tune to hear them. The exquisite charm of his manner, the purity and occasional quaintness of his language, the melody of his voice, the originality and freshness of his criticisms, all combined to make these lectures as delightful as they were instructive. They were the first introduction of many to the masterpieces of Italian art. Foreign travel was not so common then as now, and it was much to those who knew of Europe little save what they had gathered from books to listen to the recital of an original and enthusiastic observer willing to talk so familiarly, yet so finely and intelligently, of what he had seen. Upon one occasion, in a country town, he took a good deal of pains to illustrate and enliven the lecture by getting together a number of paintings and prints, and to hear him discourse of the Venus de Medicis—"the marble lady" as he called her—while he pointed out her position in The Tribune, almost reconciled one to the fortune which had denied him a sight of such an enchanting production. One who, then a boy, for the first time drank in the living words of a man of genius, and found them more vital than the books which he had been for a little while devouring, now that so many years of varied fortune have gone by, as he pens this inadequate reminiscence, recalls these evenings as nights almost of the gods, and ranks them with the compensations which make life tolerable.

In 1834 Mr. Emerson delivered in Boston, and perhaps in other places, a series of biographical lectures on Michael Angelo, Milton, Luther, George Fox and Edmund Burke. Those upon Michael Angelo and Milton have been published in the *North American Review*. This year Mr. Emerson also read a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge. In 1835 he fixed his residence at Concord, Mass., where he bought the well-known house in which he passed the greater part of his life. During the winter he delivered ten lectures on English Literature, and these were followed by twelve lectures in 1836 on the Philosophy of History, by ten lectures on Human Culture in 1837, by ten on Human Life in 1839, by ten on the Present Age in 1839, and by seven lectures on The Times in 1841. Since that period he delivered several courses of lectures in Boston, and in 1880 he read before the Concord Lyceum his one hundredth lecture. The Salem (Mass.) Lyceum can boast that he lectured before it for forty consecutive seasons, and was always warmly welcomed. There was a magnetism in him which made those who heard him once eager to hear him again. He visited all parts of the country for the purpose of lecturing, and even extended his circuits to California.

Mr. Emerson published in 1836 his essay, or prose poem, entitled "Nature," which was written at Concord, in the Old Manse of his grandfather, Dr. Ripley. This book was but a thin and unpretending volume, but no folio ever attracted more the attention of a small and thoughtful class. As a book-selling speculation it was hardly successful, for it is said that it required twelve years to sell an edition of 500 copies. Many readers found it difficult of comprehension—more than would find it so now, when Emerson's methods of expression are more familiar and less cabalistic. Then people of excellent reputation for sense and culture shook their heads and declared that they could not understand it. "I don't," said Jeremiah Mason, a hard-headed old advocate, "but my daughters do." Gleaming through the mysticism of this poem there were occasional passages of great beauty, with frequent examples of those felicities of expression and delicacies of phrase in which none of Emerson's writings are wanting. Idealism was a new thing then, even to American thinkers; but it was felt that this was a fresh and original contribution to American literature, worthy of welcome, and not to be neglected because of its novelty, and it secured for its writer, if he cared for such following, a small but earnest band of disciples who found or professed to find strength and courage in such teaching and a relief from the tedium of commonplace and conformity.

It is not remarkable that after the publication of such a book Mr. Emerson was often called upon to speak before the literary societies at college anniversaries. Among the orations so delivered may be mentioned his address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge in 1837 entitled "The American Scholar"; his address to the senior class of the Cambridge Divinity School in 1838, which gave rise to much discussion more or less sensible; and his "Method of Nature." In 1840 began the publication of *The Dial*, a quarterly review published in Boston. Of this Miss Margaret Fuller was at first the Editor, and among the contributors, besides Emerson, were A. Bronson Alcott, William Henry Channing, Theodore Parker and George Ripley. The publication was continued for four years. During the last two years of its existence it was under the supervision of Mr. Emerson. It was accepted as the organ of the new or "transcendental" philosophy, contained much that was admirable though caviare to the multitude, and was sharply criticised and even ridiculed by many who were hardly fit judges of its purpose and performance. In this periodical the "Orphic Sayings" of Mr. Bronson Alcott first appeared, and they served to strengthen the character for obscurity which, in spite of many admirable papers, this miscellany had acquired. Mr. Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," speaks of *The Dial* as "the quarterly utterance of a small fraternity of scholars and thinkers who had so far outgrown the recognized standard of orthodox opinion in theology and philosophy as to be compelled by the vague, awkward terminology of this stammering century as transcendentalists." Mr. Greeley thought that the circulation of *The Dial* never reached 2,000 copies, and that it hardly averaged 1,000. The smaller estimate is probably over-liberal.

In 1841 Mr. Emerson collected and published the first, and in 1844 the second, series of his "Essays." In 1846 appeared a volume of his "Poems." Some of them reprinted from *The Dial*. Some of them, we write, perhaps, during his earlier years, are almost entirely free from the mystical and recondite character of his later metrical pieces, and have a grace, music and quaintness of thought, feeling and expression which are all their own. Several of these poems have become very familiar to the reading public, especially "The Humble Bee," Each in All," and "A Threnody." As a poet, Mr. Emerson is safe from comparison with others. Apart from a slight flavor of early English writers, an occasional reminiscence of Cowley or of the poets of the Shakespearean era, these verses are thoroughly self-produced and original. In spite of their occasionally abstract character, many of them have a pleasant flavor and a music which arrests and sets in the ear. There is about them an air of easy negligence which it will not do to attribute to a lax rapidity of composition. Often there is found in them the natural but indescribable grace of the Greek idyl. Nature is once more natural—the reader feels her breath, recognizes her melody and wonders why he has not before been cognizant of all these fine things. This is to be said of Mr. Emerson at his best as a lyrical poet. Often, it must be admitted, he is hard to understand and torments the reader with the incomprehensible upon which so much melody seems to have been wasted. By the readers of the next age he will be regarded, perhaps, as we now regard Donne, Cowley, or Henry More, or John Norris—as one who might have written poetry on a larger scale and in a more popular way, if his Muse had not been fastidious and careless of plaudits.

