical come to the individual, and prevent the mental paralysis or arrested development that used to succeed the school-days of the rural population.

With the colored people all educated in schools and become a reading people interested in the daily newspaper; with all forms of industrial training accessible to them, and the opportunity so improved that every form of mechanical and manufacturing skill has its quota of colored working men and women; with a colored ministry educated in a Christian theology interpreted in the missionary spirit, and finding its auxiliaries in modern science and modern literature,—with these educational essentials, the negro problem for the South will be solved without recourse to violent measures of any kind, whether migration, or disfranchisement, or ostracism.\(^\text{23}\) Mutual respect for moral and intellectual character, for useful talents and industry, will surely not lead to miscegenation, but only to what is desirable, namely, to civil and political recognition.

W. T. Harris.

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THE EMERSON–THOREAU CORRESPONDENCE.

EMERSON IN EUROPE.

A few undated notes from Emerson to Thoreau may be of the years between 1843 and 1847, but I am inclined to place them as late as the latter year. Here is the only one which will be cited, and that to show how friendly was the service these two comrades required of each other. The "Mr. Brownson" mentioned was Dr. Orestes A. Brownson, who had examined Thoreau for his first district school, when he went, during a college vacation, to teach in the town of Canton, near Boston, where Brownson was then a Universalist minister.

Thursday, F. M.

DEAR HENRY,—I am not to-day quite so robust as I expected to be, and so have to beg that you will come down and drink tea with Mr. Brownson, and charge yourself with carrying him to the Lyceum and introducing him to the curators. I hope you can oblige me so far.

Yours,

R. W. E.

I. THOREAU TO HIS SISTER SOPHIA AT BANGOR.

CONCORD, October 24, 1847.

DEAR SOPHIA,—I thank you for those letters about Ktadn, and hope you will save and send me the rest, and anything else you may meet with relating to the Maine woods. That Dr. Young is both young and green too at traveling in the woods. However, I hope he got "yarbs" enough to satisfy him. I went to Boston the 5th of this month to see Mr. Emerson off to Europe. He sailed in the Washington Irving packet processes of remote and combined causes. They require prompt and spontaneous action, and one learns from personal experience that he is a constituent member of society. Unquestionably, he sometimes makes ludicrous mistakes, is guilty of offensive self-assertion, but despite these errors there is perceptible and hopeful progress.—J. L. M. C.

\(^{23}\) Freedom itself is educatory. The energy of representative institutions is a valuable schoolmaster. To control one's labor, to enjoy the earnings of it, to make contracts freely, to have the right of locomotion and change of residence and business, have a helpful influence on manhood. These concrete and intelligible acts affect the negro far more than abstract speculations, or effusive sentiment, or the slow
ship; the same in which Mr. [F. H.] Hedge went before him. Up to this trip the first mate aboard this ship was, as I hear, one Stephens, a Concord boy, son of Stephens the carpenter, who used to live above Mr. Dennis’s. Mr. Emerson’s stateroom was like a carpeted dark closet, about six feet square, with a large keyhole for a window. The window was about as big as a saucer, and the glass two inches thick, not to mention another skylight overhead in the deck, the size of an oblong doughnut, and about as opaque. Of course it would be in vain to look up, if any contemplative promenader put his foot upon it. Such will be his lodgings for two or three weeks; and instead of a walk in Walden woods he will take a promenade on deck, where the few trees, you know, are stripped of their bark. The steam-tug carried the ship to sea against a head wind without a rag of sail being raised.

I don’t remember whether you have heard of the new telescope at Cambridge or not. They think it is the best one in the world, and have already seen more than Lord Rosse or Herschel. I went to see Perez Blood’s, some time ago, with Mr. Emerson. He had not gone to bed, but was sitting in the woodshed, in the dark, alone, in his astronomical chair, which is all legs and rounds, with a seat which can be inserted at any height. We saw Saturn’s rings, and the mountains in the moon, and the shadows in their craters, and the sunlight on the spurs of the mountains in the dark portion, etc., etc. When I asked him the power of his glass he said it was 85. But what is the power of the Cambridge glass? 2000!!! The last is about twenty-three feet long.

I think you may have a grand time this winter pursuing some study,—keeping a journal, or the like,—while the snow lies deep without. Winter is the time for study, you know, and the colder it is the more studious we are. Give my respects to the whole Penobscot tribe, and tell them that I trust we are good brothers still, and endeavor to keep the chain of friendship bright, though I do dig up a hatchet now and then. I trust you will not stir from your comfortable winter quarters, Miss Bruin, or even put your head out of your hollow tree, till the sun has melted the snow in the spring, and “the green buds, they are a-swellin.”

From your Brother Henry.

This letter has been given to explain some of the allusions in the first letter to Emerson in England. Perez Blood was a rural astronomer living in the extreme north quarter of Concord, next to Carlisle, with his two maiden sisters, in the midst of a fine oak wood; their cottage being one of the points in view when Thoreau and his friends took their afternoon rambles. Sophia Thoreau was the youngest of the family, and was visiting her cousins in Maine, the “Penobscot tribe” of whom the letter makes mention, with an allusion to the Indians of that name near Bangor. His letter to her and those which follow were written from Emerson’s house, where Thoreau lived as a younger brother during the master’s absence across the ocean. It was in the orchard of this house that Alcott was building that summer-house at which Thoreau, with his geometrical eye, makes merry in the next letter.

II. Thoreau to Emerson in England.

Concord. November 14, 1847.

Dear Friend,—I am but a poor neighbor to you here,—a very poor companion am I. I understand that very well, but that need not prevent my writing to you now. I have almost never written letters in my life, yet I think I can write as good ones as I frequently see, so I shall not hesitate to write this, such as it may be, knowing that you will welcome anything that reminds you of Concord.

I have banked up the young trees
against the winter and the mice, and I will look out, in my careless way, to see when a pale is loose or a nail drops out of its place. The broad gaps, at least, I will occupy. I heartily wish I could be of good service to this household. But I, who have only used these ten digits so long to solve the problem of a living, how can I? The world is a cow that is hard to milk. — life does not come so easy, — and oh, how thinly it is watered ere we get it! But the young bunting calf, he will get at it. There is no way so direct. This is to earn one's living by the sweat of his brow. It is a little like joining a community, this life, to such a hermit as I am; and as I don't keep the accounts, I don't know whether the experiment will succeed or fail finally. At any rate, it is good for society, so I do not regret my transient nor my permanent share in it.

Lidian [Mrs. Emerson] and I make very good housekeepers. She is a very dear sister to me. Ellen and Edith and Eddy and Aunty Brown keep up the tragedy and comedy and tragic-comedy of life as usual. The two former have not forgotten their old acquaintance; even Edith carries a young memory in her head, I find. Eddy can teach us all how to pronounce. If you should discover any rare hoard of wooden or pewter horses, I have no doubt he will know how to appreciate it. He occasionally surveys mankind from my shoulders as wisely as ever Johnson did. I respect him not a little, though it is I that lift him up so unceremoniously. And sometimes I have to set him down again in a hurry, according to his "mere will and good pleasure." He very seriously asked me, the other day, "Mr. Thoreau, will you be my father?" I am occasionally Mr. Rough-and-tumble with him that I may not miss him, and lest he should miss you too much. So you must come back soon, or you will be superseded.

