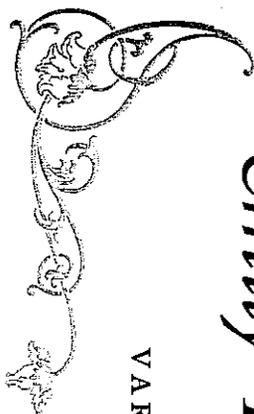


THE POEMS OF

Emily Dickinson

VARIORUM EDITION



EDITED BY

R. W. FRANKLIN

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241 What is "Paradise"

MANUSCRIPT: About summer 1861, in Fascicle 9 (H 79).

A What is - "Paradise" -
 Who live there -
 Are they "Farmers" -
 Do they "hoe" -
 Do they know that this is "Amherst" -
 And that I - am coming - too -
 Do they wear "new shoes" - in "Eden" -
 Is it always pleasant - there -
 Wont they scold us - when we're hungry -
 Or tell God - how cross we are -
 You are sure there's such a person
 As "a Father" - in the sky -
 So if I get lost - there - ever -
 Or do what the Nurse calls "die" -

I shant walk the "Jasper" - barefoot -
 Ransomed folks - wont laugh at me -
 Maybe - "Eden" a'nt so lonesome
 As New England used to be!

9 hungry] homesick

Division 5 is | 7 in | 9 when | 11 a | 14 Nurse | 14 "die" - ||
 15 the | 16 laugh | 18 used |

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 85, as four quatrains, from a transcript of A (A Tr249), with the alternative adopted. *Poems* (1955), 150-51; C (1960), 99, with the alternative adopted. *MB* (1981), 155-56, in facsimile (J215)

260 I'm nobody! Who are you?

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1861, in Fascicle 11 (H 35).

A I'm Nobody! Who are you? FII.7
 Are you - Nobody - too?
 Then there's a pair of us!
 Dont tell! they'd banish us - you know!
 How dreary - to be - Somebody!
 How public - like a Frog - 5
 To tell your name - the livelong June -
 To an admiring Bog!

4 banish us] advertise 7 your] one's

Division 4 banish | 7 livelong |

PUBLICATION: *Life*, 17 (5 March 1891), 146, and *Poems* (1891), 21, with the alternatives not adopted and with the first two words of line 4 as the last of line 3. *Poems* (1955), 206-7, with the first two words of line 4

271 Over the fence

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1861, in Fascicle 11 (H 38).

A Over the fence - FII.20
 Strawberries - grow -
 Over the fence -
 I could climb - if I tried, I know -
 Berries are nice!
 But - if I stained my Apron -
 God would certainly scold!
 Oh, dear, - I guess if He were a Boy -
 He'd - climb - if He could!

Division 4 tried, | 6 my | 8 He |

PUBLICATION: *BM* (1945), 90, as two quatrains, from a transcript of A (A Tr527). *Poems* (1955), 180-81; *CP* (1960), 115. *MB* (1981), 224, in facsimile. (J251)

MANUSCRIPTS: Two, about 1862 and 1865. One (Jones Library) was enclosed in ED's first letter to T. W. Higginson, postmarked 15 April 1862. The poem, like the letter, may have been a response to Higginson's article that month in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

A We play at Paste -
Till qualified, for Pearl -
Then, drop the Paste -
And deem ourself a fool -

The Shapes - though - were similar - 5
And our new Hands
Learned *Gem*-tactics -
Practising *Sands* -

Division 4 a | 5 though - |

About 1865 ED made a fair copy (A 803), variant in form but substantively identical.

B We play at Paste -
Till qualified for Pearl -
Then, drop the Paste -
And deem Ourself a fool -
The Shapes, tho', were similar, 5
And our new Hands
Learned Gem Tactics
Practising Sands -

Division 2 for | 4 Ourself | 5 were |

Emendation 8 Practising] Practicing

Although on embossed notepaper, headed "Emily" and signed "Emily," this fair copy has not been folded and was not sent to a recipient.

