

May, had moved to Concord in March 1840 after Alcott closed his Temple School in Boston. The improvident Alcott had been so deeply in debt that, in December 1840, Emerson offered to have the family move into his home for a year. Alcott declined and the family remained in their small rented Concord house.

Copy-text: ALS (NN-BGC, Henry David Thoreau Collection, 1837-1917, Series IV)

Published: "Emerson-Thoreau Correspondence," *AM* 69 (May 1892): 577n; *Cor* 1958, 44; *Letters of RWE* 1990-1995, 7:454

Editor's Notes

This letter is addressed "H. D. Thoreau"; the copy-text and the address are both in pencil.

PE supplies the date "June 3, 1841" following Tilton, who assigns the date based on Emerson's remark in a June 4, 1841, letter to Caroline Sturgis: "Mary Russell is here & Henry Thoreau, not to mention occasional flights of fanatical birds—of croaking or prophesying song" (*Letters of RWE* 1990-1995, 7:455).

From Ralph Waldo Emerson

June 7, 1841

My dear Sir,

Will you not come up to the Cliff^a this P. M. at any hour convenient^e to you where our ladies will be greatly gratified to see you & the more they say if you will bring your flute for the echo's sake; though now the wind blows.

R. W. E.

Monday

1 o'clock P. M.

Correspondent: See p. 53.

^a The southern side of Fair Haven Hill, a favorite haunt of T's.

Copy-text: ALS (NN-BGC, Henry David Thoreau Collection, 1837-1917, Series IV)

Published: *HDT* 1882, 155; *Cor* 1958, 30; *Letters of RWE* 1990-1995, 7:455-456

Editor's Notes

This letter is addressed "Mr Henry D. Thoreau".

PE supplies the date "June 7, 1841." Rusk conjectures November

12, 1838, as the date of the letter (*Letters of RWE* 1939, 2:174); Tilton, with a more elaborate and convincing argument, conjectures June 7, 1841 (*Letters of RWE* 1990-1995, 7:455-456). PE adopts the latter date on the grounds that such an outing would more likely have occurred in June than in November.

convenient] PE; con / venient in MS

To Lucy Jackson Brown

July 21, 1841

Concord, July 21, 1841.

Dear Friend:-

Don't think I need any prompting to write to you; but what tough earthenware shall I put into my packet to travel over so many hills, and thrid so many woods, as lie between Concord and Plymouth? Thank fortune it is all the way down hill, so they will get safely carried; and yet it seems as if it were writing against time and the sun, to send a letter east, for no natural force forwards it. You should go dwell in the west, and then I would deluge you with letters, as boys throw feathers into the air to see the wind take them. I should rather fancy you at evening dwelling far away behind the serene curtain of the west,- the home of fair weather,-than over by the chilly sources of the east wind.

What quiet thoughts have you now-a-days which will float on that east wind to west, for so we may make our worst servants our carriers,-what progress made from *can't* to *can*, in practice and theory? Under this category, you remember, we used to place all our philosophy. Do you have any still, startling, well moments, in which you think grandly, and speak with emphasis? Don't take this for sarcasm, for not in a year of the gods, I fear, will such a golden approach to plain speaking revolve again. But away with such fears; by a few miles of travel, we have not distanced each other's sincerity.

I grow savager and savager every day, as if fed on raw meat, and my tameness is only the repose of