Alcott has heard that I laughed, and so set the people laughing, at his arbor, though I never laughed louder than when I was on the ridgepole. But now I have not laughed for a long time, it is so serious. He is very grave to look at. But, not knowing all this, I strove innocently enough. the other day, to engage his attention to my mathematics. "Did you ever study geometry, the relation of straight lines to curves, the transition from the finite to the infinite? Fine things about it in Newton and Leibnitz." But he would hear none of it. — men of taste preferred the natural curve. Ah, he is a crooked stick himself. He is getting on now so many knots an hour. There is one knot at present occupying the point of highest elevation, — the present highest point; and as many knots as are not handsome, I presume, are thrown down and cast into the pines. Pray show him this if you meet him anywhere in London, for I cannot make him hear much plainer words here. He forgets that I am neither old nor young, nor anything in particular, and behaves as if I had still some of the animal heat in me. As for the building, I feel a little oppressed when I come near it. It has no great disposition to be beautiful; it is certainly a wonderful structure, on the whole, and the fame of the architect will endure as long as it shall stand. I should not show you this side alone, if I did not suspect that Lidian had done complete justice to the other.

Mr. [Edmund] Hosmer has been working at a tannery in Stow for a fortnight, though he has just now come home sick. It seems that he was a tanner in his youth, and so he has made up his mind a little at last. This comes of reading the New Testament. Was n't one of the Apostles a tanner? Mrs. Hosmer remains here, and John looks stout enough to fill his own shoes and his father's too.

Mr. Blood and his company have at length seen the stars through the great telescope, and he told me that he thought it was worth the while. Mr. Peirce mad
him wait till the crowd had dispersed (it was a Saturday evening), and then was quite polite, — conversed with him, and showed him the micrometer, etc.; and he said Mr. Blood's glass was large enough for all ordinary astronomical work. [Rev.] Mr. Frost and Dr. [Josiah] Bartlett seemed disappointed that there was no greater difference between the Cambridge glass and the Concord one. They used only a power of 400. Mr. Blood tells me that he is too old to study the calculus or higher mathematics. At Cambridge they think that they have discovered traces of another satellite to Neptune. They have been obliged to exclude the public altogether, at last. The very dust which they raised, "which is filled with minute crystals," etc., as professors declare, having to be wiped off the glasses, would ere long wear them away. It is true enough, Cambridge college is really beginning to wake up and redeem its character and overtake the age. I see by the catalogue that they are about establishing a scientific school in connection with the university, at which any one above eighteen, on paying one hundred dollars annually (Mr. Lawrence's fifty thousand dollars will probably diminish this sum), may be instructed in the highest branches of science.— in astronomy, "theoretical and practical, with the use of the instruments" (so the great Yankee astronomer may be born without delay), in mechanics and engineering to the last degree. Agassiz will ere long commence his lectures in the zoological department. A chemistry class has already been formed under the direction of Professor Horsford. A new and adequate building for the purpose is already being erected. They have been foolish enough to put at the end of all this earnest the old joke of a diploma. Let every sheep keep but his own skin, I say.

I have had a tragic correspondence, for the most part all on one side, with Miss ——. She did really wish to — I hesitate to write — marry me. That is the way they spell it. Of course I did not write a deliberate answer. How could I deliberate upon it? I sent back as distinct a no as I have learned to pronounce after considerable practice, and I trust that this no has succeeded. Indeed, I wished that it might burst, like hollow shot, after it had struck and buried itself and made itself felt there. There was no other way. I really had anticipated no such foe as this in my career.

I suppose you will like to hear of my book, though I have nothing worth writing about it. Indeed, for the last month or two I have forgotten it, but shall certainly remember it again. Wiley & Putnam, Munroe, the Harpers, and Crosby & Nichols have all declined printing it with the least risk to themselves; but Wiley & Putnam will print it in, their series, and any of them, anywhere, at my risk. If I liked the book well enough, I should not delay; but for the present I am indifferent. I believe this is, after all, the course you advised, — to let it lie.

I do not know what to say of myself. I sit before my green desk, in the chamber at the head of the stairs, and attend to my thinking, sometimes more, sometimes less distinctly. I am not unwilling to think great thoughts if there are any in the wind, but what they are I am not sure. They suffice to keep me awake while the day lasts, at any rate. Perhaps they will redeem some portion of the night ere long.

I can imagine you astonishing, bewildering, confounding, and sometimes delighting John Bull with your Yankee notions, and that he begins to take a pride in the relationship at last; introduced to all the stars of England in succession, after the lecture, until you pine to thrust your head once more into a genuine and unquestionable nebula, if there be any left. I trust a common man will be the most uncommon to you before you return to these parts. I have
thought there was some advantage even in death, by which we “mingle with the herd of common men.”

Hugh [the gardener] still has his eye on the Walden agellum, and orchards are waving there in the windy future for him. That’s the where-I’ll-go-next, thinks he; but no important steps are yet taken. He reminds me occasionally of this open secret of his, with which the very season seems to labor, and affirms seriously that as to his wants — wood, stone, or timber — I know better than he. That is a clincher which I shall have to avoid to some extent: but I fear that it is a wrought nail and will not break. Unfortunately, the day after cattle show — the day after small beer — he was among the missing, but not long this time. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots, nor indeed Hugh — his Hugh.

As I walked over Conantum, the other afternoon, I saw a fair column of smoke rising from the woods directly over my house that was (as I judged), and already began to conjecture if my deed of sale would not be made invalid by this. But it turned out to be John Richardson’s young wood, on the southeast of your field. It was burnt nearly all over, and up to the rails and the road. It was set on fire, no doubt, by the same Lucifer that lighted Brooks’s lot before. So you see that your small lot is comparatively safe for this season, the back fire having been already set for you.

They have been choosing between John Keyes and Sam Staples, if the world wants to know it, as representative of this town, and Staples is chosen. The candidates for governor — think of my writing this to you! — were Governor Briggs and General Cashing, and Briggs is elected, though the Democrats have gained. Ain’t I a brave boy to know so much of politics for the nonce? But I should n’t have known it if Coombs had n’t told me. They have had a peace meeting here,— I should n’t think of telling you if I did n’t know anything would do for the English market; — and some men, Deacon Brown at the head, have signed a long pledge, swearing that they will “treat all mankind as brothers henceforth.” I think I shall wait and see how they treat me first. I think that nature meant kindly when she made our brothers few. However, my voice is still for peace. So good-by, and a truce to all joking, my dear friend. from

H. D. T.

Upon this letter some annotations are to be made. “Eddy” was Emerson’s youngest child. Edward Waldo, then three years old and upward,— of late years his father’s biographer. Hugh, the gardener, of whom more anon, bargained for the house of Thoreau on Emerson’s land at Walden, and for a field to go with it; but the bargain came to naught, and the cabin was removed three or four miles to the northwest, where it became a granary for Farmer Clark and his squirrels, near the entrance to the park known as Estabrook’s. Edmund Hosmer was the farming friend and neighbor with whom, at one time, G. W. Curtis and his brother took lodgings, and at another time the Alcott family. The book in question was A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, finally published by James Munroe, of Boston, who was then Emerson’s publisher.

