XI

Europe Revisited
1845
(LETTERS 518 TO 566)

EARLY IN 1845 Bryant was persuaded by Charles Leupp, his close associate in the management of the American Art Union, to join him in a visit to Great Britain and the Continent. Although Bryant was then in no position to bear the cost of such a trip, Leupp, a partner and son-in-law of the prosperous leather dealer Gideon Lee, undertook to pay their joint expenses. So the Evening Post's editor engaged his friend Charles Elbert Anderson to fill the editorial chair for six months, and, settling his family at Roslyn, left New York on April 22 with Leupp on a packet ship bound for Liverpool.

Their passage, though slow, was mostly uneventful, and Bryant, who would never in his lifetime be free from seasickness, was comfortable enough most of the time to walk on deck and play shuffleboard. On May 26 they docked at Liverpool and found their way in rain and fog to the Adelphi Hotel at the center of town. Their itinerary during the next six months follows:


Florence; 27–29: via Siena, Viterbo, to Rome; September 30–October 5: Rome (excursion to Tivoli).


Bryant's only earlier sight of England had come when his ship was held by contrary winds for a week in Plymouth Harbor during his return from Le Havre in 1836. Now he and Leupp undertook a strenuous program of sightseeing and calls on persons to whom they had been recommended or with whom they had previous acquaintance. At Liverpool they dined with philanthropist William Rathbone and passed an evening with Harriet Martineau's brother James, a Unitarian minister and leading theological scholar. After walking the old walls of Chester, they went on through Manchester and Stockport to Edale, where they visited Leupp's business correspondent, tow manufacturer David Christie, and explored the Derbyshire hills and caverns, as well as Walter Scott's castle of the Peverils. Then they set out with Christie by carriage down the Derwent through Matlock to Ambergate, viewing the great houses of Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, and continued by railway through Derby, Leicester, Rugby, and Northampton to London, where on June 3 they put up at Webb's Hotel in Piccadilly.

Bryant's distinction as poet, journalist, president of the American Art Union, and a prominent Unitarian layman with letters to British leaders of his faith, as well as his acquaintance with the Field family, and the presence in London of his friends Edwin Forrest and John Rand, brought him many interesting contacts in and around London. And David Christie was a tireless guide to public landmarks. The visitors attended theater and opera, inspected the still unfinished Houses of Parliament, signed the famous autograph book of Chef Alexis Soyer at the Reform Club, and visited the Royal Academy, the Judge and Jury Society at Garrick's Head, the Inner Temple, London Docks, Barclay's Brewery, and Billingsgate. Bryant was greatly impressed by London's park system. After walking its full extent, from St. James's Park up Constitution Hill and through Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and Regent's Park to Primrose Hill, he begged his fellow New Yorkers, in a letter to his newspaper, to establish a "range of parks and public gardens along the central part of the island" while there was still time to keep the city's fast growing populace from "sweeping over them and covering them from our reach."

Bryant breakfasted twice with the poet-patron Samuel Rogers, to whom the London edition of his Poems had been dedicated by Irving, and there he met Thomas Moore, Richard Moncton Milnes, and other writers and scholars. He passed evenings with Leigh Hunt, William and Mary Howitt, and Joanna
Baillie; was the overnight guest of Joshua Bates, head of Baring Brothers banking house; breakfasted with linguist John Bowring and with American Ambassador Edward Everett; was entertained several times by lawyer and art patron Edwin Field, brother of his friends Ferdinand and Alfred; and had a day's outing on the Thames with several artists and the diarist Henry Crabb Robinson, who gave him a letter to the Wordsworth family at Rydal Mount. Together with the leading parliamentary champions of free trade, John Bright, Richard Cobden, and William Johnson Fox, he attended a great rally of the Anti-Corn-Law League at Covent Garden Theatre, where he was introduced to the audience and heard his "Hymn of the City" quoted to acclaim. And, pressed for time, Bryant had to decline invitations from Fox, William Macready, and others.

On June 24 Bryant went to Cambridge, where he was met by the archaeologist Sir Charles Fellows, who introduced him to historian Henry Hallam, and showed him through several colleges, including Trinity, whose Master William Whewell entertained him at a luncheon. The British Association for the Advancement of Science was meeting at Cambridge, and its officers were Bryant's hosts at several meals and made him welcome at their meetings. At one dinner the president of the association, geologist Adam Sedgwick, toasted Bryant, and at the final general session he was saluted by the chairman, geologist Sir Roderick Murchison.

Leaving Cambridge on June 26, Bryant and Leupp went on to Oxford for the night, and the next morning looked into several colleges and the Bodleian and Radcliffe libraries. Having no acquaintance there, Bryant was less impressed than he had been by Cambridge, and passed on that afternoon by canal boat to Stratford. He was distressed to find Shakespeare's birth chamber "scribbled over with thousands of names—a large number American," but much impressed by Holy Trinity Church and Shakespeare's tomb and monument. On the 28th the travelers went on via Warwick to Leam, where for three days they were entertained by the Field family. Ferdinand had come over from Birmingham to help his parents guide the visitors to Guy's Cliff and through Stoneleigh Park, Kenilworth Castle, Combe Abbey, and Coventry, and to take them swimming in the Avon. After a night at Ferdinand's house in Birmingham, and another in Nottingham, Bryant visited Byron's Newstead Abbey, where he thought the present owner had desecrated the house "once occupied by a man of genius" by filling it with "portraits of foolish kings and dukes and other titled persons." At Sheffield he called on the old poet James Montgomery, who praised Longfellow's "exquisite" poems, particularly "The Village Blacksmith."

The travelers passed through Hull to York, for an inspection of the minster and the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey—which Bryant thought so "beautiful" that he apparently tried to sketch them. Then Ripon, and Fountains Abbey, and across the Yorkshire fells to Kendal in Westmoreland. The next afternoon they drove from Ambleside to William Wordsworth's Rydal Mount and presented their cards with Crabb Robinson's letter.

Bryant's afternoon and evening with the old poet laureate was an absorbing experience, one which—probably through delicacy—went unmentioned in his letters to the Evening Post, but which he reported in detail to his
wife. Host and guests found a common interest in the work of the New York painter Henry Inman, whose portrait Wordsworth thought the best one of himself ever done, and whose view of Rydal Water, owned by Leupp, had been pictured from just below Wordsworth’s house. Bryant thought his host animated and agreeable, with a finer and more expressive face than might be supposed from his pictures, and not, as other visitors had reported, egotistical in his talk. Harriett Martineau had sent word to Bryant through the Wordsworths that she would like to see him, so he called on her the next morning at nearby Waterhead, and later noted in his diary that since he had known her in New York some years earlier she seemed to have become a “somnambulist—doubly mesmerized,” and full of “preachments.”

Passing all too quickly the lovely lakes and fells of Westmoreland, the Americans crossed the border country to Edinburgh, where Bryant’s reactions were mixed. The Scottish capital, he wrote Frances, was “the most beautiful city I ever saw,” yet he was pained by the contrast between its “magnificence of nature and art” and the throngs of “sickly-looking, dirty people” who “crawled from the narrow wynds or alleys” to the marketplace on Saturday evening, and who, he was told, comprised more than half the population of the city. After two days among the Trossachs and on Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, the companions visited Glasgow where, as in Edinburgh, they found Scottish friends to show them its monuments, and attended services in both established and “Free” churches. But social contrasts still bothered Bryant; walking the streets he noticed only homely women, and was told that at night the High Street was “full of drunken people.”

The travelers’ pace continued to quicken. Spending only part of a day in the Burns country of Ayrshire, they crossed the Irish Sea and, barely touching Belfast, went on to Dublin. Here Bryant managed to find an old friend, the Irish artist William Wall, who took him to art exhibitions, showed him around the fine parks and elegant buildings, and saw him off on the steamer for England. For two days in London again, Bryant went with the Edwin Forrests to opera, ballet, and art galleries, before crossing the Channel and proceeding to Paris. Here, since it was Leupp’s first visit to the French capital, they settled for ten days and Bryant diverted himself by noting changes in the city and ordering new clothes to be ready in the fall. Sightseeing was beginning to pall; at Rouen he had peeped into the cathedral and found it less grand than he remembered it; Notre Dame in Paris, however venerable, was “nothing to York minster”; at Versailles he was tired “of paintings of battles and . . . statues of warriors.” Day after day was rainy and muddy, and no letters reached him from home. As he had leaving New York, he felt the “solitariness of such a journey” without Frances.

The companions pushed on through Belgium and the Netherlands and up the Rhine to Heidelberg, with stops of no more than a night or two at the major cities through which they passed. Bryant continued, as he wrote Frances, to be “diligent” in his sightseeing, and for a time sent his newspaper coherent accounts of his travels. But after leaving Heidelberg at the close of August, and visiting within a scant two weeks Nuremberg, Leipzig, Berlin, Dresden, Teplice, and Prague, without having found time in five weeks for a letter to his wife, he wrote her from Vienna that he had been “zig zagging
through Europe" at such a rate that "the recollections of the different places I have seen do not always come in their proper order." He had spent a little time with acquaintances along the way—with artists Emanuel Leutze and William Morris Hunt at Düsseldorf, the Hepps and Barraults at Heidelberg, the American minister Henry Wheaton and his secretary Theodore Sedgwick Fay in Berlin—and had visited the art galleries of Düsseldorf, Berlin, and Dresden. At Vienna the travelers sat in the Volksgarten where Johann Strauss the Elder led his orchestra, and saw pictures at the Belvedere Palace and the Lichtenstein Gallery.

From here on Bryant moved so rapidly that he seems to have found no time for more letters until he reached Rome. The only record of his travels through Graz, Trieste, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, and Bologna to Florence seems to be that of his pocket diary. At Trieste he was impressed by the cathedral and the variety of Oriental costumes in the coffee houses; in Venice by the glassworks at Murano and the crowd in the Piazza San Marco hailing the visiting Queen of Greece; at Padua by the university and the Caffè Pedrocchi, the "first coffee house in the world." At Florence he became reacquainted with the city of his first residence in Italy in 1834, and with his friend Horatio Greenough and fellow American artists Hiram Powers, Henry Peters Gray, and George Loring Brown. From Rome, in his last letter to the Evening Post, he described their work in progress, and that of Henry Kirke Brown, Thomas Rossiter, and Louis Lang, all resident in the Eternal City. Here, too, Bryant received letters with the distressing news—reminiscent of that which had brought him home hastily from Heidelberg nine years before when his partner Leggett fell ill—that his business partners Boggs and Howe had relieved his substitute Anderson from editorial duties. As he wrote Anderson, he saw no way of settling the dispute before his return to New York, and since Parke Godwin had apparently been given editorial control, Bryant continued the planned itinerary with Leupp to Naples before starting homeward through Switzerland, France, and England.

In his final letter to Frances, a short one from Rome, Cullen complained that time was "dragging heavily," but "we cannot get home sooner than I have mentioned without leaving unseen some things which we crossed the ocean expressly to see." He wrote no more letters; his diary again gives the only record of his further journey. Before leaving Rome he and Leupp rode out to Tivoli to see the preparations underway for the reception of the pope the following day. From Naples they went to Pompeii and Herculaneum, climbed Vesuvius on horseback, and capped a strenuous day at a "splendid pantomime ballet" at the Teatro San Carlo. Following visits to Pozzuoli and Baiae, and to Sorrento, they took a steamer to Genoa, and went quickly on to Milan. Here Bryant recorded his impressions of the Duomo—"front bad meagre & poor and formal—sides and the back end much better—interior majestic—though the view impeded by the large paintings hung like screens between the columns." At La Scala they heard the second act of Rossini's William Tell; Bryant thought the "singing so so," and though the emperor of Russia was expected that evening, he left before the ballet ended.

On October 19 they rode in the coupé of a diligence up the Alps on a moonlit night, walking a good part of the way, and at dawn crossed the Sim-
plon and came down into the Rhone valley. They inspected Byron's castle at Chillon, and after breakfast in Gibbon's former house in Lausanne, took a steamer across Lake Léman to Geneva. Here Bryant stumbled on his old literary associate Henry Anderson and had a long talk—presumably about the deposition of the *Evening Post*'s substitute editor, Henry's younger brother. At Paris Bryant saw Samuel F. B. Morse, then observing European telegraph systems and promoting his own, and John L. O'Sullivan, editor of the *Democratic Review* of New York, and sat for a portrait sketch to the English artist Peter Hawke. Then, collecting the new clothes ordered in August, he crossed the Channel for three days in London. There he saw Samuel Rogers twice, and was touched by the old poet's comment, "I have been reading your 'Future Life' and it has made me cry," and by his gift of a copy of his works with the sad conviction that "he should never see me again."

The next day, at Liverpool, the weary travelers boarded the steamship *Britannia* for a rough sixteen-day voyage to Boston. Reaching Liverpool in May, Cullen had written Frances of his voyage, "To leave so many objects of interest and affection, and to purchase five or six months of fatigue at the expense of a month of misery, ... seemed to me little short of madness." Now, soon after his return, he wrote Dana of his joy in his country place at Roslyn: "It is almost as dear to me as one of my children—my heart yearned after it during the whole of my absence in Europe. I used to beguile the qualms of seasickness as I lay in my berth with thinking over my little plans for its improvement, such as planting a fruit tree here and a shade tree there and clearing away the growth of shrubs about some fine young pear trees that had sprung up in a corner of my field, &c. &c." Yet—insatiable traveler as he was—this was only the second of six voyages Bryant would make to the old world during his lifetime.
518. To Jean Baptiste François Fauvel-Gouraud

New York January 4, 1845

My dear sir

I am too much flattered by your offer to dedicate one of your lectures to me not to accept it, though I am conscious that the success which you are so modest as to attribute in part to the aid and encouragement of others was solely owing to the ingenuity of your method, and to the happy manner in which you treated it.

Yrs truly
WM C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: UVA ADDRESS: Mr. F. Fauvel Gouraud.

1. Jean Baptiste François Fauvel-Gouraud, supposedly a Doctor of Science from the University of France, wrote several books on mnemonics. In 1847 he was vice consul of France at Newport, Rhode Island. He also corresponded with Longfellow. Longfellow, *Letters*, III, 63. Perhaps the lectures referred to here were included in Fauvel-Gouraud’s *Phreno-mnemotechny: or, the Art of Memory: The Series of Lectures, Explanatory of the System, Delivered in New York and Philadelphia, in the Beginning of 1844* (New York and London, 1845).

519. To John Adams Dix

February 8, 1845

. . . There is a proposition before Congress to erect a statue of Washington, I have forgotten in what part of the public buildings. It is intended, I am told, to give the work to Persico. 2

Crawford,3 who is now in this country, has, as I understand from a friend at whose suggestion I write this,4 long and earnestly meditated the subject, and would be proud to devote to it all the powers of his fine genius. The majority of members of Congress understand as little of these matters as they do of the differential calculus, and we therefore look to those among them who have cultivated a taste for the fine arts to give a right direction to their choice of an artist.

Excuse the liberty I have taken, the object of which has been merely to communicate a fact and not to make an unnecessary suggestion. . . .5

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR (incomplete draft).

1. John Adams Dix (1798–1879), New York lawyer, and a leader of the Barnburner faction of the Democratic Party, entered the United States Senate in 1845 to replace Silas Wright, who had been elected governor of New York State.
2. The Italian sculptor Luigi Persico had previously carved a number of the symbolic figures on the east portico of the National Capitol.
3. The New York sculptor Thomas Crawford (1813–1857), who had lived and worked in Italy since 1835, returned to the United States in 1844 to be married.
4. Possibly Horatio Greenough.
5. In reply, Dix wrote Bryant on February 12, 1845 (NYPL–GR), that he was
doing all he could for Crawford, who was then in Washington, and remarked, "Persico's works are in the worst taste, and I trust sincerely we shall have no more of them." Crawford was subsequently commissioned to design the bronze doors and marble pediment of the Capitol's Senate wing, as well as the heroic statue of Liberty which was mounted atop the new Capitol dome in 1863. DAA.

520. To John Howard Bryant

New York  February 14, 1845

Dear Brother.

You will see by the receipt above [clipped from letter] that I have paid two hundred dollars on Mr. Olds's account.¹

But you must remember that this is inconvenient to me and that I am obliged to borrow the money. The Evening Post as I think I told you lost more than six thousand dollars by establishing the Morning Post,² and we have been obliged lately to pay four thousand dollars of an old debt against the concern. We have therefore been deep in pecuniary trouble, and but for the assurance that you would be a considerable loser if I did not assist you, I would not have incurred the additional debt I have.

