A man can be raised from the ground by the waistband, but he cannot do the feat himself. . . . This country has been persuaded to attempt the feat, . . . and for nearly half a century past, with occasional relaxations of the efforts prompted by a return of common sense. . . . No nation can enrich itself by excluding foreign commerce; the more perfect it makes the exclusion, the more certain it is to impoverish itself.


Although Bryant assured Dana that a distaste for controversy now kept him from writing often for the Evening Post, after his return from Europe in September 1867 he addressed two subjects vigorously. He wrote several editorials on the current impeachment proceedings against President Andrew Johnson, of whose acquittal he generally approved, and a sustained series on free trade between nations. His long leadership in opposition to a protective tariff was hailed at a dinner on January 10 marking his five-year presidency of the American Free Trade League. He was entertained at Delmonico’s by a hundred members of this group, whose slogan, “Free-Trade: The International Common Law of the Almighty,” was quoted from the writings of Richard Cobden, for which Bryant had lately written a preface. Answering the toasts of members, present and absent, he spoke in the vein of humor spiced with light irony which had made him increasingly courted by New York audiences.

The artists and writers who had honored him at the Century on his seventieth birthday now elected him to the presidency of that association, an office he would hold for more than a decade. His long-sustained efforts to secure a fair copyright law were recognized in May by his election to the presidency of a “Copyright Association for the Protection and Advancement of Literature and Art.”

A home of his own in Manhattan, after more than forty winters of boarding around, made it easier for the septuagenarian, vigorous though he was, to take up these activities, and to appear often as chairman or principal speaker at a variety of meetings. Indeed, in 1868 he appeared so often as perhaps to justify Walt Whitman’s later comment to Horace Traubel that Bryant, a “cute, wise old man,” would “go often of an evening from club to club—the Union League, the Goethe Club, what not—being everywhere deferred to—meetings often ‘perceiving the great so and so present,’ inviting him to the platform, and so forth and so forth.” Yet a more sympathetic observer, James T. Fields, reportedly called a selection of Bryant’s occasional
addresses published in 1873 "the most beautiful speeches in the English language."

Bryant walked each morning to his office on Park Row, three miles from his Sixteenth Street house, and back again in the early afternoon. This he preceded by an hour or more of calisthenics for which he later became famous—swinging dumbbells, chinning himself, and vaulting across his bed with a pole. His diet was frugal; he neither smoked nor drank coffee or tea, though on occasion he enjoyed wine. His faith in the curative power of fruits and berries was almost mystical.

Having turned to Homer only in spare hours during his European journey, after his return Bryant tackled the translation of the *Iliad* in earnest. By January 1868 he had completed six of its twenty-four books. Dana had urged him to do the *Odyssey* instead, and Bryant conceded that perhaps he should have, for he found the gods in the *Iliad* both "shameful" and "detestable." But Longfellow and others insisted he should complete that poem, and he persevered. In June he turned for a time from Homer to translate Carolina Coronado's novel *Jarilla* for Bonner's *Ledger*, and later that year he agreed to deliver a memorial address on Fitz-Greene Halleck at the New York Historical Society early in 1869. Returning to the *Iliad*, he told Joseph Alden that he found rendering it into English blank verse a "pastime."

In 1868 Parke Godwin gave up again his connection with the *Evening Post*. His enmity toward Isaac Henderson, whom he suspected of misusing his partners' funds, and his impatience with what he considered Bryant's naive faith in their business associate, induced Godwin to drive a shrewd bargain, and perhaps to justify to himself the three-year European holiday from which he had lately returned. The shares, for which Bryant and John Bigelow had allowed him seven years earlier to work out in profits a debt of $111,000, now yielded him the handsome return of $200,000.

Bryant and Julia spent most of July and August at the Cumington Homestead, after a short visit in Boston and Cambridge, where Bryant found his boyhood friend Willard Phillips "deeper in spiritualism" than ever, communicating with converts to that belief on the recently discovered planet Neptune. Dr. John Gray, John Gourlie, the Clines, and the Hendersons visited Cumington, as did John Bryant, whose holiday there that summer marked the start of a decade during which the three surviving brothers presented a striking sight for neighbors and summer visitors as they trudged hills and valleys with beards streaming in the winds. The wood engraver John Hows, who had illustrated an elegant edition of Bryant's *Forest Hymn* in 1860, came to sketch scenes from Bryant's early verses.

Back in New York, Bryant sat rather reluctantly to the pen of cartoonist Thomas Nast, and the sculptor Launt Thompson gave the Century Club a marble bust of its new president (see illustrations). As the year ended Bryant paid tribute to an early associate with whom he had differed politically as sharply as he had sympathized artistically. He and Samuel F. B. Morse had worked to further the fine arts in America since the start of the National Academy in 1826. They had parted during Morse’s embrace of anti-Catholi-
cism and Native-Americanism in the 1840s, and his Southern sympathies in the Civil War. But now their differences were overlooked as New Yorkers gathered at Delmonico's Restaurant on December 29 to honor the inventor of the electric telegraph and the pioneer in photography. The completion of an Atlantic cable two years earlier made this occasion a dual celebration of Morse's creation and that of Cyrus W. Field; together they had achieved instantaneous trans-oceanic communication. Bryant's toast for the press addressed them jointly: Morse, who had "annihilated both space and time in the transmission of intelligence," and Field, "to whose clear-sighted perseverance and to whose energy . . . we owe it that the telegraph has been laid which connects the Old World with the New."
1751.  *To Frederick S. Cozzens*  
New York, Jan 3d 1868

My dear sir.

I cannot tell you where to find what I wrote about Halleck short of going to my place in the country where there is a copy of it. But I suppose that the Historical Society has files of the New York Mirror in which it appeared. If it be of any consequence to see it, and if the Mirror has an Index as I take for granted it has, it might perhaps be found there without much trouble. I have occasion for it, to form a part of an introduction to Halleck’s Poems which Mr. Fields has asked me to furnish, and I shall by and by when I go to Roslyn, disinter it for the purpose.

Yours truly

W C Bryant

MANUSCRIPT: YCAL address: F. S. Cozzens Esq.

1. Bryant mistakenly wrote “1867.”
2. Bryant had written a notice of Fitz-Greene Halleck’s *Alnwick Castle, with Other Poems* (New York, 1836), which appeared in the *New-York Mirror*, XIV, 97 (September 24, 1836), together with an engraving of a portrait of Halleck done by Henry Inman in 1828. See 339.8.
3. Cozzens (1056.1) was then preparing a memoir of his old friend Halleck, which was published as *Fitz-Greene Halleck. A Memorial* (New York, 1868).
4. James T. Fields’s letter asking Bryant for this article is unrecovered, but on March 20, 1868, he wrote again, saying that although Halleck had sent to Fields’s firm copy and notes for a new edition of his poems a few weeks before his death, his sister, Miss Maria Halleck, had asked the return of these, so Fields supposed that she had given the “entire control of publication” to General James G. Wilson. Fields to Bryant, March 20, 1868, NYPL-BG. In 1869 D. Appleton published at New York both Wilson’s *The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck* and his *The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck*.

1752.  *To John W. Edmonds*  
Office of *The Evening Post*.  
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,  
New York, January 3d 1868.

My dear sir.

You are quite right in objecting to the practice of dragging the judicial ermine through the mire of politics. Can that be helped while the judges are elective and look to a re-election?

But it is well to expose the indecency of the practice whatever be its cause or its motive. I have so little to do with the getting of matter for the reading columns of the Evening Post, at present, that I do not like to promise an insertion to articles which I have not seen, and my
eyes are too old to read manuscript. I know that you, however, are clever at such occasions, and if Mr. Godwin were in would answer you more explicitly. I will see him as soon as I can and let you know what he says.²

Yours truly
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: JHUL ADDRESS: Hon Jno W Edmonds.

1. John W. Edmonds (492.4), an attorney who had been from 1847 to 1853 a justice of the New York State supreme court, was the author of several works on statutes and legal decisions in the New York courts.

2. Edmonds was evidently the author of an unsigned article, "The Judiciary in the Convention" (EP, January 6, 1868), which deplored the popular election of judges then prevailing, as contrasted with the earlier practice of appointing them for life on good behavior.

1753. To Henry W. Longfellow

Office of The Evening Post,
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,
New York, January 13th 1868.

Dear Mr. Longfellow.

The bearer of this note is the Revd. S. Phillips Day of London, author of several works published in England.¹ He is an acquaintance of a friend of mine who has spoken of him most favorably. Allow me to ask for him a kind reception.

I am, dear sir,
very truly yours
W. C. BRYANT.


1. Samuel Phillips Day was the author of a number of works, including several on life and travel in the United States.

1754. To Robert Bonner

Office of The Evening Post,
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty
New York, January 17th 1868.

My dear sir.

The bearer is J. H. Hackett Esq. the eminent actor, who was an intimate friend of the late Mr. Halleck, the poet, and who has a manuscript of reminiscences of that genial gentleman, including two pleasant and characteristic letters of his. I think no letters of Mr. Halleck, written on any occasion whatever have been published. Mr.
Hackett, as I understand wishes to confer with you in regard to the publication of his paper on Halleck.¹

I am, sir, very truly yours.
W. C. Bryant.

Manuscript: UTex address: R. Bonner Esq.

1. No reply to this letter has been recovered, and it is uncertain whether Bonner (1137.1) published Hackett's paper in his New York Ledger. However, it appeared, under the title "Reminiscences of the Poet Halleck," in the EP for January 31, 1868. The two letters to which Bryant refers, written by Halleck to his old friend Hackett on August 14, 1865, and August 21, 1866, were printed in Adkins, Halleck, pp. 407-408, 412-413.

1755. To Charles O'Conor and Others

New York, January 18, 1868.

Gentlemen:

I thank you most sincerely for the good opinion you are pleased to express of what I have done in the cause of Free-Trade, though I have not the presumption to suppose myself fully worthy of the commendation you bestow upon me.¹ I hope, however, it will not be thought inconsistent with a very moderate estimate of the value of my labors in that cause, if I am tempted by the sight of such names as yours, to accept the invitation with which you have honored me.²

I am, gentlemen, with high regard,
Your obedient servant,
W. C. Bryant.

Manuscript: Unrecovered text: The League, No. 10 (March 1868), p. [105].

1. This letter was written in response to one dated at New York, January 16, 1868, from forty-eight members of the American Free-Trade League, inviting Bryant, as its president, to a dinner in his honor to be held on January 30 at six o'clock in Delmonic's Restaurant at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street. Their purpose was to signalize "appreciation of your able and persistent advocacy of the principles of Free-Trade," and to recognize "the debt of gratitude which the American people owe to you for the enlarged and statesmanlike views you have ever advocated, and the courageous opposition you have ever made to spoliation, under the name and guise of protection." The League, No. 10 (March 1868), p. [105].

2. Bryant's response to the toasts and letters of tribute addressed to him on this occasion appears in ibid., pp. 108-109. See also a four-column report of this dinner in EP, January 31, 1868.

1756. To Andrew Johnson

Office of The Evening Post
New York, January 19, 1868

To the President.

William G. Boggs Esq. of Brooklyn, has, I learn made application for the post of Collector of the Internal Revenue in the Third District
of this state. I cheerfully bear my testimony to his qualifications for the office having known Mr. Boggs for many years, and believing that the duties of Collector of the Internal Revenue would be performed by him with the utmost diligence and fidelity as well as with satisfaction to the community. For this reason I hope that his application will be granted.¹

I am sir, most respectfully
Your obt servv¹.

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–Ford Collection.

1. Apparently failing in his second attempt to find employment for his former partner (see 341.2; Letter 1325), Bryant subsequently engaged Boggs as the advertising manager of his newspaper. Nevins, Evening Post, p. 431.

1757. To Roland Johnson¹


My dear sir.

It is impossible for me to be present at the meeting of the Anti Monopoly Convention at Trenton,² but you are right in supposing me unfriendly to all monopolies of whatever nature. The right of a state to grant to any man or set of men the exclusive privilege of conveying passengers and goods across its territory cannot be admitted. The grant of such a privilege is an infringement of the right which the citizens of every state have to a perfectly free and unimpeded transit across every part of the country over which the federal jurisdiction extends, and is therefore deservedly odious.

I am, sir,
very truly yours
W. C. BRYANT.


1. The New York commission merchant Roland Johnson (1816–1886?), a Quaker, was notable as an abolitionist and reformer.
2. Johnson’s invitation to this convention is unrecovered; the date of the meeting has not been determined.

1758. To Edwin D. Morgan

Office of The Evening Post,
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,
New York, January 20, 1868

My dear sir.

If the name of Daniel Garrison of this city should be laid before the Senate in a nomination of him to the post of Assessor of the
Internal Revenue for the First District in this state, I would say that if any democrat is to have the place, I believe Mr. Garrison to be well qualified for it both by his business capacity and his character as an honest man and that it will be a good and satisfactory appointment.\(^1\)

Truly yours

W. C. Bryant.

**Manuscript: NYSL**
**Address: Hon E. D. Morgan endorsed: I concur in [this advice/]

\(^1\) Garrison has not been further identified.

1759. To John Howard Bryant


Dear Brother,

I have been to Roslyn, and find that I have no record of either the time when our two Uncles Thomas and Ebenezer\(^1\) died, or when Mrs. Fish died.\(^2\) I have just written to Elisha Fish for the date of his mothers death, and that of the others if he has it, and will communicate them to you when I get them.

There is nothing very new going on here. The weather has been generally quite unpleasant and the ground almost constantly covered with snow. I hear that the town is quite gay—parties and dinners masked balls and other amusements have been frequent. I am translating Homer’s Iliad, and have nearly reached the end of the Sixth Book. I have today had a letter from my friend Richard H. Dana who says that if I translate any thing from Homer, it should be the Odyssey instead of the Iliad.\(^3\) I wish I had thought of this before, for I think he is pretty much in the right,—but I have already proceeded so far in the Iliad that I cannot think undertaking another labor. I believe the gods behave more shamefully in the Iliad than in the other poem, and their conduct is so detestable that I am sometimes half tempted to give up them and Homer altogether. But Dana commends my translation of the fifth Book of the Odyssey and Longfellow and others in Boston have sent me messages that I ought to complete the Iliad.\(^4\) Perhaps I shall. Kind regards to all.