The next letter must set out before an answer could come to the first one.

III. Thoreau to Emerson in England.

Concord, December 15, 1847.

Dear Friend. — You are not so far off but the affairs of this world still attract you. Perhaps it will be so when we are dead. Then look out. Joshua R. Holman, of Harvard, who says he lived a month with [Charles] Lane at Fruitlands, wishes to hire said Lane’s farm for one or more years, and will pay $125 rent, taking out of the same a
half, if necessary, for repairs,—as for a new bank-wall to the barn cellar, which he says is indispensable. Palmer is gone. Mrs. Palmer is going. This is all that is known or that is worth knowing. Yes or no? What to do?

Hugh’s plot begins to thicken. He starts thus: eighty dollars on one side; Walden, field and house, on the other. How to bring these together so as to make a garden and a palace?

\[\begin{array}{c|c}
\text{Field} & \text{House} \\
\hline
80 & \\
\end{array}\]

1st, let $10 go over to unite the two lots. 
$70 
$6 for Wetherbee’s rocks to found your palace on.
$64
$64 — so far, indeed, we have already got.
$4 to bring the rocks to the field. 
$60
Save $20 by all means, to measure the field, and you have left
$40 to complete the palace, build cellar, and dig well. Build the cellar yourself, and let well alone,—and now how does it stand? 
$40 to complete the palace some what like this.

For when one asks, “Why do you want twice as much room more?” the reply is, “Parlor, kitchen, and bedroom,—these make the palace.”

“Well, Hugh, what will you do? Here are forty dollars to buy a new house, twelve feet by twenty-five, and add it to the old.”

“Well, Mr. Thoreau, as I tell you, I know no more than a child about it. It shall be just as you say.”

“Then build it yourself, get it roofed, and get in.

“Commence at one end and leave it half done, And let time finish what money’s begun.”

So you see we have forty dollars for a nest egg; sitting on which, Hugh and I alternately and simultaneously, there may in course of time be hatched a house that will long stand, and perchance even lay fresh eggs one day for its owner; that is, if, when he returns, he gives the young chick twenty dollars or more in addition, by way of “swicthin,” to give it a start in the world.

The Massachusetts Quarterly Review came out the 1st of December, but it does not seem to be making a sensation, at least not hereabouts. I know of none in Concord who take or have seen it yet.

We wish to get by all possible means some notion of your success or failure in England,—more than your two letters have furnished. Can’t you send a fair sample both of young and of old England’s criticism, if there is any printed? Alcott and [Ellery] Channing are equally greedy with myself.

HENRY THOREAU.

C. T. Jackson takes the Quarterly (new one), and will lend it to us. Are you not going to send your wife some news of your good or ill success by the newspapers?

IV. EMERSON TO THOREAU FROM ENGLAND.

MANCHESTER, December 2, 1847.

DEAR HENRY,—Very welcome in the parcel was your letter, very precious your thoughts and tidings. It is one of the best things connected with my coming hither that you could and would keep the homestead: that fireplace shines all the brighter, and has a certain permanent glimmer therefor. Thanks, ever more thanks for the kindness which I well discern to the youth of the house: to my darling little horseman of pewter, wooden, rooking, and what other breeds, — destined. I hope, to ride Pegasus yet; and, I hope, not destined to be thrown; to Edith, who long ago drew from you verses which I carefully preserve; and to Ellen, whom by speech, and now by letter. I find old enough to be companionable, and to choose and reward her own friends in her own fashions. She sends me a poem to-day, which I have read three times!
I believe I must keep back all my communications on English topics until I get to London, which is England. Everything centralizes in this magnificent machine which England is. Manufacturer for the world, she is become, or becoming; one complete tool or engine in herself. Yesterday the time all over the kingdom was reduced to Greenwich time. At Liverpool, where I was, the clocks were put forward twelve minutes. This had become quite necessary on account of the railroads, which bind the whole country into swiftest connection, and require so much accurate interlocking, intersection, and simultaneous arrival that the difference of time produced confusion. Every man in England carries a little book in his pocket, called Bradshaw’s Guide, which contains timetables of every arrival and departure at every station, on all the railroads of the kingdom. It is published anew on the first day of every month, and costs sixpence. The resulting effects of electric telegraph will give a new importance to such arrangements.

But lest I should not say what is needful, I will postpone England once for all, and say that I am not of opinion that your book should be delayed a month. I should print it at once, nor do I think that you would incur any risk in doing so that you cannot well afford. It is very certain to have readers and debtors, here as well as there. The Dial is absurdly well known here. We at home, I think, are always a little ashamed of it. — I am, — and yet here it is spoken of with the utmost gravity, and I do not laugh. Carlyle writes me that he is reading Doomsday Book.

You tell me in your letter one odious circumstance, which we will dismiss from remembrance henceforward. Charles Lane instructed me, in London, to ask you to forward his Dials to him, which must be done, if you can find them. Three bound volumes are among his books in my library. The fourth volume is in unbound numbers at J. Munroe & Co.’s shop, received there in a parcel to my address, a day or two before I sailed, and which I forgot to carry to Concord. It must be claimed without delay. It is certainly there, — was opened by me and left; and they can inclose all four volumes to Chapman for me.

Well, I am glad the Pleasance at Walden suffered no more; but it is a great loss as it is, which years will not repair. I feel that I have balked you by the promise of a letter which ends in as good as none, but I write with counted minutes and a miscellany of things before me.

Yours affectionately, R. W. E.

[On a separate sheet this message:]

Will Mr. Thoreau please to bear in mind that when there is good mortar in readiness Mr. Dean must be summoned to fit the air-tight stove to the chimney in the schoolroom? — unless Mr. T. can do it with convenience himself.

Mr. Lane was the English owner of the farm in Harvard, where he had lived with the Alcotts; and Emerson had the care of his property in America. Now that he had gone back to England. In the letter which follows “Whipple” is E. P. Whipple, the essayist, then a popular lecturer, and the “traveling professor” is Agassiz.

V. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

Concord, December 20, 1847.

My dear Friend, — I thank you for your letter. I was very glad to get it: and I am glad again to write to you. However slow the steamer, no time intervenes between the writing and the reading of thoughts, but they come freshly to the most distant port. I am here still, and very glad to be here, and shall not trouble you with any complaints because I do not fill my place better. I have had many good hours in the chain-
ber at the head of the stairs,—a solid time, it seems to me. Next week I am going to give an account to the Lyceum of my expedition to Maine. Theodore Parker lectures to-night. We have had Whipple on Genius,—too weighty a subject for him, with his antithetical definitions new-vamped,—what it is, what it is not, but altogether what it is not; cuffing it this way and cuffing it that, as if it were an India-rubber ball. Really, it is a subject which should expand, expand, accumulate itself before the speaker's eyes as he goes on, like the snowballs which the boys roll in the street; and when it stops, it should be so large that he cannot start it, but must leave it there. [H. N.] Hudson, too, has been here, with a dark shadow in the core of him, and his desperate wit, so much indebted to the surface of him,—wringing out his words and snapping them off like a dish-cloth: very remarkable, but not memorable. Singular that these two best lecturers should have so much "wave" in their timber,—their solid parts to be made and kept solid by shrinkage and contraction of the whole, with consequent checks and fissures.