In 1847 Mr. Emerson revisited England for the purpose of delivering a series of lectures before "mechanics' institutes and other societies. To readers there he was already well known, his miscellaneous addresses having been reprinted collectively in London in 1844. In 1849 he brought together in one volume entitled "Miscellanies" his "Nature" and nine lectures and college addresses. His "Representative Men," a series of lectures, appeared in 1850, and it is perhaps one of the most frequently read of his works. To the "Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," published in 1852, he made a critical contribution. "His 'English Traits,'" another book which is comparatively a favorite with the public, was published in 1856; "The Conduct of Life," in 1860; "May Day and other Pieces," in 1867; and "Society and Solitude," in 1870. A revised edition of his "Prose Works Complete" was issued in 1869. Mr. Emerson also published "Parnassus: A Choice Collection of Poetry, with an Introductory Essay" (1874), and in 1877 an essay on "Perpetual Forces," a characteristic paper, presenting a remarkable illustration of the peculiar qualities of the author's genius and his intellectual habits and methods. "It soul men," wrote Mr. Ripley, "a curious combination of homely plainness of speech and singular refinement of thought. The practical sense of the man of affairs, the wisdom of the philosopher and the fancy of the poet are equally conspicuous in its pages." Following this appeared "The Fortunes of the Republic," an address delivered in behalf of the effort to save the Old South Church in Boston from destruction, March 30, 1878. In a review of this address, published in The Tribune, Dr. Ripley wrote:

Mr. Emerson's subtle idealism is never seen in a more attractive light than when applied to the elucidation of practical subjects. His keenness of thought preserves him from the illusions of the senses, while his perceptions of reality afford a safeguard against the audacious flights of speculation. Few living writers possess a wider or more varied range of observation, and none surpass him in the aptness of his conclusions from the facts of experience. In the present discourse, Mr. Emerson exercises in his serene and quiet way the existing condition of public affairs; without the slightest tendency to the spirit of boasting, he takes a cheerful survey of the accomplishments of the past, and a hopeful view of the prospects of the future; offering a series of healthy suggestions which are none the less available because bearing the stamp of profound wisdom. . . . Mr. Emerson's prophecies of the fortunes of the Republic are based on his conviction of the permanence, the supremacy and the benignity of universal laws. . . . In his cheerful faith, he finds that trade and government will not be the favored aims of mankind. Every useful, every elegant art, the height of reason, the noblest affection, the purest religion, will make their home in our institutions and write our laws for the benefit of man.

His last essay, "The Superlative," appeared in *The Century* for February, 1882.

Mr. Emerson was married twice. His first wife was Miss Ellen Louisa Tucker, of Boston, who died in 1831 a few years after her marriage. By his second wife Lidian Jackson, of Plymouth, Mass., he had three children, two daughters and one son, Edward Waldo, who was graduated at Harvard College in 1866, and afterward studied medicine. Of the daughters, Edith married Mr. William H. Forbes, of Milton, Mass.; the elder, Ellen, is unmarried.

Mr. Emerson's life at Concord was that of the patriarch of the village, which has recognized him as one of the most useful and public-spirited of its citizens, as well as one of the most lovable of the several distinguished men whose fame has made that otherwise historical locality widely known in a different way. He was the friend not only of Alcott and Thoreau and Hawthorne, all his townsmen, but of the plain farmers of the vicinage. He was the promoter of all wise schemes for the public good, ready upon all occasions to take a part in public meetings; and notwithstanding his studious habits his was a constant and intelligent interest in all public affairs. When he returned from Europe with his daughter in 1873, the children of the public schools of Concord gathered at the railway station with many citizens and a band of music, to greet him. A procession escorted him to his home, which had been partially destroyed by fire before his departure and was rebuilt during his absence. There it was a triumphal arch bearing the word "Welcome." Under this and between the lines of children, Mr. Emerson entered his home. Mr. Emerson always had the felicitous faculty of creating an affectionate personal interest, though no man was ever more radically unlearned in the arts by which popularity is won.

His interest in the social affairs of home Mr. Emerson extended to the political affairs of the whole country. Whenever a question of humanity or progress was mooted, he was sure to be found upon the right side, his rare common sense equalling the zeal of others, while he lent something of a poetic charm to the most prosaic details. "He has never," says Colonel T. W. Higginson, "held himself aloof like Goethe from the public agitations of his time, but has always practically recognized the truth of his own formula, 'To-day is a king in disguise.'" He was with the early abolitionists when it was something to risk something of position and of public reputation. In 1844 he gave a remarkable address on the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. He, like his brother, the much lamented Charles Emerson, stood firmly for free thought and free speech in Boston at a time when both were sorely assailed by the timid proslavery conservatism of that city. Harriet Martineau, in her autobiography, tells how bravely Waldo Emerson stood by her when Boston good society ostracised her for attending an anti-slavery meeting in 1836. "He told me," says the lady, "that he did not see that there was any particular thing for him to do about slavery then; but when in coaches or steamboats or anywhere else he saw people of color ill-used, or heard bad sentiment or doctrine propounded, he did what he could and what he thought right. He also signed the call for the first "National Woman's Rights Convention" in 1850. He was one of the founders of a social club in Boston, and even took part in the arrangements for eating and drinking, insisting upon them when it was proposed that none should be made. Never was philosopher with more catholic regard for the comfort, the happiness and the liberty of all, or with a more genial toleration for thought which was not his, and which he might not accept. He had a way of speaking plainly sometimes, but never sharply or ill-naturedly; if he did not wish to talk with a man or woman, he pleasantly said so, and that was an end of the matter. "I do not wish to hear you talk—I had rather go to bed," he once said to a wealthy gentleman whose guest he was at the time. It was impossible to be offended, for he made it understood past controversy that his own way was the only way for himself, into whatever paths others pleased to wander, whether aimlessly or otherwise. Some of his sayings had a curt epigrammatic turn worthy of an old pleasant philosopher. "I perceive that you are still floundering in the mud of dialectics," was all the remark which he vouchsafed to a young man who had undertaken to "prove" something to him. When Walt Whitman's first and rather free poems were published, Mr. Emerson said of them: "They have a physical squint"—a summing up and settlement of the subject at a stroke. His taste, truth and good-nature were equally indomitable. Though he had something of the separate atmosphere of the recluse about him, his life, as has been intimated, was far from being cloistered. Alcott said of him: "He, if any, must have taken the census of the admirable people of his time, numbering as many among his friends as most living Americans." He cheerfully undertook his share of public work; he was an Overseer of Harvard College, which made him an LL.D. in 1866; and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the American Philosophical Society, and the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was proposed as Rector of the University of Glasgow, and was called to be an examiner of the West Point Military Academy. Those who studied him best—thought that they saw in him something of the shrewd common sense of Franklin. Dreamy as he was, he was not a man likely to be overreached. When he went to England to lecture he made a good bargain, and was sure of his money before he was sailed; when he came back, his estimate of English character and manners was as homely as it was true. People, indulging in the foolish habit of tacking an old great name to a new great one, called him the American Montaigne. He had all the homely perception of the Frenchman's shrewdness and dislike of pretence, his studious habits and love of the country, his naturalness and practical insight—enough perhaps to justify this hasty parallel; but for obvious reasons it was impossible to carry it far.