Yours affectionately

W. C. Bryant.

**Manuscript: Amherst College Library**
**Address: John H. Bryant, Esq.**

\(^1\) Bryant’s maternal uncles Thomas Snell (1774–1862), a prominent Congregational minister and theologian, of North Brookfield, Massachusetts (see 1.4), and Ebenezer Snell, Jr. (1771–1847), a Cummington farmer. See *Vital Records of Cummington*, p. 228.

\(^2\) Bryant’s maternal aunt, Abigail Snell Fish (1764–1849). See 723.2.
3. Dana's letter is unrecovered, but see Letter 1764.
4. Annie Fields quoted Longfellow as remarking, about 1872, that "to translate a poem properly it must be done into the metre of the original, and Bryant's 'Homer,' fine as it is, has this great fault, that it does not give the music of the poem itself." *Authors and Friends* (Boston and New York, 1896), p. 54. Bryant's reasons for choosing blank verse instead of the original Greek hexameter are set forth in his Preface to *The Iliad of Homer* (Boston and New York, 1870), pp. v–vi.

1760. To Theseus A. Cheney

New York Feb. 7th 1868

Dear Sir.

It is not in my power to attend to the commission which you would entrust to me.¹ My advanced age, and a variety of cares and occupations which press upon me, and engross my whole time, oblige me to excuse myself.

Besides all the principal booksellers, both here and in other cities, have in their pay, persons who read the manuscripts offered for publication, and inform them whether they are likely to sell or not. In such cases the good opinion of other persons is of no avail. Formerly when I had better eyes and could look over manuscripts, which now I cannot do, I spoke in favor of several authors, but their works were never published on account of any favorable opinion that I had given.

The only way to deal with these people is to send them the manuscript and to let them submit it to the judgment of the person in whose opinion of its merits as a saleable book they have confidence, and then they will say whether they will publish it or not. I would mention here that if they publish they are not generally inclined to pay a gross sum for the copyright but prefer to give a percentage on the sales—generally five percent.

Your best way will be to write to such of the booksellers as you may choose, stating the nature of the work &c. and inquiring whether they will look at the M. S.

I am, sir,
truly yours
W. C. BRYANT.


¹ No letter embodying this request from Cheney has been recovered.

1761. To John Bigelow

Office of *The Evening Post*
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,
New York, Feb 8th 1868.

Dear sir.

I have just received the letter sent herewith.¹ I answered that I could not tell the date of the articles referred to, that I was pretty sure
that they were not put into a pamphlet, that I believed Mr. Sparks made some answer and that I would write to the author, to give me the date of their appearance if he could and, if he thought fit, permission to reveal his name. You may write either to Mr. Hart or me.  

Yours truly
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL—Bigelow address: John Bigelow Esq.

1. Letter unidentified.

2. Since none of the correspondence to which Bryant refers in this, and in the following letter, has been identified, the nature of the articles discussed is uncertain. But it may be that treated in John S. Bassett, ed., “Correspondence of George Bancroft and Jared Sparks, 1823–1832, Illustrating the Relation between Editor and Reviewer in the Early Nineteenth Century,” Smith College Studies in History, II, No. 2 (January 1917), [67]–143. See also Russell B. Nye, George Bancroft; Brahmin Rebel (New York: Knopf, 1945), pp. 78–79, 119, and passim.

1762. To Evert A. Duyckinck

New York Feb. 10. 1868.

My dear Mr. Duyckinck.

I send you with this a letter addressed by Mr. Halleck to Mr. Bigelow and a note from Mr. Bigelow to myself.  

In Mr. Halleck's letter the name of the author of the “document” as he calls it is not given but you will see it in Mr. Bigelow's note. What he wishes and what I should wish is that no use should be made of the letter and that it should be attended by no explanation which might lead the author of the document, should he see the letter in print as very likely he may to suppose that he was referred to. It seems to me that if the letter appear without any such comment, it will not be thought to refer to him.  

Yours very truly
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL—Duyckinck Collection address: Evert A. Duyckinck Esq.

1. Letters unrecovered.

2. In 1860 John Bigelow had forwarded to Bryant from London several translations of Bryant's poems by the French writer Jean-Baptiste de Chatelain, together with a letter from Chatelain addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck which contained a French translation of Halleck's "Alnwick Castle." Both of these renditions apparently afforded the American poets considerable amusement because of extreme liberties the Frenchman had taken with their verses. See 1136.1. Sending the translation of his poem to his friend Duyckinck some years later, Halleck had accompanied it with an amusing note, saying, "You will observe that I am indebted to the translator's genius
for many ideas exclusively his own.” Adkins, *Halleck*, pp. 146–147. It was this letter Bryant feared might offend Chatelain if published.

1763. To an Unidentified Correspondent

Office of *The Evening Post*
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,
New York, February 11th. 1868.

My dear sir.

When the engravings which you were kind enough to send me were put into my hands I did not know from whom I received them having forgotten the precise terms of your note written some time previously. I now thank you for them and will give them a place in my portfolio among those of such other, eminent men as I have the likenesses of.

I am sir,
very truly yours.

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: UVa.

1. Unidentified.
2. Unrecovered.

1764. To Richard H. Dana

New York Feb. 7th 1868.

Dear Dana.

I have delayed answering your letter till I could learn the address of Mr. Wm A. Jones. I find that he lives in New Haven. He was at one time Librarian of Columbia College and is the author of a volume of Essays and some other works. He has of course quite a literary turn and is at home among authors.

Acting on your suggestion I have sent a copy of my “Thirty Poems” to President Hopkins of Williams College and have received from him a very kind note. In a letter to him accompanying the volume, I made you responsible for my sending it—for I never in my life sent a copy of my poems to any body with the design to get a good word from them or to invite their notice of my writings in print.

I am glad that you think so well of the “Tides,” particularly as it was written with a certain awe upon me which made me hope that there might be something in it, but a friend of mine once told me that a lady, whose judgment he seemed to respect, had told him that she
did not think there was much in it. Of course I now think my first opinion was right.

I wish you had said to me earlier what you now say about translating the Odyssey. I have already translated six books of the Iliad, and the task of putting into English verse the whole Odyssey seems formidable to me. You are right however. The gods do not behave so shockingly in that poem as in the Iliad; and I believe there are half a dozen English translations of the Iliad to one of the Odyssey.

I am glad to learn of your being out at public dinners and finding them pleasant. It assures me of the continuance of your health and cheerfulness, the latter quality depending, I suppose, upon the former. Perhaps as your earlier vigor returns you may be persuaded to visit this part of the country. If you could come on next spring which now is not far we would treat you to the earliest warm sunshine and first flowers of that season at our place on Long Island where Julia and I who inhabit it alone would make you comfortable, I am sure, as long as you might be inclined to stay. And of course you would bring your daughter with you.

I see our friend Verplanck occasionally at the Century Club and nowhere else. He is considerably fallen away in bulk, and resembles in looks a portrait of one of his ancestors Samuel Johnson of Connecticut which I have seen at his house in Fishkill a resemblance which I never remarked in former years. His conversation is just the same as it has been for the last forty years—as critical and discriminating as ever, with ready and decided opinions respecting the books, events, and characters of the day. He is still one of our Commissioners of Emigration. Remember me very kindly to all those of your household. Julia desires also to be kept in your kind remembrance.

Yours very truly

W. C. Bryant


1. See 433.3. Dana’s letter is unrecovered.
2. Neither Bryant’s letter nor Hopkins’ reply has been recovered. Mark Hopkins (1802–1887, Williams 1824) was a professor of moral philosophy at his alma mater from 1830 to 1887, and its president, 1836–1872.
4. See Letter 1759.
5. Gulian Verplanck’s maternal great-grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Johnson (1696–1772), of Stratford, Connecticut, an idealist philosopher and author of several influential books in that field, was president of Kings (later Columbia) College, 1754–1763.
1765.  To John Witt Randall  


Dear sir.

The passage in my little poem of the Waterfowl to which you refer, was originally written as you have given it with the word painted in it. I was, however, never well pleased with that expression, as it seemed to me that an object in motion could not be said to be painted on the surface over which it was moving. For the word painted the word limned was afterwards substituted, which I grant is not a whit better if as good, and my present reading of the stanza is this:

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along."

I prefer a correct and true literal expression to a false metaphor and have therefore altered the line as it now stands. I had thought it stood thus in the later editions, and do not understand how it came about that the word limned has been retained.  

Thanking you for the kind manner in which you express yourself respecting my verses  

I am, sir,  
very respectfully yours.  
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: UVa ADDRESS: John Randall Esq.

1. John Witt Randall (1813–1892, Harvard 1834, Harvard Medical School 1839) was a naturalist as well as a poet whose Consolations of Solitude (Boston, 1856) was favorably reviewed in the North American Review for October 1856; its critic likened his descriptions of nature to Bryant's.  
2. See Poems (1876), p. 29.  
3. Curiously, although the successive editions of Bryant's poems since that of 1832 had been prefaced by a statement that their texts had been subject to the author's careful revisions, the words "painted on" had persisted until the two-volume 12mo edition published by D. Appleton in 1855 (I, 39), when "seen against" was substituted. Yet a one-volume 32mo brought out by the same publisher the following year has "limned upon" (p. 30). With the "Redline" edition of 1871 the expression was stabilized as "seen against." Still, presumably unauthorized editions, such as that published by Crowell in 1893, and by W. B. Conkey (n.d.), perpetuate "painted on"—and, surprisingly, so does the Appleton's own The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant (1883), edited by Bryant's son-in-law Parke Godwin! See I, 26.  
4. Randall's comments are unrecovered.
1766. To John H. Gourlie

New York March 2d 1868.—

Dear Gourlie,

I thank you for the verses, which you ought to think the better of, in that Verplanck, never lavish of praise, commended them. I am glad that you did not read them on the birth-night festival, when I had a surfeit of good things, but kept them till my appetite was again sharp, and I could devour them greedily. What would you think of the owner of a horse, who should give the animal a hogshead of oats on the first of January and nothing at all for the rest of the year? You have taken the more humane course, and

I am your much obliged friend,
W. C. BRYANT.

P.S. I have been shut up here with a wretched cold, since last Thursday.—

MANUSCRIPT: Collection of Edith C. Gourlie.

1. See 653.1.
2. Since Gourlie's verses addressed to Bryant were not printed in The Bryant Festival at the Century (see 1480.1), they are printed here from the manuscript in the Bryant Homestead Collection, Cummington:

To William Cullen Bryant
on his 70th Birthday
by John H. Gourlie
(not read at the Bryant Festival)
Old Milton, hath returned to earth again
Blest by the praises of his fellow men;
He writeth with a golden pen
What writeth he?
He writeth words that timid men do fear
With fiery energy and force
He writeth words as calm and clear
As the "Green River" in its course;
Oh! let him live, in aged youth,
Who has, so boldly told The Truth.

1767. To Jerusha Dewey

New York March 4. 1868.

My dear Miss Dewey.

I am afraid you will think me a bad correspondent—that is to say a negligent one—which is not always a bad one. Only think how many poor letters I might have written had I been afflicted with the epistolary itch, and be grateful that I have saved you the trouble of reading them.
I hear accounts of your enjoying yourself very much in Rome. I am glad of it for your letters from Paris did not show that you were quite rewarded for the trouble of crossing the ocean. To travel from Dan to Beersheba¹ and find all barren as Smelfungus did, is a sorry fate, and well deserves the advice that Sterne gave that the sufferer should tell it to his physician.² But now that you are at Rome, all is right. What a pity that we should go to Europe and not see Italy, especially Rome! You will I hope extend your journey to Naples, and see its buried cities and its grand features of nature and its terrible volcano now in fearful activity and shaking the region with its earthquakes.

You have one advantage which you must allow us to envy you, the absence of that dreary cold which makes this winter so unpleasant. Notwithstanding that the streets are often cheerful with numerous sleighs, which have been running nearly all winter, and since pretty early in January, the season has been one of the most inclement and disagreeable, with snow storms or sleet almost every other day. But the winter has been enlivened with the readings of Dickens, none of which have I attended. You have heard, I suppose, all about them—how every body went, and only one half of every body heard him—how he is a good comic actor, and rather dismal in the pathetic, how he has a bad voice and carries off a good deal of money. Mrs. Kemble succeeds him with her Shakespeare.

I hear the town is quite gay this winter and that a new fashion has arisen of invitations to come between the hours of one and five, not in the morning but in the afternoon, that is P.M. and not A.M. when the male part of fashionable society can leave their business—for the male part of even fashionable society in our country cannot afford to dispense with business. Besides I hear of balls and private theatricals and the like. Yet this gaiety is frightfully interrupted by visitations of scarlet fever which is very fatal this winter. There are other things which occupy people's leisure, lectures and exhibitions of pictures &c. Your brother, the Doctor of Divinity,³ has been preaching to great acceptance in the Church of All Souls and once or twice in Dr. Osgood's chapel—the church not yet finished. The only drawback has been that in the back seats of Dr. Bellows's church he was imperfectly heard. A public dinner was not long since given to good Jonathan Sturges⁴ by the Front Street merchants, Mr. A. A. Low⁵ presiding. Mr. Sturges when toasted made one of the most charming little addresses that was ever heard, simple, natural, full of feeling—a narrative of incidents in his early life, intended for the benefit of the young men starting in mercantile life. Some days afterwards a public dinner was
given to me by the Free Trade League of which I am President, and here too we had speeches. The newspapers had accounts of both.6

Your cottage on the hill misses you very much, and it seemed strange when we got back to Roslyn that there should be nobody there. Our own place is finished, and much improved. We have taken away the roof of the old ice house in front of the kitchen and built a commodious ice-house with a milk room and a fruit room in the bank between my house and Mr. Cline's. Mr. Cline's house is enlarged and his little conservatory now in perfect order is filled with flourishing plants and flowers in the freshest and finest condition. The Mudge family are in their new house and well satisfied with it. I suppose you know that Fanny and part of her family are in Dresden—they have been in Berlin and are going by and by to Geneva. They have had in Germany a cruel winter so far as the weather is concerned—but socially a pleasant one so far as I can gather.