Ellen and I have a good understanding. I appreciate her genuineness. Edith tells me after her fashion: "By and by I shall grow up and be a woman, and then I shall remember how you exercised me." Eddy has been to Boston to Christmas, but can remember nothing but the coaches, all Kendall's coaches. There is no variety of that vehicle that he is not familiar with. He did try twice to tell us something else, but, after thinking and stuttering a long time, said, "I don't know what the word is."—the one word, forsooth, that would have disposed of all that Boston phenomenon. If you did not know him better than I, I could tell you more. He is a good companion for me, and I am glad that we are all natives of Concord. It is young Concord. Look out, World!

Mr. Alcott seems to have sat down for the winter. He has got Plato and other books to read. He is as large-featured and hospitable to traveling thoughts and thinkers as ever; but with the same Connecticut philosophy as ever, mingled with what is better. If he would only stand upright and toe the line!—though he were to put off several degrees of largeness, and put on a considerable degree of littleness. After all, I think we must call him particularly your man.

I have pleasant walks and talks with Channing. James Clark—the Swedenborgian that was—is at the poorhouse, insane with too large views, so that he cannot support himself. I see him working with Fred and the rest. Better than be there and not insane. It is strange that they will make ado when a man's body is buried, but not when he thus really and tragically dies, or seems to die. Away with your funeral processions,—into the ballroom with them! I hear the bell toll hourly over there.¹

Lidian and I have a standing quarrel as to what is a suitable state of preparedness for a traveling professor's visit, or for whomsoever else; but further than this we are not at war. We have made up a dinner, we have made up a bed, we have made up a party, and our own minds and mouths, three several times for your professor, and he came not. Three several turkeys have died the death, which I myself carved, just as if he had been there; and the company, too, convened and demeaned themselves accordingly. Everything was done up in good style. I assure you, with only the part of the professor omitted. To have seen the preparation (though Lidian says it was nothing extraordinary) I should certainly have said he was a-coming, but he did not. He must have found out some shorter way to Turkey,—some overland route, I think. By the way, he was complimented, at the conclusion

¹ The town almshouse was across the field from the Emerson house.
of his course in Boston, by the mayor moving the appointment of a committee to draw up resolutions expressive, etc., which was done.

I have made a few verses lately. Here are some though perhaps not the best, — at any rate they are the shortest, — on that universal theme, yours as well as mine, and several other people's:

The good how can we trust!
Only the wise are just.
The good, we use,
The wise we cannot choose;
These there are none above.
The good, they know and love,
But are not known again
By those of lesser ken.
They do not choose us with their eyes,
But they transfix with their advice;
No partial sympathy they feel
With private woe or private weal,
But with the universe joy and sigh,
Whose knowledge is their sympathy.

Good-night. HENRY THOREAU.

P.S. I am sorry to send such a medley as this to you. I have forwarded Lane's Dial to Munroe, and he tells the expressman that all is right.

VI. THOREAU TO EMERSON IN ENGLAND.
CONCORD, January 12, 1848.

It is hard to believe that England is so near as from your letters it appears; and that this identical piece of paper has lately come all the way from there hither, begrimed with the English dust which made you hesitate to use it; from England, which is only historical fairyland to me, to America, which I have put my spade into, and about which there is no doubt.

I thought that you needed to be informed of Hugh's progress. He has moved his house, as I told you, and dug his cellar, and purchased stone of Sol Wetherbee for the last, though he has not hauled it; all which has cost sixteen dollars, which I have paid. He has also, as next in order, run away from Concord without a penny in his pocket. "crying" by the way, — having had another long difference with strong beer, and a first one, I suppose, with his wife, who seems to have complained that he sought other society; the one difference leading to the other, perhaps, but I don't know which was the leader. He writes back to his wife from Sterling, near Worcester, where he is chopping wood, his distantly kind reproaches to her, which I read straight through to her (not to his bottle, which he has with him, and no doubt addresses orally). He says that he will go on to the South in the spring, and will never return to Concord. Perhaps he will not. Life is not tragic enough for him, and he must try to cook up a more highly seasoned dish for himself. Towns which keep a bar-room and a gun-house and a reading-room should also keep a steep precipice whereof impatient soldiers may jump. His sun went down. to me, bright and steady enough in the west, but it never came up in the east. Night intervened. He departed, as when a man dies suddenly; and perhaps wisely, if he was to go, without settling his affairs. They knew that that was a thin soil and not well calculated for pears. Nature is rare and sensitive on the score of nurseries. You may cut down orchards and grow forests at your pleasure. Sand watered with strong beer, though stirred with industry, will not produce grapes. He dug his cellar for the new part too near the old house, Irish like, though I warned him, and it has caved and let one end of the house down. Such is the state of his domestic affairs. I laugh with the Parcae only. He had got the upland and the orchard and a part of the meadow ploughed by Warren, at an expense of eight dollars, still unpaid, which of course is no affair of yours.

I think that if an honest and small-faminied man, who has no affinity for moisture in him, but who has an affinity for sand, can be found, it would be safe to rent him the shanty as it is, and the land; or you can very easily and simply
let nature keep them still, without great loss. It may be so managed, perhaps, as to be a home for somebody, who shall in return serve you as fencing stuff, and to fix and locate your lot, as we plant a tree in the sand or on the edge of a stream; without expense to you in the mean while, and without disturbing its possible future value.

I read a part of the story of my excursion to Ktadn to quite a large audience of men and boys, the other night, whom it interested. It contains many facts and some poetry. I have also written what will do for a lecture on Friendship.

I think that the article on you in Blackwood's is a good deal to get from the reviewers,—the first purely literary notice, as I remember. The writer is far enough off, in every sense, to speak with a certain authority. It is a better judgment of posterity than the public had. It is singular how sure he is to be mystified by any uncommon sense. But it was generous to put Plato into the list of mysteries. His confessions on this subject suggest several thoughts, which I have not room to express here. The old word see.—I wonder what the reviewer thinks that means; whether that he was a man who could see more than himself.

I was struck by Ellen's asking me, yesterday, while I was talking with Mrs. Brown, if I did not use "colored words." She said that she could tell the color of a great many words, and amused the children at school by so doing. Eddy climbed up the sofa, the other day, of his own accord, and kissed the picture of his father,—"right on his shirt, I did."

