

THE LETTERS OF
Emily Dickinson

Edited by
THOMAS H. JOHNSON
Associate Editor
THEODORA WARD



THE BELKNAP PRESS
of HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Cambridge, Massachusetts

1965

© Copyright, 1958, by the President and Fellows of Harvard College

© Copyright, 1914, 1924, 1932, by Martha Dickinson Bianchi

Distributed in Great Britain by Oxford University Press, London

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 58-5594

Second Printing



Designed by Burton J Jones, Jr.

Printed in the U.S.A.

Bound by Stanhope Bindery, Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

77482

THE LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON

VOLUME II

Henry Hills failed in business during the summer of 1878, and the announcement was made on 11 July. Austin took over the business to save his friend from ruin. No passage in scripture exactly matches ED's quotation. Perhaps she had in mind Romans 8.18: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

558

To Mrs. Edward Tuckermann

July 1878

Would it be prudent to subject an apparitional interview to a grosser test? The Bible portentously says "that which is Spirit is Spirit."

Go not too near a House of Rose –
The depredation of a Breeze –
Or inundation of a Dew
Alarm it's walls away –
Nor try to tie the Butterfly,
Nor climb the Bars of Ecstasy,
In insecurity to lie
Is Joy's insuring quality.

E. Dickinson –

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil.

PUBLICATION: L (1894) 382; LL 313; L (1931) 371–372, where it is dated "July, 1878," on Mrs. Tuckerman's authority.

The quotation is from John 3.6; "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (See letter no. 458.)

559

To Otis P. Lord

about 1878

[fair copy – first two pages only extant]

My lovely Salem smiles at me. I seek his Face so often – but I have done with guises.

I confess that I love him – I rejoice that I love him – I thank the maker of Heaven and Earth – that gave him me to love – the exultation

[614]

floods me. I cannot find my channel—the Creek turns Sea—at thought of thee—

Will you punish me? "Involuntary Bankruptcy," how could that be Crime?

Incarcerate me in yourself—rosy penalty—threading with you this lovely maze, which is not Life or Death—though it has the intangibility of one, and the flush of the other—waking for your sake on Day made magical with you before I went

[*rough draft of fair copy above*]

My lovely Salem smiles at me I seek his Face so often—but I am past disguises (have dropped—) (have done with guises—)

I confess that I love him—I rejoice that I love him—I thank the maker of Heaven and Earth that gave him me to love—the exultation floods me—I can not find my channel—The Creek turned Sea at thoughts of thee—will you punish it—[turn I] involuntary Bankruptcy as the Debtors say. Could that be a Crime—How could that be crime—Incarcerate me in yourself—that will punish me—Threading with you this lovely maze which is not Life or Death tho it has the intangibility of one and the flush of the other waking for your sake on Day made magical with [before] you before I went to sleep—What pretty phrase—we went to sleep as if it were a country—let us make it one—we could (will) make it one, my native Land—my Darling come oh *be* a patriot now—Love is a patriot now Gave her life for its (its) country Has it meaning now—Oh nation of the soul thou hast thy freedom now

MANUSCRIPTS: AC. Both are in pencil.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 78–81, with facsimile.

The rough draft is on a discarded envelope addressed in Lord's hand: Miss Vinnie Dickinson, /Amherst/By Mr Cooper's Kindness. (James I. Cooper was Austin Dickinson's law partner.)

The letters, and drafts and fragments of letters, to Lord were found among ED's papers after her death, and given to Mrs. Todd by Austin Dickinson (*Revelation* 1–2). It would appear that ED and Lord in time came to make a practice of writing each other weekly—or intending to do so. The intimacy of the relationship continued until his death in 1884. This letter and the four that follow are in the handwriting of about 1878. They are here grouped, since no specific time of the year is indicated in the letters.

To Otis P. Lord

about 1878

Ned and I were talking about God and Ned said "Aunt Emily—does Judge Lord belong to the Church?"

"I think not, Ned; technically."