Please write me again soon notwithstanding my delinquency. Do not exact too much of an old man. Julia sends her love.

Yours very cordially

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: BLR ADDRESS: Miss Jerusha Dewey.

1. That is, the traditional extent from north to south of the Israelite kingdom.

2. In Lawrence Sterne's A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, by Mr. Yorick (1768), the character of Smelfungus caricatures Sterne's fellow novelist Tobias Smollett (1721–1771), who, he suggested, "saw every object distorted by his spleen." Cf. ibid., T:1, "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'tis all barren."

3. Orville Dewey.

4. See 421.1.

5. See 1413.1. At this dinner, held January 22, 1868, at Delmonico's Restaurant, Bryant offered the principal toast to his old friend and collaborator in support of the arts, calling Sturges one who "closes his business career without a stain on his reputation." Complimentary Dinner to Jonathan Sturges . . . (New York, 1868), pp. 22–25.


1768. To Brantz Mayer

New York March 5, 1868.

My dear sir

The copy of your Memoir of Mr. Sparks which you intended for me was safely kept and handed to me on my return from Europe. If I did not then write to thank you for it, I must ask you to pardon the negligence on account of the many things which press upon one's attention on returning after so long an absence. I am glad that the
task of doing honor to the memory of Mr. Sparks has been undertaken by one who could treat it so ably and with so much love of the subject.

I am, dear sir,
very truly yours,
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: Maryland Historical Society
ADDRESS: Hon. Brantz Mayer.

1. See 1125.1

1769. To Henry A. Smythe

Office of the Evening Post
New York, March 9th 1868.

Dear sir.

The bearer is Mr. Abraham Baker, a soldier in the late civil war, who was in some of its most bloody engagements, and was wounded and disabled in the service. He desires a place in the Custom House, for which he is qualified by an acquaintance with business and experience both as a clerk and as a person who has been engaged in trade on his own account. I shall be glad if what he has suffered in the cause of his country shall be in some small measure made up to him by giving him the post which he solicits.

I am, sir
very respectfully yours.
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: HCL
ADDRESS: Henry A Smythe Esq. / Collector of the Port / of New York.—

1. The New York banker Henry A. Smythe had been appointed by President Johnson Collector of the Port of New York in May 1866, following the suicide of his predecessor Preston King (810.2) six months earlier. Van Deusen, Seward, pp. 454–455.
2. Baker has not been further identified.

1770. To Francis Lieber

New York
March 13th 1868—

My dear sir.

I am sorry that I was not at the office yesterday when you called and that you were put to the trouble of writing me a note. I agree very readily to the request that my name shall be signed to the memorial for an international copyright act, and that it be
signed in the form you suggest. It is a disgrace to our country and its legislators that some measure, recognizing the right of property in foreign authors was not adopted long ago.

I am, sir,
very truly yours
W. C. BRYANT.

manuscript: HEHL address: Prof. F. Lieber.

1. See 217.2; 969.2.
2. Though Lieber’s note is unrecovered, its purport is evident. A committee, of which the publisher George P. Putnam (433.1) was chairman, had issued a circular headed “Justice to Authors and Artists” inviting attendance at a meeting on April 9, 1868, at the New-York Historical Society at Eleventh Street and Second Avenue. Here Bryant was elected chairman, and Lieber was among several vice-presidents. Bryant’s speech, opening the meeting, recapitulated, perhaps even more pungently, arguments he had proposed repeatedly in favor of an international copyright law since his election a quarter century earlier as president of the American Copyright Club in 1843 (see 471.2; Letter 640). Granting that “ideas are the common possession of all mankind,” he maintained, “It is the form in which the ideas are put that is the author’s property.” He cited homely examples, such as that of the woodsman who fells trees in a public forest to fashion them into home and furniture, or he who refines salt from sea water, drawing analogies with the writer, who “comes to the great ocean of human thought which belongs to all; he dips up a portion of the brine, evaporates it, causes it to chrystallize, purifies the crystals from unpleasant ingredients and presents it in a new form, a form by which it is made his own. He enters the great forest of ideas, which is common ground, hews down trees, shapes them into articles of furniture, or builds a house with them, and he who takes from him that furniture is a thief, and he who breaks into that house is a burglar.” Bryant drove the analogy more sharply home to the business community, many of whose members were the targets of his frequent editorials attacking protective tariffs. “What is a bill of exchange, what is a bank note,” he asked, “but a form of words authenticated by a name, and the name is the mere sign of an idea? Yet there is nothing to which the universal reverence for property more strongly attaches itself, and no kind of property which the law secures to its rightful owner with more vigilance and with stern sanctions. He who makes too free with ideas in this shape is delivered over to ignominious punishment; formerly, under a ruder administration of justice, his ears were cropped.” EP, April 10, 1868; Copyright Association . . . (New York, 1868), pp. 13–15. As a result of this meeting, on May 4 a “Copyright Association for the Protection and Advancement of Literature and Art” was formed, with Bryant as its president. Ibid., p. 41. Their petition in support of an International Copyright Bill introduced in Congress the preceding February failed to secure its passage, however, and their association, like its predecessors, did not last long, though its influence was far-reaching. See Lehmann-Haupt, The Book in America, pp. 202–203; Bryant to Joseph P. Thompson, Letter 2445.

1771. To Reuben E. Fenton

[cMarch 15, 1868?]¹

My dear sir.

I wish to say to you a few frank yet respectful words on the subject of a young man now in Sing Sing prison in whose fate I have taken a particular interest, Mr. Edward Ketchum.²
He was sentenced for a term of four years and a half, on his own plea of guilty, after he had readily delivered himself up making no attempt at evasion, in complete contrition and submission to justice, with the deepest apparent sense of the wrong he had done to society and the most manly determination to bear the punishment he had brought upon himself without complaint. I have never known a case of better disposition of mind in an offender.

During his imprisonment his conduct has been most exemplary in every respect, it has been more than blameless, it has been beneficent to his fellow prisoners in whose comfort he has taken every interest, and to whose sufferings he has ministered in a most sympathetic and generous manner.

Those who have known him best in this city and these are some of our wisest and best men declare unhesitatingly that in their opinion his offense was committed under a temporary aberration of intellect, and that if he were liberated they would trust his honesty as readily as they would have done at any time in his life and all agree that up to the time of his offense his character was spotless and his probity unquestioned.

Half the period of his imprisonment has already elapsed. The punishment he has endured, when we consider the bitter grief it has brought upon his highly respectable family as you can yourself judge, and the shadow it will throw upon the rest of his life and theirs, should be regarded as sufficient. The time has arrived when an application for mercy could be entertained by the sternest and most pitiless Chief Magistrate with favor, and with no danger of his motives being misinterpreted—It does not seem to me possible that a humane man, even though sinless himself and therefore not apt to sympathize with human frailty could be unmoved by such considerations. Yet if no other pardons had been issued in the meantime, and those to men of the basest character, unreformed, and with no chance of their reformation, I might attribute the refusal of mercy in the case of Edward Ketchum to a mistaken sense of justice and a sparing use of the pardoning power.

But when I look upon a list which I have obtained of criminals pardoned from the state prison since the application was made in behalf of young Ketchum I am struck with astonishment. I find men pardoned who are old offenders, men who have been before in the state prison, men who have been rearrested since for offenses like those for which they were pardoned, brutes who committed rapes on little girls, desperate villains turned loose on society. I find that the friends of those wretches are listened to and the delinquent released—yet when I and others make application in behalf of one whose
contrition is complete, of whose future conduct there can be no doubt, we are told that there is no time to look at our petition, can you wonder that I and many others should regard this as a personal slight—as well as most dangerous use of the power of discriminating in the exercise of executive mercy[?]—

Could you wonder moreover if we find it difficult to restrain the more immoderate friends of young Ketchum, irritated at what they consider an intolerable partiality and [word illegible] from taking some step which we should all regret.

In stating the case of young Ketchum and the [two words illegible] of those who have interceded for him thus strongly I have not meant to exceed the bounds of personal and official respect. What now seems difficult of comprehension I hope will become clear. At all events I hope that I shall not have spoken vainly in behalf of one whose claim to mercy, in this stage of his punishment is only short of what would be presented by absolute innocence. . . .

Manuscript: NYPL-GR (draft).

1. Dated conjecturally; see Note 3 below.
2. See Letters 1558, 1648.
3. Having pleaded guilty to forgery at the end of October 1865, Edward B. Ketchum was sentenced on December 30 of that year to four and one-half years in state prison. New York Times, October 30, December 31, 1865.
4. Having already written to Parke Godwin, giving his reasons for not pardoning Ketchum (EP, March 9, 1868), on March 30 Governor Fenton refused to release him. After pointing out on March 17 that Ketchum had pleaded guilty against the advice of counsel and friends, and of three doctors who thought him temporarily insane, the EP, in a series of editorials during the succeeding weeks, charged repeatedly that Fenton had often pardoned previously convicted felons two or more times; that among these were burglars, robbers, larcenists, and child rapists, citing specific cases. EP, March 28, April 3, 8, 13, 16, 1868. For the final release of Ketchum, see Letter 1866.

1772. To Wa[lter?] E. Wittenberg
Office of The Evening Post
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty
New York, March 20, 1868

Dear sir.

I am sorry that you were obliged to write to me a second time. The books are on their way to you if you have not received them already. Some delay was caused by my absence and then in getting the books, which I hope you will make allowance for.

I am, sir,
respectfully yours,

W. C. Bryant.
1773. To Ignaz A. Pilat

New York  March 27th. 1868.

My dear sir.

I ought to have acknowledged earlier the favor you have done me in designing the monument for the cemetery [at?] Roslyn.¹ I like it very much, and have no suggestion of any alteration to make. I thank you sincerely for it and shall adopt it.

Will you do me the further favor to inform me, if you can do so, where I can get the design executed to the best advantage.

I hope you will find yourself at leisure, with the return of fine weather to come out again to my place at Roslyn.

I am, sir, 
very truly yours. 
W. C. BRYANT.

1. Manuscript torn. See Letter 1662. The monument is a granite obelisk facing the headstones of various members of the Bryant family and their descendants.

1774. To E. F. [Davison?]¹

New York  April 27, 1868.

Dear sir

When Mr. Godwin went to Europe the Evening Post was fully organized for his absence by one or two changes in the editorial department so that we could not find employment for any other person in conducting it. As to the two other journals mentioned in Mr. Carroll’s letter,² I never see those who have charge of them, nor have I the least idea of the extent to which they are provided with editorial assistance. I have no doubt however that they would give a civil attention to any application of the nature of that referred to in your friend’s letter.

I am, sir, 
very respectfully yours, 
W C BRYANT.

1. Bryant’s holograph here is unclear. No letter from a correspondent with a similar name at this time has been located.
2. Unrecovered.
1775. To James T. Fields

Roslyn, May 25, 1868.

Dear Mr. Fields.

You cannot have forgotten that you and Mrs. Fields were to come to this place when you accompanied Mr. Longfellow to New York.\(^1\) Take the steamer Arrowsmith at Peck Slip at 4 o’clock in the afternoon, or the train from James Slip at nine in the morning, taking tickets to Roslyn in both cases—and you will find a welcome at the end of your journey. I should like to know before hand which way you will come. Best regards to Mrs. Field[s] from Julia and myself.

Yours very truly

W. C. BRYANT.

[Please address me at New York]

MANUSCRIPT: YCAL (draft and final) ADDRESS: Jas. T. Fields Esq.

1. In the late spring of 1868 Henry Longfellow, with his family, made his third visit to Europe. On May 23 the Fields gave him a farewell dinner at their Boston home, and some days later accompanied him to New York to see him aboard ship. See Samuel Longfellow, ed., *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with Extracts from His Journals and Correspondence* (Boston and New York, 1891), II, 438. While it is uncertain whether the Fields visited Cedarmere on this occasion, they did so in the summer of 1871. See James T. Fields to Bryant, July 11, 1871, and Annie Fields to Bryant, November 2, 1871, NYPL-BG.

1776. To John Godfrey Saxe\(^1\)

Roslyn, Long Island
May 25th 1868.

My dear sir.

I thank you for your volume of poems which I have been reading with much pleasure both for the pleasant and natural vein of humor which I find in most of them, and for the grace and feeling of the graver ones.\(^2\) I remember being much pleased with your earlier productions, though I have forgotten what I said of them in the Evening Post. Whatever it may have been, I am glad that I said it, since it has induced you to send me your new volume.

I am, sir,

very truly yours.

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: Middlebury College Library ADDRESS: John G. Saxe Esq.

1. The Vermont lawyer and humorist John Godfrey Saxe (1816–1887), like Bryant a contributor to the *New York Ledger*, was a popular writer of light verse.

2. This was perhaps *The Masquerade and Other Poems* (1866).
1777.  To John Howard Bryant

Roslyn  Long Island
May 30, 1868.

Dear Brother.

I enclose you the receipt for the $13000. The money which Mr. Harris¹ wants it would be impossible to lend at present for I haven’t it. I have spent every thing I have earned for the last year and am waiting for money to come in to meet my expenses.

The poem you sent me² is better than either of the hymns—considerably better. I do not quite like leaving the first and third lines without a rhyme. If I think of any other observations to make upon it I will make them hereafter.

Yours affectionately
W. C. BRYANT.