PUBLICATION: Higginson, *Atlantic Monthly*, 68 (October 1891), 445, as two quatrains, from his copy (A). *Poems* (1891), 25, without stanza division, from the retained copy (B). *Poems* (1955), 245 (A principal, B); *CP* (1960), 151 (A). (J320)

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 22 (H 107).

A I was the slightest in the House - F22.18
I took the smallest Room -
At night, my little Lamp, and Book -
And one Geranium -

So stationed I could catch the mint 5
That never ceased to fall -
And just my Basket -
Let me think - I'm sure
That this was all -

I never spoke - unless addressed - 10
And then, 'twas brief and low -
I could not bear to live - aloud -
The Racket shamed me so -

And if it had not been so far -
And any one I knew 15
Were going - I had often thought
How noteless - I could die -

Division 5 catch |

PUBLICATION: Bingham, *AB* (1945), 234, from a transcript of A (A Tr346), with stanza 2 as a quatrain; also *BM* (1945), 101. *Poems* (1955), 371-72; *CP* (1960), 234. *MB* (1981), 501, in facsimile. (J486)

1564 *The things that never can come back are several*

MANUSCRIPTS: Two, variant, about late 1881, in pencil. One copy of this poem in memory of Josiah Gilbert Holland, who died 12 October 1881, was written on a leaf of stationery, concluding on a small fragment that is pinned to it (A 445). On the opposite side of the leaf in ED's hand is the recipe for Mrs. Carmichael's coconut cake.

A The Things that never can come back, are several -
 Childhood - some forms of Hope - the Dead -
 But Joys like men may sometimes make a Journey
 And still abide -

We do not mourn for Traveler or Sailor - 5
 Their Routes are fair -
 But think - enlarged - of all that they will tell us -
 Returning here -

"Here"! There are typic Heres -
 Foretold Locations - 10
 The Spirit does not stand -
 Himself - at whatsoever Fathom
 His Native Land -

Division 1 never | 1 are | 2 some | 3 men | 3 a | 5 mourn |
 7 enlarged - | 7 will | 9 are | 9 Heres - || 11 does |
 12 whatsoever] what - | soever

The other copy, headed "Dear Sister" and signed "Emily, in love," was sent to Elizabeth Holland as a note of sympathy and affection (H H70).

445 *They shut me up in prose*

MANUSCRIPT: About late 1862, in Fascicle 21 (H 182).

A They shut me up in Prose - F21.6
 As when a little Girl
 They put me in the Closet -
 Because they liked me "still" -

Still! Could themself have peeped - 5
 And seen my Brain - go round -
 They might as wise have lodged a Bird
 For Treason - in the Pound -

Himself has but to will
 And easy as a Star 10
 Look down upon Captivity -
 And laugh - No more have I -

11 Look down upon] Abolish his -
Division 7 lodged |

PUBLICATION: UP (1935), 34, with the alternative not adopted. *Poems* (1955), 471-72; CP (1960), 302, with the alternative adopted. MB (1981), 464, in facsimile. (J613)

A 5 themself] themselves UP35 P37 12 No] Nor UP35 P37

Emily Dickinson

Edited by

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Associate Editor

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[1842-1846]

Emily Dickinson's twelfth year brought the first interruption to the close companionship in her home, when Austin was sent away to school for a single term. His father's first letter to him said: "I sent you there to improve," and one infers that family and neighbor associations were becoming distractions not good for his studies.

The record of enrollments at Amherst Academy in the forties gives a bewildering impression of casualness in the matter of school attendance, and may reflect a similar condition elsewhere. Emily herself was in and out of school, for reasons of health, several times during her adolescent years. Some of her friends were girls sent to Amherst from other towns, to live with relatives or board in the homes of school-mates while in residence for a term or two. Only one among the group of five who were her special friends during these years was Amherst bred.

The letters of this earliest surviving group were written to her brother and to two school friends. Her mind was developing rapidly, but she was still in the immediate world of childhood when she wrote the three letters of 1842 with which the series begins.

