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*THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PROCEEDINGS FOR THE YEAR 1942*

*ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-NINTH MEETING
THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING*

THE annual meeting of the Society, which regularly should come on Tuesday evening, January 27, 1942, was placed upon this evening, Friday, January 23rd, at the direction of the President, in order that the meeting might be held in the Brattle House, the former home of the Fuller family in Cambridge.

The Society met in the Brattle House as the guests of Miss Mary E. Batchelder, Miss Frances Fowler, Mrs. Arthur B. Nichols and Mrs. Charles H. C. Wright. The meeting was called to order shortly after 8 o'clock by President Walcott.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Secretary then read the report of the Secretary and of the Council for the calendar year 1941. The report was received and ordered filed.

The Treasurer then read his report showing cash on hand of \$427.27 together with statements as to the Maria Bowen Fund, the George G. Wright Fund, the Life Membership Fund, the Historical Houses Fund, and the Elizabeth E. Dana Bequest, with a total book value of all funds at \$20,011.18, with a total income of \$420.34. The auditor, Mr. Edward Ingraham, reported that he had examined the accounts of the Treasurer and had inspected the securities and found them all to be correct.

Honorable Franklin T. Hammond for the Nominating Committee,

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composed of Miss Mary Deane Dexter, Mr. Alexander H. Bill and himself, reported as follows:

For President.....HON. ROBERT WALCOTT

For Vice-Presidents C JOSEPH H. BEALE,

FRANK GAYLORD COOK, Miss Lois LILLEY HOWE

For Secretary.....ELDON R. JAMES

For Treasurer.....JOHN T. GILMAN NICHOLS

For Curator.....WALTER B. BRIGGS

For EditorCHARLES LANE HANSON

**For Members of Council: the foregoing and REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT
ELIZABETH PIPER**

Miss

REV. LESLIE T. PENNINGTON

MRS. CHARLES P. VOSBURGH

ROGER GILMAN

There being no further nominations, it was moved and seconded that the Secretary be directed to cast one ballot for the persons named by the Nominating Committee. The motion was unanimously carried. The Secretary then reported that he had cast the ballot for the persons named by the Committee and these were then declared by the President to be the duly elected officers of the Society for the ensuing year.

The President then introduced Mr. Arthur B. Nichols, who read a very interesting and instructive paper on Thomas Fuller and his descendants. After an expression of thanks to Mr. Nichols and to the hostesses, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

There were about seventy-five members and guests present.

ELDON R. JAMES,

Secretary.

ONE HUNDRED FORTIETH MEETING

THE April Meeting of the Society was held on April 28, 1942, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John T. G. Nichols, 19 Appleton Street.

President Walcott called the meeting to order at 8:15 o'clock, P.M. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. There was an announcement by the Treasurer that a check on the Second National Bank of Boston for \$6.00 had been paid into the Society's account at the Harvard Trust Company, but that no record of the name of the signer had been made. He requested to be informed so that proper credit could be given. The Curator reported the receipt of interesting gifts.

The President then introduced Mr. Roger Gilman and Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, who were to read the papers of the evening on Cambridge Pioneers of the Oregon Trail. Mr. Gilman read an interesting account of Nathaniel Wyeth, the leader of the Cambridge party, and of his background. Dr. Eliot, under the title All Aboard the "Natwyethum," gave the story of the two Wyeth expeditions to the Oregon country.

After the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. and Mrs. Nichols and to Mr. Gilman and Dr. Eliot, the meeting adjourned for refreshments.

ELDON R. JAMES,

Secretary.

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ONE HUNDRED FORTY-FIRST MEETING

THE Cambridge Historical Society met on June 2, 1942, at the residence of Mrs. Arthur L. Jackson, 153 Brattle Street. The meeting was called to order by the President at 4:10 P.M.

After an interesting account of the history of the charming house in which the Society was meeting, the President introduced Mr. H. W. L. Dana, who read an interesting and delightful paper, "When Dickens Came to Cambridge in 1842."

After votes of thanks to Mrs. Jackson for her generous hospitality and to Mr. Dana for his paper, the meeting adjourned for refreshments. There were about 90 members and guests present, but as the afternoon was overcast and cold, unfortunately only a few enjoyed the garden.

ELDON R. JAMES,

Secretary.

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ONE HUNDRED FORTY-SECOND MEETING

THE one hundred forty-second meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society was held at the Parish House of the First Church, Unitarian, on Tuesday, October 27, 1942, the hostesses being Miss Marian Abbot, Mrs. Frank B. Hawley, Mrs. Frank B. Sanborn, and Mrs. Henry J. Winslow. Seventy-five members were present.

The meeting was called to order by the President at 8.10 P.M.

The President announced that Mr. David T. Pottinger had consented to fill out the unexpired term of the Secretary, Professor Eldon R. James, who is engaged in war work in Washington.

The President read a long letter from Professor James giving vivid glimpses of life and work in war-time Washington.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The President called attention to the copies of the Historic Guide to Cambridge (published by Hannah Winthrop Chapter, D.A.R., in 1907) which were on sale at the meeting.

The President announced that the January meeting would be held in the Craigie House and that Mr. H. W. L. Dana would read a paper on Washington Allston. The President also asked for volunteers to write papers for the meetings and emphasized the value of the "geographical" paper, one which traces the history of a street on the basis of material to be found in old atlases, city directories, and the records of the Registry of Deeds and of the Probate Court.

The President then introduced Miss Lois Lilley Howe, who read "A History of the Book Club, Founded 1832" written by the late Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody for the centenary of the Club. To Dr. Peabody's text Miss Howe added an account of the Club from 1932 to 1942 and occasional remarks, in her own humorous but learned vein, expanding and illuminating one or another point in the original paper.

At the end of the reading, the President and Mr. Gilman added reminiscences of their own in connection with the Book Club. Both of them had, as youngsters, delivered books and magazines to the members. Mr. Walcott particularly recalled that when, as a boy of ten, he took the weekly quota of books to Professor Wolcott Gibbs, the latter would

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refresh him with a glass of cherry wine. Mr. F. W. C. Hersey asked what became of the books each year; Miss Howe replied that the Peabodys always gave theirs to the library at Mt. Desert and that this year, as in the Civil War, they were given to various camp libraries.

Mr. Hanson called attention to the need for notifying the Secretary promptly of all changes of address.

After votes of thanks to Miss Howe and to the hostesses, the meeting adjourned for refreshments at 9:10 P.M.

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PAPERS READ DURING THE YEAR 1942

THOMAS FULLER AND HIS DESCENDANTS

BY ARTHUR B. NICHOLS

Read January 23, 1942

ALTHOUGH the first Fuller to appear in America and undoubtedly

in Cambridge was among the very early arrivals on these shores, the background of the Fuller family must be sought elsewhere than in Cambridge or Newtowne, as it was then. And this background shifts over a period of two hundred years from Middleton to Princeton, to Chilmark, to Sandwich, to Groton and Cambridge. For although Thomas Fuller arrived in Massachusetts in 1638, neither he nor his descendants became identified with Cambridge until the first years of the 19th Century, when his great-great-grandson, the second Timothy, moved to Cambridge and in 1809 set up housekeeping at Number 71 Cherry Street, now the Margaret Fuller House, where Margaret and all her brothers and sisters were born. At various short periods the family lived on Prospect and Ellery Streets, in the Francis Dana house on Dana Hill and, for a year, in 1833, in this Brattle House where we now are met and which, so far as this main part goes, probably has not been greatly changed either inside or out in two hundred years or more, its familiar gambrel roof and the wide spacing of its generous windows giving it a dignity and distinction in contrast with other buildings of the neighborhood.

Many of you doubtless know that the town spring and water supply of the early times was on the site of the present Brattle Hall, and fed a small stream, or canal as it was called, emptying into the river. This

stream was met by another coming from the West through these Brattle grounds and at one point widened to form a small island, planted with rare and beautiful trees interspersed with statues. These grounds extended to the river and west as far as Ash Street.

A mall, or walk, was laid out through the grounds, which were the resort of the young people of the town. It is said to have been the show place of New England, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson speaks of it as being laid out in formal gardens with fish ponds, bridges, and spring houses, where he recalls having played with the brothers of Margaret Fuller. This must have been its condition in 1833 as the Fuller family moved from this house to Groton in that year, and in fact it was not until the fifties that the spring was filled up, a hotel built over it, and the charming appearance of this garden spot entirely changed. On a map of 1833 we find the name of Abraham Fuller as owner of this extensive tract, and as he was for the time a very rich man and a bachelor, he was probably responsible for beautifying and maintaining it for a number of years and perhaps until his death in 1847, when it passed into other hands.

In 1792, almost forty years before the date in which we are interested, the Rev. William Bentley of Salem notes in his diary:

"I visited Mr. Brattle's gardens at Cambridge — We first saw the fountain and canal opposite to his House and the walk on the side of another canal in the road, flowing under an arch and in the direction of the outer fence. There is another canal which communicates with a beautiful pool in the park and a place for his wild fowl. The garden is laid out upon a very considerable descent and formed with terraced walks, abounding with trees and fruits, and the whole luxury of vegetation, and is unrivaled by anything I have seen of the kind. The poultry was excellent and numerous. The parterres in fine order in the garden. The rabbit house had above 50 in it. The dairy room was the neatest I ever beheld. It was in stone and on the sides surrounded with a beautiful white Dutch tile, in the excess of

neatness. The repositories for the several fruits were in fine order, the barns, yards, and all agreed with the same good order." This agrees very generally with other descriptions of somewhat later date and indicates that this estate was well maintained over a considerable period of time.

*Returning to Thomas Fuller, it is recorded * that he came from*

** In the New England Historical and Genealogical Register for October 1859.*

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England to America in 1638 upon a tour of observation, intending, after he should have gratified his curiosity by a survey of this wilderness world, to return to England. Just what his official and social status was in the land of his birth does not appear, but that he must have been a man of some means, with an adventurous spirit, to have had the time and the courage to brave the perils and discomforts of a new world seems fairly certain.

Burke, in his General Armory, describes the arms later adopted by the Fuller family as belonging to a family of that name of the Isle of Wight, but there is no proof or suggestion that Thomas Fuller came from there.

While in Massachusetts Thomas Fuller listened to the preaching of the Rev. Thomas Shepard of Cambridge, who was then in the midst of a splendid career of religious effort and eloquence the echo of which, after the lapse of three centuries, has scarcely died away. The man himself according to the obituaries of the time was described as the "holy, heavenly, sweet affecting and soul ravishing Mr. Shepard." Inasmuch as the people of those times were not prone to overstatement, phrases of such almost feminine exuberance would seem to indicate that Thomas Shepard had something which the clergy of later times would seem to lack.

Through his influence, Thomas Fuller was led to take such an interest in the religion of the Puritan school, that the land of liturgies and religious formulas which he had left behind became less attractive to him than the "forest aisles" of America, where God might be freely worshiped. He has himself left on record a metrical statement of the change in his views which induced him to resolve to make his home in Massachusetts. These verses were collected by the Rev. Daniel Fuller of Gloucester from aged persons, who declare that the author was urged, but in vain, to publish them. Now, after the lapse of three centuries, we will favor the world with a few of them, which will serve as a sample: —

In thirty-eight I set my foot

On this New England shore; My thoughts were then to stay one year,

And here remain no more.

But, by the preaching of God's word By famous Shepard he,

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*In what a woful state I was, I then began to see.
Christ cast his garments over me, And all my sins did cover:
More precious to my soul was he Than dearest friend or lover.
His pardoning mercy to my soul All thought did far surmount;
The measure of his love to me Was quite beyond account.
Ascended on his holy hill,
I saw the city clear, And knew 't was New Jerusalem,
I was to it so near.
I said, My mountain does stand strong, And doubtless it will forever;
But soon God turned his face away, And joy from me did sever.
Sometimes I am on mountains high, Sometimes in valleys low: —
The state that man's in here below, Doth oft-times ebb and flow.
I heard the voice of God by man, Yet sorrows held me fast;
But these my joys did far exceed; God heard my cry at last.
Satan has flung his darts at me, And thought the day to win;
Because he knew he had a friend That always dwelt within.
But surely God will save my soul!
And, though you trouble have, My children dear, who fear the Lord,
Your souls at death he'll save.*

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*All tears shall then be wiped away;
And joys beyond compare, Where Jesus is and angels dwell,
With every saint you'll share.*

If these verses do not give evidence of the highest poetical culture and finish, they at least hand down through the centuries the reason which induced Lieut. Thomas Fuller (so we find him styled in the probate proceedings on his will) to purchase and settle upon a large tract of land in New Salem (afterwards Middleton); and this land is still mainly owned and improved by his descendants.

He built a house near Middleton Pond but subsequently moved to Woburn where, as one of the first settlers, he became one of the town's most active citizens, as its records manifest.

Thomas Fuller died in 1698, leaving all his property to a son Jacob. A son of this Jacob had a son Timothy born in Middleton, May, 1739. Timothy Fuller graduated at Harvard in 1760. He cut his name and that date on one of the corner stones of Hollis Hall, in the Harvard Yard, where it might still have been seen in recent years, but is now obliterated. Timothy applied himself to theology and in March 1767 received a nearly unanimous invitation from the church and town of Princeton, Mass, to become their pastor. Here he was ordained the first minister of Princeton.

The State Records contain the following: Petition of Timothy Fuller of Princeton, setting forth that he hath lately settled in the Gospel Ministry in said Princetown upon the slender allowance of £53:6:8 per annum, which he apprehends is as much as the people can afford to pay him in their infant state. That they have built a Meeting House and made roads in the town but have no public ministerial lands — and praying that this court would make him (being the first settled minister there) a grant of the Wachusett Hill lying in said town containing about 500 acres of poor barren land, except that at the foot of said hill on the south side there are about 100 acres which though rocky and uneven may possibly do for pasture land.

Which shows that the Rev. Timothy was a forward-looking and far-seeing person who had some shrewd ideas of the future value of one of the scenic spots of eastern Massachusetts, as well as of the right time to ask for it.

He was successful as a preacher, and his people were united in him till the war of the revolution broke out. He declared at the time, and ever afterwards, that he was friendly to the principles of the revolution, and anxiously desired that his country should be liberated from its dependence on the British crown; but he was naturally a very cautious man and believed this result would be certain to come if the country reserved itself for action till its strength was somewhat matured and its resources in a better state of preparation. Resistance at the time he believed premature and thought that we were hazarding all by too precipitate action. Such views, however, were by no means congenial to the heated zeal of his townsmen. He first gave dissatisfaction by a discourse he preached to the "minute men," at the request of the town, choosing for his text I Kings 20, 11: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." He was not a man to swerve from his own cool and deliberate views through the pressure of public opinion; and his persistence in them led to his dismissal from the pastorate in 1776, by an ex parte council, his parish refusing to agree with him upon a mutual council. He removed soon after to Martha's Vineyard and preached to the society in Chilmark till the war was ended. He then removed to Middleton, and brought a suit against the town of Princeton for his salary. His dismissal had been irregular, and the law of the case was in his favor; but the jury had too much sympathy with the motives that actuated the town to render a verdict in his behalf. It was supposed this result would be crushing to him and that he would not be prepared to pay costs recovered by the town; and some were malignant enough to anticipate with pleasure the levy of the execution. But they were disappointed;

for when the sheriff called upon him, he coolly counted out the amount of the execution in specie, which, with his habitual caution, he had carefully hoarded to meet this very exigency. He soon after returned to Princeton, where he applied himself to the careful education of his children, in connection with the cultivation of a large farm which embraced within its bounds the Wachusett mountain.

The History of Princeton, Mass, furnishes two short notes written by him in connection with his dismissal from his pulpit, which show an admirable spirit of Christian forbearance combined with a most spirited and dignified demand, expressed in terms which the writer might be proud to command under like circumstances and provocation.

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Princeton, Octr 8, 1778

To the Select Men to be laid before ye Town.

Brethren. My Inviolable Affection for you & Attachment to your Interest and Happiness which no Injuries & Outrages can abate, constrain me now to assure you that altho' I am at present removed from among you yet I have been, still am, & shall be ready to return, & to serve you in the gospel Ministry whenever you shall signify to me that I may proceed therein & that you will attend my ministrations —

I remain your real Friend & faithful Pastor

Timothy Fuller.

Princeton Oct.r 8. 1778

Fearing ye Treasurer might be Negligent of his Duty, I address you upon ye same subject upon which I have wrote to him, & hereby demand of you thirty Pounds lawful money which is due to me from ye Town as salary for my ninth years serving them in ye Ministry, also ye sum of one hundred & twenty five pounds, six shillings and eightpence for my Tenth & Eleventh years Sallary, and also as much more as shall be sufficient to make ye said sums of money as good to me as when I first settled here in ye Ministry, a speedy compliance may save ye Town from many disagreeable consequences which may attend Neglect.

Am with Respect your's

Timothy Fuller, Pastor of ye Chh of Princeton

None of his children attended any other than his family school; all were carefully taught, and several fitted for college at home. Those in the town who had been opposed to him soon became reconciled and even warmly attached. He was very active in town affairs, and represented Princeton in the convention which approved and adopted the present federal constitution. He himself, with his characteristic firmness, voted against the constitution mainly on the ground of its recognition of slavery; and he has left his reasons on record. In 1796, he removed to Merrimac, N. H.

Besides five sons, of whom more later in detail, there were five daughters who survived the Rev. Timothy. From the time of his death July 3rd, 1805 till the death of his son Timothy in 1835, a period of full 30 years, that family circle of brothers and sisters remained unbroken. Their ten children were much attached to each other as well as to their parents.

A rather touching picture has been preserved of the ten children who, a quarter century after their father Timothy's death and long after the family dwelling had disappeared, visited its site together. Nothing remained but its cellar, which time had partially filled, whose rounded excavation it had carpeted with green sward. Here the children gathered, and standing in the charmed circle of what was once their home, sang again the hymns of their childhood. They did not again visit it in concert and many of them sought it no more. Death in a few years broke that circle.

In August 1940 there was another gathering at this same spot, called to do honor to the memory of Rev. Timothy Fuller and his family. The entire company gathered at the site of the old house, listened to a short address by a great-granddaughter of Timothy and a reading by her of an appropriate poem written by his grandson, and then with faces turned toward Wachusett sang some hymns and let their thoughts dwell on those whose lives had gone on in that spot over one hundred and fifty years before.

The youngest daughter of this family has left us a day-by-day record of the family doings. Listen to a few passages in the diary of a little girl of fifteen in the year 1790 and contrast her duties and simple pleasures with those of our daughters and granddaughters.

DIARY OF ELIZABETH FULLER

Nov. 1790

3 *Very pleasant — I washed today.*

5 *Mrs. Perry and Miss Harris were baptised by immersion.*

6 *Pa and Ma set out for Sandwich — I was 15 today. I am quite sick. I*

was so bad we sent for Dr. Wilson — He said I had a settled fever. 10 Rev. Mr. Brown breakfasted with us — He is an agreeable pretty

man. 16 Thanksgiving today — We baked three ovensful of pyes — There

was no Preaching so we had nothing to do but eat them. 20 I began to break wool for Pa's coat.

24 *Very cold — Anna Perry here visiting — I made 18 dozen of candles and washed*

25 *Ma finished spinning her blue wool today.*

28 *I got out the white piece, Ma warped the blue & began to draw in the piece.*

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Dec.

1 Pleasant weather — Nathan Perry put our horse into their sleigh and carried me to Singing School & back — I had a fine ride and a fine evening.

3 I spun five skeins of linen yarn.

4 I spun two skeins — finished the warp for this piece.

8 Nathan Perry here working — I helped Sally make me a blue woolen gown.

10 Sally cut out a striped lutestring gown for me.

11 I spun swingling tow. — Have spun two skeins every day for three

weeks past. 15 I went to Mrs. Joshua Eveleths — Mrs. Eveleth got to bed a week ago — She has a girl. 17 I fixed up my leghorn hat — it looks quite spry.

20 I wove two yards & a half — got out the piece.

21 Have finished my weaving for this year — a hundred & forty yards since the 9th of March.

22 Sabbath — I went to meeting & rode on the colt.

24 I wove five yards — got out the piece — there is 36 yards of it — "Sweet liberty once more to me — how have I longed to meet with thee."

26 Ma at work on Pa's coat.

27 Timmy's birthday— he is 13 years old.

28 I spun three skeins & scoured the best Chamber floor.

30 I did not do much — spent chief of my time with Sally much against her inclination for she sent me out of the room fifty times a minute but I did not care any more than our white chicken does when we drive it out of the House.

In the short sentences of this quaintly worded chronicle of a demure New England maid, there is a wholesome picture of the homes of the period when home making meant housekeeping as well. Irresistible touches of humor, conscious and unconscious, run like a scarlet thread through the drab background of weaving, soap making, neighborly visitations and household cares.

Her supreme satisfaction in her finished spring weaving and the despair with which she writes on her sixteenth birthday "so many years passed in thoughtlessness and vanity"

show the puritanical influences of her forbears and her bringing up as a daughter of a New England minister.

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The neighborliness of the country life and the sincerity of the men, women and children of the little town who were her friends and visitors at the parsonage can be glimpsed between the lines.

Her affection for the older sister Sally and her pride in brother Timmy are very real as one reads the sometimes monotonous daily happenings — for instance, the "I wove today," and the little outburst of girlish petulance, after a week of it, make her a human child after all, and her little chronicle is interesting reading for us of another century.

Timothy Fuller's wife deserves more than a passing mention on account of her influence in moulding the character of her children.

Her father, Rev. Abraham Williams, was a warm patriot and an ardent friend of the Revolution. Two of his sons died in British prison ships. His letter, still preserved, accepting his call to preach in Sandwich breathes a pure Christian spirit, as does a communication in which he expresses a willingness to dispense with a portion of his salary to accommodate the narrow means of the people. His will is characteristic. He emancipates his slaves and charges his children to contribute to their support if they shall be destitute and deprives any child who may refuse to give bonds to perform this duty of his share of the estate, giving to such child in lieu thereof a new Bible of the cheapest sort, "hoping that by the blessing of Heaven it may teach him to do justice and love mercy."

These slaves, Titus Winchester and Phebe, were bought in Framingham and the bills of sale are still preserved. Titus refused manumission and stayed with his master till the latter's death. He is mentioned as keeping order among the boys in Rev. Mr. Williams's church. Freed by his master's will, Titus served in various capacities on sailing vessels and accumulated some property. It is said that he walked to Boston and bought a clock which was placed on his master's church. The gilded hands of this very clock are in the possession of Mr. Williams's great-granddaughter. The epitaph on Titus Winchester's large ledger stone in the old Cemetery in Sandwich, where he was buried near his master, is somewhat unusual and testifies to the regard in which he was held in the community:

Here lies all that was mortal of Titus Winchester. For many years he was the servant of the Rev. Abraham Williams the former minister of this place. His fidelity to his master on earth could not be exceeded by that which he constantly displayed toward his heavenly. Of industry,

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temperance, and economy he was an uncommon example. The fruit of all his earthly labour he generously consecrated to the service of Heaven. To the first precinct of this place he bequeathed all his substance to be dedicated to pious uses. In testimony of that sense of

gratitude for so distinguished a benefaction this monumental stone is raised as sacred to his memory and his virtues.

It might be hard to find another case in which a slave was so honored by the community in which he lived and was buried among his white neighbors, not at the feet of his master.

Rev. Timothy Fuller had five sons, all of whom followed the legal profession, a monotony of occupation more common in those days than now. These sons were men of marked character, possessing many admirable and some unpleasing qualities, and these in sufficient uniformity to cause their being liked and disliked by people like Horace Mann, a person of rather vehement prejudices. But they were people of great energy, pushing, successful, of immense and varied information, of great self-esteem and without a particle of tact. Says Thos. Wentworth Higginson: "My mother used to tell a characteristic story of Abraham Fuller, who was a frequent visitor at her house in Cambridge and whom every Cantabrigian of that period knew well. Coming in and finding my mother darning her children's stockings he watched her a little while and then said abruptly: 'You do not know how to darn stockings — let me show you' . . . He being an old bachelor and she the mother of 10 children the remark seemed the very climax of impudence, but he took the needle from her and taught her, as she always maintained, more about darning stockings than she had ever known in her life before. This combination of unexpected knowledge and amazing frankness in its proclamation shows what a critic like Horace Mann, himself not wanting in self-assertion, might have found to suggest antagonism to the Fullers."

Besides Abraham the other sons were Timothy, Henry Holton, William and Elisha. Henry Holton was the grandfather of Henry H. Fuller, the law partner of Henry M. Williams, whom most of us here in Cambridge knew so well.

"Of a family thus gifted and thus opinionated Timothy Fuller, Margaret Fuller's father, was the eldest, the most successful and the most assured."

Born July 11, 1778, graduated from Harvard with second honors

his class in 1801, he was at different times a member of various branches of the Massachusetts State Government and a Representative in Congress from 1817 to 1825. He was a Jeffersonian Democrat, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, and a warm supporter of John Quincy Adams, who makes many references to him in his voluminous diary. Timothy Fuller made many public addresses; one before the American Peace Society in 1826. These are fervent, patriotic and florid, but they have a certain exceptional flavor arising from the fact that, unlike nine tenths of those who made such addresses in New England, the speaker was a Republican, or as men were beginning to say, a Democrat and not a Federalist. He does not appear in these addresses as a bitter partisan. He is as ready to praise Washington and Adams as Jefferson and Madison, but he never mentions Hamilton and Jay and seems by implication to condemn the policy of the one and the treaty with which the name of the other often is identified.

True to the anti-slavery traditions of his father and grandfather, Timothy Fuller pointed out, as early as 1809, that the Constitution manifested "a temporary indulgence to a system which it nevertheless reprehends in the Southern States."

He was faithful in denouncing, three years before the War of 1812, those British outrages in search and impressment for which the Federalists mistakenly apologized, and if he was so hopeful as to assert that "None but just wars can ever be waged by a free country," we can pardon something to Republican zeal.

But that Timothy Fuller was capable of doing some justice to opponents is evident in the tribute which, as a lawyer, he pays to the integrity of the British Admiralty Courts, even in time of war. When we consider how hard it was for the disciples of Jefferson to admit that anything good could come out of England, we are justified, perhaps, in attributing to Timothy Fuller a rare candor and independence in taking such a position.

There seems to be no foundation for the suggestion that Timothy Fuller was moved in his efforts to give his daughter Margaret a high education by a baffled social ambition. In the first place there was little room for any such ambition. Cambridge society was very simple, as it still is, and Timothy's standing as a lawyer and Congressman was as good as anybody's. There was a prejudice against him, no doubt, on account

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his politics, he being a Democrat while the ruling classes of Massachusetts were Federalists, but his social position was unimpaired and he evidently took pains to fill the prominent place to which he was justly entitled, for an entertainment given by him to President John Quincy Adams, in 1826, to which Adams refers in his diary, was one of the most elaborate affairs of the kind which had taken place in Cambridge since the days of the Lechmeres and the Vassalls.