P.S. What you say about going to Cummington surprises me.³ I am thinking what I shall do. The house and place are mine and my friends must be at perfect liberty to meet me there.

W. C. B.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–BFP address: John H. Bryant Esq.

1. Unidentified.
2. Unidentified.
3. John’s letter is unrecovered.

1778.  To Ignaz A. Pilat


My dear sir.

Cannot you come out next week to Roslyn? Come any day except it be Friday and Saturday, when Julia expects to come to town.

Yours very truly,
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: BLR address: Ignatz [sic] Pilat Esq.

1779.  To John Howard Bryant

Roslyn, June 2d [1868]

... I am busy translating a tale from the Spanish for the New York “Ledger,”¹¹ so that I have just now little time for anything else except
what I must give to the paper. When the tale is done I must go to Homer again. I am now arrived at the time of life when there is small chance of completing a literary work of any great length, and must make use of my faculties while I have them. . . .


1. The previous December, after Bryant had spoken favorably of Carolina Coronado de Perry's prose romance, Jarilla (Madrid, 1850), Robert Bonner had urged him to undertake its translation for the New York Ledger and sent him a check for two thousand dollars in advance payment, with an extra five hundred to pay an "amanuensis." Bonner to Bryant, December 6, 1867, NYPL-GR. Bryant's consequent translation, "Jarilla. A Tale of Estremadura," appeared in the Ledger in seven installments between October 30 and December 11, 1869, in thirty-eight chapters.

1780. To Robert Bonner

New York June 5th. 1868.

My dear sir.

The translation from the Spanish is finished,¹ and I had hoped to be able to bring it with me to town today, but I found the task of revising what was written a rather longer one than I expected. I shall if nothing extraordinary prevents me have it ready by the middle of next week, when I will send it to you.

Yours very truly
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: QPL address: Robert Bonner Esq. endorsed: June 5/68 / Wm Cullen Bryant.

1. See 1779.1.

1781. To Jane Gay Fuller¹

New York June 5th. 1868.

Dear Madam.

With this I send you the closing lines of a poem of mine, which you did me the honor to ask for, in my handwriting.²

I am, madam,
very respectfully yours,
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: Saint Paul, Minnesota, Public Library address: To Mrs. Jane Gay Fuller.

1. Unidentified.
2. On a separate sheet Bryant enclosed his transcription of the nine final lines of "Thanatopsis" (Poems, 1876, p. 23), endorsing it "Copied June 6th. 1868."
1782. To Robert Bonner

New York, June 11th. 1868.

My dear sir.

I send you the Translation from the Spanish for your paper. The author is Mrs. Carolina Coronado de Perry, the wife of Mr. Horatio J. Perry late American Secretary of Legation at Madrid, and now, if I am not mistaken our Chargé d'Affaires, since the resignation of Mr. Hale. Mrs. Perry is a person of extraordinary talent, and author of poems which have a great reputation in Spain. She is a native of Estremadura in which the scene of her novel is laid, and her descriptions of nature are written with the original before her.

You will of course let me have the proof of the work as the printing proceeds, giving me sufficient time to correct it carefully.2

Yours very truly

W. C Bryant

manuscript: QPL address: R. Bonner Esq. endorsed: June 11/68 / Wm Cullen Bryant.

1. John Parker Hale (1806–1873), Bowdoin 1827), a former United States congressman and senator from Maine, and Free-Soil candidate for the presidency in 1852, was the American minister to Spain, 1865–1869, a post from which he was recalled for moral and legal delinquencies.

2. The fact that Bryant’s translation did not begin to appear in the New York Ledger until sixteen months after he submitted it suggests the immense popularity of that periodical with contributors.

1783. To Salmon P. Chase

Roslyn, Long Island June 13, 1868.

My dear sir.

It has been suggested to me by persons well-affected towards you, that I should write to you on the subject of your becoming a candidate for the Presidency. I hesitated at first, but have at length concluded to write, for the reason that what I have to say can at least do no mischief. I wish it to be understood that what I write has no reference to the part which the Evening Post may take in the approaching election, but is simply a personal and confidential communication from friend to friend.1 Whomever that journal may support for the Presidency it cannot fail to pursue a course towards you dictated by a high respect both for your character and your talents.

You are about to become if you please the candidate of the democratic party for the office of President of the United States.2 The older leaders of that party who have their prejudices against negro
suffrage to overcome, will be drawn into this measure by the younger men who are inclined to more generous views, and by such of the older leaders as care nothing for principles but every thing for party supremacy. It is in your power, relying upon the support of these two classes, to dictate the platform of principles on which you are to be nominated. The tide is rushing so swiftly and strongly in that direction that those who would, cannot resist it, and would submit silently to any declaration of principles necessary to be put forth in order to secure your assent to what the party so much desire. So eager, so resolved, in fact has the party become, to make you their candidate, that they would be willing, I do not doubt, to regard the question of equal and impartial suffrage without distinction of color, as already decided by the voice of the nation, to accept it as a condition from which there is no escape, and viewing it thus, inscribe the doctrine upon the party banner. By requiring them to do this you would settle a question which it is disgraceful to the democratic party to keep alive, and by no means honorable to the country,—a question in regard to which the course taken by the recognized leaders of that party has been simply an assertion of the principles upon which aristocratic rule depends in every country cursed with an aristocracy.

As the democratic party now stands, with the strenuous opposition of its public men to negro suffrage, in any shape, the success of that party in the elections, whether federal or local, is in fact a denial of negro suffrage in the states where those elections are held, and is every where so understood. If the platform on which you are nominated should be silent on that question it will be inferred that your success is the success of a party pledged to refuse to the colored race the right to vote. This inference cannot be avoided, save by an explicit pledge to allow the right. So earnestly are the people in favor of permitting the race lately emancipated to take part in making and administering the laws under which they are to live, that I firmly believe it impossible for any party which does not declare itself in favor of that policy to elect its candidate to the Presidency; or for any man to be its candidate who has [not] been known as a friend of negro suffrage without largely losing their esteem.

I was impressed by the manly tone of your letter lately published in the newspapers. If you can induce the democratic party to adopt a declaration of principles in conformity with that letter you will have performed a service for which the country and the friends of humanity and liberty will be grateful, and whether you be successful or not in the competition for the Presidency, your name will be held in honor. What I desire—and what I am sure many others desire is, that such a platform of principles should be adopted by those who support you,
that no man, who has the welfare of his race at heart, whether in this country or elsewhere, will regard with sorrow the return of that party to power.

Accept and excuse, I pray you, what I have written as the words of one who writes with a sincere respect for you personally, and with an ancient wish for the welfare of our common country.

I am, dear sir, very trul yours.

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPTS: HSPa (final); NYPL–GR (draft) ADDRESS: Hon. Salmon P. Chase.—ENDORSED: William C. Bryant, / Roslyn [L.] I., June 13, 1868. / — / Mr. Chase and the Presidency. / — / Ans't June 19, 1868.

1. As early as December 2, 1867, the EP had declared its choice for the Presidency to be General Ulysses S. Grant. Nevins, Evening Post, p. 389. See also Bryant's expressed conviction in Letter 1748 that Grant would be elected.

2. Until early in 1868 Chase had been a leading contender for the Republican nomination. But between March 5 and May 26, as Chase presided as Chief Justice over the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson before the Senate, the Republican radicals became increasingly embittered over what they considered his partiality toward the President. At their nominating convention, held on May 20–21, before the verdict narrowly exonerated Johnson, they passed over Chase and nominated Grant unanimously on the first ballot. See J. G. Randall and David Donald, The Civil War and Reconstruction, 2d ed. (Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown [1969]), pp. 609–613, 637–638. Chase then became the subject of a boom in his favor for nomination at the Democratic convention in July. Ibid., pp. 638–639.

3. In his reply to Bryant on June 19, (NYPL–BG), Chase expressed his gratitude for Bryant's continued esteem, adding, "To have lost that would indeed have been a great calamity." But at the Democratic convention in New York he failed to secure the support of his own state of Ohio, and he was scarcely considered for the candidacy, which went to former New York governor Horatio Seymour. Bryant's distrust of Seymour's principles (see 1299.2) was the likely reason for his wishing Chase to secure the nomination, despite his journal's declared preference for Grant.

1784. To Leonice M. S. Moulton

Roslyn,
June 15. 1868.

Mr. Bryant returns the printed slip sent [by?] Dr. [Richard U.] Piper.¹ He was pleased to be reminded of pleasant hours passed at the old cottage, and desires to thank Mrs. Moulton for the opportunity of reading the record which her friend made of them.²

[unsigned]

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–Bryant–Moulton Letters.

1. The manuscript has "to," but the sense of the sentence suggests "by."
2. Mrs. Moulton's letter and the "record" made by Piper are unrecovered.
1785. To Theodore Tilton

Office of The Evening Post,
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty.
New York, June 16th 1868.

Dear Mr. Tilton,

The bearer of this [is] James Hogg Esq. an experienced and skilful Horticulturalist, and brother of the Mr. Hogg now in Japan on a horticultural errand. He wishes to confer with you on a matter connected with his favorite art.

I am, sir,
very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–BG
ADDRESS: Theodore Tilton Esq.

1. Theodore Tilton (1835–1907), editor of the Congregationalist journal the Independent from 1856 to 1870, was a close associate of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in the anti-slavery movement.

2. James Hogg, a prominent New York nurseryman and horticulturalist, author of The Vegetable Garden . . . (New York [1877]), was a member of the Board of Commissioners for Central Park during the early years of the park’s development. See The Papers of Frederick Law Olmstead. II. Creating Central Park 1857–1861, eds. Charles E. Beveridge and David Schuyler (Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins University Press [1983]), 103.

1786. To John H. Gourlie

Roslyn  Long Island
June 20, 1868.

Dear Mr. Gourlie,

I have your letter of the 18th. and am glad that we are to have a chance of seeing you at Cummington. I shall be there in July, and will write you as soon as I get there, if not before and when I have fixed upon the time for being there. I hope the aspect of nature there is as remarkable for luxuriance as you describe it to be with you, and as it is here. There has been a great deal of rain here and every individual of the vegetable kingdom is pampered into rank growth. But on Saturday the sun blazed out of a perfectly transparent sky with such power that in my garden many of the strawberries, not yet quite ripe were fairly parboiled and looked as if stewed. We are now in a cloud of roses and pinks; the air is fragrant with them. By some mischance—the fault of the weather probably—our cherries which are generally very fine and of which we commonly have great abundance, are nearly entirely cut off, and the growth of wood in the pear and apple trees has caused the young fruit on many trees to drop off as if mere
excrescences that the trees were glad to get rid of. I can sympathize with you on account of your severe cold. The Frenchman who said to a man with whom he had a quarrel “I’ll blow your nose,” would have been kept very busy, if he had had a subject on whom the operation was to be repeated as often as I find it is with me.

My best regards to your sisters and believe me

With great regard
very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: Collection of Edith C. Gourlie
ADDRESS: John H. Gourlie Esq.

1787. To James R. Lowell
Roslyn, Long Island.
June 20, 1868.

My dear sir,

Robert Dodge Esq. of this city,¹ desires something in your hand writing; to send to a German friend of his, George Arnold, a literary gentleman of Nuremburg,² who reads and admires the authors of our country. I can answer, both for Mr. Dodge and his friend, that they are worthy of even greater services than that which you are asked to render.

I am, sir,
very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: Cornell University Libraries
ADDRESS: Professor James Russell Lowell.

1. See 1383.1.
2. Georg Michael Daniel Arnold (1811–1893), a Nuremburg businessman, was a founding member in 1840 of the Literarische Verein in Nürnberg (the Literary Union of Nuremberg). Longfellow, Letters, IV, 243.

1788. To Horatio J. Perry
[Roslyn?] June [20]¹ 1868.—

... Our pleasure at hearing again from you and Mrs. Perry was saddened by the account which your letter of the 4th of May from Alhama de Aragón gave of the afflictions which you both have suffered.² Your letter was the only one we have received for a long time—we had not heard a word from you since I wrote to you from England. Julia and I earnestly hope that a sojourn at the place you have selected
will restore Mrs. Perry to health, and that with your children again in health you will have many pleasant years left you— Julia and myself can well understand the depth of her sorrow from what has taken place in our family.

The Ode to Maximilian I was so fortunate as to receive and I thank Mrs. Perry both for [writing?] so beautiful a poem and for her attention in sending it to me. That on Admiral Farragut I have not seen. No letter came with the Ode to Maximilian. I cannot however feel any surprize that with so many anxieties weighing upon you both, and with your official cares, with which I saw you were oppressed when I was in Madrid; I could not have been surprized if you had not had time to write— Since I hear from you that you have really written, I can only suppose that the letters went astray from the proper direction. When I was at Barcelona on first entering Spain I wrote a letter for the Evening Post and sent with it several private letters for America. None of all those reached their destination. . . .

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR (draft) ADDRESS: To Horatio J. Perry.

1. The date is supplied from Bryant’s endorsement on Perry’s letter of May 4; see Note 2 below.

2. On May 4 Perry had written Bryant (NYPL–BG) that his wife had been deeply saddened by the death of her mother, and of Ramón Maria Narváez (992.5), Duke of Valencia and prime minister of Spain, who had “almost idolized Carolina.”

3. Perry had reported in the same letter that Carolina had sent Bryant a copy of her ode to Maximilian and verses welcoming Admiral David Farragut (1801–1870) to Carthagena, Spain, which he visited while commanding the American European fleet on a goodwill tour in 1867–1868.

1789. To Salmon P. Chase

[Roslyn?] June 23, 1868.

My dear sir.

I thank you for your letter—admirable in every respect. When I wrote the tide was running so strongly in your favor here that it seemed to me impossible but that the Democratic Convention would resolve on nominating you. You have surveyed the ground from a higher point and with a more comprehensive view.