The personal appearance of Mr. Emerson was singularly prepossessing. The present writer remembers him when he had hardly passed the period of youthful beauty—when as he came up the street it was impossible for the boy not to stop-playing to bow to him—a salute which as a matter of course he was good enough to return. He was so winning in the pulpit, when he was "reverend" and preached instead of lectured, and it was so plainly that he should ever utter a word in a less cleanly and unconnected place. His voice secured at once the hearer's confidence—nothing could be finer than his tones or the elocution, which was half stately and half careless, and though colloquial full of dignity and air of reserve which became him exceedingly. To the last his figure is reported to have been erect and his step firm, the chief sign of his numerous years being a falling-off in his powers of memory. The man who said "Of immortality the soul when well employed is incurious" must have waited for the end with perfect calmness and self-possession, certain that "immortality will come to such as are fit for it."

Such is a sketch of the life of a man who not only exercised a marked influence upon the intellectual culture of this country, but who is one of a group of distinguished whom the public is accustomed to class together, for no better reason, perhaps, than because they were friends and some of them neighbors. There was a literary colony at Concord, but it can hardly be said that there was a Concord school—not even the fraternal relations of the Brook Farm Association could make the poets, reformers, philosophers constituting it alike nor did they care to be. But the public, which was not nice and was hardly well-informed enough to make critical distinctions, called them all Transcendentalists. Whatever was odd or strange in opinion or speech was set down as Transcendental; and therefore incomprehensible, if not ridiculous and unworthy of consideration. It may surprise some to be told that Mr. Emerson was not a Transcendentalist at all—at least, was not so regarded by those best versed in the Kantian system. Indeed, it has been judiciously remarked that he was not a metaphysician or philosopher and that "the actual traits of his character clearly rank him among poets or literary men." He was anything but a man of system. His warmest admirers have found in him what Mr. Higginson calls "a tantalizing fragmentariness." He was never afraid of contradicting himself, and he deemed consistency to be "the vice of little minds." To speak the thought of to-day was enough for him, with no fear that the thought of to-morrow may contradict it. This fidelity to his best intuitions made Tyndall regard him as "a profoundly religious man really undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present or prospective; one by whom scientific perceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world."

"Emerson," wrote Miss Martineau to her friend Atkinson in 1847, "is engaged (lecturing) deep at present, but hopes to come to Ambleside by and by. He is free if any man is." She adds in her autobiography: "Mr. Emerson did come. . . . It was a great pleasure to me to have for my guest one of the most honored of my American hosts, and to find him as full as ever of the sincerity and serenity which had inspired me with so cordial a reverence twelve years before." "Sincerity and serenity" is a comprehensive phrase, but the warmest admirers of Mr. Emerson would think it incomplete unless they were permitted to add "sweetness" to it.

Several of Mr. Emerson's works have been translated into foreign languages; into French by M. Em. Montegut and M. X. Eyma, and into German by several hands. An interesting essay upon his genius by Herman Grimm is spoken of. His works have been frequently reprinted in London, and particularly in Bohn's Library.

Mr. Emerson outlived most of his old associates in that literary work which made the period from 1830 to 1850 notable and the effect of which we are still feeling in many succeeding years. He follows Hawthorne and Ripley and Margaret Fuller and Thoreau and his brothers Charles and William—of that earnest society of West Roxbury Alcott remains almost alone. If all the contributions of those men to American literature are considered as unwritten, it will be understood how valuable these are. Still more valuable will appear if taken into account the spirit which they have excited, the tastes which they have fostered, the purposes which they have strengthened; and all the culture and all the wise life which was called, however improperly, American Transcendentalism.

It is stated upon the authority of Mr. Alcott that a biography of Mr. Emerson will be prepared by an intimate friend, a Boston gentleman of literary reputation, who has been engaged for about two years, with the assistance of Mr. Emerson and his family, in gathering and arranging the material. On the 22d of May, 1880, *The Literary World* (Boston) devoted the greater part of its pages to tributes to Emerson in the shape of poems by Margaret J. Preston, Lucy Larcom, William S. Shurtleff, Rose Terry Cooke, Charlotte Fiske Bates, W. L. Shoemaker, Paul H. Hayne and Hiram Rich, and prose articles by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, Colonel T. W. Higginson, the Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, Walt Whitman, George William Curtis, George W. Cooke and others. The closing words were these from Whittier: "No living poet of the English-speaking tongue has written verses bearing more distinctly than his the mark of immortality. In his prose works all must recognize the keen insight, wisdom, fine sense of humor, large tolerance, and love of nature in her simplest as well as grandest aspects—an inimitable combination of practical sagacity, profound reflection and mystical intuition." Extracts from some of the other articles in *The Literary World* are given herewith.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EMERSONIAN.