Timothy was then occupying the fine old Judge Dana mansion on Dana Hill, and his guests were invited from far and near to a dinner and a ball. Few Cambridge hosts would then have attempted so much, but had Timothy's social prominence been far less than it was, he would have been the last person to find out the deficiency. Had he lived next door to an imperial palace, he would have thought it was he who did the favor by mingling with his neighbors.

John Quincy Adams in an unpublished part of his diary writes: "September 26, 1826 —I went to Cambridge and dined with Mr. T. Fuller at the house which was formerly Judge Dana's and which he has just purchased. President Kirkland, Profs. Ware and Willard, Messrs. Everett and Bailey, Dr. Welsh and several others were there, with Mrs. Fuller and her daughter and his sister. Mr. Fuller had invited evening company with the expectation of meeting me there and among the first the daughters of the late Judge Dana, but the illness of Mrs. Adams . . . compelled me to return to Boston before Mr. Fuller's evening company had arrived."

Such was the father of Margaret Fuller, a man of some narrowness and undue self-assertion no doubt but conscientious, vigorous, well informed and public spirited. He seems to have combined within himself most of the characteristics of Fuller men before and after him — a distinct type bred of many different elements which we have reason to think

of as constituting the back bone of this country of ours. It may need a little stiffening in these times, but its marrow is unimpaired and still serviceable for our purposes for many years to come.

Having spent eight years in Washington in the service of his country, he found himself at the end of the Adams administration with no job and no prospect of one under a hostile administration and no hoped for recognition of his services. He had saved little from his salary as Congressman and had lost his former lucrative law practice in Boston. Con-

sequently, when he returned to Cambridge he found his fortunes at such a low ebb that he was soon obliged to move out to Groton and to support his family by a living wrested from the soil, an occupation for which he was totally unfitted.

Of the sons of the Hon. Timothy Fuller only two come within the scope of this paper. The second son, William Henry, went into business in New Orleans and Cincinnati but later returned to Cambridge and married in 1840 Francis Elizabeth Hastings, whose mother was a niece of Mrs. Craigie, the wedding taking place in the Craigie House.

Of the two youngest sons the Rev. Arthur Buckminster Fuller made an honorable record as a preacher of the Unitarian faith for twenty years. From 1854 till the war between the states he served as chaplain both of the Massachusetts House of Representatives and the Senate and delivered many public addresses. He also edited a four-volume edition of the works of his sister Margaret. In August, 1861 he received a commission as chaplain of the 16th Massachusetts Volunteers, with whom he served until December, 1862.

Arthur Fuller had not adopted the literary career to which his sister Margaret would have led him. His was a life of unwearied labor and great practical usefulness in the pulpit and later in the hospitals and on the battlefields of the war, and when after the resignation of his army chaplaincy, with his discharge in his pocket, he took a musket from the hands of a wounded soldier, saying "I must do something for my country," and went forward to certain death at the crossing of a pontoon bridge at the battle of Fredericksburg, he showed that his sister's influence had not been exerted in vain.

Richard Frederick Fuller, the younger of these two youngest sons of the Hon. Timothy Fuller, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1844, was fifteen years younger than his sister Margaret, who had always directed and stimulated his education. Having decided, after a year spent as a clerk in a Boston store, to enter college, he went to Concord and put in six months of preparation. His previous schooling under the watchful eye of Margaret had so well prepared him that he was able for the most part to work up the required subjects by himself, but he did have the advantage of reciting to Miss Elizabeth Hoar, herself an accomplished classical scholar.

Coming to Concord with letters from Margaret to Emerson, he came

into an intimate association with the Emerson family, as well as with Thoreau and others of that distinguished group, which lasted all his life.

His daily fare while a student in Concord was a pint of milk a day, a loaf of brown bread on Sunday which lasted a week, and some potatoes. "Mrs. Emerson," he says, "was in the habit of sending around pies to objects of her benevolence. These were delivered by a boy with a sled who regularly stopped at my door and these with occasional meat pies from Mrs. Samuel Hoar served as a welcome condiment for my food."

He says, "I hesitated to go much to Mr. Emerson's. I felt I had nothing to impart to him and ought not to take up his time, but he complained of my not coming to see him, so I feared he might think me not to appreciate his kindness and when he invited me to come every night to tea I concluded he must like to see me and I would feel free to come often." And so after six months of this Spartan discipline Richard Fuller set out on foot to Cambridge with a letter of recommendation to President Quincy, to take his entrance examination for Harvard. On the way he was caught in a shower, and the letter got wet and had to be presented in this condition with an apology; but President Quincy told him he was an old farmer himself and did not mind.

He says of Emerson: "If I had been a distinguished person whose hospitalities he was returning, Mr. Emerson and his family could not have treated me with more consideration. Though I often met persons of celebrity at his house, he never allowed them to put me into the shade, nor was his conduct singular toward me in this respect. Such was his admirable courtesy that there seemed to be no small and no great in his presence." Richard was perhaps the one of Margaret's brothers who responded most eagerly to the high ambition she had for their achievement in the field of letters and he received more than any other the benefit of her continuous and stimulating example and teaching. He had the Fuller inclination toward the law and became an able lawyer as well as a wise conservator of the family funds. These funds increased considerably during his short life, which came to an untimely end when he reached the age of forty-three in 1869.

So much has been written on every phase of Margaret Fuller's life since her death more than ninety years ago, her personality and the achievements of her later years are so familiar to most of you, that it is hardly necessary or possible in the time allotted to this family chronicle

to do more than give a glimpse of her first as a little girl, as revealed in a few short letters to her father during his 8 years as a member of Congress in Washington. The correspondence between them abounds in almost extravagant terms of affection in the pride of the daughter in her father's position and the pride of the father in his daughter's precocity and accomplishments. An impression has been given that Timothy Fuller was an almost merciless taskmaster who drove Margaret on and on in her studies so that her health became at times, as we know, seriously impaired, but in the correspondence between the two it is she who makes frequent references to the progress she is making, and to her eagerness and the delight with which she finds her remarkable mind able to acquire new and more information. At ten she reads and writes in Latin and at twelve

announces with composure her command of French and Italian and she finds her father always stimulating and tremendously proud of her insatiable zest and capacity for learning.

February 3, 1820

My dear Father:

Yesterday I wrote you a short epistle in Latin: Now I sit down to address you in my native language. Who would believe that it was February . . . Shall you be here the first of April, alias April fool day?

Thank you for your kind permission to read Zeluco but Mamma will not let me have it ... Miss Kimball informs me that Miss Mary Elliot went through Vergil in 30 days and I have studied with renewed vigor ever since. I shall finish this letter with the Lords Prayer in Latin. Correct it for me, Papa, will you?

November 22nd. 1820

I wish you would send me your speeches if you have them — I should value them extremely — I assure you notwithstanding the very mean opinion you have of my understanding I should value one of my dear father's speeches more than a thousand lighter works. I know well you think me light, frivolous and foolish. I believe you have had reason to think me so but I am yet capable of affection to one to whom I stand so highly indebted as to you, dear father. I must leave the last page for mother — She is going to Prof. Farrar's Friday night and is preparing her dress. March, 1822

I am glad that you cannot witness my first Examination — I know what your feelings would be — mine are sufficient — My Uncle Abraham

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will be there and will acquaint you with my success, perhaps it may be a failure, but be assured that I will do my utmost to acquit myself well. I hardly dare trust that I shall be right in Geography — the numberless questions on the map quite disconcert me — History unless I am frightened quite out of my wits, I am sure of and it is very improbable that I should miss in passing in Latin (bye the bye I have learned to scan and parse) or in French and I think my Italian will be right. I wonder if this is as interesting to anybody else as it is to me. I think of nothing else.

Cambridge, Jan. 24, 1824

I would give you the particulars of Miss Pratt's party as you desire but it is so long ago I have really forgotten them — I was very happy. I am passionately fond of dancing and there is none at all in Cambridge except at the Cotillion parties — I thank you most sincerely my beloved Father for the interest you take in my pleasures. Be assured I will do all in my power to manifest my gratitude for the indulgence and kindness you have ever shown in endeavoring to gratify even my slightest wishes. I think there never was so kind and affectionate a father as you and I am most profoundly and ardently sensible of it.

And now a last glimpse of Margaret in an unfamiliar role — that of the staunch defender of the family, the faithful teacher over many years of her younger brothers and sisters, the solid rock on which dashed the waves of adversity to which all might cling in order to keep together and surmount the flood.

"The family had removed to Groton to economize, for her father had died and the burden of supporting the family fell upon Margaret. On her knees beside her father's body she had pledged devotion to her brothers and sisters, and that vow she surely kept. Buried in Groton, the dream of Europe and the hope of a career must be abandoned. Putting aside the appeals of the family to take her portion of the estate now and go, she made in 1836 what she called the last great sacrifice. "Circumstances have dictated," she wrote, "that I must not go to Europe and shut upon me the door, as I think forever, to the scenes I could have loved. Let me now try to forget myself and act for others' sakes." She had fought like a lioness for the proper education of her younger brothers and sisters. She not only had the courage to do this but the courage to let it be known by those for whom it was done. Feminine self-sacrifice is a very common fruit on every soil and certainly on that of New England, but it often

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spoils its object by leading to selfishness and then dying, unrevealed — all from a mistaken sense of duty. To make this devotion by revealing it a means of elevating the person for whom it is made — this is a far rarer thing and requires absolute frankness and a wholly generous heart. To stimulate the brother to do the work which the sister for his sake left undone is to extract the very finest aroma of gratitude.

"The following letter from Margaret at twenty-six to her brother Arthur of fourteen, who later gave his life at Fredericksburg, needs no additional word to fulfill its purpose. At this very moment Margaret stood at the turn of the tide which swept her on to the career for which she had given up the hope of fulfillment."

You express gratitude for what I have taught you. It is in your power to repay me a hundred fold, by making every exertion now to improve. I did not teach you as I would; yet I think the confinement and care I took of you children at a time when my mind was so excited by many painful feelings, have had a very bad effect upon my health.

I do not say this to pain you, or to make you more grateful to me (for probably, if I had been aware at the time what I was doing, I might not have sacrificed myself so); but I say it that you may feel it your duty to fill my place and do what I may never be permitted to do.

Three precious years, at the best period of my life I gave all my best hours to you children; let me not see you idle away time, which I have always valued so much; let me not find you unworthy of the love I felt for you.

Those three years would have enabled me to make attainments, which now I never may.

Do you make them in my stead, that I may not remember that time with sadness.

THE WYETH BACKGROUND

BY ROGER GILMAN
Read April 28, 1942

THIS evening is dedicated to the story of one of the most adventurous sons of nineteenth-century Cambridge, Captain Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth, leader of an expedition to settle the Oregon Territory. This prologue to that epic had its origin in a drive across the country last summer. No one with any imagination could cross those vast plains, where we skimmed over in twenty minutes a day's travel by pack-train, or face those mountain barriers, or gaze upon the Pacific — the end of all journeys — without constant thoughts of the pioneers. The loneliness of the sagebrush desert, which seemed to creep over us if we so much as ventured out of our snug little car to eat a sandwich; the slow climbs up to passes among the snow peaks, smoothed for us into one even grade; the total blackness of night in the forest — how each of those obstacles must have clutched at their hearts!

When therefore I learned in Oregon that the first attempt to lead a company of settlers across that wilderness had been made by one of our Wyeths of Cambridge, I resolved on my return to search the shelves of Widener and to restore him to his rightful place in our annals. On reaching home, I found a fellow enthusiast in Dr. Eliot, who had preceded me to Oregon by some fifty years and who really knew the Oregon trail. So it is that we have joined our researches to bring to you, the Muses of History, the background and the adventure of Captain Wyeth.

The Wyeth Family saga begins with two entries in the "Proprietors' Records," that storehouse of the earliest Cambridge real estate¹. Under the date of the 20th day of the 5th month in 1645 it was recorded that "Nicholas Wythe purchased of Robert Daniel, in the West end, I dwelling with outhouses, and about halfe an Acr. of Land." On the basis of the boundaries recorded and of a still living tradition we may locate

¹ "Proprietors' Records" (the register book of lands and houses in the "New Towne" from 1634 to '829, printed by the City of Cambridge), vol. 1, p. 119.

this land on the present Garden Street, above Phillips Place.² This is the same land marked "Wyeth" on maps of 1776 and 1830.³ It became known as the Wyeth homestead and descended from father to son, — from Nicholas to Ebenezer, to Jonathan, to Jonas, to Jonas the second, to Job, and finally to Jonas the third, who let it go in 1850. It had been two centuries in one family.

On that same day in 1645 there is a second entry: "Item, purchased of George Willowes, 2 Acr. of Land in the west field."⁴ This land was bounded by the old Common, by the "Great Swamp" — which lay beyond Huron Avenue toward the clay pits, — and the "Highway," which I take to be the road to Arlington. Thus it lay around the spot where still stands a long, low, yellow house at the corner of Garden and Huron.⁵ It is now a lowly tenement, but it is a witness to the Wyeth acres purchased in 1645. For it was long a Wyeth

farmhouse, and its inventory records its Chippendale chairs and good silver, one piece at least being a Revere.

As a matter of background for the expedition of Captain Wyeth, you should note that both of these holdings were on frontiers, the one on the frontier for dwellings, the other on the frontier for farms. The liking for frontiers was a Wyeth trait.

One hundred years later the Wyeths pushed out into the country again.⁶ In 1751 Ebenezer, on his marriage, bought a large farm embracing the northwesterly portion of Mt. Auburn and extending to Fresh Pond. The house on this farm also remains — on the corner of Fresh Pond Parkway and Brattle Street. You will need to look sharply to discern the original pre-revolutionary dwelling, marked by the small windows and two chimneys arranged symmetrically around the doorway. When President Eliot bought it from the Wyeths, he added a long ell at one end. The present owner has disguised it still further by an addition toward the Parkway and a smart brick end with towering chimney.

The next Wyeth, Jacob, shortly after he graduated from the college, bought from his father, in 1792-96, eight acres bordering on Fresh Pond, and built there a hotel.⁷ It would be amusing to know how this hotel was regarded among the other primitives of the summer resort movement,

² L. R. Paige, "History of Cambridge" (1877), pp. 705 ff.

³ Maps in archives of Camb. Hist. Soc., in Map Room, Widener Hall.

⁴ Proprietors' Records, p. 119.

⁵ Information furnished by Henry D. Wyeth.

⁶ Paige, p. 705.

⁷ Paige.

but it must have been quite a pioneering venture on the part of Jacob Wyeth. Happily it produced two successive fortunes, for himself and his son. Until the railroad made New Hampshire accessible, it was one of the most popular summer resorts around Boston. It appears on all the maps of the nineteenth century, with a long road from the highway and stables and large turn-around for carriages, for it was just a pleasant driving distance from town. We boys, who used to follow its road to skate on the Pond, knew the place only in its disreputable senility, but it must have been a charming spot in its day, placed high on a bluff, shaded by large trees, and looking out across the Pond into the west wind. The building itself, having been successively a nunnery and then a roadhouse, was long ago removed to Lake View Avenue and converted into a tenement. It is so changed by a coating of stucco that one would never suspect its early prestige or later notoriety. Only its Victorian plate glass windows and its black walnut newel post at the stairs remain a witness to its century of hospitality.

Into this Middlesex Eden was born, in 1802, our adventurer.⁸ He was the youngest son of Jacob, the hotel pioneer, and was named Nathaniel Jarvis, after his mother's father.

It would be interesting to know more about her and the early Jarvises and whether he got from them some of his remarkable qualities. But they must have been an out-of-town family, for they are absent from Paige's lists. Nathaniel did not go to Harvard College, as his father and elder brother had done, but at 25 he was engaged to manage the Fresh Pond ice-houses of Frederic Tudor, who was to be known as the "Ice-King."

Tudor was a notable figure in Boston for two generations. He was twenty years older than Wyeth and may be supposed to have had some influence on his young manager. What that influence was can be guessed from Tudor's own creed, which he printed on the cover of his "Ice Diary": "He who turns back from his undertaking at the first repulse, and dares not risk a second, has never been, is not, and never will be a hero, either in war, love, or business."

Since ice was to play a great part in Wyeth's life, we must consider for a moment the ice industry.⁹ There had been some dealing in ice in

⁸ Paige.

⁹ "R. O. Cummings, "The American Ice Industry and the Development of Refrigeration (1935)." A typewritten thesis in the Harvard Library, pp. 78-92.

the preceding decades by butchers and other trades as a side line, and there was now a strong demand for it, especially in the South. But it was cut only with axes and shovels; it was delivered only in chunks and splinters. About two thirds was lost by melting before it reached the customer; altogether it was too expensive and untidy for family use. Moreover, since cutting by hand was a slow work, a thaw or a snow storm often intervened and ruined the year's crop. But Tudor saw in it the possibilities of a fortune, for he had only to cut and market it; as the saying was, "the ice itself was as free as the water beneath or the air above."

Young Wyeth, given his first job, proved at once the ingenuity and enterprise that was to distinguish him later. In the first season he invented a two-horse saw which cut deep smooth blocks of standard size. This revolutionized the ice business. The smooth blocks did not melt too fast; they could be easily stored, shipped and delivered; they could be sold at a profit. Other inventions followed, and it was said in his obituary that there was hardly an ice tool or device that could not be traced to Nat Wyeth.

After his expedition, when he had returned to Cambridge, he found that the industry had grown surprisingly. By 1834 thirteen houses could be seen around the shores of Fresh Pond. It was becoming one of the two centres of ice for the country. The "ice railroad," a new branch which ran along its very edge, had replaced the slow ox-teams. Thousands of tons could now be carried quickly from the ice-houses to the wharves, from which ice-clippers shipped it to Calcutta or Ceylon or China. So ice finally engulfed Nathaniel Wyeth. It made him rich, and he died a wholesale ice merchant and a large exporter — but not the founder of Oregon.

It is not hard to imagine that young Wyeth was stirred by Tudor's success in exploring new fields and in trading off one section of the country against another. He must

have realized his contribution in creating this thriving industry. He may well have chafed at his small reward and have cast about for some new region in which he too might make his bold play for a fortune.

However, the idea of a venture in Oregon was not "the spontaneous notion of Mr. Wyeth," to quote from his young cousin's book,¹⁰ "nor

¹⁰ *John B. Wyeth, "Oregon," reprinted in R. G. Thwaites, "Early Western Travels," vol. xxi (1905), p. 25.*

was it entirely owing to the journals of Lewis and Clarke. . . . He was roused to it by the writings of a Boston schoolmaster, Hall J. Kelley. Mr. Kelley's writing operated like a match applied to the combustible matter accumulated in the mind of the energetic N.J.W."

This Kelly was a natural propagandist.¹¹ Already, during his twenties, he had introduced the blackboard into the schools of Boston and had his services dispensed with by the Mayor. He had founded the Young Men's Education Society, the first Sunday School in New England — so he said — and the Penitent Female Refuge Society. Now he was possessed by the vision of an American colonization of the Oregon country, which was rapidly drifting into the hands of the British fur traders.

By 1829 Kelley had got so far as to organize the "American Society for Encouraging the Settlement of the Oregon Territory."¹² It was in that same year that Wyeth went to him and borrowed his books and documents. Later he enrolled for the expedition which Kelley was to lead, the date set being January first, 1832. Wyeth, as he himself said, "had no views further than trade, at any time." Kelley's motives were patriotic and religious. "He hoped to repeat, with appropriate variations, the history of the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay, — adding to it the education of the Indians."

But in spite of his enthusiasm there was little taste around Boston for such a venture. Only a few young farmers and journeymen mechanics enrolled. Criticism was violent. Kelley himself went off to Washington, spending most of two years petitioning Congress for authority and for financial backing.

Wyeth, on his part, came to the conclusion that Kelley was no man for such an undertaking and that he would organize his own. His letters to Kelley¹³ reveal the different stuff of which he was made. In one of them he wrote, "When you adopted the plan of taking across the continent in the first expedition women and children, I gave up all hope that you would go at all, and all intention of going with you if you did." And again, "However well matters are going at Washington, matters little to me. Anything they can do will come too late for my purposes. My arrangements are made for leaving 1st March and I shall not alter them."

¹¹ *Dictionary of National Biography, "H. J. Kelley."*

¹² *F.,W. Powell, "Hall Jackson Kelley, Prophet of Oregon." Portland, Ore. (1917), ch. iv.*

¹³ F. G. Young, editor, "Correspondence and Journals of Capt. N. J. Wyeth" (1899), quoted in Powell

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Thus in spite of warnings by his neighbors, of disillusion, of the hazards of an untried route and an unknown land, even of a powerful British monopoly already entrenched, young Wyeth made his resolve. He was only 29. He had never been outside of Cambridge. He had had no experience except in cutting and shipping ice on Fresh Pond. But he determined to finance a company and lead 50 men across the continent, to send a supply ship around the Horn, to create a canning and fur trade in the wilderness and to found a new American state.

Such a story should be told only by another Cambridge young man who went pioneering to the Northwest — Dr. Samuel Eliot.

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ALL ABOARD THE "NATWYETHUM"!

BY SAMUEL ATKINS ELIOT

Read April 28, 1942

ON the 24th of April, 1890, Mr. James Russell Lowell was sitting at his study desk yonder at Elmwood writing a letter. It was addressed to the pupils of the High School at Portland, Oregon, who were about to put on what they called a Lowell evening. "I feel," he wrote, "as if I had a kind of birthright interest in Portland, for it was a townsman of mine who first led an expedition across the plains and tried to establish a settlement there. I well remember his starting sixty years ago and knew him well in after years. He was a very remarkable person whose conversation I valued highly. A born leader of men he was fitly called Captain Nathaniel Wyeth as long as he lived. I hope he is duly honored in your traditions."

Now I too feel a sort of birthright interest in the communities of the Pacific Northwest. It happens that my great-grandfather, a Salem shipmaster and merchant, was the owner of a small share in the bark Columbia — Captain Gray — and in 1792 that vessel, on a trading voyage to the Northwest Coast, was the first to enter the mouth of the great river which was afterwards to bear the ship's name, and it was upon that discovery that the claims were based which in the treaty of 1846 gave to the United States the great region out of which have been carved the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Then two years before Mr. Lowell wrote the letter just quoted I was living as a boy preacher in Seattle, then an overgrown lumber camp sprawling up and down the hills, in what was still Washington Territory. The railroad had not at that time reached Seattle and I traversed the Puget Sound Country by steamboat and by canoe. Then my duties as the officer of a missionary society for nearly thirty years and as a member of the United States Board of Indian Commissioners for twenty years took me almost annually to the Pacific Northwest, and I know the country almost as well as my native New England. Then it happened that in June of 1934 I was in Idaho to give certain

Commencement addresses at the University of Idaho. I found the city of Pocatello gayly decorated with bunting, preparing for the celebration of the looth anniversary of the founding of the neighboring Fort Hall by Capt. Nathaniel J. Wyeth and his company. When it was discovered that I came from Wyeth's birthplace, I was at once enlisted to address various patriotic and historical societies. One of them was the Wyeth Chapter of the D. A. R. It was impressed upon me that the name of Capt. Wyeth is better remembered and honored in the Northwestern States than it is here in Cambridge, where he was born, lived and died.

Now let me say something about the sources of our information about the Wyeth expeditions — for a paper to be read before an Historical Society should be well documented. It is an exceptionally good fortune that three first-hand contemporary accounts of the expeditions of 1832 and 1834 have been preserved. Capt. Wyeth himself kept a journal of the events of each day. It is not a literary production and was not intended to be. It's more like a ship's log, recording the length of the day's march, the latitude and longitude of the place of bivouac, the success of the hunters in bringing in game, and occasionally describing some incident that might be worth remembering. Wyeth, however, also kept in a letter-book copies of his correspondence with his family, with the families of some of his companions, and with certain of the gentlemen who had put money into the enterprise. That correspondence is much more personal and informative. It covers the years 1831 to 1835. It was gathered and published, together with the journals, in 1899 by the Oregon Historical Society.

Then we have a more vivacious journal of the first expedition, that of 1832, kept by a cousin of the leader, a boy of eighteen, John B. Wyeth. He evidently joined up without any very serious purpose and just for the fun of the adventure, but he wrote his journal in an offhand, racy fashion and his narrative gives some vivid pictures of life on the plains. The young man didn't get along any too well with his cousin and captain and, with some other malcontents, abandoned the expedition when they were four-fifths of the way across the continent. The deserters had a very tough time getting back but young Wyeth finally reached St. Louis and worked his way on a boat to New Orleans and then on a ship to Boston. Somehow he held on to his journal and, when he got back to Cambridge, the narra-

tive was of course eagerly read by his family and friends. It came to the attention of one of our then most eminent citizens, Dr. Benjamin Water-house. He at once saw its merit as a story of adventure and also realized that its publication might well deter misguided people from hereafter making such foolhardy attempts. Young Wyeth's description of the hardship and dangers of the journey and of his own sufferings was certainly vivid, and Dr. Waterhouse felt that his good fellow townsmen ought to be warned so that they would not again be lured from their comfortable firesides into such reckless ventures. So he took the soiled manuscript and edited it and secured its publication.

The little book of some ninety pages bears the formidable title "Oregon, or a short history of a long journey from the Atlantic Ocean to the region of the Pacific by land, drawn up from

the notes and oral information of John B. Wyeth, one of the party who left Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth July 28, 1832, four days march beyond the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and the only one who has returned to New England, Cambridge, 1833." The book was privately printed, primarily for circulation among Cambridge friends and neighbors, and very few copies are now in existence, but the narrative was reprinted in Volume 21 of the great series of "Early Western Travels" edited by the distinguished historian and librarian, Reuben Gold Thwaites, and published in 1905. It would be a rather fascinating study for one or another of our literary pundits to go through that little book and separate the parts originally written by Wyeth from the paragraphs obviously interpolated by Dr. Waterhouse. Wyeth's narrative is lively and boyish, while the style of Dr. Waterhouse is Johnsonian or Websterian. The descriptions of the plains and the mountains, of the trappers and the Indians, of the privations and misfortunes of the march, are plainly Wyeth's; while the cautions and warnings, the admonitions and moral lessons are equally plainly Waterhouse. Dr. Thwaites discovered, by the way, that in the authors' catalogue at the Harvard Library the book is — or was — listed under Waterhouse. Now that little book was the first American publication to deal with what was soon to be known as the Oregon Trail — indeed, with the exception of the abbreviated journal of the Lewis and Clark Journals, published in 1814, it was the earliest description of the Northwestern wilderness and of the tribes that roamed there. Washington Irving's classic "Astoria" was published three years later and Dr. Townsend's narrative of the second

Wyeth expedition six years later. That is our third contemporary authority. Dr. Townsend's account of the 2nd Wyeth Expedition is a larger and much more scholarly piece of work than young John Wyeth's immature production, even when polished up by the erudite Dr. Waterhouse. Townsend was a Philadelphia physician and a man of science. He had a concern — as the Quakers say — to explore and describe the flora and fauna of Western America. In this enthusiasm he was aided and abetted by his friend Thomas Nuttall, who had been his neighbor and fellow worker in Philadelphia but who, for the last ten years, had been the curator of our Botanic Garden here in Cambridge and lecturer in Natural History. Nuttall told Townsend about the chance to go out with Wyeth on the 2nd expedition in 1834. They got some kind of commission from the Academy of Natural Sciences and joined up with Wyeth in Missouri and crossed the continent with his party. Nuttall's further adventures we shall encounter later. Townsend stayed in Oregon for some time, made a voyage or two to Hawaii, was for a while physician at Ft. Vancouver, the Hudson's Bay Company post on the Columbia, made many trips collecting and exploring in the Northwest, and finally came home round the Horn after an absence of nearly four years. His account of his travels was published in 1839 with the title "Narrative of a Journey across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River, etc. with a scientific appendix." Townsend wrote well and his book is easy and pleasant reading. It too was reprinted in Volume 21 of Thwaites's "Early Western Travels."