Parties will probably require another four years to put themselves upon what military men call a peace establishment—that is to adjust themselves to the state of things consequent on the civil war and the reduction of the rebellion. In some way or other the policy of equal suffrage must be accepted by both parties as the permanent policy of the country dictated by a regard both to justice and to peace—There is much in what you say of the power of influencing public opinion of
the South to right and just ends which your present relation with parties will give you. I have no doubt it will be used with effect.

I am dear sir

very truly yours

W. C. BRYANT—

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR (draft) ADDRESS: Hon S. P. Chase.

1. That of June 19; see 1783.3.

1790. To Charles Nordhoff

[Roslyn] June 24 1868.—

I send an article on the subject suggested in Mr. Forbes's letter.¹ If there is no haste about its publication, I shall be in town tomorrow and will then correct the proofs—If the bill is likely to be hurried through Congress it may be proper to publish it immediately.²

W. C. B.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–BG.

1. Unrecovered.

2. This was probably the leading editorial in the *EP* on June 24, "Legalizing Gold Contracts."

1791. To Andrew Johnson

[Roslyn?] June 26 1868.

Sir.

I learn that Senor Antonio Corzanego has made or is about to make application for the place of Consul of the United States at Valencia in Spain. —I take pleasure in bearing my testimony to his qualifications and merits. He is sufficiently acquainted with the English language for all purposes of conversation and business, being Professor of English in the University in that city, and is a most amiable and friendly person, delighting to shew courtesies to the Americans who come to Valencia, and is much liked by them. As to the duties of his office, being naturally punctual and faithful to his engagements, I have no doubt [he] will transact them with exactness—I hope therefore that his application will be successful. . . .¹

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR (draft) ADDRESS: To Mr Johnson President.

1. According to the Office of the Historian, United States Department of State, Corzenaga received no consular appointment.
1792.  To Antonio Corzenaga

My dear sir.

I have received two letters from you relative to your application as Consul at Valencia.—¹

I could not immediately write in your favor to the President as he was then in the midst of his quarrel with Congress, and the Senate [four words illegible]. But now that the impeachment has resulted in his acquittal I have written to him for you— I cannot [four words illegible] the administration—but hope for the best. . . .

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR (draft) ADDRESS: To Mr. Corzanego.

1. Neither letter has been recovered.

1793.  To Ignaz A. Pilat

My dear sir.

I have talked with Mr. White of the firm of Crane & White, concerning the monument, and find that there will be a difficulty of putting on it the inscription, after the manner I wish. There will not be sufficient width.— The inscription will run thus.

Fanny Fairchild Bryant
The beloved Wife
Of William Cullen Bryant
exemplary in every relation of Life
As daughter, wife, mother and friend, &c
&c &c &c &c

I want the words so arranged and he says this cannot be done. What shall I do?

Yours truly
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: BLR ADDRESS: I. Pilat Esq.

1794.  To John H. Gourlie

Dear Gourlie,

We are here at last, Julia and I, and shall be ready to see you whenever you please to come. Your better way is to get a gig at
Stockbridge and drive to this place which is about thirty three miles from where you live, or if you do not choose to do that you might come to Hinsdale by railway and there charter a gig to come from Hinsdale, twelve miles, to my house on Cummington Hill. Mind that name, and do not let any body beguile you to any Cummington Village—there are two of them, East and West. Or there is yet another way which you might prefer,—come to Hinsdale by rail, and then take the stage-wagon—which goes thrice a week from Hinsdale to Cummington and would bring you to my door.

Since I wrote the last sentence I learn that the stage waggon goes every day, leaving Hinsdale some where about noon. You would tell him what morning to come to my house for you on your return.—

I shall by and by go to New York for a day or two, perhaps,—if I do I will give you previous notice, so that you may not come when I am not here.—

Remember me kindly to your sisters and believe me

Very cordially yours.  
W. C. BRYANT.

manuscript: Collection of Edith C. Gourlie  
ADDRESS:  
John Gourlie Esq.

1795. To Isaac Henderson
Cummington  July 10th  1868.

My dear Sir.

We got here on Wednesday morning after a visit to Cambridge in such hot weather, that Julia and I, if there had been any thing about us capable of melting, would have become fluid. We found that the people here had suffered also from the extreme heat, but we have had showers since which have refreshed the country.

Will you oblige me by paying the enclosed bill to James M. Howe Esq. of Old Cambridge Massachusetts,1 and asking him to send it back receipted. I suppose the best way will be to send a Certificate of deposite, endorsed payable to Mr. Howe’s order.

Yours very truly
W. C. BRYANT.

manuscript: UTex published: Bryant and Henderson, p. 41.

1. Howe was perhaps a Cambridge bookseller.

1796. To Jerusha Dewey
Cummington, July 16th [1868]

... At Cambridge I found my old friend Judge Phillips, who is ten years my senior, deeper in Spiritualism than ever. He communicates
with the inhabitants of the other planets, and in particular with those of the recently discovered planet Neptune where Spiritualism was only introduced about five years since.¹ He tells me that in the governments adopted by those who people the planetary bodies there is no vestige of an executive with independent powers, and that the office of king is entirely unknown. . . .


1. The eighth planet in distance from the sun, Neptune, was discovered in 1846 by the German astronomer Johann Gottfried Galle (1812–1910).

1797. To Leonice M. S. Moulton

Cummington, July 16th. 1868.

My dear Mrs. Moulton.

I have your letter making certain inquiries, and the one besides enclosing the little article about Longfellow and the verses on "Pain."¹ I thank you for writing. In this remote retreat it is pleasant to hear voices from the great world of which New York is the centre so far as this hemisphere is concerned.

The inquiries you make I will answer according to my best lights. As to that part of the property which is already put in trust, it is out of the power of Mr. Moulton to dispose of it by his will until the trust is annulled, so that you are right in supposing that it is only the property in bonds and notes &c. which can be affected by his will. As to that part of the estate which is in trust for the benefit of yourself and Mrs. Stewart² I see no difficulty [in] the way of putting it again at his disposal, if all the parties interested in it, choose to renounce their interest. An expert conveyancer might set that matter right and arrange it according to your wishes. Such is my confident impression, though I have had little to do at any time with trusts.

In getting to this highland region I find that I have not wholly left behind the hot weather, though it is not so very warm here as in Cambridge where Julia and I passed a week. As soon as it becomes a little cooler, and my visitor Mr. John Gourlie leaves me I think of coming to look at Roslyn again and seeing how my pear trees and other matters are coming on. Mr. Gourlie comforts me with saying that it is not so hot here as in Stockbridge—though it is a selfish sort of consolation at the best to know that while others are broiling I am only stewing. We have had several showers here—thunder showers—which we hoped would cool the air, but they do not.

I thank you for the verses on "Pain." The changes are rung on that word and others with a good deal of ingenuity. What relates to
Longfellow I had not seen but it agrees entirely with what I believed before—namely that he is at present far more popular in England than Tennyson. Tennyson is often abstruse and metaphysical and often occupies himself with thoughts too mistily expressed to make a strong impression. Longfellow is always intelligible, and speaks to the general mind. Both are great artists in language.

I thank you for the bit of gossip in your little note. We are so much out of the way of gossip here that a little of it now and then is a real delicacy.

I am madam... ³

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL—Bryant—Moulton Letters.

1. Mrs. Moulton's letters and the enclosures are unrecovered. The reference is probably to the third stanza of Longfellow's poem, "The Day is Done": "A feeling of sadness and longing, / That is not akin to pain, / And resembles sorrow only / As the mist resembles the rain."

2. Mrs. Moulton's daughter Mrs. John Stewart, of Baltimore. See 965.1.

3. Complimentary close and signature have been cut from the manuscript.

1798. To Fanny Bryant Godwin

Cummington July 18th. 1868.

Dear Fanny.

I am glad to learn from your and Minna's letters that you are all passing your time so pleasantly in England.¹ The English are more hospitable than the people of any other European country that I am acquainted with, and it is a somewhat hackneyed observation that they appear better in their own island than abroad. Abroad it is difficult to like them, on their own soil it is difficult not to like them,—if you only avoid the subject of our own country in conversation. I am glad you find the weather so agreeable. Here—that is in the United States we had a cool rainy season until the first of July, since which it seems as if the country had swung round into the torrid zone. We were at Cambridge a week with Judge Phillips, where the heat was suffocating and we saw very few people. We came to this place and found it only a little less so—although Mr. Gourlie who has this morning left us after a two days visit, says that it is much cooler here than in Stockbridge. Mr. Hows, the artist who illustrated the Forest Hymn² was here when we came, making sketches which are to be engraved. He has taken views of the most picturesque places about the old house. Next week Mr. and Mrs. Henderson are expected here. How long we shall stay here I do not know. It is quite too hot to be either in New York or in Roslyn, but hot weather does not last long in this latitude.

Speaking of Roslyn, I have bought out Captain Smith,³ that is the
land between mine and the Mudge place.\(^4\) This does not include the little piece of ground and house which Fenton formerly occupied. For that a most unconscientious price was asked—and for that of Smith I had to pay an extortionate sum, $10,000.—Smith is to remain on the place till the first of next May—

I think that Julia wrote to you concerning the death of your Aunt Louisa—Mrs. Olds at Princeton Illinois in the early part of last winter by an apoplectic stroke—a second attack—though I did not hear of the first until after her death. It was somewhat more than two months ago that her youngest daughter Lucy followed her—a very beautiful creature, sprightly and kindhearted, a universal favorite.\(^5\) She died by a quick consumption, after a few days' illness, and all Princeton, they said, was in mourning for her. Many of the shops were closed on the day of her funeral.

Julia has a carriage and horses and a coachman here, and takes drives over these great hills and plunges with them into the vallies. I take walks and read the newspapers and occupy myself with Homer a little. The road sides and some of the pastures here abound with raspberries which give me some amusement in my walks and furnish a pleasant dessert for our table. In a few days, as soon as the heat abates I expect to make a visit to New York and Roslyn, to see how matters are getting on.

The present state of politics in the country is not very satisfactory, but the democrats with their platform and their candidates have done all that Grant's warmest friends could have desired to put themselves in the wrong.\(^6\) Love to all, and regards to any of my English friends whom you may meet.

Most affectionately yours

W. C. BRYANT.

**manuscript:** NYPL—GR address: Mrs. F. B. Godwin.

1. These letters are unrecovered.
2. John Augustus Hows (1832–1874), a New York artist specializing in woodcuts. See 1189.3.
4. See *ibid.*, pp. [72]–73, 95, 97.
5. Lucy Wood Olds (1849–1868).
6. In the presidential campaign of 1868, the Republican candidates were Ulysses S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax (1823–1885) of Indiana; the Democratic ticket was Horatio Seymour of New York for president, and Francis P. Blair, Jr., of Missouri (1120.5). Grant and Colfax were elected by 214 electoral votes to 80 for Seymour and Blair.
1799.  To Julia S. Bryant

Roslyn, Long Island
July 28th. 1868.

Dear Julia,

We had a not unpleasant journey yesterday as far as New Haven. We had a pleasant drive to Williamsburg, where we waited two hours for the train. The train took us by the canal railroad as it is called, through Westfield and Granby and Farmington to New Haven. It follows nearly the route of an old canal now disused called the Farmington Canal. There is a mountainous ridge west of the valley of the Connecticut river, and west of that ridge, a rather narrow one extends a broad plain in which Farmington lies, on the meadows of the Farmington river, and through this plain the canal was made.

From New Haven to New York we had a disagreeable journey—hot dusty and smoky, the cinders coming into the cars in showers. We reached New York about five o’clock, and finding that we had ample time we crossed over to Hunters Point and took the train which leaves New York at 6 o’clock and Hunter’s Point at half past 6. —We had to stop at Woodside, waiting for a train to pass, so that we did not reach Roslyn till it was quite dark. We found that the people, however, had expected me a little, and soon gave us something to eat and a chance to sleep. We found that Bryant had gone to Mr. Van Wyck’s for a few days and Mrs. Dewey was absent on a visit to Wolcottville & Mrs. Devereaux was at the cottage on the hill with a baby and Miss Dewey after a sufficient experience of the inconvenience of having a baby in the house had beat a retreat, and took that occasion to visit her friends in Connecticut.

The country here is green and fresh again. It has had showers since the extreme heat a very copious one on Friday night, which in some places not in this neighborhood, however, did considerable damage. Since that shower the mosquitoes have appeared in great numbers. Where you in Cummington have one, we have ten here. They come about you in swarms every time you step out of doors. At the Mudge place they have sent a piteous petition for window and door screens against these pests and I have hearkened to the petition, and Mr. Hendrickson is to make their screens.

Miss Sawin has given up the idea of starting a school here and has gone to Boston where she has a prospect of being employed.

The Cline family are all well except that little Otto is teething and is sometimes uneasy. [Plume?] is trotting about with muddy forepaws in the morning, but in the afternoon becomes quite clean again. The young Turkeys are half grown and are kept busy in pursuing the
grasshoppers which abound in the fields. Betty is leading about a
couple of young [marsh?]-ducks, which are all that she has reared, and
the brown duck is occupied in performing the duties of a mother so
far as brooding on a dozen eggs can make her one. Mr. Cline has
found a party of well dressed women accompanied with one of the
other sex making free with the water lillies and has read them a moral
lecture on their conduct.

As for Dolly she is as of yore obedient to the rein and seems as
easily managed as ever. The blackberry pickers have begun their
vocation and we have blackberries morning and evening. The only
fruit which is ripe upon the place is gooseberries and these are rather
plenty.

Kind regards to all.

Affectionately yours,
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR
ADDRESS: Miss Julia Bryant.

1. This narrow gauge railroad, paralleling to the westward the standard gauge
line connecting more populous towns along the Connecticut River, continued in use
well into the twentieth century.

1800. To Ignaz A. Pilat

New York    July 29, 1868.

My dear sir.

Mr. White has called and is in some haste for the design of the
monument, wishing to set it up before the frosty weather comes. I will
refer myself to your taste in the matter. Make such changes in the
design as will allow the inscription to be put upon it and I shall be
satisfied. If you will then put it into the hands of those who are to
execute it you will oblige me. I shall be here again on Friday and must
then go back to Massachusetts.