You will of course repay me as soon as may be in your power. If you should do it within six months it would be all the more convenient for me. I think of sailing again this spring on a short visit to Europe with a friend, who is desirous that I should accompany him and who pays the expenses of the tour.³ If you happen to have the money earlier than my return my wife will be glad to receive it. She will remain with Julia at Hempstead Harbor. I shall probably be absent about six months—sailing near the middle of April.

We are passing the winter at a boarding house in town—all well.⁴ Graham I am afraid is slow pay, but I am resolved that he shall give the ten dollars apiece for your two last poems. Remember me to your wife and all my friends.

Yrs truly

W. C. BRYANT


2. See 429.3.
4. The Bryants may have boarded that winter, as they did the two following winters, in the home of Vice Chancellor William T. McCoun at 30 Warren Street, New York. See 585.6.
521. To Benjamin Tappan

New York  February 17, 1845.

Dear sir

I have taken the liberty of giving this letter to Joseph Dreyfous Esq. late of this city. He was displaced from an office which he held in the custom house in this city by Mr. Curtis more than a year since, because he was a democrat, and is now desirous of obtaining some public employment which will enable him to support his family. Mr. Dreyfous is an honest man, highly intelligent in all matters connected with commerce, and a good democrat. He was born in France but has for many years lived in this country, and in his more fortunate days was a merchant of high standing in this city. I do not know precisely for what post he may ask, but I hope he will be successful in his application.

I am sir
very respectfully
Yrs &c

WM C. BRYANT

522. To George R. Graham

New York  February 26  1845.

My dear sir

Poets you know are always in want of money, and I, one of the tribe, am at this moment particularly so, being about to make a journey of some length and duration. You have published two poems of mine, in your magazine, and also two of my brother. For the four the amount which I was to receive is a hundred and twenty dollars. If you will be so kind as to send me this $120— within the next fortnight I shall be much obliged.

Yrs truly

WM C. BRYANT
523. To George Bancroft

New York  March 5, 1845

My dear sir

The bearer of this letter is General Prosper M. Wetmore,¹ who visits Washington on an errand similar to that which takes many good men thither at this time. He applies for the post of Navy Agent at this port, and is supported by very powerful recommendations.

Report assigns to you a place in the Cabinet,² and I have on that account taken the liberty of addressing my recommendation of General Wetmore directly to you. He is in my opinion admirably qualified for the office, by activity, intelligence, probity and commercial experience, the latter of which qualifications I have reason to believe is scarcely less important than the others.

Yrs truly
WM C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: MHS address: Geo. Bancroft Esq.

1. Wetmore (227.1), then a member of the Committee of Management of the Art Union, succeeded Bryant as its president in 1847. Cowdrey, AAFA & AAU, I, 105–106. A frequent contributor of verse to periodicals, he was also a prosperous merchant and active in civic affairs.

2. Bancroft had taken a central part in arranging the compromise which made James K. Polk the successful Democratic nominee for the presidency in 1844. In turn, Polk appointed Bancroft Secretary of the Navy on the day Bryant's letter was written. Russell B. Nye, George Bancroft: Brahmin Rebel (New York: Knopf, 1945), p. 135. On March 17, 1845, the EP announced the appointment of Wetmore as Navy Agent in New York.

524. To George Bancroft

New York  March 6, 1845

My dear sir.

As you are probably ere this a member of the Cabinet, it is I presume proper to address to you a recommendation of a person applying for an office in the gift of the Executive.

The bearer George F. Thompson Esq of this city has been recommended by his friends as an Appraiser in the Custom House here.¹ He is I think excellently well qualified for the post, by capacity, character and a commercial education, and I am very sure that the appointment would be perfectly satisfactory to our democratic friends here and to the community generally.

Yrs truly
WM C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: MHS address: Hon Geo. Bancroft.
1. Bryant's recommendation was evidently successful, for in 1846 Thompson was recorded as an assistant appraiser at 12 Broad Street. Two years later Thompson was appointed by President Polk as United States Appraiser at the Port of New York, to replace Vanbrugh Livingston (Letter 489), who had been made chargé d'affaires in Equador. See also Letters 603, 606.

525. To George Bancroft

Office of the Evening Post
New York, Mar. 14, 1845

Dear Sir

We presume that new orders will be given the proper individuals in your Department with reference to the publication of the official notices of your Department. We earnestly request that you may select the Evening Post as one of the channels through which said Advertisements may be presented to this community. The circulation of the Evening Post is very large,¹ and we should feel somewhat mortified to find other papers selected to the neglect of the Post. You are aware, that much of this kind of patronage has been given to other Democratic prints for a few years past. We hope, sir, that you will favor us with the preference in this section. By so doing, you will not only oblige us, but will also please the Democracy of this city, we have no doubt.

We remain
Yours respectfully
WM C Bryant & Co.

Manuscript: MHS address: Hon. George Bancroft / Secretary of the Navy.

1. This letter, apparently composed as well as written by Bryant's business partner William Boggs, without doubt put the EP's circulation in the best light possible; as late as 1848 the daily paper sold only about 2,000 copies. However, its weekly edition, founded in 1841, "rapidly obtained an extensive circulation." Nevins, Evening Post, pp. 190, 236.

526. To John G. Chapman¹

New York, Thursday, March 27, 1845.

My dear Sir

One or two unexpected questions having arisen in regard to the illustrated edition of my poems in which you have been so kind as to take an interest,² would it be too much to ask of you to come tomorrow at 5 o'clock P. M. for a few minutes to Mr. Ingham's² room in White Street, to meet Mr. [Asher] Durand and Mr. [Francis W.] Edmonds and consult on the subject?

Yrs truly
WM C Bryant.

Manuscript: NYPL-GR address: Mr. Chapman / White Street.
1. John Gadsby Chapman (1808–1889) was a versatile painter of landscape, portrait, genre, and historical pictures. A member of both the National Academy and the Sketch Club, he was perhaps best known for his American Drawing Book (1847) and his painting "The Baptism of Pocahontas" in the Rotunda of the National Capitol. He exhibited many pictures at the National Academy and the American Art Union. DAA; NAD Exhibition Record, I, 74–78; Cowdrey, AAFA & AAU, II, 64–68.

2. See Letter 528.

3. The portrait painter Charles Cromwell Ingham, a founder and long the president of the Sketch Club; see 236.4.

527. To George Bancroft

New York April 5, 1845

My dear sir

A friend of mine has informed me that an application had been made in behalf of Dr. Kraitsir,1 now in Boston, a very learned and meritorious man, versed in many languages and a good democrat, for a post in some of the departments at Washington where his knowledge of foreign tongues would make his services useful. From what I know of Dr. Kraitsir I have no doubt that his usefulness in such a post, on account of his multifarious acquirements would exceed that of almost any other person who would be likely to be his competitor.

Yrs truly
Wm C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: MHS ADDRESS: Hon Geo Bancroft.

1. Charles V. Kraitsir (1804–1860?), a linguist and historian living in New York, edited The Poles in the United States of America (Philadelphia, 1837), and was the author of Glossology: Being a Treatise on the Nature of Languages (New York, 1832).

528. To Messrs. Carey & Hart

New York April 15th, 1845

Gentlemen.

I have this morning received your letter of the 12th instant.1 You require that I shall print no illustrated edition of my poems without your consent.2 I am willing to consent to this for next year and the two following years, it being understood that this restriction does not prevent me from publishing any edition of any new poem or poems of mine. I presume you did not intend to make the restriction perpetual, and it appears to me that the three years I have mentioned would be a reasonable duration. Will you write by return of mail how this strikes you.

I am gentlemen
Yrs. respectfully
Wm C. BRYANT

P. S. I think also that the restriction ought to depend upon the market being kept supplied with the edition you propose to publish, and that if
for any reason, this should not be done, I should be at liberty to print to supply any demand for my poems.  

Wm C B.

MANUSCRIPT: UVa address: To Messrs Carey & Hart.

1. Unrecovered.

2. Since the matter had been proposed to him the previous June, Bryant had agreed that the Philadelphia publishers Carey & Hart should bring out an illustrated edition of his collected poems—the first such. See Letter 499.

529. To Azariah C. Flagg

New York April 17, 1845

Dear Sir

The bearer of this letter is Joseph Dreyfous Esq of this city, an intelligent and very respectable man of the mercantile profession, who was for some time an officer in the Custom House here, and a very useful one, on account of his commercial information and his familiarity with foreign languages, but was removed by Curtis for being a democrat. He has been as I understand promised by Mr. Van Ness that he should be restored to his former or a better office, but the promise has not been fulfilled yet, and he fears that it is not likely to be. He thinks that the friends of Mr. Van Buren at Albany hold these matters in their hands, and has desired of me a letter to some [one?] of them which I cheerfully give him on account of his personal merit, hoping that in some way or other it may prove of service to him.

Yrs. truly

Wm C. Bryant

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-Azariah Cutting Flagg Papers address: A. C. Flagg Esq / Albany.

1. Azariah Cutting Flagg (274.1), then New York State Controller, later held a comparable position in the New York City government, 1852–1859.

2. See Letter 521.

3. Cornelius Peter Van Ness (1782–1852), former governor of Vermont and minister to Spain, was then Collector of the Port of New York. ACAB.

530. To Charity Bryant

New York April 18, 1845

Dear Aunt.

I am sorry to hear that your health has been so infirm during the winter, and hope that the return of milder weather will restore you.

It strikes me that you are hardly reasonable in expecting to hear from my mother before this time. She wrote you, as I understand by your letter, in December 1843; you answered her in August 1844 which is an interval of eight months. You must now give her eight months to answer
you. If the month of April should expire without your getting a letter from her you may then complain that she is not altogether so punctual a correspondent as yourself.

But this is a heavy joke, you will say, and I believe truly. I must tell you then that I have heard from my mother several times within the last eight months, both by letter and by way of persons from Illinois. She has been for the most of the time in comfortable health, though the infirmities of age are showing themselves more and more, and she stoops rather more than when you saw her last. My brothers and sister in Illinois were also well when I heard from them. Their children were growing up to be young men and women, but none of them are yet married.¹

For myself I am getting on much as usual. I have a place in the country on Long Island by the salt water, where my family pass the summer, and where I pass as much time as I can. But this summer I intend to pass in Europe. I sail in the ship Liverpool on Tuesday—today is Saturday—for Liverpool, and shall make the tour of England of which I have seen comparatively nothing and then pass over to the continent. My wife remains meantime at my place in the country until my return which will be in the autumn. Her own health is not very regular, though she is manifestly better for a residence in the country. We keep yet to the homoeopathic method of treatment when we are indisposed, and find reason to think more and more highly of it.

I bid you good bye in the meantime, hoping on my return to hear that your health is improved. My best regards to Miss Drake, and remember me to your neighbours the Howards.

Yrs truly
WM C. BRYANT.


¹. Bryant apparently wrote this letter on Saturday, April 19, but misdated it the 18th.
². Unrecovered.
³. At this time Bryant seems to have had twenty nephews and nieces in Illinois, of whom no more than two had reached their majority.

531. To Messrs. Carey & Hart

New York April 18, 1845.

Gentlemen,

I have your letter of yesterday and the package for Mr. Leutze¹ which shall be duly delivered in London.

I consent to the understanding that I am not to publish any other edition, within five years from the present time, of the poems included in your volume, without your consent. If a case should occur in which it
might be very advantageous to me and not prejudicial to your interest, to publish a cheaper edition at some time within that period, I shall leave the decision of that question to you.

I should not like to bind myself not to publish any collection of new poems within the five years, but I do not think it at all probable that I shall do such a thing.

Yrs faithfully

WM C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: HSPa ADDRESS: Messrs Carey & Hart / Philadelphia.

1. After consideration of Daniel Huntington as illustrator for their forthcoming edition of Bryant's poems (499.3), Carey & Hart had engaged the German-born historical painter Emanuel Gottlieb Leutze (1816-1868) of Philadelphia, who was then in Düsseldorf, Germany, finishing his most famous painting, "Washington Crossing the Delaware." See Leutze to E. A. Hart, September 26, 1845, CU. The letter from Carey & Hart which Bryant mentions is unrecovered.

532. To George Bancroft

New York    April 19, 1845

My dear sir

As I am about to leave the country, and shall not be able for some time to trouble you or anybody else about the matter which is the subject of this letter, I write to inform you that a paper addressed to the President and Heads of Departments, signed by Stephen Allen, S[tephen] Cambreleng, Saul Alley, and other distinguished democrats of this city, in relation to such part of the government printing as naturally comes to New York has been enclosed by mail to Mr. Polk.¹ The friendly disposition you have so often shown towards me leaves me nothing to add to this.

I make a short visit to Europe, and take this opportunity to express to you my warm wishes for the prosperity and popularity of the administration of which you are a member.

Yrs truly

WM C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: MHS ADDRESS: Hon Geo Bancroft.

1. Allen, Cambreleng (Letter 382), and Alley (295.1) were New York merchants who advertised frequently in the EP, and were associated with Bryant from time to time in political and civic matters. The paper mentioned is unrecovered; it was apparently an appeal for the allocation of government printing to the EP. See Letter 525.
533. *To Frances F. Bryant*  

Wednesday April 23, 1845  
Ship Liverpool off Sandy Hook  

My dear Frances.

We had a comfortable time yesterday lying in the harbor—the ship as still as a rock and I slept like a top at night.¹ Today at eleven o'clock we began to move, and now we are almost out at sea and the ship begins to rock with the swell of the ocean. Every thing looks as if we were to have a prosperous voyage. I have a state room to myself, and the passengers appear like civil people. Farewell, and may you have a pleasant summer of it.

Yours affectionately  
Wm C. Bryant  

P. S. Half past one  
The wind is now contrary. We have anchored off the Hook.

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MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR  
ADDRESS: Mrs. F. F. Bryant / at Mr. Dewey's / Mercer Street / New York.

¹ The *EP* of April 22 carried the announcement: “Mr. Bryant, the editor of this paper sailed this day in the fine packet ship Liverpool, Captain Eldredge, for England. He goes to Europe for the purpose of recreation, and it is understood will confine his travels mostly to Great Britain and the northern parts of the continent, where he has never before been. He will remain away, probably, not more than six months. He was accompanied to the ship by a large number of personal friends, who took leave of him with expressions of the heartiest wishes for a prosperous voyage and a safe return.”

534. *To Frances F. Bryant*  

Prince's Bay Thursday April 24th, 1845  
Half past nine in the evening  

My dear Frances

Here we are lying within the Hook, waiting for a fair wind. The day has been pleasant, calm, and warm, and I have passed it, agreeably enough, in reading, talking and playing shuffle board on deck. There is now a change in the weather; the wind which has been blowing lightly from the south east all day has become a brisk breeze from the north-north-east and the pilot is sure that we shall go outside of the Hook tonight. I am endeavoring to observe Laurie's directions in order that my seasickness when it comes may be as little troublesome as possible. Take good care of yourself and do not forget to write me often. Did I tell you to address your letters to the care of Messrs. Baring, Brothers, London?²

Yrs affectionately  
W C Bryant
Manuscript: NYPL-GR.

1. A great British banking house, headed by Joshua Bates (1788–1864), former American merchant who was later the principal benefactor of the Boston Public Library. On June 14 Bates entertained Bryant and Charles Leupp for dinner and the night at his country house at Eastsheel on the Thames, near Twickenham. See Letter 540.

535. To Frances F. Bryant

Sunday April 27, 1845
Sandy Hook within the Horse Shoe.

My dear Frances.

You will be sorry to hear that we have been lying here ever since Wednesday when the steamboat brought us down from our station opposite Castle Garden; with the wind dead ahead so that we cannot go to sea, and no indications of a change unless the change of the moon, according to those who believe in the influence of the moon on the weather, should bring it tomorrow. Yet we are as comfortable as we could be under the circumstances; the sea air gives me a good appetite, and the absence of care makes me sleep long and soundly, and during the day I occupy myself with reading Zschokke’s Autobiography which Mr. Von Mandelslohe when he came down on Wednesday was so kind as to bring with him and present to me.¹

Yesterday I had a letter from Mr. Boggs and another from Mr. Anderson.² Mr. Boggs says that the chances are very good of our getting the printing of the Board of Aldermen and begs me to give myself no uneasiness in regard to the affairs of the office during my absence, as he will endeavour to manage every thing for our joint interest &c. Mr. Anderson wrote that he heard you were well, and had set out for Roslyn on Friday. He sent me a provision of newspapers for the voyage.