These then are the original sources of our information. Now let's get to the story of the adventure itself. Nat. Wyeth was twenty-eight years old when he got interested in Oregon. He had married his cousin, Elizabeth Jarvis Stone, had just moved into a new house he had built on the family estate, and was well started in the ice business at Fresh Pond. His employer, Mr. Frederick Tudor, wrote of him in his diary January 27, 1828: "Wyeth was out on the pond without hat or coat. He is equal to any difficulty which to common minds seems

insurmountable." Now Nat. Wyeth had something of the pioneer spirit of his New England forbears. The ice business — though it was at that time a pioneer occupation, highly speculative and dependent on the whims of the capricious New England winter — seemed tame to him. Then too he had another

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of the outstanding traits of his forbears — an eye to the main choice. He was by no means averse to a good trade and he was persuaded that there were big profits to be made by people who could get in early in the packing of salmon and the collection of furs out in the Oregon country. It was a spirit quite like that of the young Salem skippers who would start at a week's notice on a voyage to Canton or the East Indies or to uncharted regions they had hardly heard of — or of some youngster in New Bedford who would ship for a whaling voyage in the South Pacific. There were strange lands to visit, strange people to see, and big money in whale oil or in the silks and teas and spices one could pick for a return cargo at Whangpoo or Singapore.

The spark that set fire to this latent impulse in Nat. Wyeth was undoubtedly the contagious enthusiasm of his neighbor Hall J. Kelley. Kelley was a teacher, a graduate of Middlebury with a Master's degree from Harvard. He was what we now call a "booster" and he never stopped at superlatives. His ideas about Oregon were largely the product of a fertile imagination. He had never been there but his rosy dreams and his hypothetical descriptions of the country proved in the end to have real substance. The valley of the Columbia is as rich in natural resources and as magnificent in scenery as his glowing vision discerned. His sources of information were limited. Yankee ships had been trading on the coast for forty years and even when I lived there in the 1880 's white men were still called "Boston men" by the Indians. My great-grandfather's little ships would load at Boston or Salem a cargo of goods — gadgets thought to be suitable for the Indian trade — go round Cape Horn and up to Nootka Sound on Vancouver Island, there swap the cargo for furs, mostly otter and seal, carry the furs to China, sell them there and buy a cargo of tea and silk and bring that back to Boston round the Cape of Good Hope. The logs of those ships and the oral narratives of the survivors of the Astoria Colony, planted by John Jacob Astor in 1811 and maintained for a while at the mouth of the Columbia, gave one some knowledge of the coast, but the vast interior was practically unknown. The Hudson Bay Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company had some scattered posts in the Northwest and trappers and traders had followed some of the Indian trails through the mountains but, as I have said, the report of the Lewis and Clark expedition published in 1814 was the only printed account of conditions in that almost untraversed land and the only de-

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scription of the obstacles and perils that must be met by any overland expedition. For ten or a dozen years Hall Kelley was incessantly active in rousing interest in this country of his dreams. He wrote pamphlets and letters in the newspapers, interviewed all sorts of people, and finally got an organization started called the Oregon Colonization Society. He was a visionary sort of man — a dreamer whose dreams never came true. Most of his business schemes, both here in Massachusetts and in the Northwest, proved to be

impracticable but I am sure that he was actuated not merely by desire for profits but by sincerely patriotic impulses. He didn't like the Treaty of 1818, which provided for the joint occupancy of Britain and the United States of the whole Northwestern Territory between 42° and 54°40', and he wanted to help save the great valley of the Columbia for his own country. Anyway Nat. Wyeth caught the Oregon fever from Kelley and he took it hard. He joined the Oregon Colonization Society but soon lost confidence in Kelley's business judgment, pulled out, and started an enterprise of his own. His plan followed the precedent set by John Jacob Astor twenty years earlier — the Astoria expedition — and it had much the same fate. He proposed to load a vessel with supplies and traders' goods and dispatch it on the voyage round Cape Horn. Then he would recruit an overland expedition and lead it across the plains and the mountains and in the fall meet the vessel at the mouth of the Columbia and set up a commercial post for trading, fur collecting and salmon fishing which would quickly produce great profits. "I cannot," he wrote, "divest myself of the opinion that I shall compete better with my fellowmen in new and untried paths than in those to pursue which requires only patience and attention."

Wyeth spent the winter of 1831-32 recruiting his company, raising money for the initial expenses, and writing letters making inquiries about climate, the kind of supplies needed both for sustenance and for trade, the ways of packing salmon and preserving furs, and the possible routes to be followed. He put into the enterprise all the money he could raise on his own credit. His uncle and his elder brothers, Charles and Leonard, who were in business, — one in Baltimore and the other in New York, — subscribed, and another brother, Jacob Wyeth, then living and practicing medicine in Howell Furnace, New Jersey, was enrolled as the doctor for the

expedition that the men who followed Wyeth were in his employ. Washington Irving in his book about the expedition of Capt. Bonneville, which followed closely after Wyeth's, says that Wyeth "had enlisted a number of men in his employ" and the later historians followed that lead. But Washington Irving didn't understand the New England way of doing things. Wyeth's company was organized on what may be called a Town-Meeting plan. Wyeth was naturally elected Captain and each man put into the common pot not less than \$40.00. Each man had a vote and decisions were made by a show of hands. It was a sort of profit-sharing company very much like the organization that used to prevail on a Gloucester fisherman — where no one had wages but each shared in the profits of the trip, so much to the owners of the schooner, so much to the captain, so much to the cook, so much to each member of the crew.

Wyeth's comrades were naturally all young men, imbued with the spirit of adventure but reluctant to accept any sort of discipline and quite inexperienced in making long marches over trackless plains. The company met for three months on Saturday nights at Wyeth's house and settled things among themselves in Town-Meeting fashion. There was devised the curious vehicle which gave a unique appearance to the expedition. Wyeth was a good deal of an inventor. He had invented most of the tools of the ice business. Now he devised a boat, or gondola, some 13 feet long and 4 wide which was firmly connected with four wheels. It could thus be hauled by manpower or by oxen and when a river had to be crossed the thing was turned over, the wheels detached and loaded into the boat, and the craft rowed across. Three of these unique constructions were built by the two carpenters of

the company and Dexter Clapp, the village blacksmith, down at the smithy under the spreading chestnut tree. As appropriate for an academic town, this mongrel, half boat half wagon, was given the classic name of the Amphibium, but the Cambridge wags insisted on calling it the Nativyethum — and that name is the thing best remembered in these provincial parts about this history-making expedition. Twenty-one men enlisted. They adopted a uniform — woolen jackets and trousers, cowhide boots, a broad belt equipped with axe and knife — and the Nativyethum carried tents, kettles and cooking utensils. On the first of March, 1832, in order to harden themselves for the journey and to get some experience of the life of the bivouac, they went into camp for ten days on Long Island Head down Boston Harbor and on

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March 11 seventeen of them, with the equipment, sailed from Boston on the brig Ida and after a stormy fortnight at sea landed at Baltimore.

There the other four, who came from New York and Philadelphia, joined up and now we can follow young Johnny Wyeth's account of the trip. It contains — as his captain wrote later — "a good many small lies" but we can skip the things that were obviously set down in a sort of boyish malice or resentment, and the record is more vivacious than the captain's own journal. When the two agree we can be pretty sure of the facts. "At Baltimore," wrote Johnny, "our amphibious carriages excited great attention and I may add our whole company was an object of no small curiosity. They said — 'That's Yankee all over. Bold enterprise, neatness and good contrivance.' We marched two miles out of Baltimore and encamped for four days and then we put our wagons on to cars on the railroad which extends from thence sixty miles to the foot of the Allegheny mountains." That means that the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. had been opened for traffic as far as Frederick, Md. just a few months before and the cars were still hauled by horse power.

Then they dragged the wagons over the mountains and the rough Pennsylvania roads and arrived at Pittsburgh on the 8th of April, four weeks after leaving Boston. Johnny didn't care for the fast growing town of Pittsburgh. "The town, he says, has somewhat the color of a coal pit or a blacksmith shop." He calls it a "hornets nest of bustle and dirt" and he describes the citizens as people "who choose to breathe smoke and swallow dirt for the sake of dollars." Then they all went aboard The Freedom, a river steamboat which Johnny describes as "a truly wonderful floating hotel," and he is captivated by the beauty of the river and its background of wooded hills. And then we read without any break in the narrative: "so it is with the youth of both sexes, not satisfied with the present gifts of nature, they pant after the untried scene, which imagination is continually bodying forth and times are as constantly dissipating." That, of course, is the editorial interpolation of the sententious Dr. Waterhouse, who never misses a chance to pour cold water on Johnny's enthusiasms and to warn his fellow citizens of the hazards involved in wandering far from the pleasant banks of Fresh Pond — about which he chortles with unexpected exuberance but in an unmistakable style. "Fresh Pond," he says, "is a body of delightful water which seems to be the natural head or source of all the numerous underground rivers run-

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ning between it and the Navy Yard in Charlestown, which is so near to the City of Boston as to be connected to it by a bridge" . . . "around these inosculating waters are well cultivated farms and a number of gentleman's country seats, forming a picture of rural beauty and plenty not easily surpassed in Spring, Summer and Autumn" — and then the ecstatic doctor acclaims the "rich pasturage, numerous dairies and profitable orchards, the luxuriousness of well cultivated gardens of all sorts of culinary vegetables — and all within three miles of the Boston Market House and two miles of the largest cattle market in New England." These are the delights, — together with the ice business over which the doctor also rhapsodizes, — that the foolhardy Wyeth has abandoned in his reckless adventure.

But we must get back to the Ohio and the trip on the steamer. Johnny didn't like the people of the region. "They are," he writes, "rather boisterous in their manners and intemperate in their habits." At Cincinnati even the boys from Cambridge indulged in a bit of frolic. "We went," writes our young chronicler, "into a public house where we treated ourselves to that sort of refreshment which inspires mischief . . . when we set out to return to the steamboat, we passed by a store, in the front of which stood three barrels of oil, at the head of a fine sloping street. The spirit of mischief put it into our heads to set them a rolling down to the river. No sooner hinted than executed. We set all three a running." He adds that if the perpetrators of that mischief had been caught, "we had determined to plead that such an outrage could not have been committed by people from Boston, 'the land of good principles.' It must have been by some gentlemen southerners with whose capacity for nightly frolics we who lived within sound of the bell of the University of Cambridge were well acquainted."

They got to St. Louis on the 18th of April and there their eyes began to be opened to the difficulties of the way ahead. They were assured that it was impossible to get wagons over the mountains. So they sold the Natwyethums for half of their original cost and listened to alarming tales about the marauding and murderous Blackfeet and the inadequacy of their own means of defense. "These things," wrote the boy, "operated not a little on our hopes, our imaginations and our fears. Some of our company began to ask serious questions — where are we going and what are we going for — questions which would have been wiser had we asked them

before we left Cambridge and ruminated well on the answers." One may perhaps surmise that that is also an editorial insertion on the part of the wary Waterhouse.

But they pushed on. A small steamboat took them up the Missouri. The progress of the boat against the stream was so slow that most of the company walked along the banks — going aboard to sleep when the boat tied up at night — and so they reached Independence, the last white settlement. There good fortune befell them. They found a well-equipped hunting and trading company led by the well-known Indian trader, William Sublette, just starting westward. That meant that at least they had guides and an interpreter to go along with them. On Sublette's advice they bought horses to ride and some sheep and oxen, for he assured them that they could not depend for provender on the game they might find. Then they were off — but two men of Wyeth's party, Kilham and Weeks, had had enough of it and turned back. Four or five days later three more deserted: Livermore, Bell and Griswold. You

see what good Cambridge names these boys bore. Those family names are all represented here today.

Well, we need not follow all the incidents of the long trek. They were not unlike those of the larger caravans that followed in later years. It wasn't long before Johnny Wyeth's spirits began to flag. The dusty dreariness of the plains, the absence of trees (Johnny didn't like trying to cook with only dried buffalo dung for fuel), the monotonous diet, the muddy water and resulting sickness — these things caused "grumbling, discontent and dejection." If it had not been for their fellow-travellers of the Sublette party the Wyeth party would probably have perished on the dry plains. But Sublette's men taught them how to shoot and skin the buffalos and kill the rattlesnakes and how to build the bull-boats out of willow withes and buffalo hides — by which they got across the rivers that were too deep to ford.

At last through the dust and heat, their eyes caught the gleam of the snow peaks ahead — a sight that still gives me the same exultant thrill it gave me when I first saw the heights of the Rocky Mountains nearly sixty years ago. Up they climbed over the comparatively easy grades of what was later known as the South Pass, which had been discovered by the party returning after the collapse of the Astoria Colony and had since been used by the fur traders. Over the backbone of the continent they

went, the sick men and those too weak to march clinging to the ponies' saddles, and then down into the green and sunny valleys of what we know as the Teton Basin. There was the rendezvous which Sublette had appointed with his trappers and hunters, both white and Indian, who had spent the winter gathering furs. There was a great paying off or exchange of the furs for the goods Sublette had brought and the camp was a bustling, noisy place, a veritable Bedlam. "The cataract of hybrid oaths," wrote Bancroft, "in French and English, in Cayuse and Shoshone, would have puzzled Satan himself."

There the hearts of more of Wyeth's companions failed. After considerable persuasion the captain was induced to call a meeting to discuss plans. Then the roll was called. Dr. Jacob Wyeth and George Moore, who were both ill with dysentery, declared that they just couldn't go on and so did Nud, Palmer, Law and Theodore Bache. Young John Wyeth too had now had enough of adventure. Those who voted to return, seven of them, were given one of the two tents, guns and horses, and they joined those of the Sublette party who were returning to the settlements on the Missouri. Nat Wyeth, with the remaining eleven, joined up with Milton Sublette, the younger brother of William, who planned, with an equal number of followers, to continue hunting in the Snake River valley. Wyeth bought fresh ponies from the Indians and on the 17th of July stood ready to again start westward. But hardly had they begun their march when they were set upon by a marauding band of Blackfoot Indians. Sublette sent a messenger back to his brother asking for aid. The older Sublette summoned all his people and they galloped to the rescue. Then for six hours was fought what is known in the annals of Indian warfare as the battle of Pierre's Hole. No one of Wyeth's men was killed but of Sublette's party three white men were killed and seven wounded. A wild charge finally dispersed the Blackfeet and on the 24th of July the two parties again separated.

The seven men of Wyeth's party who turned back had a very tough time of it. Moore and Nud were killed by the Blackfeet before they had gone more than three days' journey toward the East, and the others, sick, ragged and miserable, finally found their way to St. Louis. Captain Wyeth and his men had no easy time of it either, for their journey was over alkali deserts and sage brush plains and there was the rushing Snake River and its branches to cross. It was not until the 4th of October that

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the expedition reached Fort Walla Walla — the small post of the Hudson Bay Company on the upper Columbia — where the town of Wallula now stands. "There," writes Captain Wyeth, "were six white men — and we saw a cow and calf, cocks and hens, pumpkins, potatoes and corn, all of which looked strange and unnatural and like a dream." Thence the going was easier. They left the horses at Walla Walla and embarked in one of the company's barges on the broad Columbia. They had to make portage round the Dalles but there were plenty of friendly, though thieving, Indians to help, and on October 29 they pulled ashore at Fort Vancouver and were received "with the utmost kindness and hospitality" by Dr. McLoughlin, the governor of the place which he had built in 1824 for the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company. Wyeth wrote of this man — "the Father of Oregon" as they call him today: — "He uses his power as a man should to make those about him and those who come in contact with him comfortable and happy," and he adds, "the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company do much credit to their country by their education, deportment and talents."

Then came the crushing blow. Word came up the coast reporting that the brig Sultana, which had sailed from Boston early in the spring and which was bringing the supplies and the goods required for setting up a trading station, had been wrecked in the South Pacific. The fulfillment of Wyeth's plans became therefore for the time being impossible. He spent the winter exploring the country. His most important trip was up the Willamette, which he accurately mapped and described. More and more he was convinced of the rich resources of the region and more and more he was determined to make his plan succeed. The obvious priorities of the Hudson Bay Company and the efficiency of its administrators did not daunt him, though he wrote home, "I have traversed the country in many directions and found all those places which are accessible to shipping occupied, or about to be so, by the Hudson Bay Company."

Meanwhile his companions scattered. Either they liked the country or they had no stomach for the hardships of the return journey. Only one of them, Wiggin Abbot, came back with Wyeth. He helped to organize the second expedition and was later killed by the Indians in Idaho. Another, Trumbull, died at Ft. Vancouver soon after arrival there. Of the others, three later became well known citizens of Oregon. Calvin Tibbetts was a young stonecutter from Maine. He married an

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Indian wife, settled in Clatsop County, and became a judge. Solomon Smith also married an Indian wife, or rather ran away with another man's wife, settled in the Willamette valley,

became one of the leading pioneers of the region, and finally a State Senator. John Ball first volunteered to teach the little halfbreeds at Ft. Vancouver. There were no white women at that time in all the Northwest and that was the first school in the whole vast region. A New Hampshire man and a graduate of Dartmouth, Ball evidently had a somewhat different standing from the other members of the expedition, for Capt. Wyeth in the journal always calls him Mr. Ball. Apparently he had no connection with the business end of the venture. Forty years later, in 1874, when he was living in Grand Rapids, Michigan, — where he was also a pioneer settler and later an honored citizen, — he wrote out some of his reminiscences and they were edited and published by his daughters. He devoted three chapters to his experiences with the Wyeth expedition, — an excellent and trustworthy narrative. In a letter addressed to the Idaho Historical Society he explains that he joined Wyeth's expedition "out of curiosity and for personal observation." After leaving Ft. Vancouver he broke out a farm in the Willamette valley and claimed to be the first American to hold a plow in Oregon.

Wyeth started east from Ft. Vancouver in February, accompanied by two of his original companions — Abbot and Woodman — and by a Hudson Bay Company party of hunters and trappers. Woodman dropped out after a while and stayed in the mountain country. Wyeth and Abbot took the northern route — up the Columbia to the Spokane — over the mountains, through the dangerous Blackfoot country where they had many narrow escapes, and on August 12th came out on the Big Horn River not far from what was later the scene of Custer's last battle. There they built a bull-boat and started floating and paddling down the Big Horn to the Yellowstone, thence to the Missouri, and so to the settlements, reaching St. Louis in October. On the way they were fortunate in falling in with Milton Sublette, with whom they had travelled for a while on the westward journey, and between them a contract was made which clinched Wyeth's determination to try again. On behalf of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company the younger Sublette agreed that Wyeth should purchase for the company the stores and supplies needed for the next summer's trade at the rendezvous, this time on the Green River, and

bring them out to the market, receiving his pay and the expenses of transportation there. That contract made it possible for Wyeth to raise the money for his second expedition, for it seemed to assure a reliable profit even before the proposed trading post on the Columbia was established.

So after an absence of nineteen months Wyeth got back to Cambridge on November 8, 1833, having accomplished the first continuous crossing of the continent from ocean to ocean within what is now the territory of United States. He plunged at once into preparations for a second expedition. This time he formed a stock company — the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company — and, with the Sublette contract for a backlog, secured the support of a number of substantial subscribers. Boston investors were ready to take a chance in those days in speculations like the fur trade, as they did later in western lands and railroads. The brig Mary Dacre was loaded with supplies for the trading station and dispatched to go round the Horn to the Columbia. Milton Sublette came on to Boston to assist in the selection of the goods to be carried out by the overland caravan and then returned to the Missouri to engage the hunters and packers, who were this time the employees of the company, and to buy the horses and mules. Wyeth had gained a lot of

experience not only about crossing the plains and the mountains but also about the trade he was going into and especially about the successful practices of the Hudson Bay Company. Some notable additions were made to his company: first, the two naturalists, Dr. Townsend and Professor Nuttall; and second, five young men commissioned by the Methodist Church to establish a Mission among the Indians of the Northwest Coast. These were the Rev. Jason Lee, his kinsman, Rev. Daniel Lee, and three laymen, Shepard, Walker and Edwards. These men proved to be stalwart comrades and they were the pioneers of the permanent American settlement of Oregon.

And now we follow in concise summary Dr. Townsend's admirable narrative, which was published in Philadelphia on his return in 1839. Townsend and Nuttall reached St. Louis on March 24, 1834, and met Wyeth there. They went on up the Missouri to Independence, where Milton Sublette was gathering the caravan. Independence is now a suburb of Kansas City, five miles below the centre of the city. There the missionary party joined them and on April 28 the whole expedition of

seventy men and two hundred and fifty pack horses and mules set forth. Ten days later their first misfortune befell — Milton Sublette fell sick and had to go back. He died within a year. Then on May 12th they discovered that a considerable party westward bound had passed them in the night and had got a day's march ahead. This was soon identified as the caravan led by William Sublette, ostensibly their partner but now disclosed as really a competitor, hurrying to get first to the trading rendezvous on the Green River. Wyeth's eyes were opened to the unscrupulous and cutthroat methods of the fur trade. The rendezvous was reached on June 22nd and sure enough, not only was the market surfeited with the goods Sublette had brought but the wily trader utterly repudiated the contract Milton Sublette had made and refused to pay Wyeth for the wares and merchandise he had bought under the contract and transported across the plains. Wyeth's laconic comment in his journal is simply, "To my astonishment the goods which I had contracted to bring up to the Rocky Mt. Fur Co. were refused by those honorable gentlemen."

Wyeth made the best bargains he could in disposing of the bulk of his goods and decided that if he was going to succeed in this ruthless business he must have a base or post of his own in the mountain country and his own band of hunters and trappers. They started ahead on July 2nd with a reduced company but with two interesting new recruits. Dr. Townsend calls them Englishmen but the name of Sir Wm. Drummond Stuart clearly indicates a Scottish origin. He and his comrade, Ashworth, were out in the mountains just for adventure, shooting grizzly bears and mountain goats and taking a shot now and then at marauding Indians. They proved to be bold and jovial associates, though I think Townsend liked them better than the missionaries did. Wyeth nearly perished in the mountain snows trying to find a new pass but finally the expedition came into the lowlands bordering the Snake River. There on a meadow six miles above the mouth of the Portneuf Wyeth found a site for his proposed base, or post; and while Townsend and the Englishmen and some others went off on a hunting trip, the rest of the company fell to building a log stockade. It was of the type of the Hudson Bay Company's posts, — and later of such familiar stations on the Oregon Trail as Ft. Laramie and Ft. Bridger and the rest, — a stockade eighty feet square with turrets or bastions eight feet square at the corners, and, within, some rude log huts

for dwellings and for storage purposes. The stockade was built of cotton-wood logs set two and a half feet in the ground and rising fifteen feet above it. Ample meadows about it gave room for camping parties, parking space we should call it now, and the river was an unfailing water supply. Wyeth named the post Fort Hall, after Henry Hall who was the largest subscriber to the stock company. There on a summer Sunday Jason Lee held the first Protestant service in Idaho.

*Fort Hall is, or ought to be, a famous name in American history for in the 1840*5 and 50's it became the principal meeting place for the great caravans, — the endless march of the covered wagons on their way to the coast. There everyone stopped to rest and feed the weary animals and to stock up with supplies and ammunition for the rest of the trip. There the trails divided — northwest to Oregon, southwest to California. The old stockade has long ago crumbled away — but a small stone monument, hardly discoverable in the tall grass, marks the site. The present Fort Hall is some miles to the northeast of the old site. It was established in 1870 as an Army post and is now the office of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. There is the Indian School and the centre of life for the descendants of the Shoshone and Bannock Indians who met with or marched with or fought with Wyeth's party a hundred and ten years ago.*

On the fifth of July the missionaries, with Stuart and Ashworth, started from Fort Hall under the guidance of a party led by Thomas McKay, a vigorous and popular young halfbreed who was not only a trading agent of the Hudson Bay Company but also the stepson of Dr. McLoughlin, the factor at Fort Vancouver. McKay, recognizing the probable competition of Fort Hall as a trade centre, soon afterward built Fort Boise, not far from where the present capital of Idaho stands. A week later Wyeth, with thirty men and one hundred and sixteen pack animals, followed. First they hoisted an improvised American flag over the fort — something which counted in the subsequent destiny of Idaho. They left a dozen men at Fort Hall to finish the buildings and then go out hunting and trapping and buying furs. It was a hard trek over the volcanic wastes of Southern Idaho. Once they got lost in the maze of mountains now known as the Devil's Bedstead and had to retrace their steps and find another and more practicable route. That brought them over to the place where is now the famous resort known as Sun Valley. I cannot pause to follow all their adventures — graphically described by

Dr. Townsend. They reached Walla Walla on August 3rd and rejoined the missionaries who had gone on ahead and followed a different route. Thence by horse, or barge or canoe, they went down the great Columbia and on September 16 stepped ashore at Fort Vancouver to be hospitably greeted by Dr. McLoughlin, "a large, dignified and very noble looking man" writes Townsend, "with a fine expressive countenance and remarkably pleasing manners — he requested us to make his house our home, provided a servant to wait upon us and furnished us with every convenience we could possibly wish for." There, after a rest, the company separated. The naturalists went off on exploring and collecting forays. Jason Lee and his missionary comrades paddled up the Willamette and

established their station colony at what was known as French Prairie, just below Salem. The little school in which they started to teach English to the Indians has grown into Willamette University, the oldest institution of the higher education on the Coast. There, you see, is the usual sequence of the advance of civilization; first the hunters and explorers, then the missionaries, then the settlers. Wyeth set up his trading post on Wapatoo Island. He had a good eye for a location for that is the very best place for such an enterprise in the whole region. Wapatoo, — now called Sauire Island from the French Canadian who afterwards lived there in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, — is an island some fifteen miles long by three wide at the junction of the two great rivers of Oregon, the Columbia and the Willamette, or just below where the present great city of Portland stands. It is where the trade of the region naturally centres. The island was, and is, exceptionally handsome, with beautiful lakes and headlands and beaches. It is now a favorite resort — a place of summer cottages and fishing and yachting clubs.

