

one of the least remunerative men I ever encountered."

During his trip, Emerson met Bentham, Mill, Landor, Wordsworth, Colridge, Carlyle, and many others. It is entertaining, at this present date, to read what he then wrote of them. "To be sure, not one of these is a mind of the very first class; but what the intercourse with each of them suggests is true of intercourse with better men—that they never fill the ear, fill the mind; no, it is an idealized portrait which always we draw of them. Upon an intelligent man, wholly a stranger to their names, they would make in conversation no deep impression—none of a world-filling fame. They would be remembered as sensible, well-read, earnest men—not more. The comfort of meeting men of genius, such as these, is that they talk sincerely. They feel themselves to be so rich that they are above the meanness of pretension to knowledge which they have not, and they frankly tell you what puzzles them. But Carlyle, Carlyle is so amiable that I love him."

As a matter of fact, he spent some time with Carlyle at Craigenputtock, and seems to have seen no trace of the grouching usually attributed to the brilliant but dyspeptic old rhapsodist and apostle of hard work. The friendship between the two was henceforth practically lifelong. It was surely the attraction of opposites. As Carlyle says: "Had they been required respectively, to define by a single trait the farthest reach of folly in a theory of conduct, Carlyle would have selected the notion that mankind need only to be set free, and led to think and act for themselves, and Emerson the doctrine that they need only to be well governed." There was a strong bond of union, however, each looked upon the other as a sincere seeker for truth.

On his return, Emerson continued to preach intermittently for about four years, and began the career of lecturing which he followed during the rest of his active life.

In 1834 some property of his wife's came to him, giving him an income of about \$1,200 a year. He planned a home in the country for himself, his mother, and his brilliantly clever but early Edward, but before the idea could be carried out, Edward died of tuberculosis in the West Indies. Had he lived it is generally believed that Ralph Waldo might have had to take second place in the galaxy of the Emerson family.

Not long afterwards he bought the house in the little village of Concord, Mass., which was to be his home for the rest of his life. Here, in 1835, he brought his second wife, the Miss Elizabeth Emerson, whom in his letters he affectionately addresses as "Lidian." The house had plenty of land about it, and in the rear a garden with a path leading off across a field to the open country, and the garden and the open country were to be so close that the fact of illudicrous distance was no lover of solitude. Emerson's people often, about 1835, appears to have been living here for the country, a forest, a snow-covered field, a river view. "he said," "Mr. Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made; there is a screw loose in the machinery somewhere, yet I cannot tell where it is, for I never heard it jar. He must go to Heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar."

People could not understand his attitude of constant inquiry. They wanted settled, stated conclusions, instead of this constant reaching out for more light, more truth. Moreover, he was reserved, and often lamented the fact; there were "fences," he said, between him and some of his dearest friends. "Some people," he wrote in his journal, on one occasion, "are born public souls, and live with all their doors open to the street. Close beside them we find, in contrast, the lonely man, with all his doors shut, reticent, thoughtful, shrinking from crowds, afraid to take hold of hands, thankful for the existence of the other, but incapable of such performance, wondering at its possibility; full of thoughts, but paralyzed and silenced instantly by these boisterous masters; and, though loving his race, discovering at last that he has no proper sympathy with persons, but only with their genius and aims. He is solitary because he has society in his thought, and, when people come in, they drive away his society and isolate him. We would all be public men if we could afford it. I am wholly private, such is the poverty of my constitution. Heaven betrayed me to a book and wrapped me in a gown. I have no social talent, no will, and a steady appetite for insights in any or all directions to balance my manifold imbecilities." At another time he wrote that "you might turn a yoke of oxen between every pair of words" when he met strangers, and spoke of his "porcupine impossibility of contact with men."

And yet men invariably loved him. Thoreau, it was said, unconsciously imitated him in manner and gesture. Margaret Fuller tried hard to get into the inner circle of his regard.