I

To Austin Dickinson

18 April 1842

My dear Brother

As Father was going to Northampton and thought of coming over to see you I thought I would improve the opportunity and write you a few lines—We miss you very much indeed you cannot think how odd it seems without you there was always such a Hurrah wherever you was I miss My bedfellow very much for it is rare that I can get any now for Aunt Elisabeth is afraid to sleep alone and Vinnie has to sleep with her but I have the privilege of looking under the bed every night which I improve as you may suppose the Hens get along nicely the chickens grow very fast I am afraid they will be so large that you cannot perceive them with the naked Eye when you get home the yellow hen is coming off with a brood of chickens we found a hens nest with four Eggs in it I took out three and brought them in the next day I went to see if there had been any laid and there had not been any laid and the one that was there had gone so I suppose a skonk had been there or else a hen In the shape of a skonk and I dont know which—the Hens lay finely William gets two a day at his house we 5 or 6 a day here there Is one Creeper that lays on the ground the nests are so high that they cannot reach them from the ground I Expect we shall have to make some ladders for them to get up on William found the hen and Rooster after you went away that you could not find we received your letter Friday morning and very glad we were to get it you must write oftener to us the temperance dinner went off very well the other day all the Folks Except Lavinia and I there were over a Hundred there the students thought the dinner too cheap the tickets were a half a dollar a piece and so they are going to have a supper tomorrow Evening which I suppose will be very genteel Mr Jones has found in looking at his policy that his insurance is 8 thousand dollars instead of 6 which makes him feel a great deal better than he did at first Mr Wilson and his wife took tea here the other night they are going to move wednesday—they have made out to get one of

[3]

the Mt Pleasant Buildings to its place of destination which is a matter of great rejoicing to the public it was really was Enough to make ones Eyes ache and I am glad it has got out of sight and hearing too—there are going to be great fixing up I expect in those buildings we are all very well and hope you are the same—we have very pleasant weather now Mr Whipple has come and we expect Miss Humphrey tomorrow—Aunt Montague—has been saying you would cry before the week was out Cousin Zebina had a fit the other day and bit his tongue into—as you say it is a rainy day and I can think of—Nothing more to say—I shall Expect an answer to my letter soon Charles Richardson has got back and is in Mr Pitkins store Sabra is not running after him at all she had not seen him when I last saw her which was Saturday I suppose she would send her respects to you if she knew I was going to write to you—I must now close—all send a great deal of love to you and hope you are getting along well and—Enjoy your self—

Your affectionate Sister Emily—

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (L 53). Ink. Unpublished. Addressed on the fold: Wm Austin Dickinson/Easthampton/Mass. On the date line she wrote "Amherst," and her aunt Elizabeth Dickinson added: "Mass. April 18th 1842."

A few days before his thirteenth birthday, Austin was sent to Williston Seminary, newly opened as an endowed institution at Easthampton, to attend the spring term. His father wrote to him a few days after his enrollment, and followed his letter with a visit, carrying Emily's letter with him. Sabra was the daughter of A. P. Howe, landlord of the Amherst House.

2

To Austin Dickinson

1 May 1842

My dear Brother

As it was Sunday Afternoon and all the folks gone to meeting Except—mother and myself I thought I would improve the opportunity and write you a few lines—we are all very well—but very lonely without you—I am glad you took the Latin lexicon—if it can be of any use to [you] because I have had good luck in borrowing one—your Clothes came—safe by Mr Pr[?]er and we were very glad to hear that