The Mary Dacre duly arrived but she was very late, having been struck by lightning off the Coast of Chili and having been obliged to put into Valparaiso for repairs. She was dispatched with lumber to Honolulu and brought back cattle and goats and various commodities unobtainable on the coast. Wyeth and his men worked hard building houses and canoes and traversing the country in search of furs and fish with which to load the brig for her homeward voyage. On Feb. 12, 1835, Wyeth records in his journal: "In the morning made to Vancouver and found there a polite reception and to my great astonishment Mr. Hall J. Kelley."

This was the man whose writings had incited the Oregon adventure. His colonization scheme had fallen down but he himself had come out by the way of Mexico and up the coast to Monterey and thence overland to the Columbia. He was not received at Fort Vancouver with the customary hospitality. You see in his pamphlets and newspaper letters he had said some very harsh things about the Hudson Bay Company and it is hard to believe that he could have assumed that he would be welcomed at one of the Company's posts. The excuse given for the cold reception was that Kelley and his companion Young had stolen a bunch of horses. That story Wyeth did not believe but there was little he could do for Kelley, who had no skill as a woodsman or a hunter and who could make no progress in any trading venture. Dr. McLoughlin sent him in a Company vessel to Hawaii and thence he somehow got back to Boston. His later years were passed in the unhappy pursuit of some other impracticable schemes and Bancroft records that Kelley "did not cease writing and raving until his death at the age of 85."

Professor Nuttall (who, you remember, had come overland with Wyeth) had a happier experience. He accumulated innumerable barrels and boxes of specimens — plants, birds, bugs and rocks — went to Hawaii in a Hudson Bay Company vessel, and thence got to California. Those of you who are devoted as I am to "Two Years before the Mast" will remember how another Cambridge citizen, young Dick Dana, describes his astonishment at meeting him. "I left him," wrote Dana, "quietly seated in the chair of botany and ornithology at Harvard" and here he was "strolling about San Diego beach in a sailor's peajacket and barefooted, picking up shells. I could not have been more surprised to have seen the Old South steeple shoot up from the hide house." Nuttall came home a passenger

in the Alert. The crew called him "old Curious" and some of them, Dana records, "said he was crazy and that his friends let him go about and amuse himself in this way."

Things did not go well at Wapatoo. The salmon catch was small and the Mary Dacre had to sail for home on October 17 with only half a cargo. The trappers and Indians Wyeth hired to get furs were untrustworthy or disloyal. Wyeth made one hard and dangerous trip back to Fort Hall, hoping to find things better there but it was the same story. The Rocky Mountain Fur Company, operating east of the mountains, and the Hudson Bay Company west of the mountains, were in possession

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of the fur trade and relentlessly crushed competition. The long strain told on Wyeth's vigorous body and he fell desperately ill, and without his stimulating leadership all work stopped. Finally he had to realize that his dream could not be fulfilled. In spite of the tense business rivalry he had maintained friendly personal relationships with Dr. McLoughlin, for whom he had a deep respect. So they got together and made a deal whereby the Hudson Bay Company bought out all Wyeth's belongings and claims — including Fort Hall, for McLoughlin liked the idea of having another post over in the territory hitherto covered by the American fur traders. Wyeth was able to pay off his men and discharge all local obligations and in the spring of 1836 he left the Columbia. I think this letter to his wife reveals his quality: "Keep up good spirits, my dear wife, for I expect when I come home to stop there; and although I shall be poor we can always live. I hope to find my trees growing and all things comfortable. This will be the last until I see you."

We have no record of that last homeward journey save that in July he met the Whitman-Spaulding party going west. That was the famous missionary band sent out by the American Board. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding were the first white women to cross the continent. After leaving Fort Hall Wyeth took a more southern route and instead of following the old trail down the Platte River to the Missouri, he came down the Arkansas. It is rather curious to note that in his four crossings he had thus followed, in part at least, the paths long afterwards traversed by the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific and the Santa Fe Railroads. He got back to Cambridge in November and resumed relations with Mr. Frederick Tudor in the ice business. That he pursued with undiminished initiative and tenacity until his death in 1856. It was the harvest that gave Mr. Tudor the name of the "Ice king" and it is in Tudor's journal that we read the gleeful record "the frost covers the windows, the wheels creak, the boys run, winter rules and \$50,000. worth of ice floats for me on Fresh Pond."

So we leave our Cambridge pioneer of the great Northwest and the romance of his vision, his labor and his failure. I like Dr. McLoughlin's testimony about him: "as a rival in trade I always found him open, manly, frank and fair, in all his contracts a perfect gentleman doing all he could to support morality and encourage industry in the settlements." Dr. Townsend, who marched with him, had the greatest admiration for the

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ability and resources of his leader and for his "indefatigable perseverance and industry." Bancroft testifies that "though Wyeth's Oregon adventure was a failure his influence on Oregon occupation and settlement was second to none. The flag of the United States was planted by him in the heart of the continent at Fort Hall and on the seaboard of the Pacific." Washington Irving declares that "Wyeth's enterprise was prosecuted with an intelligence, spirit and perseverance that merited success." He had the "mind to conceive and the energy to execute extensive and striking plans."

The Cambridge Historical Society honors itself by devoting an evening to making commemorative record of the work and character of Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth.

LONGFELLOW AND DICKENS

THE STORY OF A TRANS-ATLANTIC FRIENDSHIP

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW DANA
Read June 2, 1942

THE COMING OF DICKENS to America in 1842 was greeted by Longfellow with a burst of enthusiasm: "Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow." The friendship that sprang up between the young American poet and the young English novelist during this first visit, was strengthened during Longfellow's stay with Dickens in London later in that same year. It was renewed upon the return of Dickens to America twenty-five years later, and on Longfellow's final visit to Gad's Hill shortly before the death of Dickens.

The story of these four trans-Atlantic visits and return visits and the growth of this friendship between the most widely read English novelist and the most widely read American poet of that day offers us an interesting cross-section of the shifting Anglo-American relations during the Nineteenth Century. The very fact that the temperaments of the two writers were so different makes the common interest that they both had in the lives of humble people and the helpful mutual influence that they had on each other all the more remarkable a contribution to the larger history of the growth of good will and understanding between England and America.

Longfellow had been one of the first Americans to pay tribute to the genius of Dickens. When Longfellow had returned from Europe to America at the end of 1836 and came to Cambridge to take up his professorship at Harvard College, he brought with him a keen relish for the Pickwick Papers, which had been published earlier during that same year in London. Though Dickens was then only twenty-four years old, his fame quickly crossed the Atlantic and the correspondence of Longfellow and his friends at that time shows how fond they were of quoting from the young British novelist.

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In imitation of the famous Pickwick Club, with its noble-minded Mr. Pickwick, its amorously susceptible Mr. Tupman, its would-be sportsman, Mr. Winkle, and its sentimentally poetical

Mr. Snodgrass, Longfellow and four of his closest friends, Felton, Sumner, Hillard, and Cleveland, formed a little club of five, which they called "The Five of Clubs."

Of these five, it was the Harvard professor of Greek literature, Cornelius Conway Felton, with his rotund build and his round-rimmed spectacles, who seemed to correspond most closely to Mr. Pickwick. Charles Sumner, with his slightly pompous manner, seemed to suggest at times a combination of Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tupman. When Sumner reported that he had gone grouse-shooting and had actually shot a grouse, Felton, in a letter of November 5, 1838, wrote to him in mock consternation:

Is it possible you killed anything on purpose? Did you think of Mr. Winkle? Did you remember Mr. Tupman's shooting a partridge by accident? That unfortunate rabbit will haunt you as long as you live, if you are indeed guilty of his blood. I think we must have a series of papers, after the manner of Pickwick describing the adventures of the club; and it is plain that you must be the travelling committee, to say nothing of being our great oracle on matters of sport.

One of Sumner's friends, Samuel Devens, who had fallen in love with a widow, seems, by his first name, if nothing else, to have suggested Samuel Weller; and Felton wrote to Sumner on January 23, 1839:

Sam Devens is engaged to a Widow. He was at my house last Friday, and the last thing I said to him as he went away was in the words of Old Weller "Samivel, don't marry a vidder" without the least suspicion that he was at that moment engaged to one of that respectable community. The next day the news reached me, and I almost broke a blood vessel with shouts of laughter.

In *The Spanish Student*, which Longfellow wrote in 1840, he put into the mouth of Victorian's man-servant, Chispa, certain locutions, such as "Peace be with you, as the ass said to the cabbages" or "So we plough along, as the fly said to the ox," which may well have been suggested by the so-called "Wellerisms" which Dickens had put into the mouth of Pickwick's man-servant, Sam Weller.

To Dickens himself, Longfellow was supposed at this time to have a

striking resemblance. In his journal for December 5, 1838, he described how one of his friends said to him: "You look precisely like Dickens!" His brother, Alexander Longfellow, wrote to him on April 21, 1842, about the portrait of him that had just been painted by Cephias Thompson: "The picture looks, asking his pardon, much more like Dickens than you."

When the success achieved by the *Pickwick Papers* in 1836 was continued by *Oliver Twist* in 1837 and by *Nicholas Nickleby* in 1838, the "Five of Clubs" in America was delighted. A critic in the *Quarterly Review* in 1838, speaking of the fame of Dickens, had made the unkind prophecy: "He has risen like a rocket and he will come down like a stick." Yet, with the *Old Curiosity Shop* in 1840 and *Barnaby Rudge* in 1841, the reputation of the "Incomparable Boz" continued to ascend both in England and in America.

By the end of 1841 rumors came to Longfellow and his friends that Dickens was planning to visit America. Elaborate preparations were made for his entertainment in

Boston and Cambridge. On December 27, 1841, Nathaniel Hale, Jr., wrote letters to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, inviting them to serve as vice-presidents on a reception committee in honor of Dickens. On January 17, 1842, Longfellow received an invitation to attend the Dickens Banquet that was to be held in Boston and accepted with alacrity. On the eve of the arrival of Dickens in Boston, the various members of the "Five of Clubs" were all impatience for the great event. Charles Sumner wrote to Lord Morpeth on January 19, 1842: "We are all on tiptoe to see who shall catch the first view of Dickens above the wave."

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FIRST VISIT OF DICKENS TO AMERICA

Finally, at five P.M. on Saturday, January 22, 1842, the SS. "Britannia" sailed up Boston Harbor and all Boston went wild with enthusiasm. Dickens, writing back to England to his friend John Forster, said:

I was standing in full fig on the paddle-box beside the captain, staring about me, when suddenly, long before we were moored to the wharf, a dozen men came leaping on board at the peril of their lives. . . . What

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do you think of their tearing violently up at me and beginning to shake hands like mad men? ... A Mr. Alexander, to whom I had written from England promising to sit for a portrait, was on board directly we reached the land.

This portrait painter, Francis Alexander, continued to dance attendance on Dickens, escorting him through the crowds at the dock in Boston, driving him in a carriage up State Street and along Tremont Row to the Tremont House, where another crowd was waiting. There he sent up a beautiful bouquet of flowers to his hotel room and kept on "Alexander-ing" Dickens into sitting for his portrait, while the sculptor Dexter persuaded him to sit for his bust, much as both artists later did in the case of Longfellow.

From the very day he landed in America, then, the young English novelist — Dickens was still only 29 — was besieged by every sort of invitation and attention. On the Saturday night of his arrival, as soon as he had got settled in his room, he set out in high spirits to make his first tour of Boston streets and shops, accompanied by a group of enthusiastic young men, one of whom, James T. Fields, writes: "Dickens kept up one continuous shout of uproarious laughter."

The following Monday, Longfellow attended the Tremont Theatre where a play called "Boz!" was to be acted and, in a letter to his father a few days later, says of Dickens: "The other evening he was at the theatre; and was received with nine cheers, and was forced to come forward in the box and make a bow."

In this play, which was written in honor of the arrival of Dickens in Boston, the back-drop, painted for the occasion by Mr. Stockwell, represented State Street in Boston and the exterior of the Tremont House, where Dickens was staying. Against this Bostonian setting, appeared not merely Boz, but also, somewhat incongruously, characters from

Pickivick, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, and Barnaby Rudge. The sub-title of the play was "A Masque Phenologic" and, in accord with the fad of that time for the study of phrenology, which would see in certain "bumps" on the head indications of certain "faculties," some of these Faculties appeared on the scene. Queen Victoria had then been on the throne only five years, but had already several children and accordingly there appeared on the stage "Philoprogenitiveness, (as Queen Victoria)." From the New England point of view there was perhaps a certain irony

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in representing "Firmness, (as General Jackson!)." With a possible reference to Emerson, there appeared "Wonder, (as a Celebrated Tran-scendentalist!)." Then there was "Time, (as a Yankee Clock Pedler)" and "Tune, (as II Signor Paganini)" and "Other Faculties" enacted by the "Ladies of the Company."

Mr. J. M. Field, who acted the part of Boz, composed and sang a song for this occasion, humorously warning Dickens of the reception that was in store for him in the American cities:

They'll eat you, Boz, in Boston! and

They'll eat you in New York!

The New York Journal of Commerce took up the refrain with doggerel verses beginning:

They'll tope thee, Boz, they'll soap thee, Boz;

Already they begin. They'll dine thee, Boz, they'll wine thee, Boz;

They'll stuff thee to the chin. They'll smother thee with victuals, Boz,

With fish and flesh and chickens, Our authorlings will bore thee, Boz,

And hail thee 'Cousin Dickens.'

The "authorlings" referred to, of course, included Longfellow, who at this time had only just published his second book of poems.

Two days later, by special arrangement, Professor Longfellow was received by Dickens in his rooms at the Tremont House. Dickens was also soon introduced to Professor Felton and Professor Jared Sparks — both later to become Presidents of Harvard. Evidently these professors made as good an impression on Dickens as Dickens did on them. For, writing to his friend John Forster in England, Dickens said: "The Professors at the Cambridge university, Longfellow, Felton, Jared Sparks, are noble fellows."

Longfellow, in turn, writing to his friend Sam Ward in New York, burst into a similar ejaculation: "Dickens is a glorious fellow." In a letter to his father written on the same day, Longfellow echoed the same phrase and went on to describe the sensation Dickens was making in Boston:

Dickens has arrived. He is a glorious fellow; and the greatest possible enthusiasm exists among all classes. He has not a moment's rest; — calls

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innumerable — invitations innumerable; — and is engaged three deep for the remainder of his stay, in the way of dinners and parties. He is a gay, free and easy character; — fine bright face; blue eyes, long black hair, and with a slight dash of the Dick Swiveller about him.

Of the extraordinary furore created in Boston by this visit, the sedate Unitarian preacher, William Ellery Channing, wrote to Dickens: "There never was and there never will be such a triumph."

The following Sunday morning, January 30, 1842, Longfellow took Dickens for a long walk. Knowing his fondness for picturesque settings and eccentric characters, he led him first along the waterfront of Boston, past the wharves where the Boston Tea Party had taken place and where could be seen the countless ships with their forests of masts, the sailors with bearded lips, and the rough longshoremen hanging about the docks.

He then took Dickens into the Seamen's Bethel in North Square to hear the famous preacher to the sailors, the weather-beaten "Father" Taylor, who had himself formerly been a mariner. As Dickens and Longfellow quietly took their seats in the midst of the rough sailors, they could see over the preacher's pulpit the theatrical drapery painted to represent a shipwreck with a very small angel on a cloud letting down a very large golden anchor, evidently a symbol of the salvation of souls from moral shipwreck. The preacher, clasping the Bible in his left hand and leaning out of the pulpit, pointed downward with his right hand to a group including these two unrecognized intruders, Longfellow and Dickens, and shouted:

Who are these — Who are they — who are these fellows? where do they come from? where are they going to? Come from! What's the answer? . . . From below! From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That's where you come from!

Then, thumping his Bible and implying that with its help these miserable sinners — Longfellow and Dickens and the others there — might yet be saved, he pointed upward and cried with ever increasing fervor:

And where are you going? Where are you going? Aloft! Aloft! Aloft! That's where you are going — with the fair wind — all taut and trim, steering direct for heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary

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are at rest. That's where you are going too, my friends. That's it. That's the place. That's the port. That's the haven. It's a blessed harbor. . . . Peace — Peace — Peace — all peace!

Emerging from the church, duly chastened by this dire warning, Longfellow and Dickens continued their Sunday morning walk. As Longfellow wrote in his letter to Sam Ward: "We then made a pilgrimage through North End, over Copp's Hill to Bunker's."

In the North End, he probably showed Dickens the Old North Church, where on the eighteenth of April in 1775 the lanterns had been hung out as a warning that the British were coming; and it is possible that Longfellow conceived at this time the poem which he later wrote on Paul Revere's Ride.

In the Copp's Hill Burying Ground, he showed Dickens the inscriptions on the gravestones of the early American patriots who had fought against England.

He then took Dickens across the bridge to Charlestown to view the nearly completed Bunker Hill Monument, marking the spot of the conflict between the American Revolutionists and the British.

Americans then still took delight in pointing out to their British guests all these localities connected with the American Revolution. Longfellow evidently could not resist this same temptation. From his grandfather, General Wadsworth, who had helped build the fortifications that enabled Washington to drive the British out of Boston, Longfellow had heard as a boy the story of the struggle of the Americans against the British and had been taught to look on the English as enemies.

Now, however, the coming of Dickens gave him quite a different feeling about the English. If the British should try to capture Boston again by arms, the Americans might still resist; but Dickens had captured, or rather captivated, Boston by arts — and Boston had capitulated.

At the end of their long walk and talk, Longfellow and Dickens parted better friends than ever. In summing up the amount of ground covered in this Sunday morning stroll, Longfellow wrote in his letter to Sam Ward: "Today I have walked ten miles; namely, to town, through town, and out of town to Charlestown (Bunker's Hill) and back again."

Two days later, on Tuesday, February 1, 1842, came the famous Dickens Dinner at Papanti's Hall. The tickets were fifteen dollars apiece.

There were no less than ten courses, each course offering a wide variety of choices, including oysters in three different forms and veal in four forms. Countless toasts were drunk in innumerable wines and tributes were paid to Dickens by some thirty different orators.

In his gracious reply, Dickens said:

You have in America great writers — great writers — who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words. Deriving (which they all do in a greater or less degree, in their several walks) their inspiration from the stupendous country that gave them birth, they diffuse a better knowledge of it, and a higher love for it, all over the civilized world.

It is possible that his remark about "a certain stately tree that has its being hereabout and spreads its broad branches far and wide" was a reference to the "spreading chestnut-tree" mentioned in the opening line of "The Village Blacksmith," which had been published in Longfellow's Ballads and Other Poems only a few weeks earlier. This was a poem which Dickens was constantly quoting. He ended his eloquent speech with an appeal for friendship between Americans and English and an inspiring toast that, more than a hundred years later, still rings in our ears today:

AMERICA AND ENGLAND: AND MAY THEY NEVER HAVE ANY DIVISION BUT THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN THEM!

Finally, Friday, February Fourth, — the last day of Dickens's stay in Boston — came Longfellow's breakfast for Dickens at the Craigie House in Cambridge. Some five days earlier, Longfellow had written to his New York friend, Sam Ward, saying: "When shall you be here? Dickens breakfasts with me on Friday. Will you come? Let me know beforehand, every place at table is precious; — but I shall count upon you." Sam Ward, "The King of the Lobby," was unable to come, but Longfellow had invited for this occasion several of the leading lights of learning at Harvard to do Dickens honor.

Leaving his rooms at the Tremont House in Boston early that morning, Dickens walked to Bowdoin Square and there paid his fare of 25 cents for Morse's Stage, the famous "Hourly" to Cambridge, driven by a burly red-faced driver who looked like the old Tony Weller. At the "Village," as Harvard Square was then called, Dickens alighted from the

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coach and made his way along Brattle Street, passed the Village Smithy under its "spreading chestnut-tree," till he came to an old yellow and white colonial house, which had been Washington's Headquarters during the first year of the American Revolution.

Longfellow, who was very proud of this connection of the house with Washington, was now occupying three upper rooms in the house. The previous owner, Mrs. Craigie, had died several months earlier, and Joseph Worcester, who was then compiling his so-called "Pugnacious Dictionary," was sharing the house with Longfellow.

Welcoming Dickens at the front door, Longfellow led him up the broad hall staircase to his sunny upstairs rooms. Among the Harvard professors who were the breakfast guests was Professor Felton, whom Dickens pronounced "the heartiest of Greek professors." In contrast to him was the elderly and solemn Andrews Norton, former Professor of Sacred Literature, who had been called "the Pope of the Unitarians." Longfellow's brother Samuel, who may well have been present, has described this occasion as "a bright little breakfast, at which Felton's mirthfulness helped, and Andrews Norton's gravity did not in the least hinder, the exuberant liveliness of the author of Pickwick."

After breakfast, Longfellow took Dickens to the Harvard College Library, then housed in the newly-built Victorian Gothic structure known as Gore Hall. There he introduced his distinguished guest to other Cambridge worthies. Among these were the parents of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who wrote in his journal:

Found them in great excitement at having seen "Boz" and actually shaken hands with him in the College Library after he had breakfasted with Mr. Longfellow, and I partook in the excitement. What a glorious thing it is for a whole nation to rise up and do homage to the genius of one young man.

On his way back to Boston, Dickens walked through Cambridgeport and dropped in to the picturesque ivy-covered studio there, to say goodbye to the American painter, Washington Allston, whom he described as "a fine specimen of a glorious old genius." There, too, he found Allston's brother-in-law, the elder Richard Henry Dana, who had already met him in public on various occasions and wrote of Dickens: "He has the finest of eyes; & his whole countenance speaks life & action — the face

seems to flicker with the heart's and mind's activity. You cannot tell how dead the faces near him seemed."

On the following day, "The Five of Clubs" and the other friends of Dickens in Boston bade him farewell at the Rail Road Station as he took the train for Worcester. A few days later Longfellow set out in the opposite direction, "Down East" to Portland, Maine. From there, remembering by contrast the triumphant reception of Dickens in Boston, he wrote to Sumner:

My arrival was celebrated by six small boys imitating the steam whistle . . . Such was my triumphal entry into the city of my nativity. I have not yet been honored with a public dinner; but a portrait-painter has Alexandered me, which occupies several hours of the mornings, and will send me down to posterity with a face as red as Lord Morpeth's fiery waistcoat ... I have seen John Neal. He thinks the Bostonians have made fools of themselves in the Dickens affair.

Longfellow had described the future plans of Dickens as follows:

Leaves town on Saturday for Worcester, where he passes Sunday with the Governor. There on Monday he is to be met by a committee of Young Men from Springfield, who take him on to dine. At Springfield he passes into the hands of another Committee, who take him to Hartford for the same purpose; — and so on through New Haven to New York. Luckily he is young, — only thirty, next month, — and has a good constitution, and likes the fun of the thing.

The devoted Felton, not to miss any of the fun, had managed to follow in the wake of Dickens's triumphal procession, and sent back to the other members of the "Five of Clubs," who remained in Cambridge, glowing accounts of all that had happened since Dickens left Boston. Writing to Sumner on February 8, from Worcester, Felton gave an amusing picture of the journey in the facetious manner of Dickens himself:

It was understood, along the line of the rail road that Dickens was coming. Wherever the cars stopped, heads were incontinently thrust in bawling out, "Is Mr. Dickens here?" I am credibly informed that no less than six persons came within a hair's breadth of losing

their heads, by keeping them thrust in too long — not taking them out until the cars had been in motion several seconds.

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In the same letter, Felton wrote: "Worcester has been in a paroxysm about the Dickenses." The Worcester worthy at whose house Dickens stayed evidently prided himself that the soft pronunciation of English used by the cultivated people of Worcester was superior to the harsh tones of the Bostonians; for Felton tells us how he asked his British guest somewhat ambiguously: "Did the Boston pronunciation sound hash to you?"

At Hartford, — so Dickens wrote to his friend Forster, in a letter of February 17,— two youths (one of them a Mr. Adams, a nephew of John Quincy Adams) sang an exquisite serenade to the pair of boots which Dickens had left in the hotel corridor outside his bedroom door. Dickens adds: "The Newhaven serenade was not so good, though there were a great many voices" — possibly these were the voices of Yale students. In a letter to Sumner of February 13, Felton wrote how, for a brief embarrassing moment, some mistook him for Dickens. "I believe my spectacles settled the matter against me."

The next morning, with the students cheering "Three times Three for Dickens!", Felton and Dickens took the steamboat from New Haven to New York. Of this journey, Felton wrote in his letter to Sumner:

How much I enjoyed that passage — one of the most delightful passages in my life — how many good things he said — how we had a Pickwickian lunch on cold pork and bread & cheese — how we drank the last bottle of porter and the last three bottles of beer on board the boat — how people stopped to see us eating, drinking so jollily on the deck making our table of the bottom of a deck boat — how the crowds on the wharves welcomed Boz — what perils we encountered from the press of coachmen and drays — how the Captain safely piloted Mrs. D. through the crowd — while I rendered the same service to Mr. D. — how the coachmen rushed up to shake hands with him — behold all these things are not yet written.

Even after his arrival in New York, Dickens remained loyal to the memory of Boston and his Boston friends. In a song, for which words were written by James Briton, Dickens was made to say of New York:

"This town is nought to Boast-on."

New York, however, did all it could to out-do Boston in the welcome it gave to Dickens.

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Of Dickens's New York triumph, Sam Ward sent further details to Longfellow in letters of February 16 and 22, 1842:

Boz has kept the city in such a fever. . . . Flying images of Boz and rumors of his presence & sayings — the triumphant Boast of those who have seen him and the despairing sorrow of those to whom that pleasure has been denied and must remain so — all this has turned the heads of our fashionables. . . . One thing that will give you satisfaction is

Felton's having seen him daily & almost hourly — they have walked, laughed, talked, eaten Oysters and drunk Champagne together until they have almost grown together — in fact nothing but the interference of Madame D prevented their being attached to each other like the Siamese Twins, a volume of Pickwick serving as connecting membrane. Imagine them strolling up Broadway — the grave Eliot Professor and the swelling, theatrical Boz — the little man with the red "waistcoat — talking Pickwickian and Barnaby — and those meeting them little doubting that their minutest peculiarities of aspect were inscribed as rapidly as they were reflected in the Daguerreotype retina of Dickens's eye.

Longfellow replied to Sam Ward on February 24, expressing humorously the fear lest Felton might have become so attached to Dickens in New York that he would never come back to Cambridge:

Felton has not yet returned. You fascinate him so entirely in New York, that he cannot break away from you. Pray send him back to his disconsolate family, who will "pay all charges and no questions asked." I long to hear his glowing account of your hospitalities, as he turns his heart inside out, and lets the golden medals fall.