When Hawthorne died, Emerson wrote, "I thought him a greater man than any of his words betray; there was still a great deal of work in him, and I hoped that he might one day show a purer power." He regretted that they had never "conquered a friendship," yet confessed, "I never read his books with pleasure; they are too young." Surprised he might have been had it been foretold to him that one day, as a writer of pure literature, this man of moonshine should be given by universal accord the highest place of all Americans.

In the house of Emerson, too, for two years, lived Thoreau, invited thither to board and work when he chose, on condition that he should teach Emerson gardening and fruit-culture. A wonderful pair, digging in the garden there—Emerson with his feet already on the ladder of fame, Thoreau still at its foot, but with the fire of the gods already in him. Little wonder, with so many men of minds about, that a clique should start; that it should be somewhat sneeringly named by those without—and with some little appropriateness—"Transcendentalist"; that a magazine, "The Dial," should be launched; that a mania for plain living and high thinking should be a feature of the time and the place.

There was started, too, the famous Saturday Club in Boston, to which Emerson went down regularly to meet Longfellow, Dana, Dwight, and some of those mentioned above.

Many as were Emerson's friends, however, and greatly as he was admired, he speaks frequently of his inability to come really close to people. His differences in religious opinion kept him aloof from some, for he never would argue things out, and so meet men on common ground. Of him, a popular preacher of the time said, "Mr. Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made; there is a screw loose in the machinery somewhere, yet I cannot tell where it is, for I never heard it jar. He must go to Heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of the Hebrew grammar."

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but he had to tell her, gently, as was his wont, that this was impossible.

He wrote, however, many letters, rare letters, even in that time of remarkable letter-writing, and with pen in hand he could partly break down the barriers which he so detested.

For some time Margaret Fuller was editor of "The Dial." Emerson succeeded her, then Theodore Parker, but before many years the little magazine gasped out its last breath. The ordinary populace had no especial liking for the Transcendentalists, and a magazine cannot survive without subscription lists.

Emerson now began to write books, while still continuing his lectures on almost every subject under the sun—biography, literature, history, art, morals, politics and philosophy. In 1836 he published his "Nature," but in twelve years only 500 copies were sold. The essay, however, met with the approval of Carlyle, and in so far as its author must have considered it a triumph.

Emerson's method of working was to write every morning, giving the afternoon up to reading, entertaining friends, and meditation out upon the hills. He was, indeed, no follower of the thought of others, but he read for the stimulus of suggestion. He believed that a writer or thinker must not be tied too much to books, yet he was impatient of the self-made men whose "originality rests on their ignorance." He would think along his own lines, but he would not be ignorant of the thoughts and accomplishments of others.

In 1837 he gave the Phi Beta Kappa speech on the "American Scholar," which Mr. Lowell considered "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals," and not long afterwards he gave the address to the Divinity students at Cambridge, Mass., for which he was so severely criticised. He did not retract, and took the criticism calmly. "Society has no bribe for me," he declared, "neither in politics, nor church, nor college, nor city." And again: "Let me never fall into the vulgar mistake of dreaming that I am persecuted whenever I am contradicted." He was, at this time, as a matter of fact, in advance of the ultra-Puritanical ideas of a time. As the years went on, thought advanced in his direction, and then the university which had regarded him askance made haste to do him honor.

In the same year, 1837, he incurred some more criticism for an address on slavery, which was scarcely fervent enough to suit the prevailing sentiments of New England. He heartily endorsed, however, Lincoln's subsequent course.

When the famous Brook Farm and Fruitlands experiments were made—intended to be ideal communities of co-operating and congenial souls—he declined to have anything to do with them; the individuality of the ordinary farmer appealed to him more strongly than this Hyleon Hall idea. "Why should not the philosopher realize in his daily labor," he says, "his high doctrine of self-trust? Let him till the fruitful earth under the glad sun, and write his thought on the face of the ground with hoe and spade. Let him thus become the fellow of the poor, and show them by experiment that poverty need not be. Let him show that labor need not enslave a man more than luxury; that labor may dwell with thought. A farm is a poor place to get a living by, in the common expectation. But he who goes thither in a generous spirit, with the intent to lead a man's life, will find the farm a proper place. He must join with it simple diet and the annihilation by one stroke of his will of the whole nonsense of living for show. He must take ideas, instead of customs. He must make the life more than meat, and see, as has been greatly said, that the intellectual world meets man everywhere."