Yours truly
W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: BLR
ADDRESS: I. Pilat Esq.

1801. To George Cline

[Cummington, cAugust 11? 1868?]¹

... The pears came last evening, Friday, in a pouring rain, the sixth
rainy day that we have had in succession. The earth is as full of
moisture as a sponge just dipped in water, and is letting it out
everywhere. As to the pears, they came in very good order. A few of
the Tysons and the Otts were spoiled, and but a few; they were all except the spoiled ones ready for eating. Both the Otts and the Dearborns are much better than those you sent before, and the Cedarmeres which we have left can hardly be eaten after the excellent pears which we got last evening. I think of coming for the plums with my brother next Tuesday. . . .


1. Dated conjecturally, on the basis of Bryant’s comment to Fanny in the following letter that he and John Bryant had recently visited Roslyn together.
2. Evidently a variety developed on Bryant’s Roslyn property.

1802. To Fanny Bryant Godwin

Cummington, August 22, 1868.

Dear Fanny.

I got your letter of July 28th about a week since—or thereabout. I am glad to hear that you had so pleasant a time in England, and that you have at last seen that country. I suppose you will like the English better for having had so pleasant a visit among them. From a letter which I have just seen in the Evening Post I infer that you have made almost as pleasant a sojourn at your watering place Trouville.

Here we have been nearly seven weeks but in that time I made a visit to Roslyn with my brother John, and went to Great Barrington with Julia to attend Mrs. Hopkins’s funeral. John is still here with his wife and his wife’s sister Mrs. [Dix?]. These two came two or three days since from the Vermont Springs near St. Albans, whither they went for health’s sake. John’s wife was dispeptic and low spirited when she went, but is now quite well. The springs have a reputation for curing cancers, and have suddenly become a place of great resort.

Mrs. Henderson passed some time here with advantage. She has had a bad cough, which gave her little trouble here. Dr. Gray and Mary passed a few days here and the Doctor was charmed with the place, and seemed the better for his visit. Tomorrow I leave the place for Roslyn, and in a week afterwards Julia and the others will take their departure. Mr. Cline will come up to see them off, and Mrs. Cline will come up from Westfield to see Cummington and accompany them. The heat throughout our country has been fearful almost every where, but here much more supportable than in most places. At present and for some time past the temperature has been agreeable. On Thursday last there was a celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Worthington from the time of its incorporation, to which my brother and I went. There were several thousand people present; a repast, very well got up, was spread under a roof of boughs, and there
was an historical discourse, and music and firing of cannon and sending up of paper balloons, and toasts and speeches—one speech was got out of me, who was for some two years a resident of Worthington while studying law. But on the meeting, the feast there came up a drenching rain which forced us to adjourn to the church, a building not large enough to contain half the people present. Here the discourse was pronounced, and the toasts given out from the pulpit. It was a sad sight—the bedabbled white dresses and ruined silk gowns.

The deed of the real estate belonging to the Evening Post I hope you will sign. The bargain was regularly made and in part consummated and it will create some confusion if you do not.\(^4\)

When I come into possession of the Captain Smith farm next spring it is my intention to open another passage from your house to the highway. Your house at Roslyn—of course. The premises—yours I mean—have a neglected look, it is so long since they were occupied, and you are wanted back to put them in order.

Kind regards and love to all. . . .\(^5\)

\[\text{MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-GR.}\]

1. Letter unrecoverd.
2. Frances Bryant's sister Mina, Mrs. Charles W. Hopkins, died in July 1868 in her sixty-eighth year. See 38.5.
3. Frances' sister Esther, Mrs. Allen Henderson (38.4).
4. It is uncertain to which transaction Bryant refers here. It may have been a part of the arrangement made that year for the sale of the Godwins' share of ownership in the \(EP\) property to Bryant and Isaac Henderson for $200,000. See Nevins, \textit{Evening Post}, pp. 429–430.
5. Complimentary close and signature are missing from the manuscript.

\[\text{1803. To Julia S. Bryant.}\]

Office of \textit{The Evening Post}
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,
New York, August 25, 1868

\[\text{Dear Julia.}\]

I arrived at our home in Roslyn about eight o'clock last evening. Johnny was waiting for me with the buggy, at the station. In the journey down I had to wait more than an hour at New Haven for the Boston train which was nearly an hour behind time and then to New York I had an uncomfortable ride—hot, dusty, with coal smoke pouring in at the windows, and showers of cinders falling over me.

Everything seems to be going on well at Roslyn. The country is fresh and green, the mosquitos have disappeared, the garden is bright with flowers, and the muskmelons are ripe. Mrs. Cline came to New
York this morning with Johnny and little Otto, who is delicate, on
their way to Massachusetts.

There are one or two little things which I wish to say about
matters at Cummington.

Will you have my overshoes put into my closet upstairs—they are
below—and do not let my shirts and so forth, be put any where but
into my trunk after they are washed—and see that every thing in my
room upstairs is in proper order—and do not forget the repairs to be
done on little Mary's bonnet. You will of course try to get Mr. Lovell's¹
bill before you come away.—

Mr. Henderson tells me that Mrs. Henderson is as well as when
she came from Cummington. She remained at Brooklyn for a week
and then went to Sugarloaf. She still continued pretty well here, but it
was evident that the air of the seacoast did not agree with her so well
as that of the interior.

Kind regards to all the inmates of the old Homestead, not forget-
ting little Mary.²

Affectionately yours

W. C. BRYANT.

P.S. If the History of Chemung County by T. Apoleon Cheney is at
Cummington, as I think it is, please bring it with you. I might have
put it in my trunk.

W. C. B.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR

ADDRESS: Miss Julia Bryant.

1. Probably Jacob Lovell (1829–1882), who operated a plane manufactory and
grist mill in the Swift River section of Cummington. See Only One Cummington, pp.

2. This must have been Mary Eugenia Dawes (later Mrs. Charles F. Warner),
eight-year-old adopted daughter of Bryant's Cummington caretaker Francis H. Dawes
and his wife Melissa. Vital Records of Cummington, pp. liv, 166.

1804. To Julia S. Bryant

Roslyn Wednesday Aug. 26. 1868

Dear Julia.

Will you please say to Mr. Dawes that when the person who is a
millwright comes to put the dam in order, I wish that he would see to
the doors in the house, so that they may be made to shut, and ease
one or two of the windows which open with difficulty. I wish him also
to take my pole in the closet of my chamber and plane it smooth,
making it perfectly round instead of six or eight sided as it now is, and
reducing it to about three quarters of its present size.¹

I did not mention in my last that the poor pears in the book cases,
and the apples in the lower part of the book closet ought to be [thrown]² away.

Yesterday morning I went to town. On returning I found Dr. Dewey here. Mrs. Dewey did not come. The Doctor had come out in the morning and had been installed in the room over my library. He took his tea here yesterday and his breakfast this morning and will dine at Mr. Cline's today along with Mrs. Ensign and Mrs. Devereaux. He will go to town I believe, tomorrow. He seems very well. He sent a communication to the Evening Post which was published on Monday, on the subject of the steamwhistle nuisance, which as it exists at Sheffield, tears his nerves to strings every time the train passes.³ I showed him a criticism which lately appeared in the World of Dr. Bellows's book of Letters.⁴ Nordhoff handed it to me yesterday. We both agreed that it was savage and spiteful, although the writer show[ed] that Dr. Bellows had made some mistakes.

Miss Dewey—Jerusha—had gone to Nantasket Beach, somewhere between Lynn and Nahant,⁵ and when she is expected back nobody seems to be able to say.

Kind regards to all.

Yours affectionately

W. C. BRYANT.

manuscript: NYPL–GR address: Miss J. S. Bryant.

1. This was the famous vaulting pole which Bryant used even in old age in his strenuous morning exercises. See Life, II, 297–298.

2. Word omitted.


5. Nantasket Beach lies on a peninsula south of Boston Harbor, not north, as Bryant implies.

1805. To Julia S. Bryant

Roslyn, Wednesday Evening
August 26 1868.

Dear Julia.

I have sent off a letter to you, and fear that I may not get it back to enclose this, in answer to yours of Monday which I have just received.¹

Say to Mrs. Field[s] that she cannot know what she asks of me nor how great a sacrifice of feeling and all the habits of a pretty long life I
shall make by appearing in public to read my own verses. If however, the elder Dana and all the other poets mentioned should consent to read their verses on the occasion mentioned I cannot well refuse to do the same thing. The object to [be] promoted is a most laudable one—the means taken to promote it are rather cruel to the poor fellows who are to read.²

Affectionately
W       C. B.

Manuscript: NYPL–GR.

1. Julia's letter is unrecovered.
2. The occasion on which Bryant was urged to read his verses, to which he refers also in the following letter, is uncertain. The request, however, almost certainly came from Mrs. James T. Fields (Annie Adams Fields, 1834–1915), a famed Boston literary hostess and friend of contemporary American and British writers.

1806. To Julia S. Bryant

Roslyn, August 28th   1868.

Dear Julia

I wrote to you the other day by mail to say what sort of answer you might give to Mrs. Fields. As you may not get my letter before you leave Cummington, I write again by Mr. Cline.

I would have you say to Mrs. Fields that although reading my verses to a public audience, is next to being flayed alive, yet if Mr. Dana the elder, and the other poets whom she mentions consent to it, I cannot very well excuse myself. But it must be on that condition.

I also desired you to see that no fruit is left in the book cases and the book closet, and to see that my overshoes &c. are put into the closet in my chamber.

You will be obliged to hand Mr. Cline a little of the money I left with you as he will not have enough to get all the household and the carriage and horses home.

Dr. Dewey left us this morning. He seemed pretty comfortable during his visit, but I saw that like most men of his age and mine he preferred sitting to walking. He has taken all his meals here since my return except that he was at tea on the Hill¹ last evening when I was with him. I have seen none other of the neighbors.

The weather has been quite comfortable since my return. The nights and mornings seem warmer than at Cummington, but in the middle of the day there is not much difference. The garden is pretty flourishing but a little rain would give it a fresher look. There are more than sixty different kinds of flowers in bloom.

Kind regards to all

Affectionately yours
W. C. BRYANT.
1. At the cottage Bryant had built in 1862 on his property for Dewey's spinster sister Jerusha, and where Dewey's wife Louisa had lately been a visitor. See Goddard, *Roslyn Harbor*, pp. 70, 73; Letter 1799.

1807. To Mark Hopkins

New York Aug. 28. 1868.

My dear sir,

The bearer of this is Isaac Henderson jr. who applies for admission to Williams College. He is the only son of my partner in the Evening Post, Mr. Henderson, and is a youth of amiable character and a quick and sprightly intellect. His friends have thought that it might be of no disadvantage to him to have this note, and I have therefore written it, although, of course, it is not intended to ask for him, what could not be expected, any special favor.¹

I am, sir,
very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

1. Isaac Henderson, Jr. (1850–1909), was admitted to Williams College, where he distinguished himself in scholarly and athletic activities, and was graduated in 1872. In 1876 he succeeded his father as publisher of the *EP*; in 1881 he sold his stock therein and went to live in Europe, where he published novels, and plays produced both in London and New York. Information from The Library of Williams College; *NUC*.

1808. To Thomas Nast¹

[New York, cAugust 1868]

Dear Sir:

Miss Hatfield² has been here this morning in hope of meeting you. As you did not come, she desired to know if it will be agreeable to you to come next Friday, as soon after half-past nine in the morning as may suit your convenience. I shall come in on that day from the country, and she will be here.

Yours respectfully,

W. C. BRYANT.

¹ The spectacularly successful German-born cartoonist Thomas Nast (1840–1902), from 1862 to 1886 a mainstay of *Harper's Weekly*.

1809. To [Julia?] Hatfield

[New York? cAugust 1868]

... As to the caricature, it is very clever, and if the subject were any other than myself, I have no doubt that I should like it. All that could be asked of me, I think, is that I should not object to it. ...¹


1. On the occasion mentioned in the preceding letter, Nast called at Bryant's Evening Post office and "commemorated the occasion to the extent of making a good-natured caricature of the poet." Paine, Nast, p. 132. See illustration.

1810. To Julia S. Bryant

New York, Tuesday September 1st. 1868.

Dear Julia.

I have this morning got your letter of Saturday,¹ and am glad that things have gone on so well at Cummington. The trunks shall be sent for duly.

On Sunday, having heard that Judge McCoun was ill, I drove over to see him.² He had had a severe bilious attack as he called it. It was a diarrhoea which had continued several days, did not yield to medicine and made him quite weak. There began to be dysenteric symptoms and the family were anxious about him. Dr. Gray had prescribed for him. While I was at Oyster Bay there came up a thunderstorm which drenched the country, and afforded us a cool pleasant drive home, with a bright sunset and then the light of the moon. The day had been a hot one. When we got home we found that Roslyn had received but a few drops of the shower.

Last evening came to Roslyn a pair of European swans, sent me by Mr. Wilson³ which are to take up their abode in the pond. Roslyn looks very well now, but it is very solitary. With the exception of Dr. Ely I have seen none of the neighbors—Yes—Mr. Terry.

Yours affectionately

W C BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: BLR address: Miss J. S. Bryant.

1. Unrecovered.
2. At neighboring Oyster Bay, Long Island, the country home of William T. McCoun (535.6).
3. A near neighbor; see Letter 1811.
1811. To Christiana Gibson

Roslyn, Long Island
September [c5] 1868.

My dear Miss Gibson.

You were kind enough to say in your last letter to Julia that you "wearied" for another letter from me. I am not certain that you do not owe me a letter, as the account stands, but be it so or not, the expression of a desire for a letter from me is enough to set my pen in motion.