At length, on February 26, Felton returned from New York to Cambridge, bubbling over with enthusiasm. To welcome him back and to hear from him all the latest news of Dickens, Longfellow gathered "The Five of Clubs" together at the Craigie House. There the good Felton opened up his heart and poured forth his golden memories of the famous visits to the oyster bars and all the other hilarious events of his wonderful days with Dickens in New York. Felton was at this time, as Longfellow tells us, "perfectly happy — like a child with both hands full of flowers."

From New York, Felton had brought back with him a letter from Dickens to Longfellow. Having heard that Longfellow was planning to sail soon for Europe and to return in the autumn by way of England, Dickens had extended to him in this letter the following cordial invitation:

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Carlton House.

Twenty Third February 1842

My dear Longfellow.

You are coming to England, you know. — Now, listen to me. When you return to London, I shall be there, please God. Write to me from the continent, and tell me when to expect you. We live quietly — not uncomfortably — and among people whom I am sure you would like to know; as much as they would like to know you. Have no home but mine — see nothing in town on your way towards Germany — and let me be your London host and cicerone. Is this a bargain?

Always

Faithfully

Your friend

Charles Dickens

Professor Longfellow.

Longfellow made haste to share this good news with his parents and on February 27, 1842, his thirty-fifth birthday, he wrote to his father in Portland, saying: "My friend Felton has just returned from New York. He brings a note from Dickens; a copy of which I send you, that you may see what a cordial person he is." He then proceeded to make a facsimile copy for his father of the entire Dickens letter, ending with an imitation of the famous signature with its elaborate six-fold flourish under the "Charles Dickens." He concludes by saying: "So hearty an invitation as this I shall not hesitate to accept, if he is in London when I am there. It will render my visit very agreeable."

Accordingly, on the same day, Longfellow wrote to Dickens a hearty acceptance of his friendly invitation, enclosing it inside a letter to Sam Ward, in which he wrote:

Felton has returned from New York radiant and rejoicing. Yesterday Willis, Sumner, Hillard and he dined with me, together with a younger brother of Willis. Felton entertained us with his New York experiences — his "roistering and oystering" as Hillard calls it. He must have had a merry time. You have given him new youth and beauty. He brought me a note from Dickens, containing a very cordial invitation to stay with him in London — "have no home but his house, and make him my host and cicerone." Inclosed is the answer; which I beg you to hand him.

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*Dickens, on receiving this acceptance, made haste to let his friends in London know that Longfellow would be visiting him there. He secured a copy of Longfellow's recently published *Ballads and Other Poems* for his friend John Forster and wrote him on February 28, 1842: "Longfellow, whose volume of poems I have got for you, is a frank accomplished man as well as a fine writer, and will be in town 'next fall.'" Forster, who used to be called "the Beadle of the Universe," hastened to adopt Dickens's American friends as though they were already his own. Dickens wrote to Felton on April 29: "My friend Forster says in his last letter that he 'wants to know you' and looks forward to Longfellow."*

*By this time Dickens had pushed on from New York farther South, gathering material for his famous chapter on Slavery in his *American Notes*. Although he was going further and further away from Boston, the city of Boston and the friends he had met there still held a very dear place in his heart. From Washington, D. C., on March 13, Dickens had written to Sumner: "I have seen no place yet, that I like so well as Boston. I hope I may be able to return there, but I fear not. We are now in the regions of slavery, spitoons, and senators."*

*When Longfellow went to New York in order to sail abroad from there, he found that that city was still agog over Dickens's sensational visit, during which the New Yorkers had tumbled over themselves in their frantic endeavors to do anything to keep the "Inimitable Boz" amused and entertained. A play on that subject, called *Boz*, was still running in New*

York; and Longfellow's last impressions before sailing abroad were of this play. To his brother Alexander he wrote on April 26, 1842:

When you return, step in some evening to the Olympic Theatre, near Niblo's Garden in Broadway. You will there see some clever burlesques; and a very good comic actor by the name of Mitchel. I was there last night to see Boz; in imitation of Dickens's reception in New York. Dickens was represented very well by Horncastle who looks like him, and has caught his manner and way of speaking very well. It is rather an absurd affair; with some good jokes; as for instance, the invitation from the firemen to see a fire, with a request to know, whether it should be a single house or a whole block; — and another to see a steamer burst her boiler!

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II

LONGFELLOW'S VISIT TO DICKENS IN LONDON

On May Day, 1842, Longfellow sailed abroad and spent that summer in Germany at Marienberg on the Rhine.

Meanwhile Dickens returned to London. He did not, however, forget his American friends who made up "The Five of Clubs." To Sumner he wrote on July 31, 1842:

Here I am — at home again. Here I am in my own old room, with my books, and pen and ink and paper, — battledores and shuttlecocks — bats and balls — dumb bells — dog — and raven. The raven, I am sorry to say, has become a maniac. He falls into fits periodically; throws himself wildly on his back; and plucks his own feathers out by the roots. Nothing can be more unraven-like than that. To hurt anybody else would have been quite in character, but to hurt himself — insanity in its most hopeless aspect.

To Felton he wrote on the same day, recalling their fondness for the oyster bars and their "roistering and oystering" together. As an amusing warning, he recounted the sad fate of an imaginery character called "Dando," who died of eating oysters and whose grave was paved with oyster shells. In this same letter Dickens wrote: "I am looking out for news of Longfellow, and shall be delighted when I know he is on his way to London and this house."

On his trips to Europe, Longfellow had always spent far more time on the continent than in England. Now, however, something of an overdose of broken-down continentals taking "the water cure" at Marienberg, and perhaps still more the fascination of his new friendship with Dickens, made him eager to leave the continent for England. At the end of a letter to Sumner from Marienberg on September 17, 1842, he wrote:

I have entirely, entirely recovered from that attack of anti-English spleen; and promise myself great pleasure from my visit to Dickens."

From Germany Longfellow had written to find out when it would be convenient for Dickens to receive him. In reply, Dickens, who was beginning to worry lest Longfellow would never get to England, wrote the following letter:

Broadstairs, Kent.

Twenty Eighth September Eighteen Forty Two.

My Dear Longfellow.

How stands it about your visit, do you say? Thus. — Your bed is waiting to be slept in, the door is gaping hospitably to receive you, I am ready to spring towards it with open arms at the first indication of a Longfellow knock or ring; and the door, the bed, I, and everybody else who is in the secret, have been expecting you for the last month.

The tortures of the mind that I have undergone — and all along of you — since I have been down here; a term of nine weeks! — The imaginings I have had of the possibility of your knocking at my door in London without notice, and finding nobody there, but an old woman who is remarkable for nothing but a face of unchangeable dirtiness — the misgivings that have come across me of your being, successively, in every foreign steamer that has passed these windows, homeward bound, since the first of last month — the horrible possibilities that have flashed across me of your shipping yourself aboard a Cunard Packet in gloomy desperation, and steaming back to Boston — the hideous train of Fancies from which your letter has relieved me, baffle all description.

My address in town (I shall be there, please God, next Saturday) is No 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park. But if you can manage to write and tell me when you will arrive in London, and by what conveyance, I will be there to meet you. This will be by far the best plan, so arrange it in that way, if you can. If you cannot, I shall look for you at home, and be ready for you.

I send you the circular you speak of. I addressed it to every person connected with Literature, who is at all known in England. It has made a great noise here, and will strip the Privateers of all exclusive profit in time to come. The forged letter of which Felton speaks, was published in the New York Papers, with a statement that I had addressed it to the Editor of the London Morning Chronicle, who had published it in his columns. I disparaged America very much in this production, and girded at my own reception. You know what the American Press is, and will be, I dare say, as little surprised at this outrage as I was. Still, it exasperated me (I am of rather a fierce turn, at times) very much; and I walked about for a week or two, with a vague desire to take somebody by the throat and shake him — which was rather feverish.

I have decided (perhaps you know this?) to publish my American Visit. By the time you come to me, I hope I shall have finished writing it. I have spoken very honestly and fairly; and I know that those in America

for whom I care, will like me the better for the book. A great many people, I dare say, will like me infinitely the worse, and make a Devil of me, straightway.

Rogers is staying here, and begs me to commend him to you, and to say that he has made me pledge myself, on pain of non forgiveness ever afterwards, to carry you to see him without loss of time, when you come among us. Among other pleasant enjoyments we shall have together, and to which I look eagerly forward, I think I can promise you that we shall see Shakespeare on the stage as never he was seen before.

Mrs Dickens unites with me in cordial remembrances to you. And I am always

My Dear Longfellow Faithfully

Your friend

Charles Dickens

P.S. I have heard thrice from Felton, whom I love; and once from Prescott. I am sorry to see that Sumner, in the North American, speaks slightly of Tennyson. Good God how strange it seems to me that anyone can do that — though many do.

In the little red leather Journal which Longfellow kept of his stay on the continent, as he was passing through Malines in Belgium on his way toward England, he ends with the following entry:

Monday. Oct. 3.

Letter from Dickens. He is expecting me. I shall start for London to-morrow.

On October 6, 1842, Longfellow reached London, and, as Dickens had insisted, went at once to stay with Dickens at his house near Regent's Park. Here, on the edge of the great city, he could enjoy a certain seclusion in Dickens's garden, somewhat detached from the city hubbub. In a letter to Sumner of October 16, he said:

I write this from Dickens study, the focus from which so many luminous things have radiated. The raven croaks from the garden; and the ceaseless roar of London fills my ears. Of course, I have no time for a letter; as I must run up in a few minutes to dress for dinner.

The original raven "Grip," whom Dickens had introduced into Earnaby Rudge, and who, he told Sumner, had gone quite mad, had now died; but there was now another raven who had taken his place. In a letter of

February 15, 1843, to Margaret Potter Thacher, Longfellow wrote:

In London I staid with Dickens; had a very pleasant visit. His wife is a gentle, lovely character; and he has four children, all beautiful and good. I saw likewise the raven, who is stuffed in the entry — and his successor, who stalks gravely in the garden.

By this time Longfellow had become so converted to England and English ways that he gave up his previous fondness for European fashions and tight French trousers, and adopted the clothes and modes of fashionable London. He used to get up early in the morning to visit the tailors and shoemakers and hatters of Piccadilly and Bond Street, at

what must have seemed to them an unconscionably unfashionable hour. This left him free for rounds of visits and entertainments later in the day, and for dinners and playgoing with Dickens in the evenings.

The evening of the very day of Longfellow's arrival, Dickens made good his promise "that we shall see Shakespeare on the stage as never he was seen before," by taking his American guest to see the English actor Macready in As You Like It. Macready, in his diary for that day, October 6, 1842, records that his "visitors to the dressing room after the performance included Longfellow, Dickens, the painter Daniel Maclise, and the critic John Forster."

A few days later, Dickens invited the famous illustrator, Cruikshank, to a dinner to meet Longfellow, and Cruikshank accepted with the following amusing note:

Amwell St. Oct.r 15/42 My dear Dickens

"I come" — Shakespeare and

Yours truly

Geo Cruikshank Ps.

Don't make a mistake & suppose that I am going to bring the old gentleman with me — I only use his words, but come, myself

At these dinners, Dickens gathered all the artistic and literary lights of London to meet the popular American author. Just as the dinners in America earlier in the year had ended with drinking a toast to Dickens, so at these London dinners Dickens would end by proposing

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Longfellow, and the guests would cry "Longfellow, Hooray!" and drain their glasses and pound the table.

To his German friend, Ferdinand Freiligrath, in a letter of January 6, 1843, Longfellow later gave a more detailed account of those festive dinners and of the English celebrities that Dickens had introduced him to:

At his table he brought together artists and authors; such as Cruikshank, a very original genius; — Maclise the painter; — Macready the actor &c &c. We had very pleasant dinners, drank Schloss — Johannisberger, and cold punch; (the same article that got Mr. Pickwick into the Pound) and led a life like the monks of old. I saw likewise Mr. Rogers; — breakfasted and dined with him; and met at his table Tom Campbell, and Mr. Moxon, the publisher and Sonneteer. Campbell's outward man disappointed me. He is small and shrunken, frost-nipped by unkindly age; wears a foxy wig, and drinks brandy. But I liked his inward man exceedingly. He is simple, frank, cordial; and withal very sociable. Kenyon, Talford, Tennyson, Milnes, and many more whom I wanted to see were out of town. Lady Blessington, however, cheered my eyes by her fair presence; a lady well preserved, but rather deep-zoned, as the Greeks would say; — in St. Goar we should say stoutish. Count O'Orsay was in attendance being confined to the house by a severe attack of the

bum-bailiffs; he only ventured out on Sundays. The Count is a gay youth of thirty-five; — handsome, according to the French notion of beauty; and dressed rather extravagantly.

In contrast to this round of authors and artists and actors and fashionable London society, Dickens — the great master of contrast — wanted to show his American guest other aspects of London life and let him see how the other half lived. Just as Longfellow had taken Dickens earlier in the year to see the rough sailors on the water front of Boston; so now Dickens reciprocated by taking Longfellow at night to see "the tramps and thieves" of the slums of London. Forster tells us how they "went over the worst haunts of the most dangerous classes." Apparently some of these dens were too revolting for the delicate sensibilities of the artist Maclise who accompanied them; so that he had to wait outside. The gentle Longfellow, however, seems to have been able to stomach the worst of these night lodgings undaunted. This experience served Dickens in good stead in his zealous agitation for reforms in England, and a year later he made a speech at a great meeting in Manchester in the presence

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of Disraeli, driving home to his fellow Englishmen the shame of their land and telling them how he "had taken Longfellow to see in the night refuges of London thousands of immortal creatures, condemned without alternative or choice to tread, not what our great poet calls the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire, but one of jagged flints and stones laid down by brutal ignorance."

Another day, for the sake of further variety, Dickens rushed Longfellow off to Rochester to show him the country where he himself had spent his childhood. He drove his guest also to the "Bull Inn" where Mr. Pickwick had stayed and to the "Leather Bottle" at Cobham, at which Mr. Tupman, instead of committing suicide from a broken heart when Miss Rachel Wardle had jilted him, was found by the Pickwick Club comfortably eating a huge dinner. Finding that Rochester Castle was barred to visitors, Dickens boldly defied the law and persuaded the reluctant Longfellow to leap over gates and barriers with him in order to explore the castle ruins. Picture, if you can, the famous English novelist and the famous American poet climbing over fences in the role of trespassers and lawbreakers.

During the two weeks of Longfellow's stay with Dickens in London, the book in which Dickens gave an account of his first visit to America, the American Notes, came from the press in two volumes, and Dickens presented the first set to his American friend with the following inscription:

H. W. Longfellow

From his friend

Charles Dickens

Nineteenth October 1842.

In his letter to Charles Sumner on October 16, Longfellow had written:

I have read Dickens's book. It is jovial and good-natured, and at times very severe. You will read it with delight, and for the most part approbation. He has a grand chapter on Slavery. Spitting and politics at Washington are the other topics of censure. Both you and I would censure them with equal severity to say the least. He gives due laud to the New York oysters ("for thy dear sake, heartiest of Greek Professors! ") and says of Howe; "There are not many persons, I hope & believe, who after reading these pages can ever hear that name with indifference."

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In addition to the copy of American Notes which Dickens gave Longfellow, he entrusted him with a number of other copies to take home with him for Dickens's American friends: for Felton and Sumner; for the elderly poet, Richard Henry Dana; for the artist Washington Allston; for the historians Bancroft and Prescott; for Jonathan Chapman, the Mayor of Boston; and perhaps still other copies for other friends. To Prescott, Dickens wrote on October 15, 1842: "Longfellow is staying with me; and has been for some days. He thinks of returning by the Great Western on this day week. I shall charge him with a copy of my American Notes for you. I have no fear but they will find favor in your eyes, though they may not in those of the mass."

On the same day Dickens wrote a similar letter to Mayor Chapman, adding: "I have caused my publishers to take such precautions as will prevent I hope its reaching America by the steamer which will bring you this letter."

Dickens was evidently anxious that his personal friends in America should receive the American Notes first in the inscribed copies which Longfellow was taking over for him, rather than in some pirated American edition.

Among the literary lions whom Dickens invited to meet Longfellow was the elderly poet Samuel Rogers, some of whose verses Longfellow, when a boy of twelve, had copied into his school copy book and had afterward imitated in his own earliest poems. In Longfellow's letter to Sumner he wrote: "Mr. Rogers has just been here, sitting a half hour with me. He arrived in town last night. We breakfast with him on Tuesday and dine with him on Wednesday."

On October 17, Dickens wrote for Longfellow the following letter of introduction to the British publisher, Edward Moxon, who was later to publish English editions of Longfellow's poems:

My dear sir, —

Mr. Longfellow, the best of American poets (as I have no doubt you know), is staying with me, and wishes to see you on the subject of re-publishing his verses.

We breakfast with Mr. Rogers to-morrow morning, and will call upon you, if convenient, when we leave his house.

Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens

Longfellow also went with Dickens to call on the author of "The Song of the Shirt," Thomas Hood, "Poor Hood" as so many called him but "Dear Hood" as Longfellow called him. Writing later to Miss Eliza Cook, on November 29, 1852, Longfellow said of Hood and his family: — "They will have forgotten the stranger who called one October morning some years ago with Dickens, and was hospitably entertained by them. But I remember the visit, and the pale face of the poet, and the house in St. John's Wood."

On the eve of Longfellow's departure from London, there was evidently some suggestion that Forster and Dickens might get Longfellow to take back with him for the "Five of Clubs," not merely the copies of American Notes, but also some bottled Port wine. Longfellow, however, wrote to Forster on Wednesday morning, October 19: "Dickens absolutely forbids sending 'the jovial offering' of wine. 'No — no! — the Port will be shaken to the devil before it gets there.'"

Nonetheless Dickens did entrust Longfellow with some bottles of Johannisberger and Punch, which apparently weathered one of the worst passages across the Atlantic.

When, on Thursday, October 20, it at last came time for Longfellow to leave London and sail for home, Dickens, in order to see as much as possible of his American guest, accompanied him to Bath. As Longfellow wrote in a letter to Freiligrath on January 6, 1843:

Taking reluctant leave of London, I went by rail-way to Bath, where I dined with Walter Savage Landor, rather a ferocious critic, and author of five volumes of "Imaginary Conversations." The next day brought me to Bristol, where I embarked in the Great Western Steamer for New York.

Laden with copies of American Notes and bottles of wine from Dickens and his wardrobe of English clothes, Longfellow went on board the "Great Western," then the largest ship in the world. The voyage home was a tempestuous one, which he described in the same letter to Freiligrath:

The great waves struck and broke with voices of thunder. In the next room to mine, a man died. I was afraid they might throw me overboard instead of him in the night; but they did not. Well, thus "cribbed, cabined and confined," I passed fifteen days. During this time I wrote

seven poems on Slavery. I meditated upon them in the stormy, sleepless nights, and wrote them down with a pencil in the morning. A small window in the side of the vessel admitted light into my berth; and there I lay on my back, and soothed my soul with songs.

Among the influences upon Longfellow in writing these Poems of Slavery, there can be no doubt that one was Dickens's "grand chapter on slavery."

To meet Longfellow on his return home, his two faithful friends had gone from Boston to New York: the short fat Felton with the tall stately Sumner towering beside him, the ill-assorted couple resembling, — so their fellow members of the "Five of Clubs" used to say, — "Park Street Church and its Steeple." The two greeted the returning traveller with enthusiasm and plied him with questions about his visit. Longfellow duly distributed the precious copies of American Notes which he had brought back with him. As Felton wrote Cleveland in a letter of November 28:

Longfellow brought, as we expected, Dickens's book. It was instantly republished, by three or four publishers, and I suppose more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold. Opinions are various; but we agree pretty well here, in thinking it a capital book; lively, spirited, true and good humored. He has made a few mistakes, but they are trifling. Spitting and Slavery are the two things he tilts against most vigorously.

Apart from the American editions in book form, the daily newspapers began republishing the American Notes instantly. The New York Herald printed the work in nineteen hours after the arrival of the copy from England and sold fifty thousand copies in two days. The chapter on slavery made a deep impression on Charles Sumner, who was soon to become, next to Lincoln, the most powerful anti-slavery force in American politics.

Returning by steamboat from New York to Boston, Longfellow and Felton and Sumner summoned Hillard, and these four members of the "Five of Clubs" unpacked the bottles that Dickens had given Longfellow for Felton. On November 9, Sumner wrote to Sam Ward in New York telling him how they had drunk the health of Dickens, and for good measure also toasted Sam Ward and his brilliant sister, Julia, soon to become Julia Ward Howe:

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Cornelius enjoyed himself more than tongue can tell and heaped happiness upon happiness by a dinner at his house on the day of our return, where were present, Longfellow, Hillard and myself, and where we drank the bottles of punch and Prince Metternich Johannisberger, a gift of Dickens. Your health and that of your fair sister's floated in our glasses, filled, as Hillard said from bottled poetry.

The fifth member of the "Five of Clubs," the frail and delicate Henry Cleveland, was absent in Cuba, where he had gone in vain hopes of recovering his health; but he, too, was in their flowing cups freshly remembered. Each of the other four members of the club wrote him accounts of this merry reunion, each with characteristic differences. Hillard, in a letter of November 25, described the transformation that had taken place in Longfellow:

He has also been converted from the error of his ways in the matter of coat and trousers, has eschewed the tight fits of Paris and wrapped around him the looser integuments of London. He brought out a bottle of Schloss Johannisberger and another of Punch, both superlative in their kinds, as a present of Dickens to Felton, and on the day on which he came to Cambridge we crushed them both over Felton's table in copious libations of welcome. You too were not forgotten, and a brimming bumper was poured out to you — you, whose absence threw the only shade over our sunshine.

Felton, on November 28, wrote:

We wanted your presence greatly, the other day. Dickens sent me a bottle of the most delicious punch and one of Schloss Johannisberger. I instantly summoned all the Club, and we had the most exhilarating dinner that I ever sat down to. The punch was more nectarean than I ever dreamed that punch could be. We drank your health, and if ever health is promoted by hearty wishes, or the most exquisite of drinks, you must have become instantaneously another Hercules.

Sumner wrote on November 29:

Who shall describe our return — Longfellow, Felton and myself, — in the steam-boat, and the long inter-communings — then the dinner at dear Corny's in the afternoon of our return, where were only Hillard, L., F., and myself, and the warm recollection of you. There we drank the bottle of golden seal Metternich Johannisberger and that other bottle of

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punch, the present of Dickens to Felton; and the memory of you, and wishes for your health floated in our glasses.

Longfellow wrote to Cleveland on November 27:

Hillard and Felton have been dining with me to-day (Sunday) and are now fast asleep, one on each side the stove, in the large arm chairs. (What is it that puts people to sleep so inevitably in my rooms?) . . . We drank your health — your rapid recovery and swift return . . . when you get back you will find a portrait of Dickens, by Count D'Orsay, lithographed, awaiting your arrival . . . We are getting up a subscription to have Dexter cut his bust of Dickens in marble, to be sent to Mrs. D.

Unfortunately, Cleveland never did recover but died shortly afterwards. The portrait of Dickens by Count D'Orsay Longfellow had framed in a dark walnut frame and placed, as he wrote Freiligrath in his letter of January 6, 1843, "close by me on the shelf of my book-case."

To England, to both Dickens and Forster, Longfellow wrote, giving his pleasant reminiscences of those October days in London. To Forster, he wrote on December 15, 1842:

So here I am once more under my own roof; not so merry and mad as in London, but sufficiently gay for every-day use. I need not tell you how often I think of you, — of Lincoln's Inn Fields — Devonshire Terrace &c; nor how often the street lamps of London, and the dinner lamps of my friends gleam through my imagination. When shall I behold them again? Not for many a long year. Let me however sometimes be present to your thoughts; and let me be present as meat since I cannot as guest in the persons of a pair of Canvass-back Ducks, which I send you, care of Dickens to whom Felton sends also a pair. I hope you will like them; as I think you will if they arrive in good condition.

Alas! The ducks, which Longfellow and Felton tried to send to Forster and Dickens in return for the gift of wine, apparently never reached England at all. As late as February 28, 1843,

Longfellow in writing to Forster wants to know what has become of the ducks and adds: "If the Cunard steamers fail, whom shall we trust?"

To Dickens Longfellow had written a letter about his safe return home after that wet passage in which he had had such a heavy

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salt water in addition to his earlier "water-cure" in Germany. He also told Dickens how he was trying to do something in verse for the cause of the Negro slaves in his Poems on Slavery, much as Dickens had already done in prose in his American Notes. He ended by sending his greeting to Dickens and his family.

In reply, Dickens wrote the following charming letter, giving an account of all that had happened since Longfellow left London:

London, 1 Devonshire Terrace York Gate Regents Park

Twenty Ninth December 1842.

My Dear Longfellow.

I was delighted to receive your assurance of your safe arrival among our hearty friends, and to think of your sitting down in your own comfortable rooms after all your cold watering (and Good God what a quantity of water you had in that half year, counting the two passages!) safe and sound again. I was but poorly received when I came home from Bristol that night, in consequence of my inability to report that I had left you actually on board the Great Western; and that I had seen the chimney smoking. But I have got over this, gradually; and am again respected.

I have been blazing away at my new book, whereof the first number will probably be published under the black flag, almost as soon as you receive this. The Notes had an enormous sale; and I trust the Chuzzlewit (so I call this new baby) will go and do likewise. I quite agree with you that we shall never live to see the passing of an International Law. I have always held the same opinion. But we may sow the seed, and leave the gathering of the fruit to others.

Heaven speed your Slavery poems! They will be manful, vigorous, and full of indignant Truth, I know. I am looking for them eagerly. By the way, I have been somewhat shocked to find that Everett plays fast and loose in our English Society on that question; and says, as any trimming counting-house porter might, "that it is easy to find fault with the system, and not so easy to propound a remedy" — as if any man with a head on his shoulders fit for anything but a block to put his hat on, did not know perfectly well that it is only after many years of strong denouncement that any remedy in such a case has birth! But here is another instance of the discordant materials he represents. He is the Minister of the Federal Government; and the Federal Government upholds Slavery — wherefore the man of Massachusetts goes to the wall and Freedom with him.

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There is nothing new here. A tragedy of the present day has been played at Drury Lane, for which I wrote a Prologue which was spoken by Macready. It has been excellently received, but has not drawn money. He is quite well. Mrs. Macready has just presented him with a little girl, with whose coming (having an indifferent good stock already) they would perhaps have dispensed if they could have done so, conveniently. Forster thinks he is hard at work; in which delusion he has been plunged for the last six years. Rogers has appeared at a Police Office, after threshing divers frail ladies (his former concubines) with a big umbrella. Talfourd — who much regrets not having seen you — is in rude health and high spirits, in consequence of the Tragedy before-mentioned, not having proved attractive. George Cruikshank got rather drunk here, last Friday night, and declined to go away until four in the morning, when he went — I don't know where, but certainly not home. D'Orsay was in great force yesterday, when I dined at Gore House; and Lady Blessington asked kindly after you. Maclise is painting wonderful pictures. And the Cornwall expedition was the greatest success ever known in this country.

