

³ Though he admired Rev. William Ellery Channing (1780-1842), the American leader of liberal Unitarian Christianity, Lewis Tappan became a staunch evangelical.

⁴ Little and Brown published Ellery Channing's *Poems* that summer, with the financial support of Samuel Gray Ward.

⁵ "One who has a special interest in, or taste for, the fine arts; a student or collector of antiquities, natural curiosities or rarities, etc.; a connoisseur; freq., one who carries on such pursuits in a diletante or trifling manner" (*OED*).

⁶ In need of money after his investment in the Fruitlands experiment, Charles Lane sent with T to New York City some of the books from the collection he had brought from England, with a request to deposit them for sale at the publisher Wiley and Putnam's shop. The bookseller sold them all by early 1846. See pp. 141-142, note 1, and pp. 277-278.

Copy-text: ALS (CSmH, HM 22230)

Published: *Life* 1890, 75; "Emerson-Thoreau Correspondence," *AM* 69 (May 1892): 586-587; *FL* 1894, 92-94; *Life* 1896, 60-61; *FL* 1906, 78-80; *Magazine of History* 1915, 118; *Cor* 1958, 107-108

Editor's Notes

This letter is addressed "R. Waldo Emerson / Concord / Mass." and endorsed "H D Thoreau / May 1843". PE supplies the year "1843" following the endorsement.

luxuriant] *PE*; possibly luxurious in *MS*

Author's Alterations

them-] ~.

inhabits-] ~.

hogs] dogs

Saturday] saturday

To Helen Louisa Thoreau

May 23, 1843

Castleton Staten Island May 23^d 43.

Dear Helen,

In place of something fresher I send you the following verses from my journal, written some time ago.¹

Brother where dost thou dwell?

What sun shines for thee now?

Dost thou indeed farewell?
As we wished here below.

What season didst thou find?
'Twas winter here.
Are not the fates more kind
Than they appear?

Is thy brow clear again
As in thy youthful years?
And was that ugly pain
The summit of thy fears?

Yet thou wast cheery still,
They could not quench thy fire,
Thou didst not abide their will,
And then retire.

Where chiefly shall I look
To feel thy presence near?
Along the neighboring brook
May I thy voice still hear?

Dost thou still haunt the brink
Of yonder river's tide?^a
And may I ever think
That thou art by my side?

What bird wilt thou employ
To bring me word of thee?
For it would give them joy,
'Twould give them liberty,
To serve their former lord
With wing and minstrelsy.

A sadder strain has mixed with their song,
They've slower built their nests,

Since thou art gone
 Their lively labor rests.

Where is the finch—the thrush,
 I used to hear?
 Ah! they could well abide
 The dying year.

Now they no more return,
 I hear them not;
 They have remained to mourn,
 Or else forgot
 {*MS cut and torn*}

Correspondent: See p. 26.

¹ No version of this poem survives in T's extant Journal.

Copy-text: AL (VtMiM, Thoreau/1)

Published: FL 1894, 87-88; T: *Home* 1902, 51, 52; FL 1906, 74-75; *Cor* 1958, 108-110

Editor's Note

This letter is addressed "Miss. Helen L. Thoreau / Concord / {*MS cut and torn*}". The closing and signature were cut and torn from the manuscript; the verso of the missing portion contained part of the address.

Author's Alteration

tide?] ~,

From Giles Waldo

June 2, 1843

June 2/43

I cannot see you to-day, as Mr. Tⁿ. has gone to England.¹
 As soon as possible I will be at the Island,—but do not wait
 for me.— If you can come up, you will find me at the of-
 fice, or Franklin House, Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

Yours
 Giles Waldo.

H. D. Thoreau