I had a good talk with Alcott this afternoon. He is certainly the youngest man of his age we have seen.—just on the threshold of life. When I looked at his gray hairs, his conversation sounded pathetic; but I looked again, and they reminded me of the gray dawn. He is getting better acquainted with Channing, though he says that, if they were to live in the same house, they would soon sit with their backs to each other.

You must excuse me if I do not write with sufficient directness to yourself, who are a far-off traveler. It is a little like shooting on the wing, I confess.

Farewell. Henry Thoreau.

At this date Alcott had passed his forty-eighth year, while Channing and Thoreau were still in the latitude of thirty. Hawthorne had by this time left Concord, and was in the Salem custom house; the Old Manse having gone back into the occupancy of Emerson's cousins, the Ripleys, who owned it.

VII. Emerson to Thoreau from England.

2 Fenny Street. Higher Broughton, Manchester, 28 January, 1848.

Dear Henry,—One roll of letters has gone to-day to Concord and to New York, and perhaps I shall still have time to get this into the leathern bag before it is carted to the wharf. I have to thank you for your letter, which was a true refreshment. Let who or what pass, there stands the dear Henry,—if indeed anybody had a right to call him so,—erect, serene, and undeceivable. So let it ever be! I should quite subside into idolatry of one of my friends, if I were not every now and then apprised that the world is wiser than any one of its boys, and penetrates us with its sense, to the disparagement of the subtleties of private gentlemen.

Last night, as I believe I have already told Lidian, I heard the best man in England make perhaps his best speech,—Cobden, who is the cor cordis, the object of honor and belief, to risen and rising England: a man of great discretion, who never overstates nor states prematurely, nor has a particle of unnecessary genius or hope to mislead him, nor of wasted strength; but calm, sure of his fact, simple and nervous in stat-
ing it as a boy in laying down the rules of the game of football which have been violated, — above all, educated by his dogma of Free Trade, led on by it to new lights and correlative liberalities, as our abolitionists have been, by their principle, to so many reforms. Then this man has made no mistake. He has dedicated himself to his work of convincing this kingdom of the impolicy of corn-laws, lectured in every town where they would hear him, and at last carried his point against immense odds, and yet has never accepted any compromise or stipulation from the government. He might have been in the ministry. He will never go there except with absolute empire for his principle, which cannot yet be awarded. He had neglected and abandoned his prosperous calico printing to his partners. And the triumphant League have subscribed between sixty and eighty thousand pounds as the Cobden Fund, whereby he is made independent.

It was quite beautiful, even sublime, last night, to notice the moral radiations which this Free Trade dogma seemed to throw out, all unlooked for, to the great audience, who instantly and delightedly adopted them. Such contrasts of sentiment to the vulgar hatred and fear of France and jealousy of America that pervade the newspapers! Cobden himself looked thoughtful and surprised, as if he saw a new future. Old Colonel Perronet Thompson — the Father of Free Trade, whose catechism on the corn-laws set all these Brights and Cobdens first on cracking this nut — was present, and spoke in a very vigorous, rasp-like tone. [Milner] Gibson, a member of the British government, a great Suffolk squire, and a convert to these opinions, made a very satisfactory speech; and our old abolition friend, George Thompson, brought up the rear, though he, whom I now heard for the first time, is merely a piece of rhetoric, and not a man of facts and figures and English solidity, like the rest. The audience play no inactive part, but the most acute and sympathizing, and the agreeable result was the demonstration of the arithmetical as well as the moral optimism of peace and generosity.

Forgive, forgive this most impertinent scribble.

Your friend, R. W. E.

Never did a letter require less apology than this. Its picture of Cobden and his environment is masterly. Perronet Thompson lived to see our civil war result in the emancipation of our slaves (he had been governor of Sierra Leone, a station in Africa to check the slave trade), and he wrote me in 1863, promising, if I would send him the music of the John Brown song, to set half a million English voices singing it, which I fancy he did.

In the next letter, "Frank" is the son of Mrs. Brown, and the older cousin of Edward Emerson.

VIII. Thoreau to Emerson in England.

Concord, February 23, 1848.

Dear Waldo, — For I think I have heard that that is your name, — my letter which was put last into the leathern bag arrived first. Whatever I may call you, I know you better than I know your name, and what becomes of the fittest name if in any sense you are here with him who calls, and not there simply to be called?

I believe I never thanked you for your lectures, one and all, which I heard formerly read here in Concord. I know I never have. There was some excellent reason each time why I did not; but it will never be too late. I have had that advantage, at least, over you in my education.

Lidian is too unwell to write to you, and so I must tell you what I can about the children and herself. I am afraid she has not told you how unwell she is, — or to-day perhaps we may say, has
been. She has been confined to her chamber four or five weeks, and three or four weeks, at least, to her bed, with the jaundice. The doctor, who comes once a day, does not let her read (nor can she now) nor have much reading. She has written her letters to you, till recently, sitting up in bed, but he said he would not come again if she did so. She has Abby and Almira to take care of her, and Mrs. Brown to read to her; and I also, occasionally, have something to read or to say. The doctor says she must not expect to “take any comfort of her life” for a week or two yet. She wishes me to say that she has written two long and full letters to you about the household economies, etc., which she hopes have not been delayed. The children are quite well and full of spirits, and are going through a regular course of picture-seeing, with commentary by me, every evening, for Eddy’s behoof. All the Annuals and “Diadems” are in requisition, and Eddy is forward to explain, when the hour arrives. “Now for the demdems!” I overheard this dialogue when Frank [Brown] came down to breakfast, the other morning.

Eddy. “Why, Frank. I am astonished that you should leave your boots in the dining-room.”

Frank. “I guess you mean surprised, don’t you?”

Eddy. “No, Boots!”

“If Waldo were here,” said he, the other night, at bedtime, “we’d be full going upstairs.” Would he like to tell papa anything? No, not anything; but finally, yes, he would,—that one of the white horses in his new barouche is broken! Ellen and Edith will perhaps speak for themselves, as I hear something about letters to be written by them.

Mr. Alcott seems to be reading well this winter: Plato, Montaigne, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sir Thomas Browne, etc., etc. “I believe I have read them all now, or nearly all,”—those English authors. He is rallying for another foray with his pen, in his latter years, not discouraged by the past, into that crowd of unexpressed ideas of his, that undisciplined Parthian army, which, as soon as a Roman soldier would face, retreats on all hands, occasionally firing backwards; easily routed, not easily subdued, hovering on the skirts of society. Another summer shall not be devoted to the raising of vegetables (Arbors?) which rot in the cellar for want of consumers; but perchance to the arrangement of the material, the brain-crop which the winter has furnished. I have good talks with him. His respect for Carlyle has been steadily increasing for some time. He has read him with new sympathy and appreciation.

I see Channing often. He also goes often to Alcott’s, and confesses that he has made a discovery in him, and gives vent to his admiration or his confusion in characteristic exaggeration; but between this extreme and that you may get a fair report, and draw an inference if you can. Sometimes he will ride a broomstick still, though there is nothing to keep him, or it, up but a certain centrifugal force of whim, which is soon spent, and there lies your stick, not worth picking up to sweep an oven with now. His accustomed path is strewn with them. But then again, and perhaps for the most part, he sits on the Cliffs amid the lichens, or flits past on noiseless pinion, like the barred owl in the daytime, as wise and unobserved. He brought me a poem the other day, for me, on Walden Hermitage: not remarkable.