A LETTER FROM JOHN ALBEE—EMERSON'S INFLUENCE UPON HIS PUPILS AND UPON THE WORLD OF READERS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The men whose youth fell in the decade preceding the civil war, and who read books, especially poetry, were immensely moved on first reading Emerson. The feeling we then had, and the manner in which we variously expressed it, would even now, in the completion of his life and fame, seem exaggerated to the world, as, indeed, it does to ourselves. It was the happy time when comparisons are not made, when we admire without criticism, and are wholly possessed by the spirit of imitation. There were very few of us who did not catch the style of his sentences, and his ideas immediately became our own. They were reproduced on a hundred occasions, and we felt a deep, heartfelt pride in our superiority. Some endeavored to form their lives upon his ideals, not unsuccessfully; others to dip their pens in his inkstand, with the usual catastrophe. The ease with which his name lent itself to an adjective—Emersonian—was a great comfort and convenience to our critics; to define the term was more than they, or perhaps, could do. When buried at us we felt it meant something opprobrious; but when reading Emerson's books, there was an exalted mood that no epithet was good enough for. Thus our defensive position was difficult to hold, and we became more or less concealed and silent, except with sympathizers. I remember to have had a dog's life for some time among my friends when it became known that I was an Emersonian. I knew they were ignorant of the contents of Emerson's books; yet I felt conscious of something not quite respectable and permitted. One learns later that innocent and sensitive persons can easily be made to feel guilty; and, in New-England at least, we have been made to feel so long, as having that something was sinful that it has grown into a morbid sensibility to opinion.

It was, however, for many such prisoners that Emerson found a release. He freed us from the control of some theological tenets and led us to the simply moral elements of the universe. I think one of Emerson's chief services to his countrymen is, and will continue to be, in untangling the connection between forms of religion and morals, in once more planting prostrate man upon his feet and in revealing to him the moral beauties and dignities of life. No matter what his topic, he everywhere reaches that conclusion. There is this thread through his most illogical pages. This central unity may escape some of his readers. Indeed, if, in general, it may be answered to literary objections that when Emerson is not a poet, he is a prophet, and, as such, is amenable to the canons which govern deliverances of that kind. It is perhaps too early to pronounce whether their form is a style or a mannerism. A genuine style never wearies; time, therefore, and many generations of readers must settle this question. Tastes change, as much and as often in literature as in other things, and with most surprising rapidity in our time; but there is something, we will not even call it a taste, which does not change. It is the perception of beauty—beauty in whatever form, that which reaches as deep as the moral sentiment. There is much in Emerson's mode of expression which of itself challenges attention. When the elevation; it goes, like a bird, from one tree-top to another, or as the gods talk around the Olympian peaks. It is too lofty; one gasps and longs to touch the ground. Goethe, of all modern writers, best knows how, in this respect, to manage the capricious dispositions of modern readers. But with Emerson one never sees anything less than a vision, hears no speech less than the voice of the thing; you have, in that, the Over Soul. All is in distance, a vast perspective, lined with majestic figures of men and women as they would be if they but knew their own worth, and at the end a lofty temple consecrated to the moral sentiments.

In reading "English Traits" I cannot divest myself of the feeling that I am reading of a people much further off than England, and in no way related to our time or country; they seem as distant, and, in truth, as dead, as Greeks or Romans, with such a cool, remote and contemplative pencil does he paint them. Is it his imagination that produces this effect, or that he sees things never before disclosed, and thus the illusion of distance and unfamiliarity? But we all, in the days of our youth, saw everything—as soon as Mr. Emerson had seen it for us. Our experience was precisely similar to his own with Montaigne. He says, in one of the few revelations of his own intellectual history, that when he first read Montaigne, he felt as if he had written the book. So we felt when we read Emerson, and often quoted. Long afterward I heard a religious enthusiast say that if some one had not written the New Testament he should, and I understood him, though he was laughed at and called crazy. Often as this feeling happens to the sympathetic reader in later life, nothing can outwear the memory of the first youthful experience of it and every dear to memory is the volume, and venerated the writer, at whose fires we have lighted our own little torch. There was in all this the usual amount of self-deception and illusion. Emerson shot many an arrow beyond our ken; some of which, perhaps, it may require several ages to come up with; but we beheld the superb flight, and thought we could see the mark, for youth is both confident and credulous. This faith kept and still keeps some of us steady in our allegiance to the Emersonian insights. Having had such good luck in finding an interpretation for some of our aspirations, we expected to come up with all in due time. We believed in all of Emerson's disciples, if you will, in his disciples. We thought with Gautier that "Genius is always right; whatever it invents exists." We listened to all he said with a certain haunting expectation, seldom disappointed; and it must be confessed for a time we narrowed our world by having no ear for anyone else. So that we appreciated heartily the witticism of a gentle-man who, arriving just too late to hear Emerson's famous Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, in 1867, remarked that it was better to miss Emerson than to hear anybody else!

Emerson has been a liberal education to a large number of men and women for nearly two generations. One can only conjecture whether young men and women to-day are reading him with the enthusiasm of those who read thirty years ago, and under a certain ban which made it all the more intoxicating. For some time past Emerson has been in fashion. It is doubtful whether an author who is in fashion has after all so deep an influence as one who has gained the concentrated and almost passionate devotion of a few readers. Ah, the critics will say, this is the conceit of the obscure and unrecognized. But I say for their comfort and enlightenment that this very narrow but ardent following is what causes the enlargement of the circle and is the slow but triumphant progress to an immortality of fame. It is certainly true that Emerson was once considered dangerous reading, that we who followed him suffered under contempt from some, under reproach and under suspicion from others. But it seems to be doubtful, in some form or other, if any of these not acquainted with Emerson come nearly all, and that we are now justified and compensated. We now belong in the majority, but it has come over to us, and how can we help a little feeling of pride and victory? The honors that have been paid to Darwin and will be paid to Emerson show the wonderful growth, or at least change, of opinion.