"Why, I thought he was one of those Boston Fellers who thought it the respectable thing to do." "I think he does nothing ostensible—Ned." "Well—my Father says if there were another Judge in the Commonwealth like him, the practice of Law would amount to something." I told him I thought it probable—though recalling that I had never tried any case in your presence but my own, and that, with your sweet assistance—I was murmurless.

I wanted to fondle the Boy for the fervent words—but made the distinction. Dont you know you have taken my will away and I "know not where" you "have laid" it? Should I have curbed you sooner? "Spare the 'Nay' and spoil the child"?

Oh, my too beloved, save me from the idolatry which would crush us both—

"And very Sea—Mark of my utmost Sail"—

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. It is a fair copy.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 77–82.

To Otis P. Lord

about 1878

To beg for the Letter when it is written, is bankrupt enough, but to beg for it when it is'nt, and the dear Donor is sauntering, mindless of it's worth, *that* is bankrupter.

Sweet One—to make the bright week noxious, that was once so gay, have you quite the warrant? Also, my Naughty one, too seraphic Naughty, who can sentence you? Certainly not my enamored Heart. Now my blissful Sophist, you that can make "Dont" "Do"—though forget that I told you so, [*part of two pages cut out*]

Perhaps, please, you are sinful? Though of power to make Perdition divine, who can punish you?

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Fair copy.
PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 82.

562

To Otis P. Lord

about 1878

Dont you know you are happiest while I withhold and not confer – dont you know that “No” is the wildest word we consign to Language?

You do, for you know all things – [top of sheet cut off] . . . to lie so near your longing – to touch it as I passed, for I am but a restive sleeper and often should journey from your Arms through the happy night, but you will lift me back, wont you, for only there I ask to be – I say, if I felt the longing nearer – than in our dear past, perhaps I could not resist to bless it, but must, because it would be right

The “Stile” is God’s – My Sweet One – for your great sake – not mine – I will not let you cross – but it is all your’s, and when it is right I will lift the Bars, and lay you in the Moss – You showed me the word.

I hope it has no different guise when my fingers make it. It is Anguish I long conceal from you to let you leave me, hungry, but you ask the divine Crust and that would doom the Bread.

That unfrequented Flower

Embellish thee – (deserving be) [sheet cut off]

I was reading a little Book – because it broke my Heart I want it to break your’s – Will you think that fair? I often have read it, but not before since loving you – I find that makes a difference – it makes a difference with all. Even the whistle of a Boy passing late at Night, or the Low [?] of a Bird – [sheet cut away] Satan” – but then what I have not heard is the sweet majority – the Bible says very roguishly, that the “wayfaring Man, though a Fool – need not err therein”; need the “wayfaring” Woman? Ask your throbbing Scripture.

It may surprise you I speak of God – I know him but a little, but Cupid taught Jehovah to many an untutored Mind – Witchcraft is wiser than we –

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 83, with the first page reproduced in facsimile.

In the next to last paragraph ED recalls Isaiah 35:8: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness . . . the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

563

To Otis P. Lord

about 1878

Tuesday is a deeply depressing Day—it is not far enough from your dear note for the embryo of another to form, and yet what flights of Distance—and so I perish softly and spurn the Birds (spring) and spurn the Sun—with pathetic (dejected) malice—but when the Sun begins to turn the corner Thursday night—everything refreshes—the soft uplifting grows till by the time it is Sunday night, all my Life (Cheek) is Fever with nearness to your blissful words—(rippling words)

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Jotted on a discarded scrap of letter.
PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 94, with facsimile reproduction.
It is written on a scrap of letter from Maggie Maher.

564

To Jonathan L. Jenkins

August 1878

There would have been no smile on Amherst's Face, had she believed her Clergyman's sweet wife to be suffering, but the Paper spoke so obligingly, we thought it an accident that endeared—rather than endangered—That Sorrow dare to touch the Loved is a mournful insult—we are all avenging it all the time, though as Lowell quotes from the Stranger "Live—live even to be unkind"—

It is hard to think of our "little Friend" as a Sufferer—we—peculiarly know how hard, through our suffering Mother—but the tiniest ones are the mightiest—The Wren will prevail—

Mother asked me last Sabbath "why Father did'nt come from Church," and ["] if Mr Jenkins preached"?