By the way, when you want to amuse yourself with seeing a part of the country in your neighbourhood which you have not seen go to Success Pond.³ Mrs. Mackay says that it is a most beautiful spot, and that when she lived in Jamaica she used frequently to visit it in the summer season and take tea there, at a public house most charmingly situated among the shrubbery of the bank of the lake, which is no where swampy, but agreeably surrounded by trees brush wood and green fields. While I am talking of what you are to do it occurs to me to remind you to furnish John as soon as you can with two or three barrels of plaster of Paris for the purposes mentioned in my memorandum. If you want any more nails they are to be had of Wm. H. Livingston No. 227 Pearl St. between Maiden Lane and John St. where I had the others—perhaps however he will have moved after the first of May. And do not forget to get a few plum trees—green gages mirabelles &c. as soon as the leaves turn yellow and have them planted on the hill in the orchard.
Our passengers consist of Mr. Mackay, his wife and sister, Mr. Hicks his wife, six children and several servants, Mr. Goff the English consul at Belize, the same who entertained Stephens, the traveller; Mrs. Welch an English lady his relation, with his little son, and a little girl of ten years old, his niece born of an Indian or part Indian mother from Trujillo in Spanish America, who can speak only Spanish and is going to England to be educated; Mr. Vaughan an English Merchant from Honduras with his wife and two children, Dr. Lawson of Kentucky, a professor in one of the Kentucky colleges, and two young men Englishmen returning home; to these should be added Mrs. Eldridge the Captain’s Lady, who has been just revaccinated with success and who now keeps her berth. We have a good natured captain, a civil and communicative mate, and an ill-looking crew.

Now take good care of yourself, you will have your own way this summer with nobody to find fault, so make hay while the sun shines and luxuriate in doing just as you please, with this only restriction that you are not to fatigue yourself with doing too much, which is your besetting infirmity. Throw all the care, as far as you can upon John’s shoulders; he has sense enough to be your confidential steward, and will do no essential mischief, if he should not always manage precisely as you might wish. Indulge yourself in as long absences as you may choose, and visit your friends; you need not, in fact, if you will only think so, have much else to do this summer.

When I came on board the boat on Tuesday morning I met some of my friends already there, and before I left there was a large crowd of them. Among them was Mr. Lake from Mr. McCoun’s who brought me a little bouquet of roses and other flowers from Mary with a little note. I have put the flowers in water and they are fresh yet. She also sent me a dressing case which belonged to her mother. Thank her when you see her most cordially for this mark of kindness.

I suppose Mr. Von Mandelslohe went out with you though I did not hear from Mr. Anderson. If so say to him how much I am obliged to him for the book he brought me which was the very thing I wanted. Tell John I shall rely upon him to keep every thing in order and take good care of you this summer. Make my farewell to such of my friends at Roslyn and elsewhere as I did not see. Fanny I hope is with you, and Julia will soon be. My love and a second goodbye to both.

Yours affectionately

Wm C Bryant

P. S. I did not realize, so much occupied was I with the care of getting ready for my departure, the solitariness of such a journey as I am taking, until I got on board this vessel and had passed a night here. It seems strange to travel without you—and the strangeness is not an agreeable one I assure you.

W C B.
2. Charles Elbert Anderson (Letter 333) was the acting editor of the EP during Bryant's absence from April to November 1845, receiving $500 for his services. Memorandum in Bryant’s handwriting to Timothy Howe, cApril 20, 1845, NYPL–GR.
3. Lake Success, a small body of fresh water only about three miles southwest of Roslyn, was to be the site of the first, temporary home of the United Nations Secretariat in 1946.
4. John Lloyd Stephens (1805–1852, Columbia 1822), a New York lawyer who published several accounts of his travels in Europe and the Near East, and, after visiting the Mayan ruins, the more widely read works, Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatán (1841), and Incidents of Travel in Yucatán (1843), both of which were illustrated by Stephens' companion, the English artist Frederick Catherwood (1799–1854).
5. Probably Leonidas Merion Lawson (1812–1864), a physician and teacher of medicine, and later the author of Phthisis Pulmonalis (1861), an influential treatise on tuberculosis.
6. Vice Chancellor William T. McCoun of the New York Court of Chancery was president of the newly formed New York Prison Association, and in 1847 succeeded Bryant as president of the New York State Society for the Abolition of the Punishment of Death. Widowed only a few months earlier, he lived with his daughter Mary at 30 Warren Street where, during the succeeding two winters, the Bryants boarded with them. EP, December 7, 1844, March 28, 1845, and March 2, 1847; Godey's Lady's Book, 32 (April 1846), 186; Letters 563, 564.

536. To Frances F. Bryant

Liverpool May 26, 1845.
Adelphi Hotel.

My dear Frances.

I have reached Liverpool at last after a passage of twenty eight days from the time I left Sandy Hook where I wrote you that we were delayed several days by contrary winds. On Sunday evening about seven o'clock we at last put to sea, with a light but fair wind. We had a large steady vessel, an excellent seaman for a captain, though not popular in the ladies cabin, and we made our way over a smooth sea, pushed along by the gentlest gales that ever blew upon the Atlantic. The first day I was rather sick, but not so much as I expected to be, the next I was considerably better. The third day was the only one in which we had any thing like rough weather, and I was quite sick and did not leave my berth. The fourth day the seas were smoother and I was on deck again, where I passed as much time as I was able. On the ninth of May I began to eat with something of an appetite, and though I never felt perfectly right while on board the ship I continued after that to be much better than I was in either of the voyages which I had taken before.1

On the fifteenth of May the winds began to be again contrary. We were now within five or six hundred miles of Liverpool, and in great hopes of making a quick passage. We were in what is called "the chops
of St. George's Channel," and the north easterly winds held us there for a long time. But the sea was still smooth, and we were able to play the game called shuffleboard on deck almost every day. We played it with a kind of wooden quoits or circles of about four or five inches in diameter which we struck with a wooden cue somewhat like that used in playing billiards. If you are at loss to know what the game is, almost any boy will tell you.

On the eighteenth of May, Sunday, we were about one hundred and fifty miles from the Irish coast, and the wind blowing from that direction, that is to say from the north-east, we distinctly and for a long time perceived the smell of burning peat in the atmosphere. The day before we saw whales spouting, and a huge fish which the captain said was a shark, playing about a board which had been thrown out from the vessel. On the nineteenth a curlew exhausted apparently by a long flight, came and alighted on the rigging. It was caught by the mate, but died in the course of the night. In the early part of the voyage, a blue bird visited us, and met the same fate.

We made slow progress towards Liverpool, being obliged to tack often, and having little wind. About this time however we fell in with an Irish fishing smack from which we obtained some fresh cod and mackerel. Another vessel of the same class attempted to approach us, but being very awkwardly navigated failed. The fishermen came within hailing distance, and one of them to tempt us, displayed a huge turbot, "a turbit," he called it, "alive and kicking, for it had not been caught fifteen minutes."

On the twenty second of the month we saw the coast of Ireland, and the entrance to one of the ports on the south side of the Island, Waterford I believe. The sight you may well think was a pleasant one. The next day we saw the coast of Wales. On the 24th the Welsh coast seen now and then as we were beating up the channel, assumed a striking appearance; high mountains the distant summits of which were confounded with the haze of the atmosphere, looking unsubstantial like ghosts of mountains. We saw on the same day the coast near Dublin, and in the course of the night came opposite to Holyhead, the rocky termination of the island of Anglesea. We still had easterly winds to contend with, which made our passage very slow. At last we rounded Holyhead, and yesterday, Sunday, the 25th of May, we took on board a pilot. The consignees of the vessel had notice of its approach by means of the telegraph and sent a steam boat, which dragged us up to the port, and at twelve o'clock last night, with the high tide took us over the sand bars at the mouth of the harbor. When I awoke I was in Liverpool, the vessel lying quietly in dock—the docks here are precisely as at Havre.

It was a rainy morning, rather cold and a good deal foggy. We got to our hotel which is a very comfortable one and after a good breakfast
went to get our baggage through the custom house which was attended with a great deal of delay. I like the looks of Liverpool. There is an appearance of prosperity about it; the public buildings as well as the warehouses have an aspect of massiveness and solidity. We went today to look at the Zoological Garden. It is a pretty place—a few acres with a diversified surface, little ponds of water, trees and shrubbery of various ornamental kinds, picturesque buildings for the animals, and paths winding through the green turf which is new spotted with buttercups and daisies. The season is backward, and the weather miserably chilly. The hawthorne is not yet in flower, and the foliage of many of the trees shows marks of nipping frosts. Yet the foliage seems denser here at this season than with us—perhaps it is because of the more numerous twigs. In America the growth of trees is said to be slenderer and more spray-like.

I cannot express to you with what intensity I wished myself on shore again in the early part of the voyage. To leave so many objects of interest and affection, and to purchase five or six months of fatigue at the expense of a month of misery, which besides for all profitable purposes was almost a blank seemed to me little short of madness. I do not view it quite in that light now, but I think of you constantly and pray that this wandering of mine which shall be the last I take without you, may yet end happily for us both.

I shall look at Liverpool tomorrow and the next day go to Chester a very ancient town in the neighbourhood; the day after we shall take the London railroad. Do write often and tell me every thing. You cannot want to hear from me more than I from you. Love to Fanny and Julia.

Yrs truly,

W C. BRYANT.—

P. S. Will you see that the prune trees on the hill do not perish on account of the dry and hot summer weather?

W. C. B.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-GR ADDRESS: Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island.
DOCKETED: Liverpool / May. 26.—


537. To the Evening Post


I suppose a smoother passage was never made across the Atlantic, than ours in the good ship Liverpool. For two-thirds of the way, we slid along over a placid sea, before the gentlest zephyrs that ever swept the ocean, and when at length the winds became contrary, they only impeded our progress, without making it unpleasant. The Liverpool is one of the strongest, safest, and steadiest of the packet-ships; her commander pru-
dent, skilful, always on the watch, and as it almost seemed to me, in every part of the vessel at once; the passengers were good-tempered and quiet, like the sea on which we were sailing; and with all these advantages in our favor, I was not disposed to reprove that we were a week longer in crossing the Atlantic, than some vessels which left New York nearly the same time.

It was matter of rejoicing to all of us, however, when we saw the Irish coast like a faint cloud upon the horizon, and still more were we delighted, when after beating about for several days in what is called the Chops of the Channel, we beheld the mountains of Wales. I could hardly believe that what I saw were actually mountain summits, so dimly were their outlines defined in the vapory atmosphere of this region, the nearer and lower steeps only being fully visible, and the higher and remoter ones half lost in the haze. It seemed to me as if I were looking at the reflection of mountains in a dull mirror, and I was ready to take out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe the dust and smoke from its surface. About thirty miles from Liverpool we took on board a pilot, whose fair complexion, unbronzed by the sun, was remarked by the ladies, and soon after a steamer arrived and took us in tow. At twelve o'clock in the night, the Liverpool by the aid of the high tide cleared the sand-bar at the mouth of the port, and was dragged into the dock, and the next morning when I awoke, I found myself in Liverpool in the midst of fog and rain.

"Liverpool," said one of its inhabitants to me, "is more like an American than an English city; it is new, bustling, and prosperous." I saw some evidences of this after I had got my baggage through the custom-house, which was attended with considerable delay, the officers prying very closely into the contents of certain packages which I was taking for friends of mine to their friends in England, cutting the packthread, breaking the seals, and tearing the wrappers without mercy. I saw the streets crowded with huge drays, carrying merchandise to and fro, and admired the solid construction of the docks, in which lay thousands of vessels from all parts of the globe. The walls of these docks are built of large blocks of red sandstone, with broad gateways opening to the river Mersey, and when the tide is at its height, which I believe is about thirty feet from low water, the gates are open, and vessels allowed to enter and depart. When the tide begins to retire, the gates are closed, and the water and the vessels locked in together. Along the river for miles, the banks are flanked with this massive masonry, which in some places I should judge to be nearly forty feet in height. Meantime the town is spreading into the interior; new streets are opened; in one field you may see the brickmakers occupied in their calling, and in the opposite one the bricklayers building rows of houses. New churches and new public buildings of various kinds are going up in these neighborhoods.

The streets which contain the shops have for the most part a gay and
showy appearance; the buildings are generally of stucco, and show more of architectural decoration than in our cities. The greater part of the houses, however, are built of brick which has a rough surface, and soon acquires in this climate a dark color, giving a gloomy aspect to the streets. The public buildings, which are rather numerous, are of a drab-colored freestone, and those which have been built for forty or fifty years, the Town Hall, for example, and some of the churches, appear almost of a sooty hue. I went through the rooms of the Town Hall and was shown the statue of Canning, by Chantry, an impressive work as it seemed to me.\(^1\) One of the rooms contains a portrait of him by Lawrence,\(^2\) looking very much like a feeble old gentleman whom I remember as not long since an appraiser in the New York custom-house. We were shown a lofty saloon in which the Common Council of Liverpool enjoy their dinners, and very good dinners the woman who showed us the rooms assured us they were. But the spirit of corporation reform has broken in upon the old order of things, and those good dinners which a year or two since were eaten weekly, are now eaten but once a fortnight, and money is saved.

I strolled to the Zoological Gardens, a very pretty little place, where a few acres of uneven surface have been ornamented with plantations of flowering shrubs, many of which are now in full bloom, artificial ponds of water, rocks, and bridges, and picturesque buildings for the animals. Winding roads are made through the green turf, which is now sprinkled with daisies. It seems to be a favorite place of resort for the people of the town. They were amused by the tricks of an elephant, the performances of a band of music, which among other airs sang and played “Jim along Josey,” and the feats of a young fellow who gave an illustration of the centrifugal force by descending a Montagne Russe [switchback railway] in a little car, which by the help of a spiral curve in the railway, was made to turn a somerset in the middle of its passage, and brought him out at the end with his cap off and his hair on end.

One of the most remarkable places in Liverpool, is St. James’s Cemetery. In the midst of the populous and bustling city, is a chasm among the black rocks, with a narrow green level at the bottom. It is overlooked by a little chapel. You enter it by an arched passage cut through the living rock, which brings you by a steep descent to the narrow level of which I have spoken, where you find yourself among graves set with flowers and half concealed by shrubbery, while along the rocky sides of the hollow in which you stand, you see tombs or blank arches for tombs which are yet to be excavated. We found the thickets within and around this valley of the dead, musical with innumerable birds, which build here undisturbed. Among the monuments is one erected to Huskisson, a mausoleum with a glass door through which you see his statue from the chisel of Gibson.\(^3\) On returning by the passage through the rock, we
found preparations making for a funeral service in the chapel, which we entered. Four men came staggering in under the weight of a huge coffin, accompanied by a clergyman of imposing stature, white hair, and florid complexion. Four other coffins were soon after brought in and placed in the church, attended by another clergyman of less prepossessing appearance, who, to my disappointment, read the service. He did it in the most detestable manner, with much grimace, and with the addition of a super-numerary syllable after almost every word ending with a consonant. The clerk delivered the responses in such a mumbling tone, and with so much of the Lancashire dialect, as to be almost unintelligible. The other clergyman looked, I thought, as if, like myself, he was sorry to hear the beautiful funeral service of his church so profaned.

In a drive which we took into the country, we had occasion to admire the much talked of verdure and ornamental cultivation of England. Green hedges, rich fields of grass sprinkled with flowers, beautiful residences, were on every side, and the wheels of our carriage rolled over the smoothest roads in the world. The lawns before the houses are kept smoothly shaven, and carefully levelled by the roller. At one of these English houses, to which I was admitted by the hospitality of its opulent owner, I admired the variety of shrubs in full flower, which here grow in the open air, rhododendrons of various species, flushed with bloom, azaleas of different hues, one of which I recognized as American, and others of various families and names. In a neighboring field stood a plot of rye-grass two feet in height, notwithstanding the season was yet so early; and a part of it had been already mown for the food of cattle. Yet the people here complain of their climate. “You must get thick shoes and wrap yourself in flannel,” said one of them to me. “The English climate makes us subject to frequent and severe colds, and here in Lancashire you have the worst climate of England, perpetually damp, with strong and chilly winds.”

It is true that I have found the climate miserably chilly since I landed, but I am told the season is a late one. The apple-trees are just in bloom, though there are but few of them to be seen, and the blossoms of the hawthorn are only just beginning to open. The foliage of some of the trees, rich as it is, bears the appearance in some places of having felt the late frosts, and certain kinds of trees are not yet in leaf.