I have said that readers of poetry were especially prepared for welcoming Emerson's writings, the earliest of which were in prose. Poetry emancipates young men from their natural inward and outward limitations; it opens to them a spiritual world, and attaches them to truth and beauty. But more than all, it quickens the latent intellectual life, by putting into choice phrase and melodious sound much which they have imagine themselves to have felt, thought and already lived through. It excites and establishes a relation between their own incipient consciousness and that of the united mind, and lays the foundations of culture. Now, Emerson's prose is much like poetry, wants but the wide margins and capital letters. It has all the surprises of good verse; it is rhythmical, episodical, sometimes superb, sometimes homely or graceful, and rarely strays from its theme. He is thinking over what the poet thought and imagines that in some glorious moments. He seems to whisper, "I am merely the organ; the idea is yours." The temptation then was great, among young men, to try to find expression for themselves; it turned out to be merely repetition, for the present; not only the style, but the thoughts, are unapproachable. The trade-mark could not be erased and another substituted. However, Mr. Lowell has sufficiently satirized the imitators of Emerson. It is sufficient to say of this essay that the young men are strongly reminded how that Emerson himself was strongly imitated from the initiative style, and even from the sturdiness of the thought, and the latter inspired many. The greatest genius is the most indebted man. An aptitude for assimilation is one form of genius, often mistaken for imitation and plagiarism by those whose material is that there is, and can be, no more material than there ever was, and that art alone endures.

> "The bust outlasts the throne,
> The coin, Tiberius."

Emerson's poetry was more difficult to imitate than his prose; yet they are so essentially alike, in tone and thought, that whoever likes one will be apt to like the other. He is not, I think, that much poetry is all the young men who admired his writing themselves either wrote or soon began to write poetry. Here a man finds his true level; he may be equal to the thought, but not to the verse. Here is a man's strength, but in these bursts of contemplative appreciation; but even the better attempts to produce he finds himself truly empty. He discovers that it is no more tresemble the best of Emerson's writings not to be actively present when he is reading work of the creative imagination than letters transcending all the strategic literature. No, they have become a poet. The poet is not a disciple, though he pass through a period of discipleship. There were many such who were very much indebted to Emerson, to more occasions, and to some who were not. Many paths must be tried that some may be abandoned. Some of the Emersonian disciples have struggled in with the Muse and have added to the music of the world; but I sure I struggled and bound it, and must became silent even before entering into active life.

There has never been made a thorough study of Emerson's poetry. People do not read it as much as they should. The few are ardent lovers of it; among them Professor Tyndall. It rarely touches the common elements of the poetic domain; lived to poetic poets. It is hardly popular; but it does have wisdom, reflection, beautiful perceptions, clear, classic and often perfect expression, notions. Once read, it remains in the memory with the sweetest and best. His poems repeat a great deal which is in the essays in another form. Emerson's was the voice of poets that was just a little peculiar; he loved all that we all love, and a little beside. I believe he was fond of some books of poetry which he would never have been called a great poet. His poetry is a virile poetry, a pretty generous welcome to everything which called itself verse. This was probably due to his habit of seeing in all a picture of his own, and praise the things that, but very little conscious recognition of the work of others, and his open, liberal praise and faith in it. I think no one ever a renewed confidence in his own poetical powers.

In his selection of poetry, entitled "Parnassus," which gives one, on a cursory glance, nothing very distinctive; but proving more carefully one finds here and there the strangest and most unexpected preferences of the poetical proclivities. I remember a mild epigram on this feature of the collection:

> "Some bards are here and some are not,
> Either known or sure forgot;
> But you can name some bards unknown
> Save to themselves and Emerson.
> Their heavy feet as if inhaled
> Blundered and not seen on Mount Parnassus."

The books a man likes are of a piece with the rest of his proclivities. Emerson was a wide, miscellaneous reader, but had an eagle eye for what pleased him, and it took him. His quotations are as striking as the text. It may be that if true poetry, hitherto almost unknown, more magnificently chosen and set in such royal position as that one who chanced upon it might well exclaim:

> "It I sink, 'tis but to another sea."

His quotations incited to good reading, since they could only be duplicated in the best books of all ages and countries. Coming to them one found he had often appropriated the only nugget. And since both he and Thoreau found close at hand much that was admirable, the great in the little, the universe in the Concord microcosm, it grew to be rather the fashion among the Transcendentalists to hunt the obscure and overlooked ones among the literati of every age. I know not how many great but unknown geniuses arrived and departed each year at Concord, but it was no bad practice. Although those who care that could not come wrote! We were no nearer nearer nearer nearer to him than if in the flesh. A pilgrimage alone, or in companies. He received, us with all and with his untailing suavity and deference. His manner toward young men was wonderfully flattering; it was as if they brought some high solution or ruler of the world-problem was now finally to be solved and we were the bearers (Œdipuses) for whom he had been waiting. Burning with this all of what we had locked up in our bosoms, and which we thought it would be so easy to say, silence and vacuity benumbed us on arriving in the presence of the poet and prophet. But his magnanimous spirit soothed and reassured us; and to the little we brought he added a full store, inserting a gold cup into our coarse sacks of common grain, so that we returned to our brethren with gladness and praise. Yet what disappointments he must have suffered! What trials of patience and hospitality! What self-restraints in the visits of friendly, though fatal, "devastators of the day"!

> "To try our valor, fortune sends a foe;
> To try our equanimity, a friend."

He bore all with a gentle serenity, and doubtless extracted from fools and bores some wise or witty word for his journal. The nearest he ever came to dismissing a visitor, that I have heard of, was when a strenuous Millerite called and attempted to win Emerson to his belief. Urging that the world was surely about to come to an end, Emerson replied, "Well let it go; we can get on just as well without it!"