I told her he did and that Father had lingered to speak with him—

599

To Mrs. Henry Hills

about 1879

Sweet Mrs Hills.

We think of you and know you think of us.

To come—from Heaven—is casual—but to return—eternal.

Emily.

MANUSCRIPT: Jones Library. Pencil. Envelope addressed: Mrs Henry Hills. Unpublished. The date is conjectured from the handwriting.

This may also have been an Easter note, perhaps sent just before the preceding, and accompanying flowers for Mrs. Hills, appropriate to the season and to the memory of the child Samuel.

600

To Otis P. Lord

about 1879

. . . You spoke of "Hope" surpassing "Home"—I thought that Hope was Home—a misapprehension of Architecture—but then if I knew . . .

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 88.

It is a fragment seemingly clipped from a letter or draft of a letter.

601

To Helen Hunt Jackson

about mid-April 1879

Spurn the temerity—
Rashness of Calvary—
Gay were Gethsemene
Knew we of Thee—

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (Higginson). Pencil.

PUBLICATION: *AM* CXXXIX (June 1927) 801; *L* (1931) 318; *Poems* (1955) 992.

THE LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON

VOLUME III

came back with a breakfast of grain for each, and hid himself while he scattered it, lest it embarrass them. Ignorant of the name or fate of their benefactor, their descendants are singing this afternoon.

As I glanced at your lovely gift, his April returned. I am powerless toward your tenderness.

Thanks of other days seem abject and dim, yet antiquest altars are the fragrantest. The past has been very near this week, but not so near as the future—both of them pleading, the latter priceless.

David's grieved decision haunted me when a little girl. I hope he has found Absalom.

Immortality as a guest is sacred, but when it becomes as with you and with us, a member of the family, the tie is more vivid. . . .

If affection can reinforce, you, dear, shall not fall.

Emily.

MANUSCRIPT: missing.

PUBLICATION: *L* (1894) 226; *LL* 322-323; *L* (1931) 211-212.

Mrs. Todd dated this letter April 1880. Possibly it was occasioned by Mrs. Bowles's annual remembrance on the anniversary of Edward Dickinson's death.

645

To Otis P. Lord

about 1880

[I never heard you call anything beautiful before. It remained with me curiously—] There is a fashion in delight as other things.

Still (stern) as the Profile of a Tree against a winter sky (sunset sky—)
(evening—)

[I kissed the little blank—you made it on the second page you may have forgotten—] I will not wash my arm—the one you gave the scarf to—it is brown as an Almond—'twill take your touch away—

[I try to think when I wake in the night what the chapter would be for the chapter would be in the night would'nt it—but I cannot decide—]

It is strange that I miss you at night so much when I was never with you—but the punctual love invokes you soon as my eyes are shut—and I wake warm with the want sleep had almost filled—I dreamed

last week that you had died—and one had carved a statue of you and I was asked to unvail it—and I said what I had not done in Life I would not in death when your loved eyes could not forgive— [The length of the hour was beautiful. The length of the heavenly hour how sweetly you counted it. The numerals of Eden do not oppress the student long] for Eden ebbs away to diviner Edens. [Therefore Love is so speechless— Seems to withhold Darling]

I never seemed toward you

Lest I had been too frank was often my fear—

How could I long to give who never saw your natures Face—

This has been a beautiful Day—dear—given solely to you—carried in my thin hand to your distant hope [offer] offered softly and added—The haste of early summer is gone and a foreboding leisure is stealing over [natures] bustling things—

But why did you distrust your little Simon Peter yesterday—you said you didn't but she knew you did—What did Nestor say you begun to tell me—To rest (cling) with you swept all day—

I sometimes [have] almost feared Language was done between us— [if you grew] too dear, except for breath, then words flowed softly in like [some] a shining secret, the Lode of which the miner dreams

I wonder we ever leave the Improbable—it is so fair a Home, and perhaps we don't—

What is half so improbable . . .

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 87–91.

These fragment rough drafts are in the handwriting of about 1880. Words crossed out are here placed in brackets; alternative suggestions are in parentheses.