In 1846 he went, on invitation, to give a lecturing tour in Great Britain. Everywhere, now, he was received with the greatest consideration. Men of letters and members of the nobility hastened to do him honor. Again he visited Carlyle, now at Chelsea, London. He heard Colclough, Bright

and Fox speak; was the guest of Dr. Brown, and met "Christopher North" (Prof. Wilson), Lord Jeffrey, the artist David Scott, Mrs. Combe, daughter of the famous Sarah Siddons; Sir William Hamilton, Harriet Martineau, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Bunsen, Hallam, Disraeli, Clough, Froude, Wilberforce, Dickens, Tennyson, and many others of that brilliant period.

De Quincy he speaks of as "A very gentle old man, speaking with the greatest deliberation and softness, and so refined in speech and manners as to make quite indifferent his extremely plain and poor dress." Carlyle was now "an awful talker," throwing "sneers and scoffs in every direction." Wordsworth he found "full of talk on French news, bitter old Englishman he is; on Scotchmen, whom he contemns; on Gibbon, who cannot write English; on Carlyle, who is a pest to the English tongue; on Tennyson, whom he thinks a right poetic genius, though with some affectation." So much for Wordsworth on his contemporaries.

Of Tennyson, Emerson says: "I was contented with him at once. Carlyle thinks him the best man in England to smoke a pipe with, and used to see him much; had a place in his little garden on the wall, where Tennyson's pipe was laid up."

Although Emerson's lectures did not, in Britain, draw a great, popular audience, a select few seem to have attended them regularly. He speaks of Barry Cornwall, and Lyell, of Lord Morpeth, and the Duchess of Sutherland, as his auditors, and of Carlyle making "loud Scottish Covenant gruntings of laudation, or at least of consideration, when anything strikes him, to the edifying of the attentive vicinity." He speaks, also, of Leigh Hunt, Arthur Helps, and Rowland Hill.

From England he went to Paris, where everyone was wearing the revolutionary red, and profited by the little excursion.

After his return to America, the drying up of all sources of income either by lectures or essays, during the great civil war, threatened him with severe pecuniary straits for a time. He had now a family, and his liberal housekeeping, with his house open to all comers, had prevented the laying away for a rainy day. The period was, however, safely weathered.

Regarding his personality at this time, when at the height of his powers, the opinion of two illustrious people may be interesting. "There is a vague nobleness and thorough sweetness about him," wrote Harriet Martineau, "which move people to their very depths, without their being able to explain why. The logicians have an incessant triumph over him, but their triumph is of no avail. He conquers minds, as well as hearts, wherever he goes, and, without convincing anybody's reason of any one thing, exalts their reason, and makes their minds of more worth than they ever were before."

John Burroughs, who saw him when visiting West Point Academy with a Board, says: "My attention was attracted to this eager, alert, inquisitive farmer, as I took him to be. When, on going home at night, I learned that Emerson was on that Board of visitors, I knew at once that I had seen him, and the thought kept me from sleep." Burroughs met him next day, and adds: "I shall never forget his serene, unflinching look."

In 1867 Emerson was chosen orator on Phi Beta Kappa day at Cambridge, now as the foremost man of letters of his day in New England. In 1866 he received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard, and in 1870 was invited to give a course of university lectures at Cambridge, Mass. In 1872 his house was burned down. He had been failing in health, and the worry aggravated the trouble. Immediately his townsmen and admirers collected a gift of \$12,000, and pressed upon him another trip to Europe. He finally assented, and marks among the events on this tour a meeting with M. Taine in Paris, hearing Ruskin lecture in London.