Among the ornaments of Liverpool is the new park called Prince’s Park, which a wealthy individual, Mr. Robert Yates, has purchased and laid out with a view of making it a place for private residences. It has a pretty little lake, plantations of trees and shrubs which have just begun to strike root, pleasant nooks and hollows, eminences which command extensive views, and the whole is traversed with roads which are never allowed to proceed from place to place in a straight line. The trees are too newly planted to allow me to call the place beautiful, but within a few years it will be eminently so.
I have followed the usual practice of travellers in visiting the ancient town of Chester, one of the old walled towns of England, distant about fifteen miles from Liverpool—rambled through the long galleries open to the street, above the ground-story of the houses, entered its crumbling old churches of red freestone, one of which is the church of St. John, of Norman architecture, with round arches and low massive pillars, and looked at the grotesque old carvings representing events in Scripture history which ornament some of the houses in Watergate-street. The walls are said to have been erected as early as the time of William the Conqueror, and here and there are towers rising above them. They are still kept in repair and afford a walk from which you enjoy a prospect of the surrounding country; but no ancient monument is allowed to stand in the way of modern improvements as they are called, and I found workmen at one corner tumbling down the stones and digging up the foundation to let in a railway. The river Dee winds pleasantly at the foot of the city walls. I was amused by an instance of the English fondness for hedges which I saw here. In a large green field a hawthorn hedge was planted, all along the city wall, as if merely for the purpose of hiding the hewn stone with a screen of verdure.

Yesterday we took the railway for Manchester. The arrangements for railway travelling in this country are much more perfect than with us. The cars of the first class are fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, cushioned at the back and sides, with a resting-place for your elbows, so that you sit in what is equivalent to the most luxurious armchair. Some of the cars intended for night travelling are so contrived that the seat can be turned into a kind of bed. The arrangement of springs and other contrivances to prevent shocks, and to secure an equable motion, are admirable and perfectly effectual. In one hour we had passed over the thirty-one miles which separate Manchester from Liverpool; shooting rapidly over Chat Moss, a black blot in the green landscape, overgrown with heath, which, at this season of the year, has an almost sooty hue, crossing bridge after bridge of the most solid and elegant construction, and finally entered Manchester by a viaduct, built on massive arches, at a level with the roofs of the houses and churches. Huge chimneys surrounded us on every side, towering above the house-tops and the viaduct, and vomiting smoke like a hundred volcanoes. We descended and entered Market-street, broad and well-built, and in one of the narrowest streets leading into it, we were taken to our comfortable hotel.6

At Manchester we walked through the different rooms of a large calico-printing establishment. In one were strong-bodied men standing over huge caldrons ranged along a furnace, preparing and stirring up the colors; in another were the red-hot cylinders that singe the down from the cloth before it is stamped; in another the machines that stamp the colors and the heated rollers that dry the fabric after it is stamped. One of the machines which we were shown applies three different colors by a
single operation. In another part of the establishment was the apparatus for steaming the calicoes to fasten the colors; huge hollow iron wheels into which and out of which the water was continually running and revolving in another part to wash the superfluous dye from the stamped cloths; the operation of drying and pressing them came next and in a large room, a group of young women, noisy, drab-like, and dirty, were engaged in measuring and folding them.

This morning we take the coach for the Peak of Derbyshire.


1. George Canning (1770-1827), statesman and poet, by Sir Francis Legatt Chantrey (1781-1841), sculptor.
2. Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830), the most fashionable portrait painter of his time, was president of the Royal Academy, 1820-1830.
3. William Huskisson (1770-1830), parliamentary champion of free trade and Catholic emancipation, was run over and killed at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. John Gibson (1790-1866), a native of Liverpool, later executed a statue of Queen Victoria for the new Houses of Parliament.
5. Perhaps Bryant meant Joseph Brooks Yates (1780-1855), a Liverpool merchant and antiquary who was a founder of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

538. To Frances F. Bryant

Edale, Derbyshire June 1, 1845.

My dear Frances.

I have now been in England nearly a week, and have seen as much as most Yankees would have done in the same time. I had letters from Mr. Dewey to the Revd Mr. Thom and the Revd James Martineau of Liverpool,¹ which I sent to them through the post office. Mr. Thom was not at home, but Mr. Rathbone his father in law called and invited us to dine with him at his place in the country called Green Bank on Tuesday. We went and were very kindly received by the family, Mrs. Rathbone and her two sons. The place is a beautiful one among fine old trees and flowering shrubs, with a lawn sloping in front to an artificial sheet of water and rising again on the other side. The country about Liverpool is luxuriantly green, but some of the trees, the ash particularly, are not in leaf yet; the leaf of the oak too is yet small, and the apple trees I found just in blossom—the few I mean which I saw, for there are no orchards in that region as there are with us. Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone were formerly of the Society of Friends which they left when the sect began to dictate to its members what religious opinions they should entertain. Mrs. Rathbone still has somewhat of the Quaker in her style of conversation. Her husband is an
agreeable, cheerful man with a pithy way of talking. There were present Mr. Brown the banker, Mr. Riley a Quaker, and Mr. Hicks and his wife our fellow passengers. The next day we went to Chester a very old town in this neighbourhood, the only walled town in England full of old churches which we looked at. From Chester we took a drive to Eaton Hall the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, through the grounds of which we walked but were not allowed to enter either the house or the garden. The house is of the Gothic order twice as large as the City Hall; the grounds of great extent, interspersed with huge oaks and groves, with deer and cattle feeding among them, and broad carriage paths leading to and along the edge of a winding stream which in places was beautifully embowered with the linden the elm the oak the yew and various other trees and shrubs. The river Dee runs through the grounds but we were not allowed to cross the bridge which leads over it. The same evening on our return we went to Mr. Martineau's where we met with two or three gentlemen. He lives in the New Park, a tract of ground laid out in an ornamental manner and intended for residences. It will be very beautiful I doubt not bye and bye, for the surface is pleasantly varied, the roads winding, the views rather extensive, and there are plantations of trees and shrubs which in a few years will grow to something worth looking at. Mr. Martineau is tall and thin with a grave, intellectual aspect and a rather striking manner of conversation. I passed however a dull evening. The next day we looked at the Town Hall, saw its pictures, its statue of Canning by Chantrey and so forth, and went to St. James's Cemetery, a remarkable place. An old free stone quarry—a deep hollow between black precipices, has been selected as a place of burial, and you enter it through a tunnel in the rock. On the level at the bottom are graves and in the sides are tombs or places for tombs to be excavated in the rock. The place is full of shubbery, wherever shrubs can be planted. On the edge of the rock near the entrance stands a chapel in which we heard the burial service, the preliminary part of it—read over five coffins in the very worst manner I ever heard—the clergyman rolling up the whites of his eyes and pronouncing his words thus.

"It is sown-a in corruption-a, it is raised-a in in-a-corruption."

The clerk a man of rueful countenance, his features composed to a fixed grimace of grief delivered the responses in a sing song tune with so much of the Lancashire dialect as to be almost unintelligible. Among the graves at the bottom of the cemetery stands a mausoleum erected to Huskisson, which contains the statue of that statesman executed by Gibson which we saw at Rome.

We left Liverpool on the same day for Manchester, in the rail cars. The first class cars are cushioned on the sides and back with elbows for your arms, so that each passenger has what is equivalent to an elbow chair.
In an hour we were at Manchester, 31 miles distant, passing Chat Moss, a black blot in the green country, and crossing many bridges of massive and elegant construction. We entered Manchester on a viaduct which is on a level with the tops of the houses. At Manchester we went over a calico printing establishment and visited the Chetham Hospital a blue-coat school established about two hundred years since. The next morning we took the coach for Chapel-en-le-Frith a Derbyshire village, near which Mr. Leupp had a friend who had sent him a pressing invitation to pay him a visit. We took outside seats and after passing Stockport a manufacturing town with about eighty thousand inhabitants, we soon found ourselves in the hilly part of Cheshire, a country of pastures, declivities and summits bare of trees, but green with grass, and divided into small fields by stone fences. At length we entered Derbyshire where the hills swell into mountains, and at the distance of twenty five miles from Manchester stopped at Chapel-en-le-Frith lying at the bottom of the valley a little village built of stone, ugly but cleanly. Here we obtained a car as it is called, a vehicle drawn by one horse, with seats on the sides and a door at the back. A drive of a few miles brought us to a steep road up the side of a mountain which the driver said was Mam Tor. We left the car and climbed its summit and were among the Peaks of Derbyshire. Before us, to the north, lay the valley of Edale to which we were going, a green deep hollow, shut in with bare pastoral hills, which near the summits were in some places dark with heath, while at the bottom of the vale the courses of the brooks were shown by winding lines of small trees near which for the most part stand the habitations. To the east lay the larger valley of Hopedale in which was seen the village of Castleton, with the ruined castle of the Peverils on the rock above it and below the castle the yawning entrance of the Peak Cavern. We visited castle and cavern the next day and descended into the Blue John mine in the neighbourhood five hundred feet deep in the bowels of the earth, a natural cavern in which the fluor spar, called Blue John is obtained. The cavern is a fissure apparently, a rent in the limestone rock in some places of immense height going down obliquely toward the centre of the earth. The spar has a blue or purple colour. On our return we stopped at a little cotton factory of Mr. Christie, our host, a Scotchman, at whose house we had found a cordial welcome. I was much pleased at the appearance of health and cleanliness in the work people who were principally young women.

June 2d. Yesterday I went to church in this place, and heard a sixteen minute sermon by Mr. [Gesborn?] the vicar, a young man who has just finished his studies. It was neatly written and very quietly delivered. The subject was Christ's equality with the father. The country people here look healthy. The country is a cold one—the soil unproductive, and the population thin, ignorant, and of indifferent morals. Travellers do not often come here. Today we proceed towards London—Mr. Christie goes
with us. I shall go to Birmingham from London. Love and regards to all—Write often

Yrs affectionately
WM C. BRYANT


1. John Hamilton Thom (1808–1894), minister of the Renshaw Street Chapel in Liverpool, was the author of several important Unitarian writings. James Martineau (1805–1900), brother of Harriet Martineau, was then pastor of the Paradise Street Chapel (Unitarian) in Liverpool, and a professor of philosophy and political economy at Manchester New College, of which he was later (1869–1895) the principal.

2. William Brown (1784–1864), originally of Baltimore, was an Anglo-American linen merchant and banker, whose benefactions to Liverpool included a free public library and the Derby Museum. A member of Parliament, 1846–1859, he was knighted in 1853. Riley is not further identified.

3. Richard Grosvenor, second Marquis of Westminster (1795–1869), was then Lord-Lieutenant of Cheshire.

4. David Christie, Charles Leupp’s business acquaintance, proved himself an obliging traveling companion as well as generous host, and through him Bryant and Leupp were received cordially in Edinburgh by Christie’s mother and brother. See Letter 546.

5. To visit Ferdinand Field; see Letter 545.

539. To the Evening Post

Derby, England, June 3, 1845.

I have passed a few pleasant days in Derbyshire, the chronicle of which I will give you.

On the morning of the 30th of May, we took places at Manchester in the stage-coach for Chapel-en-le-Frith. We waited for some time before the door of the Three Angels in Market-street, the finest street in Manchester, broad and well-built, while the porters were busy fastening to the vehicle the huge loads of baggage with which the English commonly travel. As I looked on the passers by, I was again struck with what I had observed almost immediately on entering the town—the portly figures and florid complexions of some, and the very diminutive stature and sallow countenances of others. Among the crowds about the coach, was a ruddy round-faced man in a box-coat and a huge woollen cravat, walking about and occasionally giving a look at the porters, whom we took to be the coachman, so well did his appearance agree with the description usually given of that class. We were not mistaken, for in a short time we saw him buttoning his coat, and deliberately disentangling the lash from the handle of a long coach whip. We took our seats with him on the outside of the coach, and were rolled along smoothly through a level country of farms and hedge-rows, and fields yellow with buttercups, until at the
distance of seven miles we reached Stockport, another populous manufacturing town lying in the smoke of its tall chimneys. At nearly the same distance beyond Stockport, the country began to swell into hills, divided by brooks and valleys, and the hedge-rows gave place to stone fences, which seamed the green region, bare of trees in every direction, separating it into innumerable little inclosures. A few miles further, brought us into that part of Derbyshire which is called the Peak, where the hills become mountains.

Among our fellow-passengers, was a powerfully made man, who had the appearance of being a commercial traveller, and was very communicative on the subject of the Peak, its caverns, its mines, and the old ruined castle of the Peverils, built, it is said, by one of the Norman invaders of England. He spoke in the Derbyshire dialect, with a strong provincial accent. When he was asked whether the castle was not the one spoken of by Scott, in his Peveril of the Peak, he replied,

"Scott? Scott? I dunna know him."

Chapel-en-le-Frith is a manufacturing village at the bottom of a narrow valley, clean-looking, but closely built upon narrow lanes; the houses are of stone, and have the same color as the highway. We were set down, with our Derbyshire friend, at the Prince's Arms, kept by John Clark, a jolly-looking man in knee-breeches, who claimed our fellow passenger as an old acquaintance. "I were at school with him," said he; "we are both Peakerels." John Clark, however, was the more learned man of the two, he knew something of Walter Scott; in the days when he was a coachman, he had driven the coach that brought him to the Peak, and knew that the ruined castle in the neighborhood was once the abode of Scott's Peveril of the Peak.

We procured here an odd vehicle called a car, with seats on the sides where the passengers sit facing each other, as in an omnibus, to take us to Edale, one of the valleys of Derbyshire. Our new acquaintance, who was about to proceed on foot to one of the neighboring villages, was persuaded to take a seat with us as far as his road was the same with ours. We climbed out of the valley up the bare green hills, and here our driver, who was from Cheshire, and whose mode of speaking made him unintelligible to us, pointed to a house on a distant road, and made an attempt to communicate something which he appeared to think interesting. Our Derbyshire friend translated him.

"The water," said he, "that fall on one side of the roof of that 'ouse go into the 'Umber, and the water that fall on the other side go into the Mersey. Last winter that 'ouse were covered owre wi' snow, and they made a harchway to go in and out. We 'ad a heighteen month's storm last winter."

By an "eighteen month's storm" we learned, on inquiry, that he meant eighteen weeks of continued cold weather, the last winter having been remarkable for its severity.
Our kind interpreter now left us, and took his way across the fields, down a path which led through a chasm between high tower-like rocks, called the Winnets, which etymologists say is a corruption of Windgates, a name given to this mountain-pass from the currents of air which are always blowing through it. Turning out of the main road, we began to ascend a steep green declivity. To the right of us rose a peaked summit, the name of which the driver told us was Mam Tor. We left the vehicle and climbed to its top, where a wide and beautiful prospect was outspread before us. To the north lay Edale, a deep and almost circular valley, surrounded by a wavy outline of pastoral hills, bare of trees, but clothed in living green to their summits, except on the northern side of the valley, where, half-way down, they were black with a thick growth of heath. At the bottom of the valley winded a little stream, with a fringe of trees, some of which on account of the lateness of the season were not yet in leaf, and near this stream were scattered, for the most part, the habitations. In another direction lay the valley of Hopedale, with its two villages, Hope and Castleton, its ancient castle of the Peverils seated on a rock over the entrance of the Peak Cavern, and its lead mines worked ever since the time of the Saxons, the Odin mines as they are called, the white cinders of which lay in heaps at their entrance. We left the driver to take our baggage to its destination, and pursued our way across the fields. Descending a little distance from the summit, we came upon what appeared to be an ancient trench, thickly overgrown with grass, which seemed to encircle the upper part of the hill. It was a Roman circumvallation. The grass was gemmed with wild pansies, yellow, "freaked with jet," and fragrant, some of which we gathered for a memorial of the spot.

In descending to the valley, we came upon a little rivulet among hazels and hollies and young oaks, as wild and merry as a mountain brook of our own country. Cowslips and wild hyacinths were in flower upon its banks, and blue violets as scentless as our own. We followed it until it fell into the larger stream, when we crossed a bridge and arrived at a white house, among trees just putting out their leaves with plots of flowers in the lawn before it. Here we received a cordial welcome from a hospitable and warm-hearted Scotchman.

After dinner our host took us up the side of the mountain which forms the northern barrier of Edale. We walked through a wretched little village, consisting of low cottages built of stone, one or two of which were alehouses; passed the parsonage, pleasantly situated on the edge of a little brook, and then the parson himself, a young man just from Cambridge, who was occupied in sketching one of the picturesque points in the scenery about his new habitation. A few minutes active climbing brought us among the heath, forming a thick elastic carpet under our feet, on which we were glad to seat ourselves for a moment's rest. We heard the cuckoo upon every side, and when we rose to pursue our walk
we frequently startled the moor-fowl, singly or in flocks. The time allowed by the game laws for shooting them had not yet arrived, but in the mean time they had been unmercifully hunted by the hawks, for we often found the remains of such as had been slain by these winged sportsmen, lying in our path as we ascended. We found on the top of the hill, a level of several rods in width, covered to a considerable depth with peat, the produce of the decayed roots of the heath, which has sprung and perished for centuries. It was now soft with the abundant rains which had fallen, and seamed with deep muddy cracks, over which we made our way with difficulty. At length we came to a spot from which we could look down into another valley. "That," said our host, "is the Woodlands." We looked and saw a green hollow among the hills like Edale, but still more bare of trees, though like Edale it had its little stream at the bottom.