646

To Mrs. Jonathan L. Jenkins

about 1880

Hope they are with each other—Never saw a little Boy going Home to Thanksgiving, so happy as Austin, when he passed the Door—

Emily.

To Otis P. Lord

1881?

[scrap 1]

My little devices to live till Monday would woo (win) your sad attention – (fill your eyes with Dew) – Full of work and plots and little happinesses the thought of you protracts (derides) them all and makes hem sham and cold.

How fleet – how indiscreet an one –
 how always wrong is Love –
 The joyful little Deity
 We are not scourged to serve –

[scrap 2]

My little devices to live till Monday would darken all your glee – for you have a good deal of glee (many a glee) in your nature's corners he most lurking – and never to be trusted as Brown said of sleep – without ones prayers –

MANUSCRIPTS: AC. Pencil. Fragment drafts.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 94.

The date is conjectured from the handwriting.

To Louise Norcross

1881?

Dear Loo,

Thank you, with love, for the kindness; it would be very sweet to claim if we needed it, but we are quite strong, and mother well as usual, and Vinnie spectacular as Disraeli and sincere as Gladstone, – was only sighing in fun. When she sighs in earnest, Emily's throne will tremble, and she will need both Loo and Fanny; but Vinnie "still revels." When one or all of us are lain on "*Marian Erle's* dim pallet," so cool that she deplored to live because that she must leave it, Loo and he ferns, and Fanny and her fan shall supplement the angels, if they have not already joined them.

Lovingly,

Emily.

To Otis P. Lord

30 April 1882

His little "Playthings" were very sick all the Week that closed, and except the sweet Papa assured them, they could not believe – it had one grace however, it kept the faint Mama from sleep, so she could dream of Papa awake – an innocence of fondness.

To write you, not knowing where you are, is an unfinished pleasure – Sweeter of course than not writing, because it has a wandering Aim, of which you are the goal – but far from joyful like yourself, and moments we have known – I have a strong surmise that moments we have *not* known are tenderest to you. Of their afflicting Sweetness, you only are the judge, but the moments we had, were very good – they were quite contenting.

Very sweet to know from Morn to Morn what you thought and said – the Republican told us – though that Felons could see you and we could not, seemed a wondering fraud. I feared for your sweet Lungs in the crowded Air, the Paper spoke of "Throngs" – We were much amused at the Juror's "cough" you thought not pulmonary, and when you were waiting at your Hotel for the Kidder Verdict, and the Jury decided to go to sleep, I thought them the loveliest Jury I had ever met. I trust you are "at Home," though my Heart spurns the suggestion, hoping all – absence – but itself.

I am told it is only a pair of Sundays since you went from me. I feel it many years. Today is April's last – it has been an April of meaning to me. I have been in your Bosom. My Philadelphia [Charles Wadsworth] has passed from Earth, and the Ralph Waldo Emerson – whose name my Father's Law Student taught me, has touched the secret Spring. Which Earth are we in?

Heaven, a Sunday or two ago – but that also has ceased –

Momentousness is ripening. I hope that all is firm. Could we yield each other to the impregnable chances till we had met once more?

Monday –

Your's of a Yesterday is with me. I am cruelly grieved about the "Cold." I feared it, but entreated it to wrong some other one. Must it of all the Lives have come to trouble your's? Be gentle with it – Coax it – Dont drive it or 'twill stay – I'm glad you are "at Home." Please think it with a codicil. My own were homeless if you were. Was my

sweet "Phil" "proud"? What Hour? Could you tell me? A momentary gleam of him between Morning . . .

. . . Door either, after you have entered, nor any Window, except in the Chimney, and if Folks knock at the Grass, the Grass can let them in. I almost wish it would, sometimes—with reverence I say it. That was a big—sweet Story—the number of times that "Little Phil" read his Letter, and the not so many, that Papa read his, but I am prepared for falsehood.

On subjects of which we know nothing, or should I say *Beings*—is "Phil" a "Being" or a "Theme," we both believe, and disbelieve a hundred times an Hour, which keeps Believing nimble.

But how can "Phil" have one opinion and Papa another—I thought the Rascals were inseparable—"but there again," as Mr New Bedford Eliot used to say, "I may be mistaken."