Lectures begin to multiply on my desk. I have one on Friendship which is new, and the materials of some others. I read one last week to the Lyceum, on The Rights and Duties of the Individual in Relation to Government, much to Mr. Alcott’s satisfaction.

Joel Britton has failed and gone into chancery, but the woods continue to fall
before the axes of other men. Neighbor Coombs ¹ was lately found dead in the woods near Goose Pond, with his half-empty jug, after he had been rioting a week. Hugh, by the last accounts, was still in Worcester County. Mr. Hosmer, who is himself again, and living in Concord, has just hauled the rest of your wood, amounting to about ten and a half cords.

The newspapers say that they have printed a pirated edition of your Essays in England. Is it as bad as they say, and undisguised and unmitigated piracy? I thought that the printed scrap would entertain Carlyle, notwithstanding its history. If this generation will see out of its hind-head, why then you may turn your back on its forehead. Will you forward it to him for me?

This stands written in your day-book:

"September 3d. Received of Boston Savings Bank, on account of Charles Lane, his deposit with interest. $131.33. 16th. Received of Joseph Palmer, on account of Charles Lane, three hundred twenty-three $\frac{3}{10}00$ dollars, being the balance of a note on demand for four hundred dollars, with interest. $323.36."

If you have any directions to give about the trees, you must not forget that spring will soon be upon us.

Farewell. From your friend,

HENRY THOREAU.

Before a reply came to this letter Thoreau had occasion to write to Mr. Elliot Cabot, who has since been Emerson's biographer, and a part of the letter may be cited. The allusions to the Week and to the Walden house are interesting.

IX. THOREAU CONCERNING EMERSON IN ENGLAND.

CONCORD, March 8, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Emerson's address is as yet, "R. W. Emerson, care of

¹ This is the political neighbor mentioned in a former letter.

Alexander Ireland, Esq., Examiner Office, Manchester, England." We had a letter from him on Monday, dated at Manchester, February 10, and he was then preparing to go to Edinburgh the next day, where he was to lecture. He thought that he should get through his northern journeying by the 25th of February, and go to London to spend March and April, and if he did not go to Paris in May, then come home. He has been eminently successful, though the papers this side of the water have been so silent about his adventures.

My book, fortunately, did not find a publisher ready to undertake it, and you can imagine the effect of delay on an author's estimate of his own work. However, I like it well enough to mend it, and shall look at it again directly when I have dispatched some other things.

I have been writing lectures for our own Lyceum this winter, mainly for my own pleasure and advantage. I esteem it a rare happiness to be able to write anything, but there (if I ever get there) my concern for it is apt to end. Time & Co. are, after all, the only quite honest and trustworthy publishers that we know. I can sympathize, perhaps, with the barberry bush, whose business it is solely to ripen its fruit (though that may not be to sweeten it) and to protect it with thorns, so that it holds on all winter, even, unless some hungry crows come to pluck it. But I see that I must get a few dollars together presently to manure my roots. Is your journal able to pay anything, provided it likes an article well enough? I do not promise one. At any rate, I mean always to spend only words enough to purchase silence with; and I have found that this, which is so valuable, though many writers do not prize it, does not cost much, after all.

I have not obtained any more of the mice which I told you were so numerous in my cellar, as my house was removed immediately after I saw you, and I have been living in the village since.
X. Thoreau to Emerson.
Concord, March 23, 1848.

Dear Friend,—Lidian says I must write a sentence about the children. Eddy says he cannot sing,—"not till mother is a-going to be well." We shall hear his voice very soon, in that case, I trust. Ellen is already thinking what will be done when you come home; but then she thinks it will be some loss that I shall go away. Edith says that I shall come and see them, and always at tea-time, so that I can play with her. Ellen thinks she likes father best because he jumps her sometimes. This is the latest news from

Yours, etc., Henry.

P. S. I have received three newspapers from you duly which I have not acknowledged. There is an anti-Sabbath convention held in Boston to-day, to which Alcott has gone.

This letter was addressed, "R. Waldo Emerson, care of Alexander Ireland, Esq., Manchester, England, via New York and Steamer Cambria March 25."
It was mailed in Boston March 24, and received in Manchester April 19.

XI. Emerson to Thoreau from England.
London, March 25, 1848.

Dear Henry,—Your letter was very welcome, and its introduction heartily accepted. In this city and nation of pomp, where pomp, too, are solid, I fall back on my friends with wonderful refreshment. It is pity, however, that you should not see this England, with its indescribable material superiorities of every kind; the just confidence which immense successes of all pasts have generated in the Englishman that he can do everything, and which his manners, though he is bashful and reserved, betray; the abridgment of all expression which dense population and the roar of nations enforce; the solidity of science and merit which in any high place you are sure to find (the Church and some effects of primogeniture excepted). But I cannot tell my story now. I admire the English. I think, never more than when I meet Americans; as, for example, at Mr. Bannroft's American soirée, which he holds every Sunday night. Great is the aplomb of Mr. Bull. He is very short-sighted, and, without his eyeglass, cannot see as far as your eyes to know how you like him, so that he quite neglects that point. The Americans see very well,—too well,—and the traveling portion are very light troops. But I must not vent my ill humor on my poor compatriots. They are welcome to their revenge, and I am sure I have no weapon to save me if they, too, are at this hour writing letters to their gossips.

I have not gone to Oxford yet, though I still correspond with my friend there, Mr. [A. H.] Clough. I meet many young men here, who come to me simply as one of their school of thought; but not often in this class any giants. A Mr. Morell, who has written a History of Philosophy, and [J. G.] Wilkinson, who is a socialist now and gone to France, I have seen with respect. I went last Sunday, for the first time, to see Lane at Hampstead, and dined with him. He was full of friendliness and hospitality; has a school of sixteen children, one lady as matron, then Oldham. That is all the household. They looked just comfortable. Mr. Galpin, tell the Shakers, has married. I spent the most of that day in visiting Hampton Court and Richmond, and went also into Pope's Grotto at Twickenham, and saw Horace Walpole's villa of Strawberry Hill.

Ever your friend, Waldo E.

If other letters passed between the two friends in 1848, they have not come into my hands. But here are letters of 1850, 1855, and 1856 which have an interest. The first relates to Emerson's lawsuit with a neighbor; the second to the shipwreck in which Margaret Fuller was lost, near New York.
 XII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

Concord, March 11, 1850.

Mr. Henry D. Thoreau:

My dear Sir,—I leave town tommorrow, and must beg you, if any question arises between Mr. Bartlett and me in regard to boundary lines, to act as my attorney, and I will be bound by any agreement you shall make. Will you also, if you have opportunity, warn Mr. Bartlett, on my part, against burning his wood-lot without having there present a sufficient number of hands to prevent the fire from spreading into my wood, which I think will be greatly endangered unless much care is used? Show him, too, if you can, where his cutting and his post-holes trench on our line, by plan, and, so doing, oblige, as ever.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

XIII. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

Fire Island Beach,
Thursday Morning, July 25, 1850.