The next day we crossed the Mam Tor a second time, on a visit to the Derbyshire mines. On our way, I heard the lark for the first time. The little bird, so frequently named in English poetry, rose singing from the grass almost perpendicularly, until nearly lost to the sight in the clouds, floated away, first in one direction, then in another, descended towards the earth, arose again, pouring forth a perpetual, uninterrupted stream of melody, until at length, after the space of somewhat more than a quarter of an hour, he reached the ground, and closed his flight and his song together. The caverns which contain the Derbyshire spars of various kinds, have been the frequent theme of tourists, and it is hardly worth while to describe them for the thousandth time. Imagine a fissure in the limestone rock, descending obliquely five hundred feet into the bowels of the earth, with a floor of fallen fragments of rock and sand; jagged walls, which seem as if they would fit closely into each other if they could be brought together, sheeted, in many places, with a glittering, calcareous deposit, and gradually approaching each other overhead—imagine this, and you will have an idea of the Blue John mine, into which we descended. The fluor-spar taken from this mine is of a rich blue color, and is wrought into vases and cups, which were extremely beautiful.

The entrance to the Peak Cavern, as it is called, is very grand. A black opening, of prodigious extent, yawns in the midst of a precipice nearly three hundred feet in height, and you proceed for several rods in this vast portico, before the cave begins to contract to narrower dimensions. At a little distance from this opening, a fine stream rushes rapidly from under the limestone, and flows through the village. Above, and almost impending over the precipice, is the castle of the Peverils, the walls of which, built of a kind of stone which retains the chisel marks made eight hundred years since, are almost entire, though the roof has long ago fallen in, and trees are growing in the corners. "Here lived the English noblemen," said our friend, "when they were robbers—before they became gentlemen." The castle is three stories in height, and the space
within its thick and strong walls is about twenty-five feet square. These
would be thought narrow quarters by the present nobility, the race of
gentlemen who have succeeded to the race of robbers.

The next day we attended the parish church. The young clergymen
gave us a discourse on the subject of the Trinity, and a tolerably clever
one, though it was only sixteen minutes long. The congregation were a
healthy, though not a very intelligent looking set of men and women.
The Derbyshire people have a saying—

"Darbyshire born, and Darbyshire bred,
Strong o' the yarm and weak o' the yead."

The latter line, translated into English, would be—

"Strong of the arm, and weak of the head,"

and I was assured that, like most proverbs, it had a good deal of truth in
it. The laboring people of Edale and its neighborhood, so far as I could
learn, are not remarkable for good morals, and indifferent, or worse than
indifferent, to the education of their children. They are, however, more
fortunate in regard to the wages of their labor, than in many other
agricultural districts. A manufactory for preparing cotton thread for the
lace-makers, has been established in Edale, and the women and girls of
the place who are employed in it, are paid from seven to eight shillings a
week. The farm laborers receive from twelve to thirteen shillings a week,
which is a third more than is paid to the same class in some other coun-
tries.

The people of the Peak, judging from the psalmody I heard at
church, are not without an ear for music. "I was at a funeral, not long
since," said our host; "a young man, born deaf and dumb, had gone mad
and cut his throat. The people came from far and near to the burial. Hot
ale was handed about and drunk in silence, and a candle stood on the
table, at which the company lighted their pipes. The only sound to be
heard was the passionate sobbing of the father. At last the funeral service
commenced, and the hymn being given out, they set it to a tune in the
minor key, and I never heard any music performed in a manner more
pathetic."

On Monday we left Edale, and a beautiful drive we had along the
banks of the Derwent, woody and rocky, and wild enough in some places
to be thought a river of our own country. Of our visit to Chatsworth, the
seat of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the proudest of the modern English
nobility, and to Haddon Hall, the finest specimen remaining of the
residences of their ancestors, I will say nothing, for these have already been
described till people are tired of reading [of] them. We passed the night
at Matlock in sight of the rock called the High Tor. In the hot season it
swarms with cockneys, and to gratify their taste, the place, beautiful as it is with precipices and woods, has been spoiled by mock ruins and fantastic names. There is a piece of scene-painting, for example, placed conspicuously among the trees on the hill-side, representing an ancient tower, and another representing an old church. One place of resort is called the Romantic Rocks, and another the Lover’s Walk.

To-day we arrived at Derby, and hastened to see its Arboretum. This is an inclosure of eleven acres, given by the late Mr. Josiah [sic] Strutt to the town, and beautifully laid out by Loudon, author of the work on Rural Architecture. It is planted with every kind of tree and shrub which will grow in the open air of this climate, and opened to the public for a perpetual place of resort. Shall we never see an example of the like munificence in New York?


4. John Claudius Loudon (1783–1843), landscape gardener and writer on horticulture, became the outstanding English practitioner of his profession after the death of Humphry Repton in 1818. Loudon gave valuable assistance to Bryant’s friend Andrew Jackson Downing in the preparation of his widely influential A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, Adapted to North America, first published at New York in 1841.

540. To Frances F. Bryant

London June 7, 1845.

My dear Frances

I have been much disappointed at finding no letters from you on my arrival at London, which was four days since. I am compelled to be under obligations to others for information concerning you. I have just called on Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, who read me a sentence in a letter from Mr. Lawson in which he mentioned that you and Fanny and Julia were quite well. I have also seen a letter from Mr. Edmonds to Mr. Leupp in which he says that he has called at the office and found that every thing was going on right.

I left Edale on the 2nd of June in company with Mr. Leupp and his obliging host Mr. Christie, in a vehicle called a fly, resembling a hackney coach, but drawn by one horse and capable of being opened at the top exactly in the middle allowing each half of the top to be thrown back. We passed the village of Hopedale leaving Castleton to the right both in sight of each other and both situated in the pleasant valley of Hopedale with Mam Tor and the summits of Losehill Winhill and Buck Tor, bare of woods but green with grass overlooking them. In one of these villages
resided as Mr. Christie told us a high church clergyman and in the other a Gelly, or evangelical clergyman. We passed Hathersage another pretty village on the banks of the Derwent, and then pursued a beautiful road for miles along the river a small shallow stream the hills and rocks around which were almost wild enough and woody enough to make me fancy myself in my own country.

(I had written thus far when I received your letter dated the 28th of April for which I thank you. The steamer Ravenna has since arrived, bringing papers of the nineteenth of May. Mr. Leupp gets letters from home but I get nothing. Do write me as often as once a fortnight at least.)

We visited in the course of our journey Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, an extensive park and gardens in a rich valley through which flows the Derwent, with a fine mansion of Portland stone on its banks. The park was full of deer and the woods full of rooks. Parties of people were strolling about viewing the grounds and gardens. The conservatory is an immense building of glass, with palm trees and other tropical trees growing within it at their full height. We were however admitted only to a peep just within the door. We were shown over the mansion by [a] young woman. The chapel is painted in fresco by Verrio\(^2\) who flourished in the time of Queen Anne. There were about a dozen good looking maids engaged in making it clean and putting it in order. The collection of pictures and other works of art is not remarkable. We next saw Haddon Hall, an old baronial residence belonging to the Duke of Rutland,\(^3\) but not now occupied. It stands on a hill side overlooking the river Wye, with rich woods behind it. It is not so spacious as the modern residences of the nobility, but it is extremely curious as a fine well preserved sample of their habitations three or four hundred years ago—though the building, part of it at least, is of a still earlier date. Here is the old hall where the family dined—among their retainers, seated at the oaken table of rude construction still remaining, and elevated by a raised floor from that part of the hall in which the people of lower rank feasted. Here are the towers, and guard rooms in the massive walls and battlements and loop holes, and other arrangements for military defense, and on the terraces, grow old yew trees, from whose boughs in old time the archers took their bows.

A pleasant ride along the Derwent took us to Matlock a watering place. Here the banks of the river are precipitous and the rocks are finely wooded. It is much frequented by the Londoners in summer. We passed the night here and the next morning took a conveyance to Ambergate where we took the railway cars for the town of Derby, the country all the way being varied and beautiful. At Derby we went to pass an hour in the Arboretum, an inclosure of thirteen acres given to the city by Joseph Strutt, an eminent manufacturer, laid out by Loudon
author of the book on Rural Architecture, and planted with exotic trees and shrubs. It is open to the people of the place and others, and forms an interesting as well as a beautiful pleasure ground. Derby is situated on the edge of a vast plain, which continues with occasional gentle inequalities of surface to London. We took seats in the railway cars and were whirled through Leicester to Rugby where Dr. [Thomas] Arnold had his school—a village in a rich plain—we flew next through Northamptonshire, crossed the Ouse [William] Cowper’s river—entered Buckinghamshire, passed by Berkhamstead where Cowper was born—a village seated at the bottom of a valley with gentle declivities on each side—and sweeping through Hertfordshire, so often mentioned by [Charles] Lamb, reached London a little past four in the afternoon. We applied at several hotels without success, and at last found straitened accommodations at Webbs Hotel in Picadilly. The railway speculations, the Queen’s masked ball and one or two other causes have filled London with people from the country.

June 12th. I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Forrest who seemed very glad to meet me. Mr. Forrest has found an enthusiastic reception in Dublin from which he has just returned. He seems to be well satisfied with the footing on which he now stands and intends by and by to perform in Paris. I have also seen Mr. and Mrs. Rand. He is quite well and quite poor, and quite active in a new speculation; he has given up portrait painting, for which he says he had no genius and is now making pianos on the new plan discovered by Colman the American who died the other day at Saratoga. He is concerned in the purchase of the patent for England, and thinks that it promises to be successful. He complains however that his being engaged in a mechanical occupation has lowered his position in society. Mrs. Rand is in delicate health and employs a homoeopathic physician Dr. Dimsford. I have seen little of them since I have been here. Our Scotch friend Mr. Christie has been of the greatest service to us—he knows London thoroughly, has all its sights and places of resort and their history at his fingers ends and has shown us a great deal in an incredibly short span of time. We have seen the Tower and Westminster Abbey and Temple Church and the new Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall and the wine vaults at the London Dock and Barclays Brewery, and the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the Bank of England and the Colosseum and the Zoological Gardens and many other places the muster roll of which would tire you—besides going to the Opera and to Haymarket Theatre.

If you see Mrs. Kirkland tell her that I have called on her brother Mr. Stansbury on the Hackney Road. He is a good looking man with jet black whiskers and gentlemanly address. He appeared glad to hear from his sister and her family. He talked in the style of a clergyman of the evangelical sects. He said that he had invested the greater part of his property
in a chapel, and that it had proved a loss—but that his time was now fully occupied by his school and the giving of private lessons by which he obtained a sufficient maintenance. He showed me a pretty little girl his daughter; his wife I did not see.

I called yesterday on Mr. Parker⁶ and Mr. Edwin Field,⁷ the lawyer. Parker is studying law and is pale and thin. Mr. Field took us out to his place at Hampstead, where we dined—we saw his wife and children. Hampstead is a pleasant village situated on a hill commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Close to the village is a common which is here called the heath, full of little hillocks and bushes and now and then trees, affording a pleasant ramble. We saw Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe and called on Joanna Baillie who has resided here more than forty years. She is a nice looking old lady of a healthy complexion, speaking with a Scotch accent, and talking sensibly and quietly.⁸

June 14th. Yesterday I went with Mr. Forrest to see the Royal Mews, that is the Queen’s stables— It was no great sight—a few elegant saddle and carriage horses, in very nice stables—two elegantly formed Russian horses and a sledge from Emperor Nicholas—the state carriage of crimson and gold, with four statues of Tritons gilt, two before and two behind—some fine long tailed and rather heavy horses of the Hanoverian breed, and some long coloured ditto as the shopkeepers would say. We also went to see the Temple Church, which has been lately renovated and restored, the old pillars cleaned and polished and the old paintings on the ceiling freshened, and a most beautiful church it is with its clustered columns and airy arches. This morning I am to breakfast with Mr. Everett who expects some of the eminent literary men of London.⁹ We dined yesterday at Peckham with a Mr. [Andrew] Johnson an acquaintance whom we have made since we came here, in company with two or three authors of the younger class.

Since this was written I have breakfasted with Mr. Everett. I met the poet Rogers who was exceedingly kind to me and paid me the most flattering attention. Moore was there also, a fresh looking little man, strait as a dart and of a much more animated and refined physiognomy than he is represented in any engraved portrait I have seen. There was also Milnes the poet and member of parliament, who had the appearance of much good nature but in other respects is not a striking man and Mr. Kenyon also a poet. Judge Kent the younger and Mr. Brooks, and Jack Downing were among the guests.¹⁰—My letter is long enough I am sure.

June 16. I went to Hampton Court after the breakfast on Saturday the 14th, a royal palace built by Cardinal Wolsey, saw Raphael’s cartoons, returning through Bushy Park finely set with old horse chestnut trees, passed Twickenham, [Alexander] Pope’s residence, arrived at East sheen where Mr. Bates the banker lives, dined there and passed the
night.\textsuperscript{11} The house and grounds are in the style of noblemen’s seats. Earl Grey\textsuperscript{12} resided there before Mr. Bates. Yesterday I came back to town, called on Mrs. Rand who said she wished me to go with her to select some china for you. In the evening we went to Mr. Chapman’s a bookseller’s at Upper Clapton\textsuperscript{13} where we met Mr. and Mrs. Howitt\textsuperscript{14} and a roomful of people at tea, who I had some reason to suspect had been got together to look at an American poet, as I was expected. Mrs. Howitt is a plump lively looking woman with good eyes prominent foreteeth and a rather dark complexion, agreeable in conversation. Tell Fanny I mentioned her to Mrs. Howitt as she requested. The daughter is quite pretty. They lived principally at Heidelberg when in Germany; the daughter remained some months in Mr. Barrault’s family after her father and mother left the place. The Barraults are now at Wenheim. Eva Hepp and her husband the Frenchman are quite poor—Mercier his name is—They have been living for some time in London and have now returned to Paris. Julie Hepp is to marry a professor a widower who has long been a friend of hers, but whose name Mr. Chapman who knows her well could not remember.\textsuperscript{15} I am sure I have now written enough—more than you who are so bad a correspondent deserve. Do not forget to build your ice house this season. My love to Julia and my regards to all. I think of you more than a husband ought to think of a wife who refuses to write to him.

Yrs affectionately

Wm. C. Bryant

\textit{June 17} I was in the House of Lords yesterday. The question of granting money to the Maynooth College a catholic college in Ireland was up. There was little talent shown in the debate—they are bad speakers.\textsuperscript{16} I went with Mrs. Rand to a silversmith’s. She says she will not send what you wrote for but that you shall have a set of silver.

W. C. B.

\textbf{manuscript:} NYPL–GR address: Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island / Hempstead Harbor docketed: London June 7th.

1. Probably Francis W. Edmonds (487.1).
2. Antonio Verrio (1639–1707), Italian-born painter, was best known in England for his decorative paintings in Windsor Castle and Hampton Court.
4. Obed M. Coleman (1817–1845), American inventor of the reed piano, the patent rights of which he sold for $100,000, was, like John Rand, an ingenious and versatile mechanic whose contrivances included an improvement on the accordion and an automaton in the form of a lady playing that instrument. He had died only a few weeks before Bryant left for England.
5. At the Haymarket on June 4 Bryant saw Charles J. Mathews and his wife, Madame Vestris, in the comedy \textit{Two Weeks Wonder}, and the following evening, probably at the Coliseum, he attended a performance of \textit{The Barber of Seville}, with the great Italian basso Luigi Lablache (1794–1858), singing master for Queen Victoria. “Diary, 1845,” I, June 4. 5.
6. See 384.3.

7. Edwin Wilkins Field (1804–1871), elder brother of Ferdinand and Alfred Field, was a London lawyer and an effective law reformer, with offices at 41 Bedford Row. An amateur artist as well, he was instrumental in founding the Flaxman Gallery and the Slade School of Art at University College. His first wife, Mary Sharpe (d. 1831), was Samuel Rogers’ niece. At his home in Hampstead, “Squires Mount,” Field conducted a “Conversation Society,” often attended by workingmen as well as artists and writers. Like his brothers, Field became a lifelong friend of Bryant’s.

8. William Sharpe (1804–1870) was Edwin Field’s law partner. Joanna Baillie (1765–1851) was a Scottish poet and dramatist a number of whose plays were produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, where they were acted in by such outstanding performers as Charles Kemble and Sarah Siddons.