Papa has still many Closets that Love has never ransacked. I do—do want you tenderly. The Air is soft as Italy, but when it touches me, I spurn it with a Sigh, because it is not you. The Wanderers came last Night—Austin says they are brown as Berries and as noisy as Chipmunks, and feels his solitude much invaded, as far as I can learn. These dislocations of privacy among the *Privateers* amuse me very much, but "the Heart knoweth its own" Whim—and in Heaven they neither woo nor are given in wooing—what an imperfect place!

Mrs Dr Stearns called to know if we didnt think it very shocking for [Benjamin F.] Butler to "liken himself to his Redeemer," but we thought Darwin had thrown "the Redeemer" away. Please excuse the wandering writing. Sleeplessness makes my Pencil stumble. Affection clogs it—too. Our Life together was long forgiveness on your part toward me. The trespass of my rustic Love upon your Realms of Ermine, only a Sovereign could forgive—I never knelt to other—The Spirit never twice alike, but every time another—that other more divine. Oh, had I found it sooner! Yet Tenderness has not a Date—it comes—and overwhelms.

The time before it was—was naught, so why establish it? And all the time to come it is, which abrogates the time.

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. One page or more in the middle is missing; it is impossible to know whether pages are missing at the beginning and end. The letter is not a rough draft but a fair copy. It is dated: Sunday

As it was too much sorrow, so it is almost too much joy—
Lovingly,
Emily.

MANUSCRIPT: HCL. Pencil.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 62.

ED pasted at the top of the first page of the letter a clipping from the *Springfield Republican* for Monday, 8 May, reading: "Judge Lord has passed the crisis at Salem, and there is hope that he will soon be about again."

Among the rough drafts in the Bingham collection (AC) is the poem beginning "The Pile of Years is not so high." It is written on the verso of a discarded sheet of stationery, in the handwriting of about this time, that starts and ends thus:

Dear Abby,

I am [gri]eved for Mary

Abbie Farley's cousin, another niece of the Judge, also lived with him.

752

To Otis P. Lord

14 May 1882

To remind you of my own rapture at your return, and of the loved steps, retraced almost from the "Undiscovered Country," I enclose the Note I was fast writing, when the fear that your Life had ceased, came, fresh, yet dim, like the horrid Monsters fled from in a Dream.

Happy with my Letter, without a film of fear, Vinnie came in from a word with Austin, passing to the Train. "Emily, did you see anything in the Paper that concerned us"? "Why no, Vinnie, what"? "Mr Lord is very sick." I grasped at a passing Chair. My sight slipped and I thought I was freezing. While my last smile was ending, I heard the Doorbell ring and a strange voice said "I thought first of you." Meanwhile, Tom [Kelley] had come, and I ran to his Blue Jacket and let my Heart break there—that was the warmest place. "He will be better. Dont cry Miss Emily. I could not see you cry."

Then Vinnie came out and said "Prof. Chickering thought we would like to telegraph." He "would do it for us."

"Would I write a Telegram"? I asked the Wires how you did, and attached my name.

The Professor took it, and Abby's brave—refreshing reply I shall remember

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Dated: Sunday. The letter, which seems to be incomplete, is a fair copy.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 87.

ED received an immediate reply from Abbie Farley, and wrote this letter on the Sunday following.

The nature of the next letter, from Washington Gladden, dated Springfield, 27 May 1882 (HCL—unpublished), suggests that when ED made the inquiry which his reply answers, she did so having in mind the death of Wadsworth and the serious illness of Lord.

752a

My friend:

"Is immortality true?" I believe that it is true—the only reality—almost; a thousand times truer than mortality, which is but a semblance after all. I believe that virtue is deathless; that God who is the source of virtue, gave to her "the glory of going on, and not to die"; that the human soul, with which virtue is incorporate, cannot perish. I believe in the life everlasting, because Jesus Christ taught it. Say what you will about him, no one can deny that he knew the human soul, its nature, its laws, its destinies, better than any other being who ever trod this earth; and he testifies, and his testimony is more clear, more definite, more positive on this than on any other subject, that there is life beyond the grave.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you."