Dear Friend,—I am writing this at the house of Smith Oakes, within one mile of the wreck. He is the one who rendered most assistance. William H. Channing came down with me, but I have not seen Arthur Fuller, nor Greeley, nor Marcus Spring. Spring and Charles Sumner were here yesterday, but left soon. Mr. Oakes and wife tell me (all the survivors came, or were brought, directly to their house) that the ship struck at ten minutes after four A. M., and all hands, being mostly in their nightclothes, made haste to the forecastle, the water coming in at once. There they remained; the passengers in the forecastle, the crew above it, doing what they could. Every wave lifted the forecastle roof and washed over those within. The first man got ashore at nine; many from nine to noon. At high tide, about half past three o'clock, when the ship broke up entirely, they came out of the forecastle, and Margaret sat with her hands on her knees, her husband and child already drowned. A great wave came and washed her aft. The steward (?) had just before taken her child and started for shore. Both were drowned.

The broken desk, in a bag, containing no very valuable papers; a large black leather trunk, with an upper and under compartment, the upper holding books and papers; a carpet-bag, probably Ossoli's, and one of his shoes (?) are all the Ossoli effects known to have been found. Four bodies remain to be found: the two Ossolis, Horace Summer, and a sailor. I have visited the child's grave. Its body will probably be taken away to-day. The wreck is to be sold at auction, excepting the hull, to-day.

The mortar would not go off. Mrs. Hasty, the captain's wife, told Mrs. Oakes that she and Margaret divided their money, and tied up the halves in handkerchiefs around their persons; that Margaret took sixty or seventy dollars. Mrs. Hasty, who can tell all about Margaret up to eleven o'clock on Friday, is said to be going to Portland, New England, to-day. She and Mrs. Fuller must, and probably will, come together. The cook, the last to leave, and the steward (?) will know the rest. I shall try to see them. In the mean while I shall do what I can to recover property and obtain particulars hereabouts. William H. Channing—did I write it?—has come with me. Arthur Fuller has this moment reached the house. He reached the beach last night. We got here yesterday noon. A good part of the wreck still holds together where she struck, and something may come ashore with her fragments. The last body was found on Tuesday, three miles west. Mrs. Oakes dried the papers which were in the trunk, and she says they appeared to be of various kinds. "Would they cover that table?" (a small round one). "They would if spread out. Some were tied up. There were twenty or thirty
books in the same half of the trunk. Another smaller trunk, empty, came ashore, but there was no mark on it." She speaks of Paulina as if she might have been a sort of nurse to the child. I expect to go to Patchogue, whence the pilferers must have chiefly come, and advertise, etc.

Yours, H. D. Thoreau.

Late in 1855, when Emerson's English Traits, long delayed, was soon to appear, and when the author was setting forth for his annual lecture tour in the Northwest, he wrote to Thoreau requesting him to take charge of the last proof sheets of the volume.

XIV. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON,
December 26, 1855.

DEAR HENRY,—It is so easy, at distance, or when going to a distance, to ask a great favor which one would haggle at near by. I have been ridiculously hindered, and my book is not out. and I must go westward. There is one chapter yet to go to the printer; perhaps two, if I decide to send the second. I must ask you to correct the proofs of this or these chapters. I hope you can and will, if you are not going away. The printer will send you the copy with the proof; and yet, it is likely you will see good cause to correct copy as well as proof. The chapter is Stonehenge, and I may not send it to the printer for a week yet, for I am very tender about the personalities in it, and of course you need not think of it till it comes. As we have been so unlucky as to overstays the market-day,—that is, New Year's,—it is not important, a week or a fortnight, now.

If anything puts it out of your power to help me at this pinch, you must dig up Channing out of his earths, and hold him steady to this beneficence. Send the proofs, if they come, to Phillips, Sampson & Co., Winter Street.

We may well go away, if, one of these days, we shall really come home.

Yours,
R. W. EMERSON.

MR. THOREAU.

This letter may fitly close an intimate correspondence. I have omitted a few notes of different dates, usually asking Thoreau to perform some friendly or hospitable service for Mrs. Emerson or her sister, Mrs. Brown. It seems to have been habitual for Thoreau to take tea at the Emerson house whenever a lecturer from Boston or Cambridge was to speak in Concord and be entertained by the Emursors. In February, 1854, there were two notes from Emerson, who expected to be absent, inviting Thoreau to take charge of Professor Horsford and Theodore Parker in successive weeks.

"They are both to come to my house for the night. Now I wish to entreat your courtesy and counsel to receive these lonely pilgrims, to guide them to our house, and help the alarmed wife to entertain them; and see that they do Groton, a week ago, that as soon as Saturday (to-morrow) I would endeavor to send her more accurate answers to her request for information in respect to houses likely to be let in Concord. I beg you to help me in procuring the information to-day, if your engagements will leave you space for this charity." He then asks four questions about houses in the village, and adds: "If, some time this evening, you can, without much inconvenience, give me an answer to these questions, you will greatly oblige your imprisoned friend.

R. W. EMERSON."
not lose the way to the Lyceum, nor the hour. If you shall be in town, and can help these gentlemen so far, you will serve the whole municipality as well as yourself.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. Emerson.”

Such notes, which were always complied with, show how far Thoreau was from that unsocial mood in which it has pleased some writers to depict him. The same inference can be drawn from the latest letter I shall here give, addressed to Sophia Thoreau from a kind of educational community in New Jersey. Miss Thoreau submitted it to Mr. Emerson for publication, with other letters, in the volume of 1865; but he returned it, inscribed “Not printable at present.” The lapse of time has removed this objection.

XV. THOREAU, IN NEW JERSEY, TO HIS SISTER.


Dear Sophia,—I have hardly had time and repose enough to write to you before. I spent the afternoon of Friday (it seems some months ago) in Worcester, but failed to see [Harrison] Blake, he having “gone to the horse race” in Boston; to atone for which I have just received a letter from him, asking me to stop at Worcester and lecture on my return. I called on [Theo.] Brown and [T. W.] Higginson; in the evening came by way of Norwich to New York in the steamer Commonwealth, and, though it was so windy inland, had a perfectly smooth passage, and about as good a sleep as usually at home. Reached New York about seven A.M., too late for the John Potter (there was n’t any Jonas), so I spent the forenoon there, called on Greeley (who was not in), met [F. A. T.] Bellow in Broadway and walked into his workshop, read at the Astor Library, etc. I arrived here, about thirty miles from New York, about five P.M. Saturday, in company with Miss E. Peabody, who was returning in the same covered wagon from the Landing to Eagleswood, which last place she has just left for the winter.