9. Edward Everett (1794–1865) was the American minister to the Court of St. James, 1841–1845. His letter of June 11, 1845, inviting Bryant to this breakfast at his residence at 46 Grosvenor Place, is in NYPL–GR.

10. These guests may be identified as Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), prosperous patron and friend of literary men; the Irish poet Thomas Moore (1779–1852); Richard Monckton Milnes (1809–1885), later the first Baron Houghton—whom Bryant entertained at Roslyn many years later; John Kenyon (1784–1856), a philanthropist as well as poet, and a benefactor of the Brownings and other writers; William Kent (1802–1861), son of Chancellor James Kent of New York; James Brooks (1810–1873), publisher of as well as correspondent for the New York Express, a Whig newspaper; and Seba Smith (1792–1868), husband of the novelist and playwright Elizabeth Oakes Smith (Letter 649), and author of the popular political satires collected in 1833 as The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing of Downingville.

A decade later, angered by the EP’s criticism of his seemingly lukewarm opposition in the United States Senate to the Kansas–Nebraska bill (see EP, March 2, 1854), Everett complained to a friend of Bryant’s ingratitude: “During my whole life, I have missed no opportunity of speaking and writing in the handsomest manner of him both in this country and abroad. When he came to London I introduced him into the best literary society there, which he could not probably have reached in any other way even with good letters of introduction, being from timidity or want of usage de monde, as nearly helpless in society as any grown up man I ever saw. I never did him an ill turn, and do not remember even to have spoken an unkind word of him,—and for years his paper has missed no opportunity of trying to poison my good name. So much for an old-fashioned Massachusetts conservative poet turned a New York democratic editor.” Everett to Mrs. Charles Eames, January 4, 1855, MHS. But, with the exception of Milnes and Moore, who seem not to have opened any important doors to Bryant, the only other British literary man of note he met at Everett’s breakfast was Rogers, already a great admirer of his poems. Bryant’s diary entry on the day of Everett’s breakfast noted, “Rogers was very kind to me, took me through his house, and to my lodgings, gave me a general invitation to come to his breakfasts, talked of poetry &c.” In a long and affectionate obituary tribute to Rogers in the EP for January 10, 1856, Bryant recalled at length Rogers’ kindness to him after their first meeting “at the table of Mr. Everett, who, while abroad was never wanting in obliging and friendly attentions to his countrymen.” But probably the good Whig Everett did not read this Democratic tribute to his hospitality!

11. See 534.1.


14. William Howitt (1792–1879) and his wife, Mary (1799–1888), collaborated in writing many books in various fields, principally history and children’s literature.
15. See Letter 410.

16. Since Bryant's two anticipated sponsors in the House of Commons, Richard Monckton Milnes and Joseph Brotherton, a Manchester free trader, were absent when he visited the Parliament, he sought and gained admission to the House of Lords, where he was almost universally disappointed in the caliber of the oratory. Lord Shrewsbury, a Catholic, made a set speech in which he "sang like a Baptist minister." The Duke of Manchester said only a few words, "wretchedly enough." The Duke of Newcastle had a "deplorable stammer—could not understand him." Only the Duke of Wellington engaged his interest; despite an "imperfect articulation, like that of a drunken man," with "hesitation and stammering, . . . he spoke pithily and to the point and was listened to with the deepest attention." "Diary, 1845," I, June 16.

541. To Samuel Rogers

[London] June 18, 1845

Dear Sir

I have found in town the little volume containing a collection of my later poems, and send you a copy which I hope whenever you happen to see it in your library will remind you of the admiration with which I regarded early in life and still regard your own writings.1

Yours faithfully

W. C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: CHPL ADDRESS: To Samuel Rogers Esq / 22 St. James's Place / St. James Street / [London].

1. The volume accompanying this letter was The Fountain and Other Poems (New York, 1842), on the flyleaf of which Bryant wrote, "Samuel Rogers Esqre. / with the regards / of the Author / June 1845." This copy is in CHPL. There is much evidence that Rogers held Bryant in high regard. Acknowledging a copy of Bryant's illustrated poems in 1847, Rogers wrote, "How can I thank you for the very beautiful volume which I have just received? . . . But, having now seen you, which I had so long wished to do, I can now read it in your voice and with your countenance before me." Quoted in Life, II, 24, from letter dated June 24, 1847. The American poet William Allen Butler was at breakfast with Rogers a few months later, when the conversation turned to the subject of great men produced by their respective countries. Picking up a copy of William H. Prescott's Conquest of Peru, Rogers remarked, "I don't think our country has a much better historian than this, or [taking up Bryant's Poems] a much better poet than this." William Allen Butler, A Retrospect of Forty Years, 1825-1865, ed. Harriet Allen Butler (New York: Scribner, 1911), p. 176. A year earlier, George Bancroft, then American minister to Great Britain, had told Bryant of talking with Rogers, who said, "in the plainest terms, that he found more pleasure in reading your works than in any other living poet. He spoke unreservedly." Bancroft to Bryant, November 25, 1846, NYPL-GR.

542. To the Evening Post

London, June 18, 1845.

I have now been in London a fortnight. Of course you will not expect me to give you what you will find in the guide-books and the "Pictures of London."
The town is yet talking of a statue of a Greek slave, by our countryman Powers, which was to be seen a few days since at a print-shop in Pall Mall. I went to look at it. The statue represents a Greek girl exposed naked for sale in the slave-market. Her hands are fettered, the drapery of her nation lies at her feet, and she is shrinking from the public gaze. I looked at it with surprise and delight; I was dazzled with the soft fullness of the outlines, the grace of the attitude, the noble, yet sad expression of the countenance, and the exquisite perfection of the workmanship. I could not help acknowledging a certain literal truth in the expression of Byron, concerning a beautiful statue, that it

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fills
The air around with beauty."

It has fixed the reputation of Powers, and made his fortune. The possessor of the statue, a Mr. Grant, has refused to dispose of it, except to a public institution. The value which is set upon it, may be inferred from this circumstance, that one of the richest noblemen in England told the person who had charge of the statue, that if Mr. Grant would accept two thousand pounds sterling for it, he should be glad to send him a check for the amount. Some whispers of criticism have been uttered, but they appear to have been drowned and silenced in the general voice of involuntary admiration. I hear that since the exhibition of the statue, orders have been sent to Powers from England, for works of sculpture which will keep him employed for years to come.

The exhibition of paintings by the Royal Academy is now open. I see nothing in it to astonish one who has visited the exhibitions of our Academy of the Arts of Design in New York, except that some of the worst pictures were hung in the most conspicuous places. This is the case with four or five pictures by Turner—a great artist, and a man of genius, but who paints very strangely of late years. To my unlearned eyes, they were mere blots of white paint, with streaks of yellow and red, and without any intelligible design. To use a phrase very common in England, they are the most extraordinary pictures I ever saw. Haydon also has spoiled several yards of good canvas with a most hideous picture of Uriel and Satan, and to this is assigned one of the very best places in the collection. There is more uniformity of style and coloring than with us; more appearance of an attempt to conform to a certain general model, so that of course there are fewer unpleasant contrasts of manner; but this is no advantage, inasmuch as it prevents the artist from seeking to attain excellence in the way for which he is best fitted. The number of paintings is far greater than in our exhibitions; but the proportion of good ones is really far smaller. There are some extremely clever things by Webster, who appears to be a favorite with the public; some fine miniatures by Thorburn, a young Scotch artist who has suddenly become
eminent, and several beautiful landscapes by Stanfield, an artist of high promise. We observed in the catalogue, the names of three or four of our American artists; but on looking for their works, we found them all hung so high as to be out of sight, except one, and that was in what is called the condemned room, where only a glimmer of light enters, and where the hanging committee are in the practice of thrusting any such pictures as they cannot help exhibiting, but wish to keep in the dark.

My English friends apologize for the wretchedness of the collection, its rows of indifferent portraits and its multitude of feeble imitations in historical and landscape painting, by saying that the more eminent artists are preparing themselves to paint the walls and ceilings of the new Houses of Parliament in fresco. The pinnacles and turrets of that vast and magnificent structure, built of a cream-colored stone, and florid with Gothic tracery, copied from the ancient chapel of St. Stephen, the greater part of which was not long ago destroyed by fire, are rising from day to day above the city roofs. We walked through its broad and long passages and looked into its unfinished halls, swarming with stone-cutters and masons, and thought that if half of them were to be painted in fresco, the best artists of England have the work of years before them.

With the exhibition of drawings in water-colors, which is a separate affair from the paintings in oil, I was much better pleased. The late improvement in this branch of art, is, I believe, entirely due to English artists. They have given to their drawings of this class a richness, a force of effect, a depth of shadow and strength of light, and a truth of representation which astonishes those who are accustomed only to the meagreness and tenuity of the old manner. I have hardly seen any landscapes which exceeded, in the perfectness of the illusion, one or two which I saw in the collection I visited, and I could hardly persuade myself that a flower-piece on which I looked, representing a bunch of hollyhocks, was not the real thing after all, so crisp were the leaves, so juicy the stalks, and with such skillful relief was flower heaped upon flower and leaf upon leaf.


1. Childe Harold, Canto IV, stanza 49.
2. Possibly Francis Grant (1803–1878), a fashionable portrait painter, and president of the Royal Academy, 1866–1878.
3. Hiram Powers (1805–1873), Vermont-born sculptor who settled in Florence in 1837, is now considered to have done his best work in marble portrait busts—many of them of public figures, such as Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and John Marshall. But his Greek Slave, completed in 1843, created an international sensation; it has been called “without doubt the most celebrated single statue of its day.” With the help of workmen in his Florence studio, Powers completed six copies in marble, one of which was exhibited in 1851 at the Crystal Palace in London. Another—the first version—was shown widely throughout the United States, to extraordinary acclaim, before being deposited in the Smithsonian Institution in 1850. The Louisville Journal published a
pathetic account of the fall from a railroad car of a fourteen-year-old boy, who lost a
hand in the accident. At home, just after he was operated on, his tearful mother
exclaimed, "My poor boy, your trip to Louisville has been a dear one to you. 'Ah,
mother,' replied the little fellow, with a look and tone of animation, 'but I saw the
Greek Slave!'" Reported in Literary World, 4 (March 10, 1849), 229. In a letter from
Rome, published in the New York Tribune on March 20, 1849, Margaret Fuller pro-
tested, "You seem as crazy about Powers's Greek Slave as the Florentines were about
Cimabue's Madonnas. . . . If your enthusiasm be as genuine as that of the lively
Florentines, we will not quarrel with it; but I am afraid a great part is drawing-room
raptures and newspaper echoes." And she added shrewdly, anticipating modern judg-
ments, "Powers stands far higher in his busts than in any ideal statue." Quoted in
Literary World, 4 (May 26, 1849), 458. Yet when Bryant saw the original in Florence,
he was charmed. "It may be that my unlearned eyes are dazzled by this perfection,"
he wrote his newspaper, "but really I can not imagine anything more beautiful of its
type than his statue of the Greek slave." Letter 561.

4. The landscapes of Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775–1851) underwent a
radical shift in the 1830s and 1840s from a romantic, pictorial manner, to one which
presaged twentieth-century abstract impressionism. This bewildered and alienated
some of his earlier admirers, and drew on him scornful criticism. As early as 1812 his
"Snow Storm: Hannibal and His Army Crossing the Alps" had been characterized as
"soapsuds and whitewash." The essayist William Hazlitt described the whitenesses of
Turner's canvases as "pictures of nothing, and very like." It is said that when his
pictures were being hung for exhibition Turner sometimes had to point out top and
bottom. A year after the show Bryant describes, a magazine caricaturist pictured
Turner in top hat and tail coat, "in the act of daubing a canvas with a large dripping
brush, soaked in a bucket on which is the word 'yellow.'" A modern historian remarks
that the pictures Turner exhibited in the 1840s "must have put the critics and fellow-
Academicians under a severe strain." Giuseppe Gatt, Turner (London: Thames and

5. The historical painter and writer Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786–1846) com-
mitted suicide after an exhibition of his pictures the following year.

6. The artists named were probably Thomas Webster (1800–1886), painter and
caricaturist of genre scenes; Robert Thorburn (1818–1885); and Clarkson Stanfield (1793–
1867).

7. The present Houses of Parliament, the building of which Bryant observed in
1845, were completed in 1852. They replaced earlier structures, whose burning in
1834 gave Turner the subject of one of his most spectacular paintings.

543. To William Johnson Fox

4 St. James's Place
St. James's Street
June 22 1845.

Dear sir.

I am sorry that it is not in my power to accept your very kind invitation. Mr. Leupp and myself set out for the north on Tuesday morning, and the intervening time is crowded with engagements. On my return I hope to find an opportunity of paying you my respects in person.

For the kind manner in which you spoke of me to an English audience, in the course of a speech of prodigious power and effect, I have
every reason to be grateful. It is pleasant to be commended, but few have the good fortune to be commended with such eloquence. 3 I am dear sir yrs. truly

Wm C. Bryant

MANUSCRIPT: The John Rylands University Library of Manchester

ADDRES: Mr. Fox.

1. William Johnson Fox (1786–1864), a popular preacher, and editor of the Unitarian Monthly Repository, wrote the Anti-Corn-Law League's "Address to the Nation" in 1840. From 1847 to 1863 he was a member of Parliament.

2. Fox had written Bryant inviting him to his home at 5 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, to take "a family dinner here on any day wh yr engagements may allow," and adding, "May I hope you will oblige me? Besides the pleasure, it will be an assurance that I gave no offense by the impulse, wh I could not resist, to apprise the meeting of your presence—& wh I felt required some apology." June 21, 1845, NYPL-GR.

3. Bryant describes this meeting of the Anti-Corn-Law League at Covent Garden Theatre on June 18, which he attended by invitation, in Letter 545.

544. To the Evening Post

London, June 24, 1845.

Nothing can be more striking to one who is accustomed to the little inclosures called public parks in our American cities, than the spacious, open grounds of London. 1 I doubt, in fact, whether any person fully comprehends their extent, from any of the ordinary descriptions of them, until he has seen them or tried to walk over them. You begin at the east end of St. James's Park, and proceed along its gravelled walks, and its colonnades of old trees, among its thickets of ornamental shrubs carefully inclosed, its grass-plots maintained in perpetual freshness and verdure by the moist climate and the ever-dropping skies, its artificial sheets of water covered with aquatic birds of the most beautiful species, until you begin almost to wonder whether the park has a western extremity. You reach it at last, and proceed between the green fields of Constitution Hill, when you find yourself at the corner of Hyde Park, a much more spacious pleasure-ground. You proceed westward in Hyde Park until you are weary, when you find yourself on the verge of Kensington Gardens, a vast extent of ancient woods and intervening lawns, to which the eye sees no limit, and in whose walks it seems as if the whole population of London might lose itself. North of Hyde Park, after passing a few streets, you reach the great square of Regent's Park, where, as you stand at one boundary the other is almost undistinguishable in the dull London atmosphere. North of this park rises Primrose Hill, a bare, grassy eminence, which I hear has been purchased for a public ground and will be planted with trees. All round these immense inclosures, presses the densest population of the civilized world. Within, such is their extent, is a fresh and pure atmosphere, and the odors of plants and flowers, and the twittering of innumerable birds more musical than those of our own
woods, which build and rear their young here, and the hum of insects in the sunshine. Without are close and crowded streets, swarming with foot-passengers, and choked with drays and carriages.

These parks have been called the lungs of London, and so important are they regarded to the public health and the happiness of the people, that I believe a proposal to dispense with some part of their extent, and cover it with streets and houses, would be regarded in much the same manner as a proposal to hang every tenth man in London. They will probably remain public grounds as long as London has an existence.

The population of your city, increasing with such prodigious rapidity; your sultry summers, and the corrupt atmosphere generated in hot and crowded streets, make it a cause of regret that in laying out New York, no preparation was made, while it was yet practicable, for a range of parks and public gardens along the central part of the island or elsewhere, to remain perpetually for the refreshment and recreation of the citizens during the torrid heats of the warm season. There are yet unoccupied lands on the island which, I suppose, be procured for the purpose, and which, on account of their rocky and uneven surface, might be laid out into surpassingly beautiful pleasure-grounds; but while we are discussing the subject the advancing population of the city is sweeping over them and covering them from our reach.