Absolute demonstration there can be none of this truth; but a thousand lines of evidence converge toward it; and I believe it. It is all I can say. God forbid that I should flatter one who is dying with any illusive hope; but this hope is not illusive. May God's spirit gently lead this hope into the heart of your friend, and make it at home there, so that in the last days it shall be an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast—

Your friend
Washington Gladden

Remember me to your Annie and Kate. Tell them I envy them their Mother. "Mother"! What a Name!

Emily.

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (H 72). Pencil.

PUBLICATION: *LH* 165.

The second paragraph suggests that this is a reply to a letter of condolence from Mrs. Holland.

780

To Otis P. Lord

November 1882?

The celestial Vacation of writing you after an interminable Term of *four Days*, I can scarcely express. My Head was so sick when I woke this Morning that I feared I could'nt meet Tom, though how did I know that the dear necessity at that particular moment existed? And *more* afraid, that should it, I could'nt respond tonight, and a Night is *so* long, and it snowing too, another barrier to Hearts that overleap themselves. Emily "Jumbo"! Sweetest name, but I know a sweeter - Emily Jumbo Lord. Have I your approval?

Tim's suspicions however will be allayed, for I have thinner Paper, which can elude the very elect, if it undertake.

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. On the reverse of this draft is letter no. 800.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 88.

The dating is conjectural. The handwriting is that of late 1882. It snowed during the week of Mrs. Dickinson's death.

781

To Emily Fowler Ford

about November 1882

Dear friend,

The little Book will be subtly cherished -

All we secure of Beauty is it's Evanescences - Thank you for recalling us.

Earnestly,
Emily.

To Otis P. Lord

3 December 1882

What if you are writing! Oh, for the power to look, yet were I there, I would not, except you invited me—reverence for each other being the sweet aim. I have written you, Dear, so many Notes since receiving one, it seems like writing a Note to the Sky—yearning and replyless—but Prayer has not an answer and yet how many pray! While others go to Church, I go to mine, for are not you my Church, and have we not a Hymn that no one knows but us?

I hope your "Thanksgiving" was not too lonely, though if it were a little, Affection must not be displeased.

Sue [? *name altered*] sent me a lovely Banquet of Fruit, which I sent to a dying Irish Girl in our neighborhood—That was my Thanksgiving. Those that die seem near me because I lose my own.

Not *all* my own, thank God, a darling "own" remains—more darling than I name.

The Month in which our Mother died, closed it's Drama Thursday, and I cannot conjecture a form of space without her timid face. Speaking to you as I feel, Dear, without that Dress of Spirit must be worn for most, Courage is quite changed.

Your Sorrow was in Winter—one of our's in June and the other, November, and my Clergyman passed from Earth in spring, but sorrow brings it's own chill. Seasons do not warm it. You said with loved timidity in asking me to your dear Home, you would "try not to make it unpleasant." So delicate a diffidence, how beautiful to see! I do not think a Girl extant has so divine a modesty.

You even call me to your Breast with apology! Of what must my poor Heart be made?

That the one for whom Modesty is felt, himself should feel it sweetest and ask his own with such a grace, is beloved reproach. The tender Priest of Hope need not allure his Offering—'tis on his Altar ere he asks. I hope you wear your Furs today. Those and the love of me, will keep you sweetly warm, though the Day is bitter. The love I feel for you, I mean, your own for me a treasure I still keep . . .

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Dated: Sunday. This incomplete fair copy,

like all the letters and fragments to Lord, was among ED's papers. Whether it was never sent, or is a duplicate, remains a question.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 88-89.

791

To Otis P. Lord

about 1882

[scrap 1]

I know you [are] acutely weary, yet cannot refrain from taxing you

[scrap 2]

from taxing you with an added smile—and a pang in it. Was it to him the Thief cried "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom," and is it to us that he replies, "This Day thou shalt be with me in Paradise"?

The Propounder of Paradise must indeed possess it—Antony's remark [scrap 3] to a friend, "since Cleopatra died" is said to be the saddest ever lain in Language—That engulfing "Since"—

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Dated by handwriting only.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 84.