This is a queer place. There is one large long stone building, which cost some forty thousand dollars, in which I do not know exactly who or how many work (one or two familiar faces and more familiar names have turned up), a few shops and offices, an old farmhouse, and Mr. Spring’s perfectly private residence, within twenty rods of the main building. The city of Perth Amboy is about as big as Concord, and Eagleswood is one and a quarter miles southwest of it, on the Bay side. The central fact here is evidently Mr. [Theodore] Weld’s school, recently established, around which various other things revolve. Saturday evening I went to the schoolroom, hall, or what not, to see the children and their teachers and patrons dance. Mr. Weld, a kind-looking man with a long white beard, danced with them, and Mr. [E. J.] Cutler, his assistant (lately from Cambridge, who is acquainted with Sanborn), Mr. Spring, and others. This Saturday evening dance is a regular thing, and it is thought something strange if you don’t attend. They take it for granted that you want society!

Sunday forenoon I attended a sort of Quaker meeting at the same place (the Quaker aspect and spirit prevail here, — Mrs. Spring says, “Does thee not?”), where it was expected that the spirit would move me (I having been previously spoken to about it); and it, or something else, did,—an inch or so. I said just enough to set them a little by the ears and make it lively. I had excused myself by saying that I could not adapt myself to a particular audience; for all the speaking and lecturing here have reference to the children, who are far the greater part of the audience, and they are not so bright as New England children. Imagine them sitting close to the wall, all around a hall, with old Qua-
ker-looking men and women here and there. There sat Mrs. Weld [Grimké] and her sister, two elderly gray-headed ladies, the former in extreme Bloomer costume, which was what you may call remarkable; Mr. Buffum, with broad face and a great white beard, looking like a pier head made of the cork-tree with the bark on, as if he could buffet a considerable wave; James G. Birney, formerly candidate for the presidency, with another particularly white head and beard; Edward Palmer, the anti-money man (for whom communities were made), with his ample beard somewhat grayish. Some of them, I suspect, are very worthy people. Of course you are wondering to what extent all these make one family, and to what extent twenty. Mrs. Kirkland (and this a name only to me) I saw. She has just bought a lot here. They all know more about your neighbors and acquaintances than you suspected.

On Monday evening I read the Moose story to the children, to their satisfaction. Ever since I have been constantly engaged in surveying Eagleswood,—through woods, salt marshes, and along the shore, dodging the tide, through bushes, mud and beggar ticks, having no time to look up or think where I am. (It takes ten or fifteen minutes before each meal to pick the beggar ticks out of my clothes; burs and the rest are left, and rents mended at the first convenient opportunity.) I shall be engaged perhaps as much longer. Mr. Spring wants me to help him about setting out an orchard and vineyard. Mr. Birney asks me to survey a small piece for him, and Mr. Alcott, who has just come down here for the third Sunday, says that Greeley (I left my name for him) invites him and me to go to his home with him next Saturday morning and spend the Sunday.

It seems a twelvemonth since I was not here, but I hope to get settled deep into my den again ere long. The hardest thing to find here is solitude,—and Concord. I am at Mr. Spring's house. Both he and she and their family are quite agreeable.

I want you to write to me immediately (just left off to talk French with the servant man), and let father and mother put in a word. To them and to aunts,

Love from [Henry.

The date of this visit to Eagleswood is worthy of note, because in that November Thoreau made the acquaintance of the late Walt Whitman, in whom he ever after took a deep interest. Accompanied by Mr. Alcott, he called on Whitman, then living at Brooklyn; and I remember the calm enthusiasm with which they both spoke of Whitman upon their return to Concord. "Three men," said Emerson, in his funeral eulogy of Thoreau (May, 1862). "have of late years strongly impressed Mr. Thoreau,—John Brown, his Indian guide in Maine, Joe Polis, and a third person, not known to this audience." This last was Whitman, who has since become well known to a larger audience.

F. B. Sanborn.

AGRIFFINA.

She is sitting on my desk, as I write, and I glance at her with deference, mutely begging permission to begin. But her back is turned to me, and ex-presses in every curve such fine and delicate disdain that I falter and lose courage at the very threshold of my task. I have long known that cats are the
most contemptuous of creatures, and that Agrippina is the most contemptuous of cats. The spirit of Bouhaki, the proud Theban beast that sat erect, with gold earrings in his ears, at the feet of his master, King Hana; the spirit of Muezza, whose slumbers Mahomet himself was not bold enough to disturb; the spirit of Micetto, Châteaubriand's ecclesiastical pet, dignified as a cardinal, and conscious ever that he was the gift of a sovereign pontiff,— the spirits of all arrogant cats that have played scornful parts in the world's great comedy look out from Agrippina's yellow eyes and hold me in subjection. I should like to explain to her, if I dared, that my desk is small, littered with many papers, and sadly overcrowded with the useful inutilties which affectionate friends delight in giving me at Christmas time. Sainte-Beuve's cat, I am aware, sat on his desk, and roamed at will among those precious manuscripts which no intrusive hand was ever permitted to touch; but Sainte-Beuve probably had sufficient space reserved for his own comfort and convenience. I have not; and Agrippina's beautifully ringed tail flapping across my copy distracts my attention and imperils the neatness of my penmanship. Even when she is disposed to be affable, turns the light of her countenance upon me, watches with attentive curiosity every stroke I make, and softly, with curved paw, pats my pen as it travels over the paper,— even in these halcyon moments, though my self-love is flattered by her condescension, I am aware that I should work better and more rapidly if I denied myself this charming companionship.

But in truth it is impossible for a lover of cats to banish these alert, gentle, and discriminating little friends, who give us just enough of their regard and complaisance to make us hunger for more. M. Féé, the naturalist, who has written so admirably about animals, and who understands, as only a Frenchman can understand, the delicate and subtle organization of a cat, frankly admits that the keynote of its character is independence. It dwells under our roof, sleeps by our fire, endures our blandishments, and apparently enjoys our society, without for one moment forfeiting its sense of absolute freedom, without acknowledging any servile relation to the human creature who shelters it. "The cat," says M. Féé, "will never part with its liberty; it will neither be our servant, like the horse, nor our friend, like the dog. It consents to live as our guest; it accepts the home we offer and the food we give; it even goes so far as to solicit our caresses, but capriciously, and when it suits its humor to receive them."

Rude and masterful souls resent this fine self-sufficiency in a domestic animal, and require that it should have no will but theirs, no pleasure that does not emanate from them. They are forever prating of the love and fidelity of the dog, of the beast that obeys their slightest word, crouches contentedly for hours at their feet, is exuberantly grateful for the smallest attention, and so affectionate that its demonstrations require to be curbed rather than encouraged. All this homage is pleasing to their vanity; yet there are people, less magisterial perhaps, or less exacting, who believe that true friendship, even with an animal, may be built up on mutual esteem and independence; that to demand gratitude is to be unworthy of it; and that obedience is not essential to agreeable and healthy intercourse. A man who owns a dog is, in every sense of the word, its master; the term expresses accurately their mutual relations. But it is ridiculous when applied to the limited possession of a cat. I am certainly not Agrippina's mistress, and the assumption of authority on my part would be a mere empty dignity, like those swelling titles which afford such innocent delight to the Freemasons of our severe republic. If I