If we go out of the parks into the streets we find the causes of a corrupt atmosphere much more carefully removed than with us. The streets of London are always clean. Every day, early in the morning, they are swept; and some of them, I believe, at other hours also, by a machine drawn by one of the powerful dray-horses of this country. Whenever an unusually large and fine horse of this breed is produced in the country, he is sent to the London market, and remarkable animals they are, of a height and stature almost elephantine, large limbed, slow-paced, shaggy-footed, sweeping the ground with their fetlocks, each huge foot armed with a shoe weighing from five to six pounds. One of these strong creatures is harnessed to a street-cleaning machine, which consists of brushes turning over a cylinder and sweeping the dust of the streets into a kind of box. Whether it be wet or dry dust, or mud, the work is thoroughly performed; it is all drawn into the receptacle provided for it, and the huge horse stalks backward and forward along the street until it is almost as clean as a drawing-room.²

I called the other day on a friend, an American, who told me that he had that morning spoken with his landlady about her carelessness in leaving the shutters of her lower rooms unclosed during the night. She answered that she never took the trouble to close them, that so secure was the city from ordinary burglaries, under the arrangements of the new police, that it was not worth the trouble.³ The windows of the parlor next to my sleeping-room open upon a rather low balcony over the street door,
and they are unprovided with any fastenings, which in New York we should think a great piece of negligence. Indeed, I am told that these night robberies are no longer practiced, except when the thief is assisted by an accessory in the house. All classes of the people appear to be satisfied with the new police. The officers are men of respectable appearance and respectable manners. If I lose my way, or stand in need of any local information, I apply to a person in the uniform of a police officer. They are sometimes more stupid in regard to these matters than there is any occasion for, but it is one of the duties of their office to assist strangers with local information.

Begging is repressed by the new police regulations, and want skulks in holes and corners, and prefers its petitions where it can not be overheard by men armed with the authority of the law. "There is a great deal of famine in London," said a friend to me the other day, "but the police regulations drive it out of sight." I was going through Oxford-street lately, when I saw an elderly man of small stature, poorly dressed, with a mahogany complexion, walking slowly before me. As I passed him he said in my ear, with a hollow voice, "I am starving to death with hunger," and these words and that hollow voice sounded in my ear all day.

Walking in Hampstead Heath a day or two since, with an English friend, we were accosted by two laborers, who were sitting on a bank, and who said that they had come to that neighborhood in search of employment in hay-making, but had not been able to get either work or food. My friend appeared to distrust their story. But in the evening, as we were walking home, we passed a company of some four or five laborers in frocks, with bludgeons in their hands, who asked us for something to eat. "You see how it is, gentlemen," said one of them, "we are hungry; we have come for work, and nobody will hire us; we have had nothing to eat all day." Their tone was dissatisfied, almost menacing; and the Englishman who was with us, referred to it several times afterward, with an expression of anxiety and alarm.

I hear it often remarked here, that the difference of condition between the poorer and the richer classes becomes greater every day, and what the end will be the wisest pretend not to foresee.


1. In this letter Bryant returns to an argument he had made forcefully in the EP a year earlier (July 3, 1844), in an editorial, often reprinted, in which he urged New Yorkers to establish a great waterfront park before commercial interests had alienated the whole Manhattan shoreline. See Tremaine McDowell, William Cullen Bryant: Representative Selections, With Introduction, Bibliography, and Notes (New York: American Book Company [1935]), pp. 319–320. Bryant had first called the attention of his fellow-countrymen to the advantages of large city parks in writing from Munich in 1835. See Letters 307, 308.

3. The uniformed London police force was established in 1829 by Sir Robert Peel (1788–1850), then leader of the House of Commons, and later (1834–1835, 1841–1846) prime minister. From his first name came the universal term for a British policeman, "bobby."

545. *To Frances F. Bryant*

Birmingham July 2 1845

My dear Frances.

After sending off my letter to you the last date of which was the 18th of June¹ I went the same evening to a meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League, held at Covent Garden theatre. An immense audience was assembled, and every seat of that huge building seemed full. Cobden first addressed the meeting. He speaks with great ability and force—not with so much eloquence as I had supposed from reading his speeches. The next speaker was Mr. Bright a Quaker who was rather uninteresting at first, but in the course of his speech was allowed to have acquitted himself cleverly.² The last speech was made by Mr. Fox; it was rather long but very brilliant. He is an extemporaneous speaker of surprising readiness, fluency, and power of embellishment. At the close he introduced a compliment to me which the audience were good-natured enough to applaud. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, who I suppose had informed him that I was to be present. When after repeating some of my verses he gave my name and spoke of me as present, I saw several of the audience rise and lean forward looking at the stage to get a peep at a Yankee poet, but fortunately I was snugly out of sight in one of the side boxes. I have had a copy of the League newspaper of June 21 containing an account of the meeting sent on to you along with this letter.³

Nottingham July 2. I wrote thus far at Mr. F[erdinand] E. Field’s in Birmingham. I have since left Birmingham for this place and find two letters for me—one of the eighth of June from you for which I thank you for it was what I have been anxiously expecting for a month past, and the other of the 30th of May from Miss Robbins written in her best manner for which I beg you will thank her when you see her. I would do it myself if I had time. Do not neglect to write me by any other of the steamers.

The day after the meeting at Covent Garden we visited the antique towers of Windsor Castle and the churchyard of Stoke Poges where Gray lies buried and which it is said suggested to him the thoughts of his Elegy.⁴ It is a little old church standing by itself in the middle of a park, its inclosure surrounded on three sides by tall trees. The yew trees are there drooping over the moulding heaps of turf, but the aged elms are gone. We proceeded to Wargrave a little village on the Thames where
Mr. Edwin Field the lawyer, a successful and prosperous practitioner in London was passing a few days. We passed the whole of the 20th of June very pleasantly on the Thames and its banks, breakfasted in a boat and dined at Medmenham Abbey a place which a hundred years ago was the favorite resort of a profligate set of men Wilkes and others who took the names of monks of Medmenham Abbey and inscribed over the door in old French the motto which still remains—*Fay ce que voudras*. We had with us two young artists Mr. Fripp and Mr. Holmes and an old gentleman of seventy Mr. H. C. Robinson, very lively and very entertaining, educated in Germany, who had passed much time in foreign travel and is an intimate friend of Wordsworth. The chalk hills here approach the Thames, and the combinations of hill and cliff with rich meadow lands and vallies, and intervening woods and waters, is surpassingly beautiful. On Saturday the 21st we went to town by way of Hanwell where we visited the Insane Asylum admirably superintended by Dr. Conolly, whose method is to dispense with all severe and violent means of restraint—chains and straight jackets, threats and chastisements, and to deal with the patients only in that gentle and soothing manner which we use towards a sick friend. If nothing can keep the patient in order he is put into a padded room, where he cannot hurt himself and locked in. The success of the scheme has been wonderful. There are a thousand patients in the Asylum, and in the male department not one was in seclusion. I had a letter to Dr. Conolly and was much pleased with him and his system. It was astonishing to see such a multitude of madmen about me and to observe the calmness and quiet of their demeanor. One girl, however, showed a disposition to run after us and scream at us, but two female attendants took hold of her and restrained her, but with the greatest appearance of gentleness and patience. On our way to town we gazed at the beautiful and rich prospect from Richmond Hill one of the finest in England—the Thames amidst its fertile meadows, its noble mansions, broad parks, stately woods and populous towns, winding and gleaming at your feet. We walked also in the Botanical Garden at Kew where the most remarkable thing that I saw was a huge persimmon tree, much larger than I ever met with in America.

The next day I breakfasted with Mr. Rogers the poet, who has been exceedingly kind to me. He chid me again and again for not letting him know of my arrival as soon as I came to town. Mr. Babbage, the man of science was present, Mr. Poole the author of Paul Pry who tells a good story but whose hand trembles sadly when he attempts to blow his nose, Mr. Milnes and others. In the evening Mr. Allen an artist took Mr. Forrest, Mr. Leupp and myself to call on Leigh Hunt. We found him at Earl's Court beyond Kensington—a part of the suburbs of London which he had chosen he said for the cheapness of the rent; pleasant however, with a little park, Edwardes Square, in front, and green fields
behind. When we arrived the family was in some confusion; his daughter had just fallen down stairs, and his wife who was subject to spitting blood was just seized with an attack; Hunt himself who made his appearance in about ten minutes appeared somewhat discomposed. After a short conversation we rose to go—but he insisted on our remaining so pressingly that we passed the evening. His daughter it appeared had suffered no serious injury, and Mrs. Hunt was better. He became very agreeable, talking of Shelley whose personal character he extolled very highly, of Byron and others; alluded once or twice to his own poverty, and spoke of his early history, his imprisonment for what would now be considered very harmless political speculation, and his former republican opinions, which he said had now somewhat changed, doubting as he did whether the institutions of a monarchical government were not necessary to the cultivation of those refinements which make the grace and ornament of society. There was something about him which constantly reminded me of Allston; it was I believe his erect attitude and his easy equable manner of talking, though [h]is voice in comparison with that of Allston is harsh. He is more than sixty, but looks ten years younger; his hair, originally dark is a little more than half grey, his complexion and eyes are dark and his figure of the middle height and rather slender. He had been ill recently and is still it is said rather nervous.

The next morning I breakfasted with Dr. Bowring\textsuperscript{11} who received me very cordially and at whose table I met a sleek smooth-faced gentleman in a white cravat to whom I was presented and who was Mr. Madge a Unitarian minister.\textsuperscript{12} Dr. Bowring is an eager intellectual looking man, of rapid conversation. He was apparently much occupied with parliamentary affairs.\textsuperscript{13} In the evening I went to the House of Commons where the bill for the establishment of new colleges in Ireland was debated. Sir James Graham, one of the ministers\textsuperscript{14} spoke well and persuasively on the question. The other speakers, one of whom was Mr. Milnes acquitted themselves but indifferently.

On the 24th of June I went out to Cambridge where the British Association was holding its annual meeting. Sir Charles Fellows, a gentleman knighted for his researches into the antiquities of Asia Minor, and to whom I had a letter, was at the inn where the coach stopped, waiting for us.\textsuperscript{15} He took us to look at the colleges—noble buildings with extensive gardens and walks under old trees, and then over bridges over the Cam, and spacious corridors to their basement stories surrounding their inner courts. A learned life in these old seats of learning has an air of magnificence about it. I was presented to Mr. Hallam the historian, a large man with a broad sensible face and heavy figure, to Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Dr. Buckland the geologist, and other persons of note and to three or four ladies.\textsuperscript{16} We were furnished with members tickets, and dined at an ordinary at one of the inns at a table full of members of the
Association, where Professor Sedgwick, a man of remarkable activity and vivacity presided. He gave several toasts and made several speeches. Among the toasts was prosperity to the United States and a health to Mr. Bryant which he prefaced with some complimentary remarks to which I was obliged to make an answer—a very short one you may be sure. In the evening we went to a promenade, as they called it, an assemblage of the members and the ladies at the Senate House of the University. I was presented to various persons of distinction, among whom was the Marquis of Northampton, President of the Royal Society who took me in a carriage to the Observatory where I looked at a double star through the telescope and saw what appeared two beautiful flames one red and the other blue in close conjunction. I passed another day at Cambridge where I was treated with marked kindness and distinction, and was rather glad on the third morning to find myself on the way to Oxford. I had no letters to Oxford and amused myself at my leisure in looking through the old and venerable colleges, their halls and libraries and chapels,—though I must confess that notwithstanding their greater antiquity they did not make that impression upon me which was made by Cambridge—perhaps it was because I saw Cambridge first. The country around Oxford is however much more beautiful than that of Cambridge. We visited Blenheim the palace of the Duke of Marlborough, passed a night at Stratford-on-Avon—saw Shakespeare's house and church, and on Saturday last after going over Warwick Castle reached the hospitable dwelling of Mr. Field at Leam, where we dined and then set out under the guidance of Sidney Field, the Leamington lawyer to see Guy's Cliff, a fine old seat on a cliff overlooking the Avon, with ancient excavations in the rock said to have been the abode of old Guy of Warwick. We passed Sunday and Monday in Mr. Fields family, Ferdinand having come from Birmingham to meet us, went in a boat up and down the Avon, bathed in it, walked through the fine grounds of Stoneleigh Park, belonging to Lord Leigh a poet, and visited in company with old Mr. Field and Miss Alice Field Coventry, an old town, Kenilworth Castle a majestic ruin, and Combe Abbey, an old Abbey in good preservation, the seat of the drunken Earl Craven. Yesterday morning early we came to Mr. F. E. Fields at Birmingham in company with Mrs. [William] Field a very remarkable woman, and Miss Alice the only one of the daughters now at home. Ferdinand has a neat little house to himself, among the green fields a little out of town. He appeared in good spirits, and extremely glad to have me with him. I passed the day and night and the greater part of today at Birmingham, a poor looking town with beautiful environs, and in the afternoon took the railway through Tamworth and Burton on the Trent to this place.

I have given you a mere glance at what I have seen—both men and things, and what has occurred flattering to my self love, —but I will keep the rest to tell you when I see you, if I do not forget it first. My
health is uninterruptedly good and the scenes and sights keep me in constant exercise which I suppose is the reason.

You say the poudrette and guano do not succeed very well—it is because of the dry season—they need moisture. I did not suppose John would use the poudrette for corn—though if you get rain it will turn out well I am sure. Did I say any thing to you about renewing the insurance at Glen Cove on the House? You will find all the information relating to the subject among the papers in my secretary, and will I hope have attended to the matter before this. Do not forget to have the ice house made this season. You do not tell me what Ranlett said about our house. There are various other matters concerning which I should be glad to enquire if there was but room on this sheet. Do keep a sheet by you, and write from time to time as things occur to you.

Nottingham July 3d. Today I go to Newstead Abbey and the Grave of Byron—tomorrow I am to be on my way to Yorkshire— My love to Fanny and Julia and my regards to all my friends.

Yours affectionately.

W. C. Bryant

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-GR
ADDRESS: Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island
DOCKETED: Birmingham / July 2nd.

1. Actually June 17, in Letter 540.
2. Richard Cobden (1804-1865), a textile manufacturer and writer on economics, had been chief organizer of the Anti-Corn-Law League in 1838. He sat in the House of Commons, with one short hiatus, from 1841 to 1864, where in 1846 he secured the repeal of the Corn Laws, which imposed an arbitrarily high tariff on imported grains, to the detriment of the laboring class. He and his close associate John Bright (1811-1889), a reformer and long a member of Parliament, led the manufacturing interest to a position of major influence in British politics following the Reform Act of 1832.

3. Bryant noted ("Diary, 1845," I, June 18) that Fox quoted some lines from the visiting poet's "Hymn of the City." See Poems (1876), pp. 183-184. The League's historian recorded only that "Mr. Bright and Mr. W. J. Fox followed [Cobden], in eloquent and spirit-stirring speeches, which excited great enthusiasm in the meeting." Archibald Prentice, History of the Anti-Corn-Law League, 2 vols. (London, 1853), II, 385.


5. "Do as you wish." John Wilkes (1727-1797), politician and pamphleteer, was a member of the "Hell-fire Club," or Society of the "Mad Monks of Medmenham Abbey," founded c1755 by Francis Dashwood, Baron le Despencer (1708-1781), later chancellor of the exchequer.

6. George Arthur Fripp (1813-1896) and James Holmes (1777-1860) were, like Edwin Field, members of the Old Water-Colour Society. Henry Crabb Robinson (1775-1867), lawyer, journalist, and friend of literary men, was closely associated with Edwin Field in establishing the Flaxman Gallery and the Slade School of Art. In his diary entries for that day on the Thames and the preceding evening, he recorded impressions of Bryant and Leupp. Returning from an outing on the 19th, he wrote, "We found waiting for us the American poet Bryant and a Mr Leupp, pronounced Loop—I had been reading in the morning some half dozen of Bryant's poems— They
are agreeable enough and he may be the greatest American poet, but still I met with
nothing that will tax my memory to remain—There are no striking thoughts or even
expressions which will give life to the poems. They are chiefly descriptive and senti-
mental—all quite moral & pure and very little nationality. We kept it up till late.
Lively chat.” And, following their river excursion the next day, “I should say that I
found today Leupp an agreeable man. Bryant is rather reserved than modest but I
liked him sufficiently to give him my card and desire him to call on Wordsworth—I
hope to see them on their return from the North. I took care to avoid unpleasant
topics. Of course they are both Emancipators & Liberals. Bryant asserted the taxing
the funds in the hands of foreigners to be partial repudiation, which it is not easy
successfully to contradict. Bryant is a U[nitarian].”

Robinson’s diary entry a few days later concerns an “unpleasant topic” which he
and Bryant may not have wholly avoided. Hearing from friends that homoeopathy
was then “flourishing” in England, Robinson noted, in disgust, “An Association is
forming. There will soon be thousands in London! Yet nearly all my friends affirm this
to be mere quackery which no intelligent physician can honestly follow!!!” Typescript
“Diary,” XX. June 3, 1841—December 1, 1846, 302–308, passim, in Dr. Williams’s
Library, Gordon Square, London.