After you left us, Charley invented and rehearsed with his sisters a dramatic scene in your honor, which is still occasionally enacted. It commences with expressive pantomime, and begins immediately after the ceremony of drinking healths. The three small glasses are all raised together, and they look at each other very hard. Then Charley cries "Mr Longfellow! Hoo-ra-a-a-a-a-e!" Two other shrill voices repeat the sentiment, and the little glasses are drained to the bottom. The whole concludes with a violent rapping of the table, and a hideous barking from the little dog, who wakes up for the purpose.

They all send their loves to you, in which Kate joins very earnestly. I wish you had seen her sister who is usually with us, as she is now; but was with her mother when you were here. There WAS another when we were first married, but she has been my better angel six long years.

Ever My Dear Longfellow Faithfully your friend

Charles Dickens

P.S. Mc Dowall, the boot maker, Beale the Hosier, Laffin the Trousers Maker, and Blackmore the Coat Cutter, have all been at the point of death, but have slowly recovered. The medical gentlemen agreed that it was exhaustion, occasioned by early rising — to wait upon you, at those unholy hours

At the beginning of the next year, on January 3, 1843, Forster wrote to Longfellow that he and Dickens in London would be feasting on imaginary American ducks in place of the real ones that had never arrived:

Here will Dickens and myself be smacking our lips and washing down their immortal flavor with that port you honored with your praise, to brimming bumpers in honor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow!

You will like Martin Chuzzlewit — and Felton will like him — and those of your set, I think, will like him. The idea you will recognize at once, and heartily applaud — the exposure of self in all its varieties. I particularly recommend Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters to your attention.

In reply Longfellow wrote to Forster on February 28, 1843:

Meanwhile how wags the brave world in No 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields? I think very often of your household gods; — your delightful snug state of single-cursedness; the fire-light, wine-light, and friend-light in-doors; and the brown cope of heaven out-of-doors arching above like a huge, smoke-colored Hock-glass turned bottom upwards by jolly Bacchus after drinking a supernaculum. The pleasant hours I passed there, and elsewhere with you are still green in my memory, and will ever flourish in immortal youth. When shall we again sit together, "drinking the blood-red wine"?

Longfellow had presented Dickens with a copy of his Ballads and Other Poems, in the prose preface of which was the following description of a burying ground:

Daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

Dickens had evidently read this passage and had paid Longfellow the compliment of adopting Longfellow's metaphor about the church spire in Chapter V of his Martin Chuzzlewit:

The church spire cast a long reflection on the graveyard grass; as if it were a dial (alas, the truest in the world!) marking, whatever light shone out of heaven, the flight of days and weeks and years, by some new shadow on that solemn ground.

Far from being indignant at this borrowing, Longfellow felt flattered and wrote to John Forster of Martin Chuzzlewit:

The Story opens with great freshness and vigor. The Autumn Evening — the strong-minded lady (a kind of Oboe-accompaniment in the family concert) Tom Pinch's journey to Salisbury — and the arrival of the new pupil — together with the great, moral Pecksniff, are all as the Reviewers would say, in Boz's happiest vein. The figure of speech about the shadow of the church-spire moving around the church-yard, as on a vast dial-plate, I claim as my own; See Preface to Ballads p. xi. — a very good figure notwithstanding.

Elsewhere in America, the indignation against Martin Chuzzlewit of 1843 was even greater than against Dickens's American Notes of 1842. The fun which Dickens in this new novel had made of certain American types, such as the boastful Congressman, Elijah Pogram, or the rascally Major Hannibal Chollop, or the literary ladies, Miss Codger, Miss Toppit, and Mrs. Hominy, made the Americans' blood boil. As Carlyle put it: "All Yankee-Doodledom blazed up like one universal soda bottle!"

In this chorus of abuse of Dickens, Longfellow did not join. He remained loyal to his love for Dickens through thick and thin.

In that happy Spring after Longfellow's return home from England, he became engaged to Miss Fanny Appleton. To her brother, the witty Tom Appleton, a fellow of infinite jest, he gave a letter of introduction to Dickens and on June 4 Appleton wrote Longfellow from London:

I have found your friends Dickens and Forster very agreeable. I dined with Dickens last Sunday with Cruikshank, Maclise, and Lord Mulgrave, We were very joyous and much was said of your wedding and many wishes for your happiness. Though Sunday we spent the night in amusing games, proverbs, participles & the like, which made much fun, Dickens dropping like a corpse from his chair when he was foiled in the Game.

On June 15, 1843, Longfellow wrote to Dickens: "Of late my heart has turned my brain out of doors. I am to be married in a few weeks." Dickens had met Miss Appleton in Boston the previous year, and on September 1, 1843, wrote to Felton:

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And so Longfellow is married. I remember her well, and could draw her portrait, in words, to the life. A very beautiful and gentle creature, and a proper love for a poet. My cordial remembrances, and congratulations. Do they live in the house where we breakfasted?

Dickens did not lightly forget his American friends and on January 2, 1844, we find him writing to Felton characteristically: "Hearty remembrances to Sumner, Longfellow, Prescott, and all whom you know I love to remember."

Longfellow, too, continued to remember with pleasure his stay with Dickens in London; and on May 8, 1845, in a letter to Forster wrote of himself as having been one of "the jolliest of all the youths at Dickens's table in the autumn of '42."

In the late 1840's, when Dickens was planning a new magazine, he tried out several titles suggested to him by Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." Among these were: The Forge, The Hearth, The Crucible, and The Anvil of the Time. One tentative title ran:

THE FORGE:

A Weekly Journal, Conducted by Charles Dickens.

"Thus at the glowing Forge of Life Our actions must be wrought, Thus on its sounding anvil shaped Each burning deed and thought." — Longfellow.

If Dickens, in quoting these last four lines of "The Village Blacksmith," substituted "glowing" for Longfellow's "flaming" and "action" for Longfellow's "fortunes," it is all the more an indication that he was citing the lines by memory from the time when he had heard them on his first visit to America.

It is curious that the title Household Words, finally used for the new magazine, should have been taken from the same phrase in Shakespeare's Henry V — "Familiar in his

mouth as household words" — which Dickens had already quoted in his Boston speech, when referring to the names of Longfellow and the other American writers.

Another possible influence of Longfellow upon Dickens was to be found in Great Expectations, where Dickens's account of the eccentric

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old lady, Miss Havisham, sitting among the cobwebs in her faded beauty, may have been suggested by the account which Longfellow gave him of the Widow Craigie sitting among the festoons of canker-worms. Possibly, too, the name "Havisham" may have been suggested by the name of Mrs. Craigie's friend, Mr. Habersham.

Longfellow, on his side of the Atlantic, kept up a similar devotion to his friend Dickens. Each successive Dickens novel he read with deep interest. For example, in his journal for January 24, 1846, he wrote: "Began Dickens's new Christmas Story, 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' It has in it some of his happiest touches of humor." Later he had evidently been reading Nicholas Nickleby and remembered Mr. Muntle, who had changed his name to Mantalini and "had married on his whiskers." For in his journal for November 6, 1846, he writes of an Italian visitor with mustaches: "He looked not unlike Dickens's Mantalini; and was attended by a little, fat black poodle, who whimpered and hid himself under chairs."

After David Copperfield appeared, Longfellow wrote to Forster on December 7, 1851, expressing his enthusiasm for the latest Dickens novel: "The last was a grand one; with a richer and deeper and truer tone about it, than any of the others." Hearing that Bleak House was being written, he declared: "It is very good news to hear that Dickens is beginning a new book. . . . Before this reaches you we shall be reading No. 1. of the new story." In the same letter, he wrote to Forster by way of retrospect:

That pleasant October in London in 1842, with all its grateful memories, comes back again, with you and Dickens in the foreground. Remember me to him and all his house, very affectionately.

Longfellow evidently associated Dickens so much with these happy recollections that he could scarcely bear it when the pathos in Dickens got the upper hand of the humor. For example, he writes in his Journal for January 22, 1859: "Read in the evening, Dickens's Wreck of the Golden Mary. Too tragic, too tragic. The boys rebelled against it, and called for Cooper's Wyandotte, which was given to them instead." Some years later, on September 23, 1865, Longfellow wrote in his Journal: "I read 'Our Mutual Friend' till dinner." By this time, however, Dickens was already planning his second visit to America.

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III

RETURN OF DICKENS TO AMERICA TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER

Longfellow and the other American friends of Dickens kept writing Dickens and urging him to return to America for a second visit. In the 1850's Dickens had made a great

success in England with public readings from his novels, and the Americans were eager to have him come over and give similar readings in the United States. In a letter of June 20, 1859, to Felton, Dickens spoke sympathetically of "the idea of my reading in America" and added:

We shall yet come round to joviality and Oysters. In that former state of existence when we drank all the beer that was aboard of a packet, I little thought I should ever cross the Atlantic again. Now, I begin to have hopes that I may possibly enjoy the great sensation of reading The Christmas Carol to American listeners.

It was not however until 1867, twenty-five years after his first visit, that Dickens finally ventured on a second trip to America. In Longfellow's Journal for November 18 of that year, he wrote: "Snow last night. A bleak west wind. Dickens is expected to-morrow by steamer, now at Halifax. A great crowd at Fields' to buy tickets for his Readings."

On Tuesday, November 19, 1867, Dickens landed, and on the following day Longfellow wrote in his Journal: "At Parker House to see Dickens, whom I found very well and most cordial. It was right pleasant to see him again after so many years; twenty five! He looked somewhat older, but elastic and quick in his movements as ever." Of this reunion, Dickens wrote to his daughter: "Longfellow was here yesterday. Perfectly white in hair and beard, but a remarkably handsome and notable-looking man."

Dickens also had grown a beard since they had last met, but a very different sort of a beard; and any resemblance which Longfellow and Dickens may have had quarter of a century earlier was now hard to trace.

Writing on the same day to William Henry Wills, the publisher of Household Words, Dickens said: "Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Agassiz, and all Cambridge — Professors and Students — are booked in a phalanx for the body of the hall on the 1st night, Monday, December

the Second. Nothing can exceed the interest and heartiness of these men."

In his Journal for November 21 Longfellow wrote: "Dined with Fields — a dinner of welcome for Dickens. Guests to meet him, Emerson, Agassiz, Holmes, Judge Hoar, Norton, Greene, and myself. A beautiful dinner."

In London, Dickens had invited the illustrator Cruikshank to meet Longfellow. And now Longfellow returned the compliment and sent Darley, who had illustrated the works of both Dickens and Longfellow, the following note:

Camb. Nov. 21, 1867.

My dear Darley.

The day is to-morrow (Friday), the hour is nine o'clock in the evening and the man C. D.

Yours truly,

H. W. L.

At this "little supper," as Longfellow called it, the other guests invited to meet Dickens were James Russell Lowell, William Dean Howells, Fields, Greene, his brother Samuel Longfellow, and his son Ernest Longfellow. On the following day, November 23, he wrote to Forster:

It is a great pleasure to see Dickens again after so many years, with the same sweetness and flavor as of old, and only greater ripeness. The enthusiasm for him and for his Readings is immense. One can hardly take in the whole truth about it, and feel the universality of his fame. The Readings will be as triumphant a success here as in England. Every ticket is sold for the whole course, and the public clamorous for more.

To show the great demand in America for the novels of Dickens, Longfellow enclosed a newspaper clipping saying: "Out of the 1,900 volumes of the Dickens novels in the Mercantile Library, New York, only two remained on its shelves on Tuesday."

On November 25, Dickens wrote to his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, that the Harvard students were besieging Professor Longfellow with demands for tickets to the Readings, knowing that he was a friend of Dickens: "The young undergraduates of Cambridge (he is a Professor there) have made a representation to him that they are five hundred

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strong, and cannot get one ticket. I don't know what is to be done for them."

Three days later, Thursday, November 28, 1867, was Thanksgiving Day and Longfellow wrote in his Journal:

Thanksgiving Day. Dickens came out to a quiet family dinner at 2.30.

When Dickens had come to breakfast in this same Craigie House twenty-five years earlier, Longfellow had been a bachelor and rented merely the upstairs room. During the quarter of a century since then, he had married and brought up a family and now occupied the whole house. Accordingly, the Thanksgiving dinner now took place in the dining room downstairs. For this occasion, Longfellow had with him his beloved sister, Anne Longfellow Pierce; his three daughters, Alice, Edith, and Annie Allegra; and his son Ernest and Ernest's fiancée, Miss Harriet Spellman. With Dickens, then, as the only guest outside of the family, they sat down eight in number about the round table in the dining room to a genial and hearty feast.

Knowing Dickens's fondness for the mysterious and for eccentric characters, Longfellow apparently told him, among other things, the story of the Craigies, who had lived in the house before him and for whom it had been named the Craigie House and sometimes "Castle Craigie." Some years after both Mr. and Mrs. Craigie had died, Longfellow had discovered some old letters written by a young girl to Mr. Craigie, which he had hidden away from the eyes of his wife in a mysterious hiding place under the stairs. Longfellow told Dickens how, in going down into the cellar, he had on various occasions found these letters one after another lying on the cellar stairs, where they had dropped

after making their way through a crack in the box overhead — a fitting subject for some later novel by Dickens.

After dinner, to satisfy Dickens's insatiable curiosity, Longfellow and the children took him down into the cellar of "Castle Craigie," as they liked to call the house in fun, and showed him the secret hiding place of the letters. Dickens, in turn, seems to have handed this story on; for shortly afterwards, Helen Hunt Jackson heard it from him, and, under the pseudonym of Rip Van Winkle, printed in the New York Evening Post for December 19, 1867, the story of the discovery under the heading A Bundle of Old Love Letters, saying at the end: "The story was told

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to Dickens, the other day, at a dinner, and we shall perhaps see it doing good duty yet, in the machinery of a second Lady Deadlock's retribution." It is doubtful whether Dickens ever used this subject, but Helen Hunt Jackson, writing under the name of Saxe Holm, did use it herself, after the death of Dickens, in a story called "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters."

Longfellow and the children then took Dickens all over the labyrinthian old house. Dickens looked at the bookcases which now filled every room and were even built into some of the windows. Coming across a complete set of his own works, he said, with a wink that delighted the children: "Ah-h-h! I see you read the best authors." Longfellow's children often used to laugh over this remark and Longfellow himself referred to it long afterward in a letter of March 7, 1879, to Miss Elizabeth Phelps.

Dickens seemed to take a great delight in the Longfellow children, as indeed he did in all children and as all children did in him. Longfellow, in turn, asked Dickens about his children, especially about his eldest son, Charles, whom he remembered as a boy of five, when he had seen him in London twenty-five years earlier.

With the Longfellow household, Dickens lingered the whole afternoon and it was eight o'clock in the evening, so he tells us, before he got back to his hotel. In writing to his son Charles two days later, he said:

I suppose you don't remember Longfellow, though he remembers you in a black velvet frock very well. He is now white-haired and, white-bearded, but remarkably handsome. He still lives in his old house, where his beautiful wife was burnt to death. I dined with him the other day, and could not get the terrific scene out of my imagination. She was in a blaze in an instant, rushed into his arms with a wild cry, and never spoke afterwards.

For Dickens, too, the intervening twenty-five years had brought their sorrows. Neither he nor Longfellow, during that dark November afternoon in 1867, could quite recapture the happy carefree spirit of their earlier companionship of 1842. Yet this maturer friendship had still deeper roots. During that quarter of a century, Dickens had taken up the cudgels for the poor and the oppressed in England, and Longfellow had awakened sympathy for the exiled Acadians, for the negroes, and

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for the Indians in America. Dickens had become the most widely read English novelist in America and Longfellow the most widely read American poet in England. The friendship between them, symbolized by this Thanksgiving Dinner together, had become a token of the friendship between the English and the American people.

Two days later, on Saturday, November 30, Longfellow dined with Dickens, Emerson, Lowell, and others at the Saturday Club. Dickens prepared a special concoction for them and it was said: "No witch at her incantations could be more rapt than Dickens was in his, as he stooped over the drink he was making."

In the month of December, 1867, the famous series of Dickens Readings in Boston began. On Monday, December 2, Longfellow wrote in his Journal:

A snow-storm; stopping at noon. Dickens's First Reading. We all went; a pleasant moonlight drive; and a triumph for Dickens. It is not Reading exactly; but acting, and quite wonderful in its way. He gave the "Christmas Carol" and "Trial from Pickwick." I never saw anything better. The old Judge was equal to Dogberry.

The New York Tribune, in giving an account of this First Dickens Reading in America, said:

Inside the house, the scene was striking enough. Few cities, anywhere, could show an audience of such character. Hardly a notable man in Boston, or 50 miles about, but was there, and we doubt if in London itself Mr. Dickens ever read before such an assemblage. There sat Longfellow looking like the very spirit of Christmas with his ruddy cheeks and bright soft eyes looking out from the veil of snow white hair and snow white beard. There was Holmes, crisp and fine, like a tight little grape-skin full of wit instead of wine. There was Lowell, as if Sidney himself had come back, with his poet's heart smiling sadly through his poet's eyes. Here too was the elder Dana, now an old man of 80, with long gray hair falling round a face bright with shrewd intelligence.

Three days later, on December 5, Longfellow wrote to Henry Bright in England: "Dickens is having a great success with his Readings in Boston and New York. He is as vivacious and genial as on his former visit in 1842." Three days later again, on December 8, he wrote to Charles Sumner: "For the last two weeks Boston has been, not Galvan-

ized but Dickenized into great activity, very pleasant to behold. The Readings, or rather Actings, have been immensely successful."

On another evening, Longfellow attended a Dickens Reading with his fellow-poet John Greenleaf Whittier, who had been unable to get down from Amesbury during the winter for earlier readings, and took him later to call on Dickens. Of his impressions of this occasion and of Dickens, Whittier has given us the following delightful account in a letter written next day to Mrs. Celia Thaxter:

My dear friend

I have "made an effort" as Mrs Chick would say, & have heard Dickens. It was his last night in Boston. I found myself in the packed hall, sandwiched between Ricd H. Dana Sen. & Longfellow with Mrs Fields one side of us & Mre Ames the other. We waited some half hour: a slight brisk man tripped up the steps, sparkling with ring & chain — tight vested wide bosomed, short dress coat, white choker; tight pantaloons enclosing, as the Prairie girl said of Judge Douglass's — "a mighty slim chance of legs!" somehow a slight reminder of his own Sim Tappertit in Barnaby Rudge. Face marked with thought as well as years — head bald or nearly so — a look of keen intelligence about the strong brow, & eye — the look of a man who has seen much & is wide awake to see more. I dont think he shows the great genius that he is — he might pass for a shrewd Massachusetts manufacturer, or an active N. Y. merchant. But his reading is wonderful, far beyond my expectations. Those marvellous characters of his come forth, one by one, real personages, as if their original creator had breathed new life into them. You shut your eyes & there before you you know are Pecksniff, & Sairey Gamp, Sam Weller & Dick Swiveller & all the rest. But it is idle to talk about it: you must beg, borrow, or steal a ticket & hear him. Another such star-shower is not to be expected in one's life-time. After the reading I called on him with Longfellow & the Fields.

John G. Whittier

On January 12, 1868, Longfellow wrote to Charles Sumner:

Dickens has been and is still triumphant. His Readings or Recitations rather, are wonderful to see and hear. Sargeant Buzfuz's argument to the Jury in Bardell v. Pickwick would delight you. In what raptures our dear Felton would be were he now alive.

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Writing to Miss Fanny Farrer in England on January 24, 1868, Longfellow sums up his impressions of that wonderful winter of Dickens Readings:

Our winter here has been rather cold and solitary, and quite uneventful, save in the advent of Mr. Dickens. His Readings have enlivened us; and are, as you know, wonderful in their way, and very interesting. . . . In speaking of Dickens, I ought to have added that in all the cities where he has read, he has been received with great enthusiasm; and the popularity of his work was never greater in America than now. This puts to flight the fears and surmises of those who thought there was still some lurking grudge against him here, on account of his American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit. The result of his coming here is a great triumph. When I listen to Dickens, I always think how Felton would have enjoyed these Readings; for he was one of the most constant and ardent admirers of the great novelist; and his wide sympathy made it possible for him to appreciate and enjoy all varieties of character. We still mourn for Felton.

Night after night, Longfellow went to Dickens's Readings: Pickwick, Nicholas Nickleby, A Christmas Carol, Dombey and Son, Boots at the Holly tree Inn, Dr. Marigold — Longfellow did not miss one.

Sometimes he took his little daughter to bear him company — sometimes one daughter and sometimes another. His youngest daughter, Annie, whom he called "Laughing Allegra," was then only twelve years old, but she was well able to appreciate the humor and to join in the laughter. She wrote afterwards her recollections of Dickens and his "delightful readings":

I can see him now (in his black velvet coat) stepping forward with his alert bearing on the stage of the old Music Hall. How people did enjoy those readings. Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Nicholas Nickleby and the old gentleman and the vegetable marrows over the garden wall. How he did make Aunt Betsy Trotwood snap out, "Janet, donkeys" — and David Copperfield yearn over the handsome sleeping Steerforth. How the audience loved best of all the Christmas Carol and how they laughed as Dickens fairly smacked his lips as there came the "smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that," as Mrs Cratchit bore in the Christmas pudding and how they nearly wept as Tiny Tim cried "God bless us every one."

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Apparently another young lady, who was not "Laughing Allegra," was given to weeping; and Dickens, in writing to Forster on February 28, 1868, told him how at the reading on the previous evening: "One poor girl in mourning burst into a passion of grief about Tiny Tim and was taken out."

After the Dickens Readings came the late Dickens Suppers, usually at the home of Fields, the publisher. On evenings when Dickens was not reading, he was apt to be dining out, often going to Cambridge to dine with one or other of the professors there: with Longfellow at the Craigie House, or with Lowell at Elmwood, or with Norton at Shady Hill. Knowing Dickens's fondness for the gruesome, Longfellow could not resist the temptation of telling him about the murder committed by one of their colleagues, still another Harvard professor, John White Webster, professor of chemistry. Longfellow had introduced Dickens to Professor Webster in 1842, and Dickens took an almost morbid delight in hearing all the details of the crime and seemed to be particularly impressed by one story about Professor Webster which Longfellow told late at night at the Fields' on January 5, 1868. With characteristic in-quisitiveness, Dickens had insisted on seeing the actual furnace at the Harvard Medical School where Professor Webster had disposed of the remains of his victim, Dr. Parkman.

In a letter to Wilkie Collins of January 12, 1868, Dickens wrote:

Being in Boston last Sunday, I took it into my head to go over the medical school, and survey the holes and corners in which that extraordinary murder was done by Webster. There was the furnace — stinking horribly, as if the dismantled pieces were still inside it — and there all the grim spouts, and sinks, and chemical appliances, and whatnot. At dinner afterwards, Longfellow told me a terrific story. He dined with Webster within a year of the murder, one of a party of ten or twelve. As they sat at their wine, Webster suddenly ordered the lights to be turned out, and a bowl of some burning mineral to be placed on the table, that the guests might see how ghostly it made them look. As each man stared at all the rest in the weird light, all were horrified to see Webster with a rope around his neck, holding it

up, over the bowl, with his head jerked on one side, and his tongue lolled out, representing a man being hanged.

Longfellow's story seems to have haunted Dickens for some time and

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ten days after he had heard it, he wrote to Fields on January 15, 1868: "When I think of Longfellow's story about Dr. Webster, I feel like the lady in Nickleby who 'has had a sensation of alternate cold and biling water running down her back ever since."

February 27, 1868, was Longfellow's sixty-first birthday. Dickens had been invited to a late supper after his Reading at the Fields' with Emerson, Holmes, Norton, Howells, and others, in honor of Longfellow. Dickens had too bad a cold to go, but there was no birthday present which Longfellow received that day that delighted him more than the letter which Dickens sent and the invitation which it contained to visit him later in the year at Gad's Hill:

Boston, Thursday Twenty Seventh February

1868

My Dear Longfellow

I wish you from my deepest heart many many happy returns of this day — a precious one to the civilized world — and all earthly happiness and prosperity. God Bless you my dear friend! I hope to welcome you at Gad's Hill this next summer, and to give you the heartiest reception there that the undersigned village blacksmith can strike out of his domestic anvil.

Dolby will report that I have been terrifying him by sneezing melodiously for the last halfhour. The moment there is a fall from the sky, this national catarrh gives me an extra grip. I dare not come to Fields's tonight, having to read tomorrow; but you shall in my flowing cups (or sneezes) be especially remembered after tonight's Reading.

Even your imagination cannot conceive how admiringly, tenderly, and truly,

Ever your affectionate

Charles Dickens

It was on this same birthday of Longfellow's that Mrs. Fields, realizing the fresh stimulus that the coming of Dickens had brought to Longfellow in his sorrow, wrote in her journal: "Dickens has doubtless done much to quicken him to write." Such was the helpful influence which Dickens and Longfellow continued to have on each other.

Two days later, on Leap Year's Day, February 29, was held the Great International Walking Match. On one side were the British: Dickens's manager, the gigantic "Man of Ross" (Dolby) backed by the

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"Gad's Hill Gasper" (Dickens). On the other side were the Americans: The "Boston Bantam" (Osgood), backed by "Massachusetts Jemmy" (Fields). The tiny Osgood tripped lightly and nimbly ahead; or, as Dickens put it in his famous Broadside, "The Bantam pegged away with his little drumsticks, as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch." The good Mrs. Fields, drawing alongside in a carriage, aided and abetted her husband's partner with "bread soaked in brandy" — so Dickens tells us in a letter written to his daughter two days later. Meanwhile the enormous Dolby came puffing after. Like Longfellow's Village Blacksmith you could "hear his bellows roar." When the race was over the Britisher came in seven minutes behind, "steaming like a locomotive," long after the American, the "Boston Bantam," had already won the race.

That evening, this great International Event was celebrated by a grand banquet in the Crystal Room at the Parker House. Among the guests, as Dickens had announced in his Articles Of Agreement, was to be "An obscure Poet named Longfellow (if discoverable) and Miss Longfellow." Longfellow in his Journal gave an account of the dinner, and a list of the eighteen guests. He pasted into the Journal his place card with the words "Mr. Longfellow" and the Bill of Fare with the monogram CD on the cover and the eight-course menu inside.