Yes; he could do very well without it, and now he has gone to another. He has entered at length upon the uncertain experiment. But what shall we do without him? Let himself answer: Great men exist that there may be greater men.

New-York, April 27, 1882. JOHN ALBEE.

A TRIBUTE FROM BRONSON ALCOTT.

During the winter of 1877-'8 the parlors of the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, were opened on the Monday evening of each month for a symposium, conducted by the venerable Bronson Alcott. Both Mr. Cook and Mr. Alcott aimed to invite thither representative literary and professional men to participate in the discussions. On one of these occasions Mr. Alcott discoursed to crowded parlors in his easy, conversational style, on his Concord friends, living and deceased, who had been known as leaders in the Transcendental movement. The substance of his remarks on Emerson was as follows:

Emerson is our first truly American or New-England writer. Abroad he is regarded as our chief representative author, and has had a wider influence than any of his contemporaries upon our younger writers. If he is less read than other authors, he always controls his readers. It is always Emerson himself who is speaking. He is not a wide reader, and yet nothing has escaped him. He is an absorbing reader. This is always a characteristic of genius. While it borrows, it knows the sources of things. Emerson is a man of the country, and is familiar with nature. He loves solitude and knows what to do with it. He does nothing or thinks nothing which he does not put down in his journal or note-book. So in an interview with a friend or in reading a book, the best thing said or read goes into the diary. It doesn't take him long to read a book. He knows now to get the honey out of books, nature and experience. He has the eye of a New-England; and his observations go into his commonplace-books. When an idea seizes him he turns to those note-books to see if he has put it upon it. This paragraph, he says, is good for a beginning; that one is the best to close with. Once I went into his study and found him with the sheets of his commonplace-book spread out in every direction, while he was trying to gather up from them what he wanted for a lecture. These sheets are his quarry, and whenever he wants and shuffles his materials into some sort of form, he goes out to read his lecture, and tries it on people to see how it is, and when he is satisfied by actual experience that there is something in it, he sends it to press. He does not read criticisms on his writings, and while he always listens with courtesy to the advice of others, is seldom known to follow it. He writes almost as well as he talks, and cultivated society converses with him. He speaks the best English. Emerson has always been the public forty years, and may be fairly said to have made the American lecture. Emerson is the typical gentleman of this country for modesty, for grace of manner, for magnanimity, for hospitality, for friendship.

Mr. Emerson is an ethical writer. In him the Puritan type renewed, but did not take the Puritan form. His essays did not always have to put his thought into the usual forms, and so he was silent. He frequently attends the Unitarian Church, and his daughter is one of the most devoted members. Emerson is absolutely sincere in these respects. Except in one sentence in his essay on Immortality, he accepts that doctrine. He is a Christian Theist; an individualist that belongs to the church of one member. He is cosmopolitan, but his faith is in a strong man, but his writings, is very slowly received. He is unwritten. He is better than his creed. He is a man to be taken by the hand as a brother among all Christians. I have never fully sympathized with him in his attitude toward Swedenborg. There is a type of mind which does not perceive the most convictions, and Emerson has it. He is greatly beloved by the Concord people, and is universally regarded as their foremost citizen in every good work. He is a rather radical, but his writings appeal to common sense.

EMERSON AS AN OBSERVER.

By the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol.

I shall denominate him an observer; to be whole originally and indeed was, in its frenzied, Louis Agassiz's estimate of all the natural art is the eyes, though Emerson's observation was mainly in a different line from the great naturalist's sphere. Blemish in his aspect while in his perfect simplicity never two-faced, he is open—even as appears, though raised up by their stern, with its ways to nature and to the over-soul. There is a perfect balance in him of meaning and of acknowledgment. A more wonderful telescope is the man that in the Cambridge observatory, whose weight of many tons will turn to a child's touch; and his look through it, like a child's, disinterested and clear. "I am a transparent eye-ball; I am nothing; I see all," he says. His prose is a syntax with the pencil and brush, in these words painted from himself. He never gets into that instrument to obscure the object glass with that mote of egotism which is an eclipse of the sun. I dare to say he never said, It is the one great thing in my life; which, with Father Taylor, that other friend of his, is the grace of possible flight or sight? or, as the other who saw the depth within him, but is not certainly the self-made fool and the self-centred mind. He was great in all that was far or sacred, in his field of view. If Shakespeare or Goethe be the Mont Blanc, he is a neighboring aiguille, at lesser breadth, but with tower top an equal elevation. What a step or stone, of fifty years, from the day when his country started and the fair than his, in conscious honor of so great a pioneer, to the thrilling, hunted when he had the sky for a roof, and all the country around, in the Pantheon, has he lit? Ah, he has not Boston, New-England or Old England—only the civilized world—can contain it! It is an arch of humanity which man, by any bridge of poetry or prose, cannot bring to walk after him as on a bridge, as he has walked.

"THE FOUNDER OF A LITERATURE."

By Colonel T. W. Higginson.

Not the founder in a strict sense of any school, he has furnished the foundation stones for many schools. But after all his great service was in setting an example of intellectual self-reliance. He and all his compeers accomplished literary work because they had a faith in their period and their place and themselves. They did not waste time in discussing the philosophy of environment or in mourning over provincialism, but were content to render up the conditions they found and to make their provincialism classic. If what they did was not of any age but of the period, it was at least creditable to all the environment and nerve that should be a well-spent life, and have the sense of those Greeks whose criteria was not in unending chose sea:

> "Bards who died content on pleasant sward,
> Leaving great verse unto a little clan."