You have learned how we passed the months of July and August at our highland home in Cummington, and so escaped the vehement heats of the lower region. I came on a brief visit to Roslyn from Cummington in the beginning of August, and found there what I never saw there before, clouds of mosquitoes rising from the grass wherever I set my foot, and was glad to run back to Cummington again. All the while "as Miss Sands tells me" there has not been a single mosquito in our house in town, which I suppose is because the water-tanks are closed. In most houses they are open at top, and you know that whenever still water is heated to a certain temperature, mosquitoes are bred. I believe that some of our people have taken a malicious pleasure in learning that the English, who have always boasted of their freedom from this annoyance, have the present season been bitten, as the saying is, "within an inch of their lives."

At Cummington I had my brother John, one of the best men I know. After two or three weeks he went to Vermont and brought down his wife and his wife's sister from the Sheldon Springs, near St. Alban's. These springs have lately come into repute for their efficacy in curing dyspepsia and other disorders, among which are cancers. The two ladies went there for dyspepsia, and my sister in law returned quite well. It is a ghastly sight, I am told—the number of pale, disfigured, drooping persons who flock to these springs and hover round them, in hopes of being cured of cancers. Some of them, I believe, are really cured, even when the disease has gone very far, so that frightful scars are left in the healing. Others find no benefit, as has been the case with Mrs. Blatchford, wife of Judge Blatchford and daughter of James Hamilton, a most excellent person, who is dying of cancer, and there is no herb of the fields or mineral of the earth, or medicinal spring known to man, which can do her any good.

I had a pleasant time in revisiting with my brother our old haunts, and the once familiar places in the neighborhood. In many instances the pleasure was a sad one, for only the places remained—their dwellers had passed away. My brother and his wife were delighted
with Julia, of whom they had never seen so much before, and he has
since written me a letter, saying how much he was impressed with
what he called "the perfection of her character." It was pleasant to me
to know that he could so speak of her, but perhaps his judgment was
somewhat biased by the pains she took to make his visit and that of the
two ladies who were with him agreeable and comfortable.

You take some interest, I doubt not, in our approaching election
of a President. There is no doubt, I think, that Grant will be the man.
The sober people of the country are for him almost to a man, and this
class includes many who have not hitherto belonged to the Republican
party. We shall certainly carry for Grant nearly all and perhaps quite
all of the northern states, and the entire West. It is not unlikely,
however, that several of the late rebel states, now admitted again to
self-government, will, by the aid of negro votes, pronounce for Sey-
mour and Blair. It is well that it should be so, for if the negroes are
divided between the two parties, they will be well treated by both, in
order to obtain their support at the polls.²

For my part, I am very confident that we shall see Grant President,
that the disorders at the South will be repressed, that we shall have
peace and the subsidence of party animosities, that the public debt will
be honestly paid in gold, and that the beginning of a reform in the
morals and manners of the people of the southern states, will mark
the incoming of the new administration.

You must have passed your summer pleasantly. Of your elder
sister we had an account from Fanny which delighted us. She was
described as cheerful and sprightly, and not a single wrinkle older
than when she left New York. I rejoice to learn that my excellent
friend, your dear mother, bears her years so well and walks so
contentedly in the path in which God is leading her. May it ever be a
smooth and pleasant one, a path from which all the thorns are
removed by loving hands, until in due time and late, it crosses the
barrier at which the infirmities of this life are laid down, and the youth
of a new life begins.

There is one drawback to the satisfaction with which we hear of
the welfare of the Gibson family, now become a pretty numerous tribe.
It is that they will all be so contented with their abode in the old world
and with each other's society, that we shall never again see any of them
on our half of the globe.

If I were a magician, I would have you at Roslyn in the twinkling
of an eye, and you would acknowledge that it never looked more
beautiful than now—just at this moment. The green is as fresh as in
Spring; the full-leaved woods and the clear waters are swept and
stirred by airs full of life and spirit; the hills are basking in glorious
sunshine, and white sails are scudding to and fro in the harbor. On the lakelet before my door, two swans, a present from a gentleman who lives in the house at the further end of that sheet of water, are moving about with lifted wings as proudly as if they were the sole proprietors of the place. They are just arrived from England, and are choke-full of English prejudices. They turn up their bills at our American diet, and absolutely refuse Indian corn, absurd islanders that they are.

My poor friend Mr. [Alfred] Pell is greatly afflicted by the loss of his son Robert, who was an ingenuous and pure-minded youth, and given to literary studies in which he bade fair to become distinguished. His father hoped more from him than from any of his other sons, although all of them were young men of excellent character.

I think I have now turned my budget insideout. Write to me again, I pray you, whenever the desire to handle a pen gets possession of your fingers. Do not stop to think who wrote last. I have arrived at that period of life when I can say that by far the greater number of my friends are on the other side of the river that we must all cross. At that time of life it is natural for us to cling more closely to those who are left us.

My best regards to your mother and to all of your sisters, to Mrs. Campbell, her household, to your brother in law, Mr. Gibson, and to all those estimable persons to whom you were so kind as to introduce us while in Scotland. Julia is in town.

I am, dear Miss Gibson,
very cordially yours,
W. C. Bryant

P.S. You take an interest in the condition of the Episcopal church in this country. It is the case of a pair of horses harnessed to a carriage turning their heads away from each other and endeavoring to draw in different directions. I met the other day two ladies [on] the Roslyn steamer, one the wife of an Episcopal clergyman and the other his sister. They spoke of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Dr. Tyng’s son preaching in the open air. “They will stop him,” said one of the ladies. “But can they stop him?” I asked. “No,” said the clergyman’s wife “he will leave the communion first.” She then proceeded to say that there had been founded a Low Church association of young clergymen called the [Latinean? Lateran?] Society, to which her husband Lee Luquer, the younger Tyng and Dr. Busbee of Manhasset belong, and which seeks to emulate the example of the early English reformers. “But that is a secret,” said the other lady. “No secret at all,” was the reply “for every body now knows it.” Bishop Potter, who desires to
keep peace in the church is charged with first going to the excessively high church clergymen, patting them on the shoulder, and saying to each, “My dear brother, you are quite right, quite sound in the faith; just so I would have you act, go on as you have begun,” and then meeting one of the extreme low church clergy, saying to him, “I am glad you proceed as you do; nothing could please me more; you are quite right; only persevere.” What will come of it all who knows?  
W. C. B.

**Manuscripts:** NYPL–BPMP (final); NYPL–GR (draft)  
**Address:** Christiana Gibson  
**Docketed:** W. C. Bryant, / Sept. / 1868  
**Published (in part):** Life, II, 273–274.

1. Mrs. Samuel Blatchford’s father, James A. Hamilton (213.18), was a son of Alexander Hamilton (1755–1804), first secretary of the treasury of the United States.

2. Bryant was only partially accurate in his predictions. In the presidential election of 1868 General Grant won easily in the electoral college, by 214 votes to eighty for Horatio Seymour and his running mate on the Democratic ticket, Francis P. Blair, but by a much slimmer margin in popular votes. Seymour was victorious in New York, New Jersey, and Oregon. And Grant won the estimated Negro vote by about nine to one. If much of this had gone to Seymour, as Bryant anticipated, he would have had a majority, at least of the popular vote. See J. R. Randall and David Donald, *The Civil War and Reconstruction*, 2d ed. (Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown [1969]), pp. 640–641.

3. In 1868 Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, and son of Rev. Stephen Higginson Tyng (1800–1885, Harvard 1817), rector of St. George’s Church, New York, 1845–1878, was tried for “violating the canon that no minister shall officiate in another’s cure without express permission of the incumbent.” He was found guilty, and was publicly admonished by Horatio Potter (1802–1887), bishop of New York since 1854. For a discussion of this action and the surrounding controversy over evangelical practices in the Protestant Episcopal Church, see E. Clowes Chorley, *Men and Movements in the American Episcopal Church* (New York: Scribner’s, 1946), pp. 276–277, 396–398. Lee Luquer was evidently the husband of Julia Bryant’s childhood friend, Eloise E. P. Luquer (1404.1; 406.2, 3).

**1812.** To John Bigelow

Roslyn, September 7th. 1868.—

Dear Bigelow.

It was neither in Littell’s Living Age, nor in Every Saturday, that I saw the article from the London Athenaeum on your edition of Franklin’s Autobiography,¹ but in a periodical of much less circulation than either, and one in which we might more naturally expect to find it. It appeared in the Albion of August 29th.

I am, dear sir,  
very truly yours.  
W. C. BRYANT.
1813. To John Bigelow

Office of The Evening Post,
41 Nassau Street, cor. Liberty,
New York, September 16, 1868.

My dear Bigelow.

I thank you for your kind invitation, and should be most glad to pass a little time with you and talk over a great many matters of interest, some to the world and some to the few. Yet I do not see how I can come to West Point at present. I have had a severe bilious attack—so the doctor says—and am not yet quite in order, and Julia has twenty things on her hands, some here in town, and some in the country which just now keep her occupied.

I should like of all things to see you and Mrs. Bigelow under our roof at Roslyn. I remember that once a Spaniard said to me in the grandiloquent style of compliment used in his country—"Every day that I have the advantage of your conversation me es un dia de gloria"—which I need not translate. If you will pass a day at Roslyn it will be to me a day of glory.—

I am, dear sir,
truly yours.
W. C. BRYANT.

1814. To William R[obert?] Prince

Roslyn L. I.
Sept 29, 1868.

Dear sir.

I thank you for the letter and the accompanying papers. I am not, however, as you suppose, an invalid. With the exception of a bilious turn—which is passing off, my health for several years past has been almost uninterrupted.

As for Spiritualism I am quite willing that it should be true, but there are difficulties accompanying it, as well as phenomena of a puzzling nature. I have had Judge Edmond's book as well as some others on the subject and am obliged to you for mentioning the other works.

Yours truly
W. C. BRYANT.
1815. To Julia S. Bryant

Sheffield Oct. 21 1868.
Wednesday morning.

Dear Julia.

We reached this place yesterday afternoon in due season, after a rather pleasant journey, for on the way to Bridgeport we were not, as people usually are, incommoded by the dust and the smoke. I cannot think that they felt very sure of our coming—our friends here—for they had just been to dinner. Dr. Dewey said he had been so often cheated in going to the railway station, that this time he had neglected to go.

The trees here are mostly stripped of their leaves. Before the severe frost on Saturday night the woods were in all their glory, but after the frost they fell rapidly and now the ground in the street here is carpeted with the yellow leaves from the maples. Some thirty miles south of here the woods have many more leaves left them than here, and make a considerable show yet.

They are still pretty well here and Miss Dewey who is in the room as I am writing desires her love to you and Mrs. [Leunggren?].

Affectionately yours
W. C. BRYANT.

1816. To Henry J. Raymond

Office of the Evening Post
Oct 24, 1868.—

To the Editor of the New York Times.

Madame von Baerndorff has desired me to say what I have learned of her reputation as an actress in Germany. Mr. Bancroft writes to me that she is highly esteemed in the best circles of her native country, Prussia, and as an actress holds the same rank there which was given in England to Mrs. Charles Kean, and every where to Madame Ristori.

Respectfully &c &c
W. C. BRYANT
1. See 726.2.
2. The Berlin-born actress Auguste von Bärndorff (1830–post 1903), who had made her stage debut at Munich in 1846, came to the United States in the fall of 1868 and first appeared on the New York stage on November 6. During the following year she made numerous appearances in New York and other American cities, including a series of subscription performances on the Union League Club’s stage which Bryant may have helped her arrange. No reply by Henry Raymond to Bryant’s letter has been recovered. See George D. Odell, *Annals of the New York Stage* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1931) VIII, 478–517, *passim*; Ludwig Eisenberg, *Grosses Biographisches Lexikon der deutschen Bühne im XIX. Jahrhundert, mit einem Titelbild* (Leipzig, 1905), pp. 41–42.
3. From 1867 to 1874 George Bancroft was the American minister to Berlin. His letter is unrecovered.
4. Ellen (Tree) Kean (1808–1880), British comedienne who had made her New York debut as early as 1836; Adelaide Ristori (1822–1906), Italian tragedienne who first performed in the United States in 1866, after a long European success, largely at Paris.

1817.  *To James T. Fields*  
Roslyn, Long Island  
October 28th  1868.

Dear Mr. Fields,

I found not long since among my papers the enclosed little poem, which I had forgotten. As you have asked for something for the Atlantic I send it, and if it will answer print it. As to the introductory sentences, if you think the poem better without them, omit them in the printing.¹

Yours very truly  
W. C. BRYANT.

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¹. Bryant enclosed in this letter a holograph copy of the poem titled “Dante,” which appears with minor changes in *Poems* (1876), pp. 445–446. It was accompanied by these introductory comments:

The following lines were written about the time of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante, which was celebrated in various parts of the civilized world in May, 1865. If they have any interest for the reader they owe it in a good degree to the recent admirable translations of Dante’s great poem, which have familiarized the American public with the character of his mind and with what he did for his own age and the ages which succeeded him—the translation of the entire poem by Longfellow, in which the naked grandeur of the original is reproduced with a severe fidelity, and that of the Inferno by Parsons, remarkable for the ease and spirit of its rendering.

The allusion in the last stanza of the lines here given will be readily understood to refer to the history of our own country for the year 1865. These lines were:
Six centuries, since the poet's birth,
Have come and flitted o'er our sphere;
The richest harvest reaped on earth
Crowns the last century's closing year.

Bryant's submission of his verses was in response to Fields's letter of October 26, 1868 (NYPL-BG) saying that he must have a poem from Bryant, for "The Atlantic Monthly can never make its January bow to the public without your assistance." On October 30 he wrote again (NYPL-BG), thanking Bryant for his "exquisite verses, . . . among the noblest you have written," and adding that he could imagine the delight with which Longfellow and Parsons would read both poem and its introductory note.

Longfellow's translation of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri was published at Boston by Ticknor & Fields between 1865 and 1867; that of the Inferno by Thomas William Parsons (1819–1892) had appeared in 1843.