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you were well and in good spirits—the hens get along nicely—we brought in 9 Eggs yesterday—We generally get about 7 a day Mrs—Washburn was very much pleased with the Eggs mother sent her—the other day Francis brought your Rooster home and the other 2 went to fighting him while I was gone to School—mother happened to look out of the window and she saw him laying on the ground—he was most dead—but she and Aunt Elisabeth went right out and took him up and put him in a Coop and he is nearly well now—while he is shut up the other Roosters—will come around and insult him in Every possible way by Crowing right in his Ears—and then they will jump up on the Coop and Crow there as if they—wanted to show that he was Completely in their power and they could treat him as they chose—Aunt Elisabeth said she wished their throats would split and then they could insult him no longer—I had an opportunity to write to Jane Humphrey which I improved and wrote her a short note as I had not time to write a long one the Man who was going to carry them having but a short time to stay in Amherst—I can think of nothing more to say but that we shall all be glad when you come home again—a great deal of love from all to you if you could I wish you—would send Sabra a paper she would be so pleased with it—I want you to answer this letter as soon as you can—Our garden is not made yet—our trees are all very full of blossoms now and—they look Very handsome—your Clothes that you sent home are all in good order—for you to put on—John Wheelock has been very sick and still continues to be so—though he is not as bad now as he was I do not think—Pa says he saw Mr Armsby here to Meeting to day—I like Miss Humphrey very much as a teacher—I recite to her in all My Studies Except Latin—the Horse is not very well and is staying at Mr Frinks to be taken care of till he is better I can think of nothing more to say now—

Your affectionate Sister Emily

ps—we expect Grandpa Norcross and Uncle William up here this week—Sabra Howe has had a handsome present of a gold ring from Charles Richardson She dont seem to care much about him but he hangs on to her—and will not let go his hold—in hopes I suppose she will come back to him which she does not seem inclined to do I will put in her respects because I know she would send them if she knew I was agoing to write—

[5]

My dear Austin.

I have yielded to Emily's solicitations to write you a few words. I am not in the habit of writing to gentlemen more than *once* if I do not receive an answer, however I will not *censure* you, for not writing me—I know you are busy as examination is so near—hope to see you next week Wednesday—I do not know of any news to tell you—except that three of your hens strayed away to Major Kellogg's—and were brought home by Henry Howe to-day,—after an absence of several days. Eggs are very abundant—11 were brought in to-day. The lattice-work & grape-arbor have been painted to-day—Mr Howe is having his house painted—Col Smith's house is just finished—this street is fast improving—come home as soon as you can for we are lonesome. Accept much love from your

affectionate aunt,
Elizabeth

excuse all haste for it is late—

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (L 54). Ink. Unpublished. Dated: Amherst May 1 1842. Addressed on the fold: W^m Austin Dickinson/Easthampton/Mass.

"Aunt Elizabeth," then a girl of nineteen living in her older brother's home, added a note on the same sheet on Monday, while the letter was still waiting for a bearer. Her note is dated: Amherst, Mass. May 2nd 1842.

3

To Jane Humphrey

12 May 1842

My dear Jane

I have been looking for a letter from you this long time but not receiving any I plucked up all the remaining courage that I had left and determined to make one more effort to write you a few lines—I want to see you very much for I have got a great deal to tell you about school matters—and besides you are one of my dear friends. Sabra has had a beautiful ring given to her by Charles you know who as well as I do—the Examination at Easthampton is today—and Austin is coming home tonight. Father is sick with the Rheumatism and can

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not go but Mother has gone with somebody else—it is very unpleasant today—it showers most all the time—your sister is very well indeed—I believe she has gone to South hadley this afternoon—I miss you more and more every day, in my study in play at home indeed every where I miss my beloved Jane—I wish you would write to me—I should think more of it than of a mine of gold—when you write me I wish you would write me a great long letter and tell me all the news that you know of—all your friends send a great deal of love to you Austin and William Washburn send their respects to you—this Afternoon is Wednesday and so of course there was Speaking and Composition—there was one young man who read a Composition the Subject was think twice before you speak—he was describing the reasons why any one should do so—one was—if a young gentleman—offered a young lady his arm and he had a dog who had no tail and he boarded at the tavern think twice before you speak. Another is if a young gentleman knows a young lady who he thinks nature has formed to perfection let him remember that roses conceal thorns he is the silliest creature that ever lived I think. I told him that I thought he had better think twice before he spoke—what good times we used to have jumping into bed when you slept with me. I do wish you would come to Amherst and make me a great long visit—how do you get along in Latin. I am in the class that you used to be in in Latin—besides Latin I study History and Botany I like the school very much indeed—your Sister sends a great deal of love to all your folks and to every one she knows there—My Plants grow beautifully—you know that elegant old Rooster that Austin thought so much of—the others fight him and killed him—answer this letter as soon as you can—I can think of nothing more to say now yours affectionately