All the remarkable prose writers of that period in America—Emerson in his scene, Hawthorne in his lonely dreams, Poe and his excesses, Thoreau in his asceticism—belonged essentially to the same intellectual impulse, however far they may have spread in their own direction. All employed the material they had and sought no more; all showed that imaginative power of the mind and the artist's truth which was the ends of the speculative in the prologue to "Faust"; "Do but grasp into the thick of human life! Every one lives it, to few is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting." Under their influence literature itself assumed a new aspect of reality and vigor, making the dull moralities of mere scenario of prose and verse, the smooth irving suddenly seem shallow, and the purely staid treatment of Channing appear colorless and cold. A genuine and original American literature was born. It is difficult to say in case of Emerson—as if is hard with every conspicuous man—how far he is affected or caused; how far he represents, and how far he is himself. But it is certain that the true quality of influence as the final leader. The gratitude of his words usually gives the leader has time to see through. This much is certain, that an American literature there was before him and an American literature forty years ago, and not to have gained its strength from this mood and impulse of that mind. Emerson may not be the parent, but that the glory of that impulse will always be intertwined with the name of Emerson.

A POETICAL TRIBUTE.

From The Boston Herald.

Probably there is no more hearty admirer of Mr. Emerson living than the venerable Amos Bronson Alcott. For fifty-two years have the two been kindred spirits in philosophy and literature. Mr. Alcott is the senior of Mr. Emerson by three years, but he still retains the same physical and intellectual vigor he had when a quarter of a century ago. It was about ten days ago that Mr. Alcott had visited his friend, and that occasion he read to him extracts from a book of sonnets which will be issued during the current week. He said to Mr. Emerson that he would read one, and when it was read to him told to the author he suddenly expressed his pleasure in hearing it and the gentleman requested Mr. Alcott to leave the volume with him. The tribute which the sonnet paid to the distinguished scholar was as follows:

> Misfortune to have lived not knowing thee;
> 'Twere not high living, nor to noblest end,
> Who, dwelling near, watched not eclectic friend,
> Rich friendship's ornament that still doth lend
> To life its consequence and propriety;
> Thy fellowship was my culture, noble friend;
> By the hand thou took'st me, and didst condescend
> To bring me straightway into thy fair guild;
> And life-long hath it been high compliment
> By that to have been known and thy friend styled,
> Given to rare thought and good learning bent;
> Whilst in my strains an equal was yet did smile.
> Permit me, then, thus honored, still to be
> A scholar in thy university!

HIS INFLUENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

By George William Curtis.

The influence of his [*The Dial's*] Editor has been noiseless, but extraordinary. There are young men of the last generation he spoke with the same deep power as their generation. And he certainly affected Mr. Emerson's own generation to see how deeply, after Dr. Channing affected it. Mr. Emerson's own that power he has never lost, because he has always reverenced the dreams of his youth. The American scholar has no lovelier example of purifying and elevating and liberating power, and there has been no literary career the perfect sanity and serenity, and unstained purity, and unfaltering perseverance of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL CONTROVERSY.

CORTLAND, N. Y., April 27.—Dr. James H. Hoose, who was recently sustained in his position as professor in the Normal School here by the Court of Appeals, opened the school this morning with a full corps of teachers. A petition has been signed by over one thousand citizens asking for the retention of the local school board.

MR. BLAINE'S INDIGNATION.

Continued from First Page.

table between Mr. Williams, Mr. Orth and Mr. Kasson. Mr. Belmont having subsided into his chair Mr. Kasson then said in substance that, so far as the origin of the colloquy was concerned, the committee recognized the fact that Mr. Blaine's remarks were occasioned by provocation. This put to the responsibility of this disgraceful scene where it belonged. But the final touch of Tappertit was the best of all. "Yes, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Blaine, "I was very careful to use parliamentary language. I said it was untruthful and untruthful is not unparliamentary." "But it is a dangerous word, Mr. Blaine," said Mr. Tappertit, with a funeral emphasis on the word dangerous, whereat the spectators laughed again. Then Mr. Wilson asked a few unimportant questions pertinent to the investigation that had been asked in its proper time; Mr. Wilson put them respectfully, and Mr. Blaine answered them courteously, of course, and both the committee and spectators seemed relieved. The investigation had been allowed to return to the passages common among gentlemen.

There has been endless fun about the city this afternoon and evening over the idea that, when Mr. Belmont warned Mr. Blaine of the "danger" of his words and told him he should hear from him "in private," he may have had some wild and foolish notion of sending Mr. Blaine a challenge. The "Blaine-Belmont duel" has been the subject of enough jokes to fill a newspaper page; but the general opinion is that Mr. Belmont had such an intention, even when he was most angry and least sensible. It seems most likely that, if Mr. Blaine hears from Mr. Belmont "in private," it will be by way of a letter of such a character as Mr. Belmont would be apt to write. Friends of Mr. Blaine say that nothing of the kind has reached him, and would receive no notice, of course, if it should do so. By Mr. Belmont's "prompter and mentor," it is generally believed that Mr. Blaine referred to Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, Editor of *The World*.

PROCEEDINGS IN DETAIL.

WASHINGTON, April 27.—Another large audience assembled this morning in the room of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, drawn by a feeling of curiosity to witness the conflict of ideas between the late Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, and the member of the committee who had undertaken to cross-examine him, Mr. Belmont. If an exciting scene was expected, the expectation was not doomed to disappointment. It was fully realized. Both gentlemen, as they entered the room, gave evidence in their expression of countenance that they expected and were prepared for an unfriendly encounter. As usual, Mr. Blaine was accompanied by his young son, who stood by his chair throughout the session of the committee. He quietly took his seat at the committee table, interchanged salutations with members, newspaper correspondents and others, and waited for the first indications of trouble. They were not long delayed. Mr. Belmont wheeled his chair from the table, so to face Mr. Blaine more directly, consulted his note-book and opened his examination as follows:

Mr. Belmont—I see that in reply to questions yesterday asked you as to the word "unofficial," you stated that Mr. Evarts, with the letter of Mr. Fish before him, made a careful report to Congress and omitted the word "unofficial." I only wish to call your attention to the fact that Mr. Evarts did not omit the word and that Mr. Blaine's printed document with the phrase marked.)

Mr. Blaine—If you have a copy of this printed volume, which is the official publication of the State Department, you will find that Mr. Evarts does omit the word "unofficial." It is on page 640.

Mr. Belmont—That is the same letter to which I refer, and I find the word "unofficial" in it.