1818. To George W. Porter

Roslyn November 3d 1868.

My dear sir.

The letter which you forwarded to me respecting Exeter,¹ is by no means ill-written and the subject is well chosen, but the letter is not precisely the thing that is wanted for the Evening Post.

I will explain. It is too general in its description; it lacks definiteness; what [it?]² says of Exeter might be said—nearly all of it—concerning a score of other places in the neighborhood of Boston. Yet a good deal might have been said of the place, which readers in general do not know, and which we should like to publish—some description of its aspect—some bits of its local history,—something about the origin and success of its Academy,³—something about the eminent men who have received their early education there &c &c. Additions of this kind, and a little cutting down of the introductory paragraphs, would make the letter interesting and just what is wanted for the Evening Post.

You did not give the writer's address, so that I could have sent her the compensation, in case the letter had been accepted.

Please give my kind regards to Mrs. Porter and believe me

very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.


1. Neither Porter's letter nor that describing Exeter has been recovered.
2. Word or words omitted.
3. Phillips Exeter Academy, a coeducational preparatory school, was founded at Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1781 by John Phillips (1719–1795), later lieutenant governor of Massachusetts.
1819. To Julia M. Sands

New York, Nov. 10, 1868.

My dear Miss Sands.

I have not yet had the Hymns of which I spoke put into covers.¹
As soon as this is done your request shall be attended to.

Yours very truly

W C Bryant.

MANUSCRIPT: William Cullen Bryant
ADDRESS: Miss J. M. Sands

1. Probably Bryant's own Hymns, privately printed in 1864. See 1437.2.

1820. To John Howard Bryant

Roslyn, November 30th [1868]

... We do not make much progress in the investigation of the frauds which gave the vote of New York to Hoffman as Governor, nor do I expect any very important results from what the Union League Club is doing. The public conscience is terribly debauched in regard to frauds in voting. One of the committee appointed to conduct the investigation is reported to have said, I fear with too much truth, "The fact is that they only cheated more than we did. . . ."¹


1. In 1868 the Tammany (Democratic) mayor of New York City, John Thompson Hoffman (1828–1888), was elected governor of New York State, "in what was probably the most corrupt election in the history of New York. . . . Hordes of immigrants, fraudulently naturalized by Tammany judges, built up a huge down-state majority for Hoffman. In several of the city's election districts Hoffman's vote was considerably larger than the total registration." Despite widespread recognition and revelation of these frauds by leading Republicans, "Hoffman's victory was not successfully challenged, and [Tammany boss William Marcy] Tweed had his choice in the governor's chair." David M. Ellis, James A. Frost, Harold C. Syrett, Harry J. Carmen, A Short History of New York State . . . (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press [1957]), p. 357.

1821. To Ferdinand E. Field

Roslyn, November 30th [1868]

... The elections have resulted well on each side of the Atlantic.¹ Your church question awakens a good deal of interest here. We all hope that the revenues of the Irish church will not be given to the denominational schools, for that would be to perpetuate the mischief in another form.² As to the English church, our good wishes for your country extend to the severance of church and state, and the sooner
this takes place the better. I can conceive, however, that there may be some perplexity as to the best manner of bringing it about. . . . I am as glad as you can be that the differences between our two countries are likely to be settled. It is well not to leave this seed of dissension in the earth to sprout hereafter into something more serious. The general feeling here is that of satisfaction at the prospect of a renewed good understanding between the two governments, although Mr. Johnson, our Minister, has given great offence by his behavior toward Laird, who had fallen into deserved contempt with your people for what he did to aid the cause of our rebels. . . .


1. On November 3, 1868, Ulysses S. Grant won election to the United States presidency over the Democratic candidate Horatio Seymour. In the same month William E. Gladstone succeeded Benjamin Disraeli as prime minister of Great Britain.

2. Resolutions introduced in Parliament by Gladstone soon after he took office resulted in July 1869 in the disestablishment of the Irish (Episcopal) Church and the removal of its public endowments.

3. In August 1868 Reverdy Johnson (1796–1896, St. John’s College 1811) had succeeded Charles Francis Adams as American minister to Great Britain. Amiable, and considered by some political opponents of the president to be in his dotage, Reverdy Johnson antagonized many American congressmen and newspaper editors by “consorting with erstwhile Confederates and their British sympathizers.” He was much criticized for shaking hands at a Liverpool banquet with John Laird (1805–1874), head of a British shipbuilding firm which had built ironclad rams and the notorious raider on Northern merchant ships, the Alabama, for the Confederate government during the Civil War, in defiance of neutrality regulations of his government. Van Deusen, Seward, pp. 352–353, 507–508; Nevins, Fish, II, 148.

1822. To James G. Wilson

[Roslyn? ] November 1868

. . . I thank you for the handsome copy of Halleck’s poems. I have several editions, but this is the only complete collection of his writings that I possess.2

You are right in supposing that Mr. Halleck received no compensation for anything written for the Evening Post. I am quite sure that this is so, for it has never been the practice of the paper to pay anything for verses, which are generally furnished to an extent beyond the space that can be spared for them. Moreover, in Mr. Coleman’s time the newspapers paid nothing for contributions of any sort. . . . The idea of erecting a bronze statue of Halleck in the Central Park is one of which I approve with all my heart; but I am so little in town, and have so little time at my command, that I cannot consent to be the chairman of the executive committee appointed to carry the plan into
effect, although I have no objection to being put on the committee. Mr. Verplanck should be the chairman. He was a special and life-long friend of Halleck, and a far better judge in matters connected with the fine arts that I can pretend to be. . . . 3

MANUSCRIPT: Unrecovered text (partial) James Grant Wilson, Bryant and His Friends (New York, 1886), pp. 86–87.

1. See 1142.1.
2. The Poetical Writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, ed. James Grant Wilson (New York, 1869).
3. Samuel F. B. Morse agreed to head this committee, but after his death in 1872 Bryant was persuaded to replace him. After some years’ delay, while funds were being gathered for casting in bronze the clay model done by sculptor James Wilson Alexander MacDonald (1824–1908), the statue was dedicated on the Mall in Central Park on May 15, 1877, with Bryant presiding. This, the first statue to an American poet, was unveiled by President Rutherford B. Hayes. Adkins, Halleck, pp. 371–374.

1823. To James G. Wilson

[Roslyn?] December 4, 1868.

. . . Mr. Halleck was not paid for any verses of his inserted in the New York Review nor for any contributed to the United States Review. . . .

No account was published in the Evening Post of the dinner given to Halleck at the Century Club, at which I presided. Mr. George B. Butler was present, and a communication giving a brief account of the dinner, written, as I was told, by him, appeared in the Journal of Commerce. 1 I recollect that in my introduction to the principal toast I spoke of him as occupying the same place in our literature that Horace does in Latin poetry, with the same gayety and grace in his satire and the “curious felicity”—if that be a correct translation of curiosa felicitas—of his lyrical writings. Mr. Halleck, claiming the privilege of sitting while he spoke, answered, I do not remember what; but I well remember how, and that was very happily, and in a manner which pleased us all. . . .

I thank you for the likeness of Halleck at twenty-one. I see a slight resemblance in it to what he appeared afterwards, but a very slight one. 2 When I first saw him in 1825, his physiognomy had matured into what it remained, essentially at least, for the rest of his life. . . .

I like the design of the Halleck monument, a photograph [of which?] you have been so kind as to send me. It is in good taste, as I think; and I am glad that the place of the poet’s rest is now marked by so fitting a memorial. But I must be excused from delivering any address on the occasion of its erection. I have consented to read a
paper before the Historical Society on the writings of Halleck, and having done this, it appears to me that I shall have fulfilled my duty to his memory, much as I cherish it. Some more eloquent speaker must perform the office of which you speak, at the burial ground. . . .


1. In its report of this dinner, held at the Century Club on January 18, 1854, the *Journal of Commerce* remarked, "'Mr. Bryant made one of the elegant speeches for which he is distinguished, and called out Mr. Halleck, who delighted the audience with a brilliant response. . . . The dinner will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant and elegant ever given in the city.'" Quoted in Adkins, *Halleck*, p. 323.

2. This was apparently a miniature done in 1811, a photograph of which is reproduced in *ibid.*, facing p. 30, and described on p. 384.

3. Delivered on February 3, 1869; see Letter 1835.

1824. To Richard H. Dana

Roslyn, Long Island

which I expect, in a
day or two, to leave
for New York,
December 12th 1868.—

Dear Dana.

I like the sonnet you sent me¹ and have published it with a "remark" although what advantage a remark on a sonnet can be to any body, I cannot see. I directed the paper containing it to be sent to you, but as it may not have been, I enclose the scrap.

What you say of the dropping away of old friends, is of course the common experience of those who reach what is called a good old age. This world grows more and more a solitude as we journey towards the other, which becomes populous with our departed friends. It was Dr. Johnson, I believe, who said that we should keep our friendships in repair.² But such repairs are poor patchwork at the best. New friends acquired in old [age]³ can never be like the old ones, nor is it in fact easy to form new friendships, as we are about to step into the other world. There is always a certain distance between the old and the young which makes itself felt.

The air of the seaside did you so much good that you must not fail, every season to escape the city heats before they have made themselves felt last July [sic] in weakening the frame and depressing the spirits. For myself I found the air of the hill country quite invigorating, and when I made a short visit to this place, I found it, as I [had]⁴ never seen it before, under a cloud of mosquitoes and was
glad to make haste back to the hills. When I returned in September, there were some ten days of damp heat which brought on a bilious attack, such as I never had before, and from the effect of which I did not wholly recover for two months after.

I am sorry that Butler's success in the election has given you such an advantage in the argument against American democracy. Yet I think you do the people of his district a little injustice in supposing that they supported him because they thought him a rogue—Say notwithstanding, and you may be right. They voted for him, I think, as the man who conducted the impeachment of Johnson, and gave expression to their somewhat fanatical detestation of that man, and they overlooked what they knew was wrong in him, in consideration of what they thought he had done well. The case is not a new one. Show me the party that ever disdained the services of an able rogue and refused to reward them. We must put this, I fear to the account of human nature.

Remember me most kindly to all those who form your household.

Cordially yours

W. C. BRYANT.


1. Unidentified.
2. "A man, Sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair." James Boswell, Life of Samuel Johnson (1791), year 1755.
3. Word omitted.
4. Word omitted.
5. In the spring of 1868 Benjamin F. Butler (1320.3), as a Massachusetts congressman, had been chiefly instrumental in prosecuting impeachment charges against President Andrew Johnson. In an unrecovered letter, Dana had apparently deplored Butler's re-election in November 1868.

1825. To Ferdinand E. Field

Roslyn, December 14th [1868]

... I said nothing in my last about the beautiful cane which you were so kind as to send me through your brother. I got to the end of my sheet, and only thought of the cane after I had sent off the letter. It is quite true that I have arrived at the age when the animal that went upon all fours in the morning, and upon two legs at noon, creeps about upon three in the evening. But I stand pretty firm upon two legs yet, feeling no need of a third, and so have put by your cane, keeping it choice for a season of greater infirmity. Should that season come before I am sent for, I shall use the cane with the reflection that what we call the Old World is giving its aid to support my steps over
the soil of the New, and, as a faithful friend of free-trade, I shall take
pleasure in such an illustration of the sisterhood of nations. . . .

1. Probably Alfred Field.
2. Parke Godwin says that season never came; that Bryant never used a cane
during his lifetime. Life, II, 276.

1826. To James T. Fields

New York Dec 21 1868.

Dear Mr. Fields.

I am sorry to tell you that your letter by some accident—my fault
probably—got shuffled away before I had fairly read it to know what
you desired of me, got shuffled away among some loose papers on my
table, and I only found it this morning.1

I hope to see Mr. Osgood2 while here. I shall immediately send a
note to 63 Bleecker St. to apprise him that I am now in town, and
when not at the office of the Evening Post am at No 24 West Sixteenth
Street.

Yours very truly

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: HCL address: Jas T. Fields Esq.
1. This letter is unrecovered.
2. Fields’s junior partner in the publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields, James
Ripley Osgood (1836–1892, Bowdoin 1854). In 1870 he became senior partner in the
successor firm, James R. Osgood & Company, and thus published Bryant’s translations
of Homer. See Longfellow, Letters, IV, 95; Letter 1820.

1827. To James Ripley Osgood

Office of the Evening Post
New York Dec. 21, 1868.

Dear sir.

Mr. Fields has written to me that you would see me while here. I
am now in town, and when not at the office of the Evening Post am at
No 24 West Sixteenth Street. I shall be at the office tomorrow at twelve
oclock and for two or three hours afterwards.

Yours very truly

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: NYUL address: J R. Osgood Esq.
1828. To Cyrus W. Field

Dear Mr. Field.

What say you to the toast in this form?
The press and the telegraph, cooperating in the diffusion of intelligence; the telegraph to bring it from afar, the press to spread it abroad.

This makes an antithesis and gives the toast a certain point, or at least the appearance of one.

I am, dear sir
very truly yours.
W. C. BRYANT

1. Principal developer of the Atlantic Cable (926.1).
2. The occasion for this toast was a dinner at Delmonico's Restaurant in New York on December 29, 1868, to honor Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, and Bryant's early friend and collaborator. Bryant's speech in response to the toast may be found on pp. [325]–330 of his Orations and Addresses. His tribute, as characterized by a Morse biographer, was "grace itself." Oliver Larkin, Samuel F. B. Morse and American Democratic Art (Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown [1954]), p. 191.

1829. To Joseph Alden

. . . I find it [translating the Iliad] a pastime. At my time of life it is somewhat dangerous to tax the brain to any great extent. Whatever requires invention, whatever compels one to search both for new thoughts and adequate expressions wherewith to clothe them, makes a severe demand on the intellect and the nervous system—at least I have found it so. In translating poetry—at least in translating with such freedom as blank verse allows—my only trouble is with the expression; the thoughts are already at hand. . . .