Dickens, albeit his England had lost the match to America, was in the best of spirits and entertained his guests charmingly. Just beyond the lady at his left sat Longfellow and just beyond the lady on his right sat Lowell. Across the table were Aldrich, Norton, Fields, and Holmes; and at the far ends sat the victorious Osgood and the vanquished Dolby. In honor of Mrs. Fields, who had arranged the flowers for so many of his readings, Dickens had made a great display of flowers on the table for this occasion. In the center was an enormous basket overflowing with lilies. At the ends were two crowns of violets. Interspersed were plates of fruit. "All around the table a bright green border of wreathed creeper, with clustering roses at intervals; a rose for every buttonhole and a bouquet for every lady." The ladies declared they had never seen a table more beautifully decorated and the gentlemen declared they had never attended a more delightful dinner.

Not long after this banquet Dickens left Boston to carry on his Readings elsewhere; but Longfellow sent him an invitation to a din-

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ner in his honor on his return, and to this invitation Dickens replied:

Syracuse, Sunday Eighth March 1868

My Dear Longfellow.

I shall be truly delighted to dine with you and my other dear Boston friends on Thursday the 9th of next month at the Union Clubhouse at Six o'Clock. Nothing could be more pleasant to me than such an invitation so conveyed.

Ever affectionately yours

Charles Dickens

Henry W. Longfellow Esquire

In writing to Macready from Springfield, Massachusetts, on March 21, 1868, Dickens spoke again of his attachment to Boston and of the plans for the farewell dinner there in his honor:

Longfellow has a perfectly white flowing beard, and long white hair. But he does not otherwise look old, and is infinitely handsomer than he was. I have been constantly with them all and they have talked much of you. It is the established joke that Boston is my "native place," and we hold all sorts of hearty foregatherings. They all come to every Reading, and are always in a most delightful state of enthusiasm. They give me a parting dinner at the Club, on the Thursday before Good Friday.

Dickens had always felt a warm spot in his heart for Boston. It was to Boston that he came first in both his visits: so that, as far as America was concerned, it could indeed be called his "native place." To Macready he had already written in 1844: "Boston is what I would like the whole United States to be."

In return, Boston's enthusiasm for Boz reached such a point that New Yorkers suggested that Boston should be rechristened "Boz-town."

In his Journal for April 8, 1868, Longfellow wrote: "Dickens's last Reading, and a triumphant one, with abundant flowers, and a 'little speech.'" He then pasted in a newspaper clipping, giving Dickens's speech, ending: "Ladies and Gentlemen: I beg most earnestly, most gratefully, and most affectionately, to bid you each and all farewell."

When Dickens sailed back to England on April 22, 1868, Longfellow felt how deeply Dickens had endeared himself to America as well as to England, and gladly echoed the sentiment of his friend George William Curtis: "English hearts, he is ours, as he is yours!"

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IV

VISIT OF THE LONGFELLOWS TO GAD'S HILL

The invitation which Dickens had sent to Longfellow on his birthday was not forgotten. Five months later, Longfellow and his family were in England and were staying at the Hotel Langham in London. There Dickens sent him the following letter:

Gad's Hill Place,

Higham By Rochester, Kent.

Sunday Twenty Eighth June 1868

My Dear Longfellow

I will come to town on Tuesday morning, duly provided with "the right time of day" for you. I will call upon you at the Langham by eleven in the forenoon.

Will it suit you to come down with your three daughters and Appleton (to whom I will write, after seeing you) from Saturday to Monday? If not, take any day after Saturday, except Thursdays. We will be alone, so that we may ramble about.

I hear of all manner of speechmaking designs against you, as to which I reply that I know you dislike speechmaking. The Stationers' Company will make desperate efforts to entrap you (if you be not already caught) for this next Wednesday.

You shall be completely at home here, as though you were at Cambridge; and we shall be most heartily glad to see you and yours on the old Falstaff ground.

Ever yours affectionately

Charles Dickens

My eldest daughter will come

with me on Tuesday morning

Faithful to his word, on the following Tuesday, June 30, Dickens went up to London with his daughter Kate and saw Longfellow in his hotel, where he had just been besieged by a deputation of poetry-loving fishmongers. Longfellow's crowded schedule for that day, as recorded in his daughter's diary, included the following items:

Fish-mongers deputation came. Mr. & Miss Dickens. Jean Ingelow.

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That same evening, after looking up the trains, Dickens wrote to Longfellow again:

Gad's Hill Place, Higham By Rochester, Kent Tuesday Thirtieth June 1868

My Dear Longfellow.

You can leave Victoria Station, Pimlico, for "Strood Station, Rochester Bridge" at 8:30 on Saturday evening, and get down in an hour.

Or, you can leave Charing Cross Station, North Kent Railway at 9:15 on Saturday Evening for "Higham Station" and get down in rather more than an hour and a half.

The first route is the better. By either route you can take return tickets which will bring you back on Monday. Let me know which line you choose, in order that I may duly meet you at the station you come to.

Enclosed, a note for Appleton.

Affectionately yours ever CD.

The day assigned for the beginning of the Longfellows' visit to Gad's Hill was the "Fourth of July" and rarely has there been such a Fourth of July in England for any visiting American: the morning spent with Queen Victoria and the evening with Dickens. In her

account of the morning of that day, Longfellow's oldest daughter, Alice, wrote in her Journal: "Papa went out to Windsor Castle to see the Queen, & had a very pleasant day."

It is said that on this occasion, among other pleasant things, Queen Victoria told Longfellow: "You are the only contemporary author whose name is known by our servants in the kitchen."

Alice Longfellow's Journal for this same day ended: "In the evening we came out to Gad's Hill to pass Sunday with Mr. Dickens. A lovely place."

In some letters written at the time to her friend Cora Spellman and in her reminiscences later on, Alice Longfellow has added other details: "Gad's Hill is about 30 miles from London in the County of Kent, & a very pretty place. The house is not very pretty on the outside, but is very pleasant within as Mr. Dickens has altered it from time to time to suit himself. Under the windows on each side of the front door is a large mass of scarlet geraniums which has a very pretty effect."

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Longfellow's youngest daughter, Annie, who was only thirteen at the time, gives further recollections of Dickens's home at Gad's Hill: "The House was rambling, but very homelike and the walls of the circular staircase were papered with a marvellous collection of engravings and woodcuts, many of them illustrations of the various novels. It was so entertaining that it was a very difficult matter ever to get down in time for meals, or up to bed at night."

Of Dickens's household, Longfellow's oldest daughter gave the following account in a letter that she wrote at the time:

Mr. Dickens has two daughters living with him — the eldest of them is married to Wilkie Collins's brother; two sons Harry & Tom; & two darling little grandchildren were staying there; also his wife's sister, Miss Hogarth. They were all very pleasant, although we did not see them under the most favorable conditions, for Mr. Collins is very sick with consumption or something like that & wanders about in the forlorn condition, & Tom has a bad face from being hit with a cricket ball, & Harry has a lame knee. Otherwise they are very flourishing, & we had a delightful time ... I entirely lost my heart to his little grandchild Charlie, aged three. I never saw such a dear little boy. They never call Mr. Dickens grandpa, but always "Venerables," & it was so funny to hear them when they came down to breakfast to say "Dood Morning Venables" . . .

His two daughters and Miss Hogarth, as well as the host, were all kindness and hospitality. There were wonderful meals, with more cold dishes on the sideboard than we had ever dreamed of.

In the evening the great tray on wheels was brought into the drawing room, full of bottles and glasses. Punch, hot or cold, lemons, hot water, and every drinkable imaginable.

Of the next day Longfellow's youngest daughter, Annie, gives us the following account:

On Sunday morning, Mr. Dickens took us on a tour of the grounds, showing us the dogs and pigeons, as well as the Swiss Chalet across from the house, which had been given to him by Charles Fechter, the actor, and which he used as a secluded study.

Miss Alice Longfellow adds a further detail about this little chalet where Dickens used to write in the summer: "It has two rooms one above the

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other & the stairs going up outside just like the real houses in Switzerland." She goes on in her account of that Sunday with Dickens:

Sunday morning we took a drive through such a lovely park. We drove with a postilion in red jacket on one of the horses in fine style. The drive through the park was on the turf all the way, with splendid great trees on all sides & the ground undulating in charming little hills & dales. The ground was covered thick with ferns, the trees looked as if they were standing up to their knees in them, & there were ever so many little rabbits dashing in & out of the ferns, which were high enough to make quite a grove for them . . .

Mr. Forster & Mr. Kent came to dine . . .

In the afternoon took another drive through Rochester to see some Druidical stones. . . . Mr. Dickens, to please us girls, took us to drive all about the countryside in a carriage and pair with a postilion instead of a coachman, and we expected to meet all the Pickwick characters at every turn.

Forster tells us how Dickens laid himself out to do everything he could to entertain and interest the Longfellows:

At the arrival of friends whom he loved and honored as he did these, from the great country to which he owed so much, infinite were the rejoicings at Gad's Hill. Nothing could quench his spirit in this way. . . . He would compress into infinitely few days an enormous amount of sight seeing and country enjoyment, castles, cathedrals, and fortified lines, lunches and picnics among cherry orchards and hop-gardens, excursions to Canterbury or Maidstone and their beautiful neighbourhoods, Druid-stone and Blue Bell Hill.

Their ceremonious visit to Rochester Castle offered a striking contrast to the harum-scarum trespassing of Dickens and Longfellow in their younger days at this same castle twenty-six years earlier.

Dickens, in a letter written to Fields a few days later, on July 7, gives his own account of this occasion:

I turned out a couple of postilions, in the old red Jacket of the old red royal Dover Road, for our ride; and it was like a holiday ride in England fifty years ago. Of course we went to look at the old houses in Rochester, and the old cathedral, and the old castle, and the house for the six poor travellers, who, "not being rogues or proctors, shall have lodging, entertainment, and four pence each." ... I showed them all the neigh-

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boring country that could be shown in so short a time, and they finished off with a tour of inspection of the kitchens, pantry, wine-cellar, pickles, sauses, servants' sitting-room, general household stores, and even the Cellar Book, of this illustrious establishment. Forster and Kent (the latter wrote certain verses to Longfellow, which had been published in the Times, and which I sent to D. —) came down for a day and I hope we all had a really "good time" . . .

Nothing can surpass the respect paid to Longfellow here, from the Queen downward. He is everywhere received and courted, and finds (as I told him he would, when we talked of it in Boston) the working men at least as well acquainted -with his books as the classes socially above them.

With Monday, the delightful three-day weekend came to a conclusion. Learning that Longfellow's eldest son was going to India, Dickens wrote for him the following letter of introduction to one of his sons who was in India at that time: Francis Jeffrey Dickens, Bengal Police Service, Kishnaghur, Tirhoot, Bengal.

Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent. Monday Sixth July 1868

My Dear Frank

This is to present to you, Mr. Charles Longfellow, the eldest son of my highly esteemed friend Mr. Longfellow the great American writer. You cannot please me better than by doing everything in your power to remind this gentleman of my great affection for his father.

Love from all

Ever your affectionate

Charles Dickens

Presenting this letter to Longfellow for his son, Dickens bade farewell to his American guests.

The following day, Tuesday, July 7, Dickens dined with Longfellow in London at the Hotel Langham, and they all had a chance to talk over once more the details of the previous weekend at Gad's Hill and the doings of all the happy household there.

From this renewed friendship with the English novelist, Longfellow turned to fresh contacts with the great English poets of the day.

On July 9, only two days after this dinner with Dickens, Longfellow

dined with Browning. Later on, Browning used to delight in telling a charming story of how he and Longfellow were riding across London inside a hansom cab, with the cabby perched

up behind, "when a heavy shower came up and the American poet pushed his umbrella through the trap in the roof so that the cabby might protect himself from the weather."

Five days after his dinner with Browning, came Longfellow's visit to Tennyson at Farringford near Freshwater on the Isle of Wight from July 15 to 17, 1842. In a letter of cordial welcome, the Poet Laureate of England had written to the widely read American poet: "We English and Americans should all be brothers as none others among the nations can be; and some of us, come what may, will always be so I trust." On July 19, Longfellow wrote to Mrs. Fields about the visit that had just ended: "We came last night from Freshwater, where we had passed two happy days with Tennyson. He was very cordial and very amiable and gave up his whole time to us." Longfellow remembered particularly "Tennyson's reading Eoedicea to me at midnight. A memorable night." For one luncheon the Tennysons invited not merely Longfellow and his three daughters, but also his two sons, his two sisters, his brother and his brother-in-law. In her journal for July 15, Mrs. Tennyson wrote: "Mr. Longfellow arrived with a party of ten. Very English he is, we thought." This last was evidently intended as a compliment. On another occasion the Tennysons invited "forty or fifty" persons to meet Longfellow.

*Not all the English poets were so cordial. One English poet of Italian descent, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, had written earlier in no very complimentary terms about *The Song of Hiawatha* (though it must be admitted he was scarcely any more complimentary about *Walt Whitman*): "How I loathe *Wishi-Washi*, — of course without reading it. I have not been so happy in loathing anything for a long time — except, I think, *Leaves of Grass*, by that Orson of yours." Later, however, on meeting Longfellow, Rossetti somewhat modified his views.*

Much as Longfellow admired these English poets and enjoyed meeting them, the background of his earlier friendship with Dickens was such that he did not readily forget Dickens and his circle. On July 20, 1868, while still on the Isle of Wight, he wrote to Dickens's friend, John Forster, the following summary of his impressions after six weeks in England:

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I have in my brain a confused memory of London, rattle and roar of streets; and "dreams of fair women" in drawing-rooms; and breakfasts and luncheons and dinners in hopeless entanglement; and an endless procession of people, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury! But I have a very clear memory of your most cordial welcome and hospitality; and as clearly and cordially thank you for it once more.

With kind regards to Mrs. Forster, and to Dickens at Gad's Hill.

Longfellow lingered abroad until August 1869 before crossing the Atlantic once more to America. This crossing was his eighth, and when we add to that the four times that Dickens had crossed the Atlantic, we may say that these twelve trans-Atlantic passages had helped to tie the Old World and the New World together with fresh bonds of sympathy and understanding. The ships bearing Dickens and Longfellow were like giant shuttles, plying back and forth and helping to weave together the fabric of trans-Atlantic friendship.

From the first, the merry humor of Dickens had done much to enliven Longfellow. Possibly, in return, Longfellow's own benign nature may have done something to make

Dickens's satire more kindly. America had felt the contagion of Dickens's fascination, and England had learned to love Longfellow's charm.

After his return home, Longfellow's interest in Dickens continued. During 1870, the year after his return, the first instalments came to Longfellow of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens's last novel. The novel was never finished, but Longfellow wrote to Forster in a letter of June 12, 1870: "It is certainly one of his most beautiful works, if not the most beautiful of all. It would be too sad, to think the pen had fallen from his hand, and left it incomplete."

Dickens, on the other hand, had not forgotten Longfellow and one of the last letters written before his death, that written on April 27, 1870, spoke of the "interesting remembrance of my friend Longfellow."

Less than a year after Longfellow had left England, came to him the tragic news of the death of Dickens on June 9, 1870. He wrote in his *Journal* for five days later: "I can think of nothing else; but see him lying there dead in his house at Gad's Hill; silent, motionless."

To Forster, who was preparing the biography of Dickens, Longfellow wrote on June 12, 1870, expressing not only his own personal grief, but that of the whole of America which had learned to love the great English

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novelist. As long as his books should last, however, the bond uniting the two countries would still endure:

The terrible news from England fills us all with inexpressible grief. ... I never knew an author's death to cause such general mourning. It is not exaggeration to say that this whole country is stricken with grief. . . . Dickens was so full of life, that it did not seem possible he could die.

NOTE

This account of the friendship of Longfellow and Dickens has not, up to this point, been given a footnote to stand on. It would be a mistake, however, to close without offering a word of explanation about the manuscript material, on which this account is based, and a word of gratitude for the help received and for the permission to print quotations from letters.

The letters from Dickens to Longfellow, given here in full for the first time, are printed from the original manuscripts, which have been preserved in the Longfellow House in Cambridge. References to Dickens in Longfellow's journals and letters, and in letters from others to Longfellow, have also been printed from the original manuscripts preserved in the Longfellow House.

To Mr. Lee Harlan of the English Department of Columbia University, who has written a book on John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, I am deeply indebted, not only for his helpfully severe criticism of this account, but also for having first called my attention to the delightful series of nineteen letters from Longfellow to Forster in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. I wish to express my thanks for permission to quote from these letters.

To the Librarian of Harvard College I am grateful for permission to quote from Felton's letters of February 8 and 15, 1842, to Sumner; from the letter of Dickens to Sumner written July 31, 1842; and from Whittier's letter to Mrs. Thaxter of December 12, 1867.

Finally I should like to express my particular gratitude to the Dickens Fellowship of Boston, before whom I first read this account on April 27, 1942, on the one-hundredth anniversary of the first visit of Dickens to Boston. The President of the Fellowship, Mr. Edward Payne, who has ingeniously reconstructed both the first and second visits of Dickens in his Dickens Days in Boston (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927), has most generously encouraged the publication of the present work. The Secretary of the Fellowship, Mrs. Harry Lee Bagley, has helped in many kindly ways. Both the President and the Secretary of the Dickens Fellowship of Boston joined with certain other members, during the month of February, 1942, in re-enacting the Dickens Dinner in Boston of February 1, 1842, and the Dickens Breakfast with Longfellow at the Craigie House of February 4, 1842, both described in Part I of this account. On all these occasions the Dickens Fellowship of Boston has shown the same genial and congenial spirit of fellowship which characterized Dickens himself.

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*Lois LILLEY HOWE'S INTRODUCTION
TO THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK CLUB*

Read October 27, 1942

THE paper which I am to read to you tonight was written by the Reverend Francis Greenwood Peabody for the 100th Anniversary of the Cambridge Book Club, founded in 1832. This anniversary was celebrated on January 6, 1932, — a date as nearly as we could bring it to that of the first meeting of the Club, — at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster Batchelder, 7 Kirkland Street.

This paper has been in my custody as Secretary of the Club and I have taken the liberty of adding to it as a preface some personal notes, for there is no time in my memory when the Book Club has not seemed of considerable importance not only to me but to my whole family. To get the books off correctly on Saturday has been an obligation; to receive new ones a bit of excitement, or if they are delayed, of irritation. The Club has always had magazines as well as books. How I loved The Illustrated London News and The Graphic — with pictures and serial stories (Thomas Hardy's novel "The Mayor of Casterbridge" came out in one of these magazines), and the serials in The Living Age, which were discussed by all the family.

As soon as I was old enough to be trusted with a bundle of books — not too heavy — I was deputed on Saturdays to take them to the house of Professor Torrey and his sister. This was the house afterwards lived in by Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers and later by Mr. and Mrs. James Bryant Conant, before they moved to the Presidential Mansion on Quincy Street.

We lived then at No. 1 Oxford Street, now for more than fifty years known as 13 Kirkland Street, for the Peabodys who bought the house from my mother moved it around the corner by the simple method of closing our front door and entering through our back piazza door.

I can just remember old Dr. Hodges, of whom Dr. Peabody speaks, bringing the books every Saturday. He was Mrs. J. Bertram Williams's

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grandfather and lived in a lovely little house (where now stands a large apartment) facing the Common between Garden Street and Concord Avenue.

But I think my first consciousness of the structural quality of the Club was the importance of Mrs. Charles F. Choate as Librarian. She ruled the Club and everything was referred to her. Just as I used to wonder what would happen when Queen Victoria died, did I wonder about how the Club could continue if Mrs. Choate should abandon it. But she did resign. Moreover she moved to Southboro, leaving that beautiful old house on Brattle Street in which Mrs. Jackson entertained us last June. It was surrounded with gardens and lawns, and the Howe family built a house on the asparagus bed, where I still live; moreover I lived to see my own sister Clara Howe become the Librarian of the Club and manage it as well as Mrs. Choate had done for twenty-five years. When she retired the Club gave her a travelling clock in token of its regard and esteem. This was, of course, presented by President Emeritus Charles William Eliot, who told her afterward that he had made many presentations in his career but that that was the first time the recipient had been utterly surprised and astonished.

For eighty-nine years the Club functioned with three officers: Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian. A moderator, or chairman, was elected at each meeting. The old monthly meetings were given up in the seventies and the Club only gathered together at the Annual Meeting. In 1921 it was decided that it would be wise to have a permanent presiding officer in case of any serious question arising during the year. Mrs. William Gilson Farlow (Lilian Horsford) was the first President, but emergencies are rare and the work of the Club is done by the three officers, the real labor by the Librarian.

Being very much the youngest of my family, I was not qualified to go to the Annual Meeting until I was well over forty, but I always listened with interest to the reports of my sisters. From them I heard of the awkwardness of auctions (spoken of in the records as "distributions of books") when books written by members of the Club had to be sold. There was a story of President Eliot as auctioneer selling one of his own books and stopping the sale at a low bid, saying "That is enough for it!"

About 1924 our good friend and neighbor Miss Caroline E. Peabody became librarian and I was constantly called in on Club business. She

was a very fine and lovable person but very eccentric. She really did not like the Club of which she was an hereditary member. She did not like books either and said she had no room in the big house in which she lived alone for the books returning from their pilgrimages; so they all came to 2 Appleton Street for me to store. Moreover, she felt that the Club was moribund and should be allowed to die.

Mr. Byron Satterlee Hurlbut, who was elected Secretary at the 87th meeting in 1919, had a very different feeling. He loved the Club and considered it an organization which should be preserved and carried on as long as possible. He made the office of Secretary a very important one.

In his report of 1922 he makes the following record: "The Secretary has made an agreement with the Librarian of Harvard University whereby the records of the Club were for safe keeping to be deposited in the Harry Elkins Widener Library, the Library thereby, however, acquiring no rights of proprietorship, the understanding being that should the Club ever disband and make no other disposition of said records, they should remain in the custody of the Library as historical documents illuminating the life of Cambridge during the existence of the Club."

This illumination of the life of Cambridge he certainly carried on in his reports, as Dr. Peabody will tell you. He was already talking about the celebration of the tenth anniversary when he died just after the 98th meeting.

I was more than pleased to be appointed his successor.

It is nearly eleven years since that 100th anniversary and the Club has not stood still. In 1934 Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marston Tozzer, who had recently joined the Club and who were to have the Annual Meeting, wrote to the Secretary and asked if they might entertain the members at an informal supper before the meeting rather than at the conventional ice cream and cake and coffee party afterwards. The officers, Miss Gertrude Peabody, Treasurer, Mrs. John Winthrop Platner, Librarian, and Miss Lois Lilley Howe, Secretary, were much shaken and disturbed at the thought of this innovation but bravely faced the idea as something worth trying. The result has been to restore the old feeling of the social side of the Club and to rejuvenate it so that the Annual Meeting has come to be looked forward to by the members as a pleasure as well as a duty.

I think Mr. Hurlbut would approve of this and that it is in the spirit of a minute in the records on the death of Mr. James Barr Ames, written

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in 1910: "His death makes it all the more necessary for those of the Club who survive, to emphasize its social side which he endeavored to make stronger, believing it to be a useful agency in this city for continuing the friendliness and simplicity of days where books and social amenities were fewer in number but perhaps more lasting in their results."

Now let me transport you to the cheerful parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster Batchelder where were gathered the members of the Club and their guests of the New Book Club and the Berkeley Book Club on January 6, 1932.

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THE CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK CLUB

BY FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY

THERE is nothing intrinsically notable or praiseworthy about old age. Mere survival, even to a hundred years, does not deserve celebration. Nothing is recorded in the Book of Genesis concerning Methuselah except that he lived 969 years and then died, and it may well have been, both to him and his family, that his dying was the most noteworthy and

desired event of his career. Dear old John Holmes, having observed the physiological fact that as one grows older he grows from year to year slightly less in stature, described poor old Methuselah in his last days as tottering down the road in tears because his shoestring kept getting into his eye.

When, on the other hand, a life or an institution, instead of shrinking and withering, maintains its vitality and usefulness, there are few events more deserving commemoration than a century of health and strength. "How comely," says the Book of Ecclesiastes, "is the wisdom of old men and their understanding and counsel. Much experience is their crown and the fear of God is their glory."

*The Cambridge Book Club looks back with this sense of a rich inheritance, on an uninterrupted and beneficent history of one hundred years, with its traditions unbroken, its fellowship maintained, its membership linking the distinguished citizens of Cambridge in the early Victorian age with their children and grandchildren. The history of the club is the history of Cambridge from its era as a village to its present metropolitan character. Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson in his *Reminiscences* has testified on this point: "The Cambridge of my boyhood," he says, "of two or three hundred people, appeared to offer all one's heart could desire for its elevated training." It is well, then, to recall the roots from which the Club has sprung and the admonitions which the past offers to the present. Reverence and teachableness have slackened in these self-confident and bumptious days, and each occasion which summons us to celebrate a century of honorable efficiency renews one's confidence in the stability of civilization.*

We meet tonight, by the gracious call of our host, in the very room in which the representatives of a little academic village met 100 years ago. It is not easy to fix the precise date of that original gathering, for the records of the Club begin with what appears to be the second meeting. That second meeting occurred in March 1832; but there are prefixed to its record the names of the members and the constitution of the Club; from which it seems reasonable to believe that a preliminary meeting was held earlier than March 1832 and presumably near the beginning of that year, and this has been the assumption in all later records.

Let us then visualize, as we may, that first assemblage, as though we were participating in its debates. And first of the place in which we are met. Mr. Stephen Higginson, the host, had been a prosperous merchant in Boston, with a fine house on Mount Vernon Street, where, as his son reports, he was distinguished for "generous philanthropies." The Jefferson embargo of 1807 brought ruin to his business, and left his ships idle at the wharves. He thereupon moved to Cambridge, and in 1820 his friends bought this piece of land from the College for \$4,000, built on it this house and obtained for him an appointment as Steward or — as later entitled — Bursar of the College; into which task he threw himself with the same determination which had guided him in business. He is said to have been largely responsible for the planting of the trees in the College Yard, as well as for the refined architecture of Divinity Hall. His second wife, Louisa Storrow, had ten children, of whom Thomas Wentworth was the youngest, being born in 1823. In this home, in spite of limited possessions, he maintained, his son says, a generous hospitality for the academic circle about him. Many pleasant traditions are associated with this house. It has

been said, for instance, that Alexander Hamilton took a nap on the bench by the door; but this pleasant tale becomes of doubtful authority both because the bench itself could give narrow comfort even to so slight a figure, and because Alexander Hamilton died in 1806, while the house was not built until fourteen years later. It is plausibly suggested that this bench had a place in the family home of Mr. Higginson at Dorchester, and that the tradition, with the bench itself, was later transported to his Cambridge home.