Mr. Blaine—I will read from Mr. Evarts's letter [reading]:

Most of the points of interest in determining the American citizenship of John C. Landreau, and his right to participate in the evidence presented by Theodore Landreau in support of his claim, whose claim was presented in an opinion submitted on the 18th of June, 1874, to the then Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, by the Examiner of Claims of the Department of State, Henry O'Connor, esq. A copy of the material part of that opinion is herewith transmitted to the committee, which, as will be observed, was transmitted in the form of the resolution. A copy of this opinion was sent by the Department on the 25th of July, 1874, to the United States Minister at Lima, Mr. Francis Thomas, who was unofficially informed, for the information of his information, as was, pursuant to the opinion of the Examiner of Claims, instructed to use his good offices in the adjustment of the claim, as also transmitted.

Mr. Belmont—You are reading one part of Mr. Evarts's letter and I was reading from another part.

Mr. Blaine—Yes; in one place Mr. Evarts uses the word, and in another place omits it, showing the utter inconsequentiality of the word.

Mr. Belmont—But what I say to-day is correct—that Mr. Evarts used the word.

Mr. Blaine—Yes; and what I said yesterday is also correct—that Mr. Evarts did not use the word.

Mr. Belmont—Then we will call it a matter of quits.

MR. BELMONT'S MISQUOTATIONS.

Mr. Blaine—Yes; and that is in accordance with what I stated yesterday; that the word was inconsequential; that in one part of the letter it was used and in another it was not.

Then, addressing the committee, Mr. Blaine said: Mr. Belmont exhausted two hours' time of the committee yesterday in travelling in a circle all the time, repeating questions six or eight or ten times over. All revolving around the fact that he made two misquotations—deliberately, palpable misquotations—from my official dispatches; and his anxiety was to establish in some direct way or other that I had been very greatly influenced by that. Now, although I have been justified by the patience, I would rather Mr. Belmont would give the patience, and I will just take notice of the whole questions in regard to the South American policy of the administration. If he wishes, he should permit to iterate and reiterate questions touching the Landreau claim in order to induce Mr. Belmont from it. Mr. Belmont must come in on what he has to ask, and not re-ask it. I will rather say that is exhausting to my patience. If Mr. Belmont has come here, he is, who, as a gentleman, Mr. Belmont, who I say that I am, frankly to expect that when he questions we should not, although I will not be in a way to ask Mr. Belmont to reduce an error in questioning me.

Mr. Belmont (the chairman interposed and said)—I desire to say to the chairman—to Mr. Belmont and Mr. Blaine as a word to Mr. Blaine—that the committee ... to the chair. To reply to very serious question upon the course and a certain conduct of the examination, Mr. Blaine is ... the questions in his own way, he is ... to exercise the duties of the examination as ... Mr. Blaine will exercise the wire of patience. [Laughter.] I believe that in pursuing that course we will be able to finish the examination much sooner than if we attempt to undertake to examine ... order of questions to the examiner.

Mr. Blaine—With this protest I am willing to submit to it.

Mr. Belmont—Of course I object to Mr. Blaine's impugning my motives.

Mr. Blaine—Of course you do object.

Mr. Belmont—Are the issues?

Mr. Blaine—What issues?

Mr. Belmont—The issues which may be raised in the examination.

Mr. Blaine—What are they? State them.

Mr. Belmont—As to what I have to ask I think I will ask at this time in the end of the examination.

Mr. Blaine—Well, go on with your questions.

Mr. Belmont—You have stated what I deem to be utterly inaccurate. I have been unwilling to place nothing in a false position. In that you will not succeed. The other day I said that your language was the fault of the printer and that your language was the construction which I gave your dispatch which I think the carcasses render may be influenced by the stump speeches you have made.

Mr. Blaine—And you are now learning to copy.

Mr. Belmont—I will not endeavor to imitate Mr. Blaine while I consider improper. The commencement of this examination this morning relieves me of all necessity of questioning, which I mentioned yesterday. I intended to observe to a man who had held the high position of Secretary of State that I myself, as a member of the committee, and as a man of good conscience, I shall examine you just in that spirit of dignity.

MR. BLAINE'S INDIGNATION.

Mr. Blaine (rising and in an indignant manner)—What do you mean?

Mr. Belmont (Also rising and in an equally indignant manner)—I mean this: That you have been before committees before this time; that you have endeavored to threaten and that—

Mr. Wilson (a member of the committee) interposed with a suggestion that they leave the floor—

Mr. Blaine—What is my purpose? This thing is intolerable. It is intolerable. The insolence of this young man is intolerable.

Mr. Belmont—You have brought it on yourself.

Mr. Blaine (contemptuously)—This is mere boy! I have no idea of being put under an insult in the ... stirring of a garbage boy in the street—not a particle more.

Mr. Wilson again interposed declaring that any such allusion as the witness had used was entirely improper and the chairman said that he hoped he could only appeal to both gentlemen to observe the proprieties of the occasion.

Mr. Belmont—Mr. Blaine has had experience before committees and is more accustomed to take a case such a fair prospect. Mr. Blaine has had experience before committees and is more accustomed to take a ... than for ... as I am aware it is not.

Mr. Blaine—I have no power to protect it.

The Chairman—Yes I have to say as representing the committee. I can only appeal to both of these eminent gentlemen to refrain, so far as possible, from all personalities. We have no one to put in jeopardy with the other of them. But personal controversies with the other of them. But personal controversies will do. Mr. Belmont will please proceed with the examination.

Mr. Belmont—That is what I intended to do at the beginning of the examination, but that Mr. Blaine has brought up the interruption.

Mr. Blaine (contemptuously)—That I have brought on this kind of your indignation upon me!

Mr. Belmont—No; but now you may call a scene.

The Chairman then again appealed to both gentlemen to proceed regularly with the examination; so Mr. Blaine turned, assuming his seat. Mr. Belmont proceeded with the examination as follows:

PUTTING INVOLVED QUESTIONS.

Mr. Belmont—Did not the resolution of the House of