Emily

MANUSCRIPT: Rosenbach 1170/17 (1). Ink. Dated: Amherst May 12 1842. Addressed on the fold: Miss Jane Humphrey/Southwick/Mass. Postmarked: Amherst Ms May 12. Written in pencil, in a different hand, is the draft of the beginning of a letter—possibly Jane's reply: "My very dear Friend/I Know you are thinking of m[e] (if thinking of me at all) as a very neg[ligent] . . ."

PUBLICATION: George Frisbie Whicher, *This Was a Poet* (1938) 43-44, in part.

Jane Humphrey had lived with the Dickinsons while she briefly at-

[7]

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson

Cambridge, 19 June 1864

My little Uncle must remember me till I come Home a Hundred miles to see his Braided Gown —

Emily knows a Man who drives a Coach like a Thimble, and turns the Wheel all day with his Heel — His name is Bumblebee. Little Ned will see Him before

His Niece.

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (B 16). Pencil.

PUBLICATION: *LL* 57–58, in part.

This was written for Ned on his third birthday. The Amherst dress-maker's account (Jones Library) shows a dress made for him at this time.

To Edward (Ned) Dickinson

mid-May 1872?

Neddie never would believe that Emily was at his Circus, unless she left a fee —

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (L 52). Pencil. Envelope addressed: Neddie. Unpublished. The impression of a coin still shows in the note. Ned may have had his circus soon after the visiting circus had been in Amherst, 14 May.

To Martha Dickinson

30 November 1873?

Dear Mattie,

I am glad it is your Birthday—

It is this little Bouquet's Birthday too—

It's Father is a very old Man by the name of Nature, whom you never saw—

I am going away to live in a Tippet that a South Down built me, so I cant say any more—

Be sure to live in vain and never mingle with the mouse—like Papa's Tongs—

Aunt Emily—

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (B 15). Pencil.

PUBLICATION: AM CXV (1915) 37, in part; LL 58, in part.

Mattie was born, 30 November 1866.

To Martha Dickinson

late 1882

That's the Little Girl I always meant to be, but was'nt—The very Hat I always meant to wear, but did'nt and the attitude toward the Universe, so precisely my own, that I feel very much, as if I were returning Elisha's Horses, or the Vision of John at Patmos—

Emily—

MANUSCRIPT: missing. The text is from the facsimile reproduction in FF.

PUBLICATION: FF 250, with facsimile reproduction.

The photograph (HCL) which prompted this note is endorsed on the back: "Mattie Dickinson, 19 November 1882."

To Gilbert Dickinson

about 1881

Gilbert asked a little Plant of Aunt Emily, once, to carry to his Teacher—but Aunt Emily was asleep—so Maggie gave him one instead—Aunt Emily waked up now, and brought this little Plant all the way from her Crib for Gilbert to carry to his Teacher—Good Night—Aunt Emily's asleep again—

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (L 49). Pencil. Unpublished.

To Gilbert Dickinson

about 1881

For Gilbert to carry to his Teacher—

The Bumble Bee's Religion—

His little Hearse like Figure

Unto itself a Dirge

To a delusive Lilac

The vanity divulge

Of Industry and Morals

And every righteous thing

For the divine Perdition

Of Idleness and Spring—

“All Liars shall have their part”—

Jonathan Edwards—

“And let him that is athirst come”—

Jesus—

MANUSCRIPT: HCL (B 177). Pencil. Addressed: Gilbert.

PUBLICATION: *AM CXV* (1915) 38-39; *LL* 60; *Poems* (1955) 1050.

It is said to have been accompanied by a dead bee.