Whether the Club, organized on that evening of 1832, was the first cooperative plan in America to promote and circulate private reading, it is difficult to determine; though Colonel Higginson, writing of his boy-

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hood, remarks: "Besides all this the family belonged to a book club, the first I believe of the now innumerable book clubs. Of this my eldest brother was secretary and I was permitted to keep with pride and delight the account of the books as they came and went." It is enough to say that few reading clubs have so many descendants. Its first direct child was fitly called The New Book Club; and though that newness has become a less appropriate title after many years of life, it remains for us a child, whom we welcome to the parental hearthstone and encourage in its immature but promising career. We welcome also the infant industry known as the Berkeley Book Club; its title derived, with delicate irony, from the great philosopher who taught the unreality of the physical world — a dogma encouraged by the non-arrival of books on Saturday evening. In the course of my laborious researches into the history of our Club, I consulted the other day the beloved and honored Dr. Henry P. Walcott, and inquired whether he was ever a member, to which he replied that he thought he had been and that it was one of the most irritating incidents of his domestic life, because of the irregularity and tardiness of arrival of the books, and he added, with his whimsical smile, "I think the books came from you." Fortunately for the honor of the Cambridge Book Club, Dr. Walcott must have been a member of one of the other clubs, and the responsibility must be transferred for irritating the most tranquil and gracious of our citizens.

It is interesting also to observe that a Society even better known than ours, but not more self-respecting, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has just celebrated its centenary. This, as we all know, is the most distinguished group of scholars in the world. And what a pleasant coincidence is presented by these celebrations! We have not as yet received the salutations of our British sister, but we greet her as a worthy contemporary. When Mr. Shuman of Shuman's Corner was crossing the Atlantic he celebrated the Fourth of July by ordering a huge birthday cake and distributed it among his fellow-passengers with the announcement that this was the natal day of our Country and of Ma Shuman. Let us celebrate, in the same spirit of fraternalism, the natal day of the British Association and of the Cambridge Book Club.

And who were the neighbors of Mr. Higginson who gathered round this very hearth on that evening in 1832? The selected list was limited to twenty; and we may assume for the purpose of this evening that they

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were all present to inaugurate so novel an undertaking. Eleven of them were, or had been, professors or tutors in the College — Professor Ash-mun, Royall Professor of Law; Professor Beck, an accession from Germany and Professor of Latin; Professor Felton, who became President in 1860; Professors Henry Ware, Senior and Junior, both lecturers on Pulpit Eloquence and The Pastoral Care; Professor Pierce, the magician of mathematics; Professors Palfrey and Norton of the Divinity School; Mr. Gushing, a tutor; and Mr. Henry McKean, also a tutor, and described as "a witty and delightful person," whose association with the Club was perpetuated through the marriage of his sister with Mr. Charles Folsom, another member. The father of Henry McKean, Dr. John McKean, had been not only Boylston Professor, but is more prominently remembered as the founder of the Porcellian Club, and reported to be a man of "sincere and extensive hospitality." To these eleven academic dignitaries were added a few choice laymen — Charles Folsom, Stephen and Francis Higginson, Rev. William Newell, James Hayward; and with these were joined four women, — Mrs. Samuel Howe, whose memory is perpetuated through her granddaughter, the chief promoter of this evening's program, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Channing, and one feminine colleague whose personality has become elusive and unidentified but whom we must remember as Mrs. Parks. How suggestive and alluring it is to have this impersonal memory survive through one hundred years, and to greet across the century the shadowy figure of Mrs. Parks! Arid how chastening it is to reflect that one hundred years hence, at the bi-centenary of the Cambridge Book Club, among the few names which at the time have survived the members who then meet, perhaps in this very room will greet with a condescending smile their forgotten forerunners, and look in vain for some evidence of reality in the Mrs. Parks of 2032.*

What an estimable and congenial group it was which thus clustered round Mr. Higginson in this pleasant room; and how noteworthy it is that at this first meeting a Constitution was adopted which has almost literally regulated the proceedings of the Club ever since. The object of the Society, says the first article of its Constitution, "is to circulate amongst

* Since Dr. Peabody's death I have discovered something about Mrs. Parks. She was a lady who lived with the Misses Lane, sisters of Mr. George Martin Lane, in a house which stood about where the Central Square Post Office is now. Her first name was Katherine and Professor Lane named one of his daughters for her. — L. L. H.

its members the present periodic works and other publications of the day. The number of its members is not to exceed twenty and each shall pay \$5.00 a year." There follow various regulations concerning the distribution of books and the fines which must be paid, and at the meeting in March 1832 it was voted that the Club should hold a meeting every month on the first Thursday evening. In a word, the Club became the centre, not only of literary instructiveness, but of companionship and sociability through the long winters of that early collegiate life.

It happened at about this time that a prolific and gossiping authoress, Mrs. Caroline Gilman, made a visit to Cambridge. She took the casual experiences of her life seriously and at great length wrote of her social observations in and about Boston. She was the wife of Reverend Samuel Gilman, who was for many years minister of the Unitarian Church in

Charleston, S. C., and who has become famous through one hastily conceived but elaborate poem.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilman attended the Commencement of Harvard College in 1836 and were received as guests at the Fay House. Mr. Gilman, on the night before Commencement Day, wrote what he called an "Ode," to be used on that occasion, and it "was performed," Mrs. Gilman reports, "by a selected choir." The ode was in four long stanzas of eight lines each, and when set to the well known melody of "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," it caught the popular fancy and was adopted for annual use under the title of "Fair Harvard." For nearly a hundred years Dr. Gilman's Ode has become thus familiar to the successive generations of Harvard men, or, to speak more frankly, its first stanza has become familiar, and its last stanza somewhat hesitatingly superadded, while the two intervening verses have sunk into oblivion.

Mrs. Gilman's reflections on the contrasts of Boston and Cambridge which she encountered are so candid and so mid-Victorian that her notes on the giddy metropolis and the academic refinement which she encountered in Cambridge deserve recalling, together with her impressions of the Book Club and its earliest meetings.

"Why can I say so little about parties, even in Boston? There was the brilliantly illuminated room that cast no shadow, the soft courteous salute, distinguished strangers, stately ladies, graceful girls, ornaments lavished by taste and wealth, fruits rich and tempting; all that the eye seeks when it asks for fashion and splendor; nothing that the heart wants

when it yearns for answering sympathy; nothing that the mind cherishes when it seeks intellectual food. Parties are levellers of intellect; even wit, that light ball, gets lost in a crowd, however high the skilful hand may toss it; and as for Wisdom, she, poor thing, hides behind the fold of some damask curtain and moralizes in silence.

"There is, however, in Cambridge, a very pleasant association of ladies and gentlemen, called the Book Club, which is an exception to the above charge. It is composed of twenty families, and a meeting of the members takes place the first Thursday evening of each month, at their respective houses, in regular order. A subscription of five dollars per annum is paid by every family, and this amount is laid out in the purchase of recent publications of any value. These books are circulated in regular succession to all the members of the Club. A certain number of days are allowed for the reading of a book; at the expiration of the time it is forwarded to another member, and thus they are kept in circulation through the year. If the book is retained over the time allowed, a fine is laid at five cents per day during the period of detention. This regulation has a tendency to make the members punctual. At the annual meeting the members have a sale of the books on hand, by an auction among themselves, and the proceeds are appropriated to the purchase of new books for the following year. This association has existed several years, and it has been found to exercise a very happy influence on society. The evening on which they meet, passes in agreeable conversation, and as the refreshments are simple, and give little trouble in the preparation, there is less of formality and ceremony than in most parties. Strangers are invited, and it affords them an opportunity of seeing the refined and literary society of Cambridge. The members are chosen by ballot, and the choice must be

unanimous; by this arrangement great harmony prevails, and it preserves the character of a select society. The circumstances that the same books are read and enjoyed by so many, gives an interest to the members, affords topics of conversation of a cheerful nature, and a knowledge of the passing literature of the day at little expense of time or money."

The limits of this occasion make it impracticable to enumerate the entire list of members whose names appear in our archives during the past century. I reluctantly limit myself to those who were of our fellowship during its first twenty-five years, or from 1832 to 1857. But first concerning our academic colleagues. President Quincy, who was in o

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when the Club was founded, seems not to have added the distinction of membership to his other dignities. Whether he was indifferent or for some cause ineligible, cannot now be determined. A single black ball, we must remember, would exclude. But from his time until now, every President of the University — Everett, Sparks, Felton, Walker, Hill, Eliot and Lowell — has been one of our associates.

If we were to call the entire roll to the present time, we should add not less than twenty-eight professors or tutors in the University, and of these the representatives of the first twenty-five years are as follows: — Of professors of Law there were the learned Simon Greenleaf, and that curious fusion of mysticism and legal learning, Theophilus Parsons; there were two Rumford professors of Physics, Professor Treadwell and Professor Horsford. There was the benignant figure of Professor Longfellow, the erudite theologian, Dr. Francis; the subtle philosopher, Professor Bowen; the beloved botanist, Professor Gray; the reticent and wise Jeffries Wyman; the eloquent Professor Huntington. The members not of the academic group, but reenforcing it with their wisdom and wit during the first twenty-five years, may be briefly indicated in the order of their election: In 1832, Mr. William Russell was selected; in 1833, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Devens, and Mr. J. Stiles; in 1835, Dr. R. M. Hodges; in 1836, Judge Fay and Mr. Mellon; in 1837, Mr. W. Phillips; in 1839, Mrs. Fales and Rev. William Adams; in 1841, Mr. Joseph Worcester (of the Dictionary), Mr. Nathan Rice, and Mr. O. S. Keith; in 1845, Mr. E. S. Dixwell, and Mrs. E. Greenough; in 1846, Rev. Daniel Austin; in 1850, Dr. Estes Howe; in 1851, Mr. Seth Ames; 1852, Mrs. D. Greenough; 1854, Mr- G. G. Hubbard; 1855, Mr. Charles Lowell; 1856, Mr. J. D. Merrill; 1857, Mr. Octavius Pickering. Some of these names have joined the mysterious Mrs. Parks in her journey to oblivion, but many of them survive among us either by domestic or neighborly association, or by geographical suggestion. Thus we still walk through Mellen Street and Phillips Place. We pause by Austin Hall and pass by Lowell Street to Hubbard Park, and at each point we are unconsciously commemorating some member of this Club. I am much tempted to extend the list thus enumerated until it reaches 1859, when Mr. S. A. Eliot was elected to membership, and even to 1862 when the Rev. Dr. Andrew Peabody joined, in whose honor has been named the shortest street existing in Cambridge, and probably the only one where by no

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possibility any house can be built or any number installed. What good fellowship and pleasant conversation must have been exchanged by these friends, so intimately associated, so congenial in tastes, and so cherished in our own memory!

When we pass from this early history to the later archives of our Club, we come upon many nuggets of interesting or amusing comments, which have been dug out of the books of record by our indefatigable secretary. In the year 1857, for example, a year like the present time of grave financial anxiety, the librarian, Professor Bowen, reports as chairman of the Purchasing Committee: — "I am sorry that the selection of books has not appeared so good as in former years. The reason is that very few have been published, the pressure in the money market having nearly put a stop to the publisher's business. ... A few good books were imported here from England, but in the latter part of the year, the booksellers' counters presented but a meagre array."

In 1859 the librarian, Professor Horsford, deplures the difficulties of circulation: "After some consultation with the former librarian, a little change in the distribution of magazines and papers was introduced. . . . The good influence of the arrangement has been somewhat overshadowed by an unaccountable tendency to aggregation which the books occasionally display. This resulted in an appalling accumulation at one residence, according to credible testimony, of no less than nine bound volumes."

In 1887 Dr. Andrew Peabody utters a wail of regret: "There has not been a Saturday evening through the year when all the books in our possession have not been carried where they next belonged, but there have been many irregularities in our neighborhood, and books have been sent to some hanger-on of Gardiner Hubbard's who could have been hardly responsible."

In 1888 Professor Goodwin reports: "The Misses Parsons object to the large amount of fines charged them and made out a good case against all except 90 cents. They said the rest came from somebody's leaving books at the wrong place. ... I am glad that Dr. Peabody has only two, as he always thinks fines unjust, as indeed, they generally are in his case. Do you think I had better send Choate his bill for 15 cents fine, or

Mr.----'s bill to Mr.----? I am afraid to send the latter, as he is peculiar and takes offense very easily."

Again in 1888 Professor Horsford reports: "The Cambridge Book Club desires to place on record the grateful memory of the genial presence and kind services of the late loved and honored member, Estes Howe. The Club also desires to record its sense of indebtedness to the mother of Dr. Howe for the good work she did in providing so wisely for the happiness of our contemporaries and our successors by founding the Cambridge Book Club."

It is interesting also to observe the character of the books which commended itself to our spiritual ancestors. What Mrs. Gilman called the "passing literature of the day" had a very subordinate place in their selection, and in those first years Emerson's Essays, "Hyperion" in two volumes, the "Ethics of the Heavens" and Winckelmann's "History of Art"

are among the approved volumes. Most noteworthy of all is the procuring of Audubon's "Birds of America," then appearing in parts; the parts being sold after circulation by auction, and being bought in bulk by Professor Simon Greenleaf. Where is that copy now? Its value has more than quadrupled since Professor Greenleaf's purchase of fourteen numbers for \$7.00 and nineteen numbers for \$9.50. Such are the possibilities of profit in our annual distribution.

Nor was the progress of the Club without some incidents of an amusing or even contentious character. The living representative of Professor Horsford's family, for example, thus reports her infantile reminiscence of early meetings: "Once when I was two or three my mother and Mrs. G. M. Lane, her younger sister, went to a meeting at the Deane's on Sparks Street. My mother and Mrs. Lane were in their thirties then and none of my sisters were old enough to go. My mother wore a low necked dress of moss-green moire-antique, with a berth of white lace and rose-buds, and Mrs. Lane pale blue silk; and they said Mrs. Gardiner Green Hubbard had a wreath of ivy in her hair."

On the other hand the archives record an occasional criticism, or even a retirement from the Club, by reason of some difference of opinion. Of these the most notable case, as indicating the activity of the New England conscience, is that of Professor Edward Everett, who became President in 1849, but who in 1848 felt bound to present a letter of protest, the manuscript of which is happily preserved.

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"Cambridge 8 April 1848

Dear Sir,

Among the Club books which I passed on this morning is the 'Massachusetts Quarterly Review,' which contains an article headed the 'Hebrew Monarchy,' by which the purport and drift of the article are very incorrectly described. I have no objection to the free discussion of any subject whatever, in the proper time, place, and vehicle. But I do not like to have speculations of this kind unexpectedly brought into my family, among the books provided by the Club, for the light reading of the domestic circle.

I do not know whether I am in order in pouring out my griefs to you, in this way, — if not, I hope you will forgive the irregularity, in consideration of the motive.

I am, Dear Sir, with great regard, faithfully yours,

Edward Everett. Rev. R. Hodges"

Later secretaries have no doubt received equally frank criticisms, but it seems improbable that a discussion of the "Hebrew Monarchy" would now be regarded as a solicitation to evil, such as might tempt so precocious a youth as the brilliant but eccentric William Everett to sin.

And what shall I more say; for, as the Epistle to the Hebrews adds, "The time would fail me" if I were to follow in detail the records of later years and enumerate the various regulations concerning distribution and fines.

I cannot omit, however, to note the meticulous devotion with which a series of secretaries recorded the admission of new members and the scrupulous assignment of fines, which indicates that the present generation is not the first to be dilatory or delinquent. The list of secretaries is in itself an evidence of the extreme conscientiousness with which our affairs were administered by eminent and busy men. Thus the learned historian, Charles Deane, records in his own hand the events of eighteen years; Professor Byerly served in the same office for twenty-one years and Rev. Mr. Hodges writes in his own microscopic and copperplate hand no less than thirty-six annual reports, from 1835 to 1872. With these secretaries have cooperated a series of librarians whose duties were

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even more onerous and of whom the tradition remains, and will, I trust, be followed tonight, that when Professor William Goodwin as treasurer was delegated to hand to the librarian a selected volume as her honorarium, he approached her on his knees.

I may conclude, therefore, this hasty and imperfect sketch by recalling the most elaborate and entertaining reports which these precious volumes contain. I need not say that they were made by our late and beloved secretary, Professor Hurlbut. As scholar and lecturer, he was at home among the English writers of the 17th Century, and he appropriated the diffuse rhetoric of that time as though the centuries had stood still and Addison was speaking to us through the Spectator. No one, I feel sure, has so completely assumed the style of that period; and the conclusion of one of his reports, that of 1922, may make an appropriate end for this cursory survey, and might be even described by a thrifty secretary as the conclusion of her own report for this centennial year.

"At 10:10 o'clock P.M., the Club voted to adjourn its formal proceedings and repair to the dining room of the gracious host and hostess, where was spread an elegant repast, and the remainder of the evening was spent in entertaining and agreeable social intercourse. The genial humor of the host and the delicious warmth of his crackling fire almost irresistibly persuaded the members of the Club to prolong the chaste festivities of the occasion far beyond the hour of departure long established by the habitual conventions of our academic decorum. The members departed with reluctance into a world locked in the frigid embrace of winter, but glad and sparkling beneath the radiant beams of refulgent Cynthia."

Respectfully submitted

by

Francis G. Peabody, President

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REPORT OF THE COUNCIL AND OF THE SECRETARY FOR THE YEAR 1941

THE COUNCIL of the Cambridge Historical Society during the calendar year 1941 held seven meetings, at which, aside from the election of new members and the arrangement of programs for the stated meetings of the Society, the business transacted was largely routine.

The Society held the following meetings:

The Annual Meeting at the residence of Professor and Mrs. James B. Munn, 58 Garden Street, at which Professor Julian L. Coolidge read a paper on Washington in New England; the April Meeting at the Fogg Art Museum as the guests of Miss Laura H. Dudley and Miss Elizabeth B. Piper, at which Mr. Edward W. Forbes, Director of the Fogg Art Museum, spoke of the Beginnings of the Art Department and the Fogg Museum of Art at Harvard, the address being illustrated by lantern slides; the June Meeting at Elmwood, as the guests of Mrs. A. Kingsley Porter, at which Mr. Walter B. Briggs, formerly Associate Librarian, spoke of his experiences in the Harvard College Library from 1886 to 1936; and the October Meeting at the Craigie House as the guests of Mr. H. W. L. Dana, at which Dr. Frederick Haven Pratt read a paper on The Craigies.

Mr. Stanley B. Hildreth and Mr. Henry A. Nealley died during the year.

Resignations of the following were accepted with regret: Miss Mary Hamilton Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Hart, and Mr. Edward H. Redstone.

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The following were elected to membership in the Society: Mrs. Dwight H. Andrews, Mrs. Edward Ballantine, Hon. and Mrs. Franklin T. Hammond, Prof, and Mrs. Julian L. Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Chilton R. Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard W. Cronkhite, Miss Emily Williston, Dr. and Mrs. Horace P. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Gring, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes D. Metcalf, Mr. Rupert Lillie, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Woodman, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Jackson, and Prof, and Mrs. Kenneth J. Conant.

As of December 31, 1941, the membership of the Society is as follows: regular members, 202; associate members, 8; life members, 5.

Respectfully submitted,

ELDON R. JAMES,

Secretary.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER FOR THE YEAR 1941 *

RECEIPTS— 1941

Cash on Hand, January 1, 1941\$ 407.31

Dues and Initiation Fees:

192 Active Memberships @ \$3.00.....	\$576.00	
7 Associate Memberships @ \$2.00	14.00	
14 Initiation Fees @ \$2.00.....	28.00	
1940 Dues Collected	34-⁰⁰	652.00
Sale of Society Proceedings.....		5.00
H. W. L. Dana, his share of Cost of V. 26.....		260.16

\$1,324.47

EXPENDITURES — 1941

Clerical	\$ 37.67	
Proceedings V. 26.....		672.61
Printing and Postage.....		67.93
Court House Work.....		61.11
Society Collections.....		15.00
Refund of Dues.....		18.00
Miscellaneous		24.88
\$ 897.20 Cash on Hand December 31, 1941		427-27

\$1,324.47

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS,

Treasurer.

*** For the Auditor's report, see the Secretary's minutes of the January 1942 meeting.**

Maria Bowen Fund

Investments

U. S. Savings Bonds Cambridge Savings Bank Cambridgeport Savings Bank E. Cambridge Savings Bank 50 sh. 1st Nat'l Bank (Boston) 5 sh. State St. Tr. Co. (Bos.) 5 sh. Merchants Nat'l (Bos.)

Total

Geo. G. Wright Fund Life Membership Fund Historic Houses Fund Eliz. E. Dana Bequest

**Cost 1/1/41 Cash Income Bk. Value Received 1941 12/31/41 Bk. Value
Acc't to which Income was Cr,**

\$ 5,250.00(1) \$ 5,250.00 o \$ 5,250.00 None

2,241.32 2,877.73 \$ 72. 85 3,150.58 Camb. Sav. Bank

ik 1,500.00 31. 66 1,607.44 Camb 'port Sav. Bank

c 1,500.00 1,592.79 32. 00 1,624.79 E. Camb. Sav. Bank

on) 1,868.75(2) 1,868.75 100. 00 1,868.75 Camb . Sav. Bank

iS.) 1,295.00(3) 1,295.00 40. 00 1,295.00 Camb . Sav. Bank

«.) 1,715.00(4) 1,715.00 60.00 1,715.00 Camb . Sav. Bank

\$15,370.07 \$16,175.05 \$336. 51 \$16,511.56

Bk. where Date a/c Bal. when Balance Balance

held opened opened 1/1/41 Int.Rec. 12/31/41

Camb , Sav. Bank 1/29/38 \$ 200.00 \$ 212 .81 \$ 5-34 \$ 218.15

Camb Sav. Bank 1/10/34 760 .22 823 .63 20.70 844.33

Camb . Sav. Bank 5/3/4° 2,149 .82 2,176 .68 54.74 2,231.42

Camb . Tr. Co. 2/7/40 60 .00 202 .67 3.05 205.72

\$3, ,17° .04 \$3,415 •79 \$! 33-83 \$3,499.62

(1) Market Value 12/31/41

(2) Market Value 12/31/41 \$1,765.60

(3) Market Value 12/31/41 1,465.00

(4) Market Value 12/31/41 1,350.00

Book Value of all Funds 12/31/41 — \$20,011.18 Total Income — \$420.34

Appreciation \$420.00

Appreciation 103.15 \$35.312 per share

Appreciation 170.00 \$293 per share

Appreciation 365.00 \$270 per share

\$121.85

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Avis MacVicar (Mrs. B.) DeVoto

Mary Deane Dexter

Laura Howland Dudley

Frances Hopkinson (Mrs. S. A.) Eliot

Samuel Atkins Eliot

Benjamin Peirce Ellis

Elizabeth Gardner (Mrs. B. P.) Ellis

Emmons Raymond Ellis, Jr.

William Emerson

Frances White (Mrs. Wm.) Emerson

Pearl Brock Fahrney

Claire (Mrs. P.) Faude

Charles Norman Fay

Allyn Bailey Forbes

Lois Whitney (Mrs. A. B.) Forbes

Edward Waldo Forbes

Frances Fowler

Dana Taylor Gallup

Alice Howland (Mrs. H. G.) Garrett

Jane Bowler (Mrs. R.) Gilman

Roger Gilman

Louis Lawrence Green

Virginia Tanner (Mrs. L. L.) Green

Helen McQuesten (Mrs. P.) Gring

Paul Gring

Christine Robinson (Mrs. R. M.) Gummere

Lillian Helen (Mrs. T.) Hadley

Franklin Tweed Hammond

Mabel Macleod (Mrs. F. T.) Hammond

Charles Lane Hanson

Albert Bushnell Hart

Jeannette Mary Hart

Mary Davis (Mrs. F. B.) Hawley

Florence Wilhelmina (Mrs. N.) Heard

Nathan Heard

Frank Wilson Cheney Hersey

George Milbank Hersey

Leslie White Hopkinson

Lois Lilley Howe

Eda Woolson (Mrs. B. S.) Hurlbut

Edward Ingraham

Elsie Powell (Mrs. E.) Ingraham

Pauline Fay (Mrs. A. L.) Jackson

William Alexander Jackson

Dorothy Judd (Mrs. W. A.) Jackson

Eldon Revare James

Phila Smith (Mrs. E. R.) James

James Richard Jewett

Mabel Augusta Jones

Wallace St. Clair Jones

Ethel Robinson (Mrs. W. S.) Jones

Albert Guy Keith

Justine Frances (Mrs. F. S.) Kershaw

Rupert Ballou Lillie

Abbott Lawrence Lowell

George Arthur Macomber

Ella Sewell Slingluff (Mrs. G. A.) Macomber

Edward Francis McClennen

Mary Crane (Mrs. E. F.) McClennen

Ethel May MacLeod

Winifred Smith (Mrs. M. W.) Mather

Louis Joseph Alexandre Mercier

Keyes DeWitt Metcalf

Elinor Gregory (Mrs. K. D.) Metcalf

Hugh Montgomery, Jr.

Helen Bonney (Mrs. H.) Montgomery

Jane Hancock (Mrs. J. L.) Moore

James Buell Munn

Ruth Crosby Hanford (Mrs. J. B.) Munn

Mary Liscomb (Mrs. H. A.) Nealley

Arthur Boylston Nichols

Gertrude Fuller (Mrs. A. B.) Nichols

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William Hesseltine Pear

Fanny Carleton (Mrs. Wm. H.) Pear

Harriet Emma Peet

Gertrude Martha Peet

Leslie Talbot Pennington

Elizabeth Entwistle (Mrs. L. T.) Pennington

Elizabeth Bridge Piper

Bremer Whidden Pond

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Roscoe Pound

Lucy Berry (Mrs. R.) Pound

Alice Edmands Putnam

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Eugenia Jackson (Mrs. P. P.) Sharpies

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Horace Paine Stevens

Emme White (Mrs. H. P.) Stevens

Dora Stewart

Alice Allegro. Thorp

Kenneth Shaw Usher

Mary Wellington (Mrs. K. S.) Usher

Bertha Halloivell Vaughan

Maude Batchelder (Mrs. C. P.) Vos-burgh

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Robert Walcott

Mary Richardson (Mrs. R.) Walcott

Grace Reed (Mrs. J. H.) Walden

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Olive Ely Allen (Mrs. F. D.) Wash-burn

Henry Bradford Washburn

Frederica Davis (Mrs. T. R.) Watson

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Alice Babson (Mrs. W. S.) Whittemore

Olive Swan (Mrs. J. B.) Williams

Constance Bigelow Williston Emily Williston

Samuel Williston Henry Joshua Winslow

Grace Davenport (Mrs. H. /.) Wins-low

Grace Abbot Wood

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John William Wood, Jr.

Charles Henry Conrad Wright

Cyrus Woodman

Elizabeth Woodman (Mrs. C. H. C.)

Frances Billings (Mrs. C.) Woodman Wright

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Bertram Kimball Little*

Francis Apthorp Foster Nina Fletcher (Mrs. B. K.) Little

Harold Bend Sedgwick

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*Henry Wadsivorth Longfellow Dana Eleanor Gray (Mrs. H. D.) Tudor Alice Maud (Mrs. M. P.)
White*