792

To Mrs. J. G. Holland

mid-December 1882

Dear Sister.

I have thought of you with confiding Love, but to speak seemed taken from me—Blow has followed blow, till the wondering terror of the Mind clutches what is left, helpless of an accent—

You have spared so much and so patiently, it seems as if some seraphic Armor must have shielded you—

Mother has now been gone five Weeks. We should have thought it a long Visit, were she coming back—Now the "Forever" thought almost shortens it, as we are nearer rejoining her than her own return—We were never intimate Mother and Children while she was our Mother—but Mines in the same Ground meet by tunneling and when

dazzling, and desire if not presumptuous to know if you dine every
day on Gems? The graphic Cardinal flowers still glow on undimmed –
Thank you –

E – Dickinson –

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Unpublished.

842

To Otis P. Lord

about 1883

The withdrawal of the Fuel of Rapture does not withdraw the
Rapture itself.

Like Powder in a Drawer, we pass it with a Prayer, it's Thunders
only dormant.

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Fragment fair copy.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 84–85.

The date of this, and the fragment following, is conjectured from the
handwriting.

843

To Otis P. Lord

about 1883

I feel like wasting my Cheek on your Hand tonight – Will you accept
(approve) the squander – Lay up Treasures immediately – that's the
best Anodyne for moth and Rust and the thief whom the Bible knew
enough of Banking to suspect would break in and steal

Night is my favorite Day – I love silence so – I dont mean halt (stop)
of sound – but ones that talk of nought all day mistaking it for [racy?]
– Forgive you

MANUSCRIPT: AC. Pencil. Fragment rough draft on paper strip.

PUBLICATION: *Revelation* 90.

APPENDIX I

Naval Observatory in Washington. The Loomises visited their daughter in Amherst in the autumn of 1884.

*LORD, Otis Phillips (1812-1884), the son of the Hon. Nathaniel and Eunice Kimball Lord, was born at Ipswich. Graduated from Amherst College in 1832, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1835, first in Ipswich, then in 1844 in Salem, where thereafter he resided. In 1843 he married Elizabeth Wise, daughter of Captain Joseph Farley of Ipswich. She died 10 December 1877. During the forties and fifties, Lord served in the Massachusetts legislature and State Senate. With the establishment of the Superior Court in 1859 he was appointed an associate justice, in which capacity he served until his elevation to the state Supreme Court in 1875. Ill health compelled his resignation from the bench in 1882. He died on 13 March 1884. Judge Lord was one of Edward Dickinson's closest friends, and the Lords were frequent guests in the Dickinson home. He continued to visit, for a week or so at a time, during the early eighties, staying with his nieces at the Amherst House. The surviving letters and drafts of letters which ED wrote him about this time indicate that she was very much in love with the Judge. The attachment seems to have been mutual.

*MACK, David, Jr. (1778-1854), the son of Colonel David Mack of Middlefield, served as a major in the War of 1812, and was promoted to brigadier general of militia in 1821. Known generally as Deacon Mack, he was a successful Amherst businessman, and a trustee of Amherst College (1836-1854). He purchased the Dickinson homestead on 22 May 1833, and lived there until his death on 6 September 1854. His first wife, Independence Pease Mack, died in 1809. They had a son, David (1804-1878), who was graduated from Yale College in Edward Dickinson's class of 1823, and a daughter Julia (born in 1806). He married, second, Mary Ely (1787-1842) in 1812. They had one surviving son when they moved to Amherst, Samuel Ely Mack, born in 1815. Mary Ely Mack died 15 December 1842, and Deacon Mack married, third, on 16 May 1844, Harriet Parsons Washburn (1793-1874), daughter of the Reverend Dr. David Parsons of the First Church in Amherst, and widow of Royal W. Washburn, who had been pastor of the same church (1826-1833).

Edward Dickinson and his family occupied the east part of the homestead until April 1840, when they moved to a frame house on North Pleasant Street. This was ED's home until 1855, at which time Edward Dickinson purchased the homestead on Main Street from Samuel E. Mack and his wife Rebecca Robins Mack, of Cincinnati, and moved his family back to it.