7. John Conolly (1794–1866. M.D. Edinburgh 1821) is credited with the early
introduction, at Hanwell Asylum, 1844–1852, of humane treatment of lunatics.

8. Charles Babbage (1792–1871), Cambridge mathematician, and inventor of an
early calculating machine; John Poole (1786–1872), dramatist who wrote several suc-
 cessful farces, including Paul Pry (1825), which was first performed in New York in
1826, and was “destined to be a favourite for many years to come.” Odell, Annals, III,
188. Another breakfast guest that morning was James Spedding (1808–1881), biographer
of Francis Bacon and editor of his Works (1857–1859), an intimate friend of Carlyle’s
and Tennyson’s. Bryant, “Diary, 1845,” I, June 22.

9. Probably Joseph William Allen (1803–1852), a landscape painter active in
establishing the Society of British Artists.

10. James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), poet, political journalist, and prolific
essayist, had been a central literary figure in London since his early intimacy with
Keats and Shelley, as well as Byron and Charles Lamb. In 1813 Hunt had been fined
and imprisoned “for telling part of the truth about the Prince Regent,” profligate son
of King George III. George Sampson, The Concise Cambridge History of English

11. John Bowring (1792–1872. LL.D. Groningen 1829), member of Parliament, and
distinguished linguist as well as diplomat, was knighted in 1854. See 255.3.

12. Not further identified.

13. During his three-week stay, Bryant received invitations from several other
prominent Londoners which are not recorded in his diary. Milnes asked him for break-
fast. The tragedian William Charles Macready (1793–1873), whom Bryant had met two
years earlier in New York, invited him to dine. Undated letters, Milnes to Bryant, and
Macready to Bryant, NYPL–GR. It is also possible that Bryant may have met the exiled
Italian revolutionary Giuseppe Mazzini (1805–1872), the dedication of whose statue in
New York’s Central Park in 1878 was Bryant’s final public act. An undated letter in
YCAL from the poet and hymn writer Sarah Flower Adams (1805–1848) to William
James Linton (1812–1898), Mazzini’s intimate friend, asks, “Will you come tomorrow
evening and meet Mr. Bryant America’s best poet,” and adds the request that Linton
arrange “an hour or two of Mr. Mazzini’s society—for Mr. Bryant’s sake. . . . I am
quite sure from the little I have seen of one and much I have heard of the other that
such a specimen of the best American should meet its twin in the best Italian.”


15. Sir Charles Fellows (1799–1860), an archaeologist who, during four expeditions
to Asia Minor, had discovered fifteen ancient cities, brought back marbles for deposit in the British Museum.

16. Henry Hallam (1777–1859), father of Arthur Henry Hallam (1811–1833), who inspired Tennyson’s elegy, In Memoriam; William Whewell (1794–1866), distinguished both as mathematician and as Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, from 1841 to 1866; William Buckland (1784–1856), professor of mineralogy, then dean of Westminster, 1845–1856. Whewell’s MS diary in the Trinity College Library does not mention Bryant’s visit, although he entertained the American poet at breakfast in his home the following morning. Bryant, “Diary, 1845,” 1, June 25.

17. Adam Sedgwick (1785–1873), a Cambridge geologist, had been president of the Geographical Society and of the British Association, of whose geological section he was now the head. Sedgwick’s toast and Bryant’s response were reported in The Cambridge Chronicle and Journal, and Huntingdonshire Gazette of June 28, as follows: “The CHAIRMAN said, one most beneficial effect resulting from the present meeting of the Association was the bringing together of so many gentlemen and great philosophers connected with other parts of the globe. On that occasion he would give ‘Prosperity to the United States,’ and he must say that England had reason to rejoice and feel proud at the growth, strength, and intelligence of her children. He believed that the bad and bitter feelings which led to the unnatural separation from the mother country was [sic] fast giving way; he felt certain many erroneous opinions and sentiments were subsiding; and he trusted peace, amity, and brotherly feeling would long continue. He would propose the health of ‘Mr. Bryant, of New York’—(cheers.)

‘Mr. Bryant acknowledged the compliment in very few words, and begged to give ‘The great and generous British nation.’”

18. Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton, second Marquis of Northampton (1790–1851), was president of the Royal Society from 1838 to 1849.

19. At the aforementioned breakfast with the Whewell family, Bryant met the geologist William Hutton (1798–1860), and the arctic explorer William Scoresby (1789–1857), with members of their families. “Diary, 1845,” 1, June 25.

20. Rev. William Field (1768–1851), a Unitarian minister who had been pastor of the Presbyterian congregation at Warwick, 1790–1843, now kept a boardingschool at nearby Leam. He was the father of Edwin, Ferdinand, and Alfred Field; Algernon Sidney Field (1813–1907) was his fifth son.


22. Ferdinand Field was then a hardware merchant and importer at Birmingham, with a home at 93 Bristol Road.

23. Unidentified.

24. Here, and on July 2, above, Bryant mistakenly wrote “June.”

546. To Frances F. Bryant

Ripon Yorkshire July 8, 1845.

My dear Frances

I believe I did not mention in my last, that at the concluding meeting of the British Association, when the members assembled to butter each other, as it is called, Professor Murchison in a speech mentioned me in a complimentary manner as among the foreigners whom the occasion had drawn to Cambridge. I did not hear him, for I had left the Senate House and gone to bed, but a passenger in the coach by which we left Cambridge the next morning, told Mr. Leupp of it. I would send you the report of
the speech if I could find it, but I cannot. I suppose it is in the London Atheneum of last week—Saturday July 5—but I cannot get hold of it. Perhaps Mr. Howe² might get it for you in New York. [I was mistaken, the Atheneum of July 5 does not contain it—perhaps it may be in the Atheneum for July 19.—]

The day on which I wrote you last, which was the third of July, I went to see the place where Byron was buried, and to Newstead Abbey, the old seat of the Byrons. The poet sleeps in a family vault in the poor old church of an ugly village of the name of Hucknall, commonly called Dirty Hucknall to distinguish it from other villages of the name. The tablet to his memory recording his age and death is put up by his sister, and not far from it is the Byron pew, the largest in the church, where, however, they were never seen. Not a tree, not a shrub ornaments the crowded churchedyard, and the little building itself originally of rude architecture has been patched and plastered in a still clumsier manner.

Three miles from this place is Newstead Abbey which Byron sold in his lifetime to Colonel Wildman⁸ who now occupies it, and who has it is said seriously embarrassed himself by the expense of repairing it. The approach to it is dreary, through fields of a meagre soil belonging to the estate, half covered with ferns and browsed by sheep, and plantations of young trees mostly larches swarming with rabbits of which the proprietor sends six thousand couples yearly to market. But when you enter the inclosure in which stands the Abbey, you are in the midst of a different scene—the grounds are most carefully kept in order. The main building which is of the Gothic order and in fact includes a part of the Abbey, is connected with a beautiful ruin, the front of the old Abbey church, the tracery and other sculptures of which are as perfect, with the exception of those of the great window, and as sharp as if they had been cut yesterday. The tracery of that window was shaken out by an earthquake which happened a few years since. Colonel Wildman has taken care to preserve in Byron's bed chamber the original furniture which was in it when occupied by the poet—the chairs, the tables, the bureaus, the very ewer and wash basins—all of them of a rather plain kind. The chamber of his young servant Rushton, his little foot page as he calls him in his Childe Harold, has also its original furniture. The Colonel had the misfortune to marry a young woman who is supposed to be a natural daughter of the Duke of Sussex and this circumstance seems to have turned his head a little for he has filled his apartments with portraits of foolish kings and dukes and other titled persons, the Stuarts and the branches of the Guelf family, which is a sort of desecration of a building once inhabited by a man of genius. Before the Abbey lies a beautiful sheet of water, and the woods and walks around it, and its views of hill and valley, are very beautiful. We walked about in the rain and saw as much of the place as the weather would let us. In the afternoon we visited some lace mills. The
lace loom is a very intricate piece of machinery, and the rapidity with which it turns out a wide web of complicated figures is wonderful. This is effected by the aid of an iron cylinder studded with iron pegs in different places, which in revolving moves various keys precisely like the cylinder of a musical box. In short lace weaving is playing a tune to the eye.

The next day the railway carried us to Sheffield in Yorkshire, a city beautifully situated on several hills, but involved in perpetual smoke. I will not tire you by telling you what manufacturing establishments we visited. In the evening we went to tea to the house of Mr. Sanderson an opulent manufacturer, father-in-law of Mr. Hicks one of our passengers who has his beautiful seat a little out of town where he lives almost in the manner of a nobleman. The next morning we went with Mr. Hicks and a Mr. Holland who they told me was something of a poet to call upon Mr. James Montgomery the poet. We found him at the west part of the town, almost out of it, at a place called the Mount, living in a comfortable stone house, with two old ladies sisters of Jo. Gales's father. He is about seventy three years of age of middle height, thin and white haired, with a thin and rather long nose and wearing a large black neck handkerchief that covers the lower part of his chin. Mr. Holland described him as one of the most timid and diffident men alive. His conversation was not particularly striking. He inquired about the American Poets; praised Longfellow some of whose things were exquisite, his "Blacksmith" particularly, and talked of the railroad speculations in England, to which he said some people subscribed who did not pay their tradesmens bills. He took us into his study, the window of which commands a beautiful view of the valley of the Don and the hills beyond, and on the walls of which hang several pictures, one of them a portrait of him executed by Chantrey the sculptor, in early life.

The same day we went by railway to Hull, or Kingston-upon-Hull, on the eastern coast of England, surrounded by a flat, monotonous and not very productive country. Before I set out Mr. Hicks slipped into my hand the Sheffield Mercury announcing my arrival in the place. Hull is merely a commercial place, with large docks full of shipping forming a great canal through the middle of the town. We looked at its gilt statue of William of Orange and its column erected to the memory of [William] Wilberforce, walked through Queen Street at ten o'clock on Saturday evening when it is turned into one great market from end to end, crowded with stalls, and country people crying their wares in broad Yorkshire, and city customers a large proportion of whom were women, and none of them, I am sorry to say good looking; —and the next morning early we were on our way to York which we reached at nine o'clock.

Our first visit was paid to the great Minster, a glorious building worth crossing the Atlantic to see, and here we heard the cathedral service
chanted, and listened to a passable sermon from Dr. Coburn the Dean of York. I had a letter to the Revd. Mr. Wellbeloved, which I presented and in the afternoon we attended worship in his chapel, where his assistant, a boy apparently, preached and very well too. We walked in the afternoon on the city walls—very ancient—which surround the city. The next day Mr. Wellbeloved an old gentleman in knee breeches, and long black gaiters, with whom I breakfasted, took us to look at the old tower of the Cliffords, and the museum, which embraces in its grounds the beautiful remains of St. Mary's Abbey, and other ruins—and which is full of memorials of the ancient inhabitants of York, Roman coffins altars &c. We again went over the venerable cathedral and descended into its crypt which is of an earlier architecture than the main building, and in which some short low pillars and capitals of a still earlier Norman architecture have been lately discovered.

Yesterday we came in a coach on our way to this place, beautifully situated at the confluence of the Ure and the Skell, with footpaths along the Skell. We have just been to visit the ruins of Fountain’s Abbey the most perfect remains, it is said of an old monastery in England. They are situated in a solitary vale on the Skell, over which their bridges still stand, and which yet flows through four arches under a part of the ruins. The old cloisters in which they walked are still perfect with their roof, as well as their spacious kitchen with its chimney and their old mill with its stone buttresses is grinding yet, at the rate of sixpence for a bushel of wheat. Near it on the hilly banks of the Skell is the most beautiful pleasure ground I have yet seen in England. We returned to our inn in Ripon just in time to escape a thundershower, with hail stones as large as kidney beans, and now we are ready to proceed through the rain on our way to the Lakes of Westmoreland.

Ambleside July 11. I write this among the Lakes. We left Ripon on the afternoon of the 8th, in the rain on the outside of a coach, at half past six o’clock. Chilly as the weather was we could not help admiring the country full of little hills and valleys and rapid streams. The hedges were gay with dogroses, and here and there the blossoming clover and honey-suckle, and the fields yellow with the buttercup and crow-toe, where the meadow-craik unseen in the grass was calling with a harsh note to his mate who answered him from the next field. We stopped for the night at Middle-ham a poor village built of bluish stone, with the ruins of a huge castle of the same material overlooking it. The next day we took the mail coach and proceeded along the valley of the Ure, rather pretty, with ugly villages and here and there the ruins of an old castle. We took up a jolly looking parson who was going a fishing and carried him till we met with another parson in jackboots and a Mackintosh and a provision of minnows for bait. They were going to catch salmon in the Ure. We reached Sedburgh, as ugly as a French continental village but charmingly situated on its
river, and then began to ascend into a country of round headed fat-looking mountains without trees. At five o'clock we had descended into the pleasant valley of the Kent where Kendal is situated, an old manufacturing town, with four streets and innumerable close lanes winding among ugly buildings. The day was gusty and cold, with sprinklings of rain and glimpses of watery sunshine, and we were glad to reach an inn and a fire. Yesterday morning we came to Ambleside 13 miles from Kendal. The road soon brought us among rocky mountains like those of the Highlands on the Hudson, with fresh vallies between, and clear rapid brooks. It was still raining, but not enough to prevent us from enjoying the view of the glorious Windermere and the setting of mountains that surround its clear and still waters. We got a carriage and went to Mr. Wordsworth's, two miles distant, along a winding road often overhung with fine elms and beeches. I sent in my card with Mr. Leupp's name also, and found that the family were expecting us—some of our London friends having apprised them of our intended call. Mrs. Wordsworth was within with three ladies, one of whom was the youngest daughter of Mr. Southey, a young lady of a very pleasing physiognomy—Mr. Wordsworth was in the garden in a broadbrimmed, low-crowned white hat looking like a southern planter. He appears much younger than Mrs. Wordsworth, his stature is rather tall, his forehead prominent, bald, with long white hairs on the temples; his face is finer and more expressive than the common engravings give him, and the features larger; the nose is high and morbidly enlarged at the nostrils, and the chin small. He showed us the pictures about the rooms one of which was an interesting portrait of Chatterton taken when a boy. In his study is a fine bust of himself taken by Chantrey, which looks like the head of an old Roman, and another of Southey by an inferior artist, like the original he said but by no means doing the original justice. [I perceive that I must take another sheet.]

Mr. Wordsworth took us out to view his grounds. Immediately in front of his house is a view of Windermere, with its mountain tops rising above each other as they recede from the lake. A gravelled walk, along which we followed him for a few rods, led us to [a] spot where we saw lying under our feet Rydal Water, a small lake with one or two islets. Mr. Wordsworth expatiated on the happy social state which he said the scenery around suggested. "Here," said he, "opposite to my house, is Rydal Park, with its woods and mountain streams, possessed by Lady Fleming whose family came in with the Conqueror, and settled themselves here in the days of Henry the Sixth. She built that church which you see a little below my house. There you see is the comfortable parsonage. There you see my house, and a little farther down the house occupied by the late Colonel Hamilton author of the book on America, and I could point out to you other habitations of our class of small gentlemen. Scattered about where you see the smoke is rising are the dwellings
of respectable cottagers, making altogether a happy, contented and satisfactory state of society, which I delight to contemplate."

Mr. Wordsworth's house though overlooking the lake and its valley is overlooked on all sides by mountains, some as rocky and rugged as Antony's Nose on the Hudson and others green to their tops with pastureage, except where they are dark with patches of heath. They are finely varied in form and aspect; and at their feet on the level of the Windermere, and near it, is a little tract of green meadow bordered with trees. But it is idle to attempt giving you an idea of the place by description. You should see views of it.

Mr. Leupp is the owner of a view of Rydal Water by Inman, and as he expressed a desire to see the spot from which it was taken, Mr. Wordsworth kindly offered to conduct us to it. We crossed a clear and rapid stream flowing into the Windermere. "The streams in this area," said he, "move on as if they had an object in view; they do not saunter on lazily as if they did not know what to do with themselves like the streams in the South of England." He called our attention to a lively gurgle bursting out from the middle of the rushing and rippling, like that of a little brook in a meadow— "A pleasant sound," said he. He led us to a group of trees on the brink of the little lakelet called Rydal Water from which we could see two or three little islands covered with trees and shrubs, on which the herons build their nests. "This is the spot," said Mr. Wordsworth, "from which Inman took the view of the lake." He then spoke in terms of high praise of Inman's talents. "I have often," said he, "observed the process of painting, but never saw any artist work with such rapidity precision and certainty as Inman. His portrait of me I consider as the best ever painted, and yet he was not employed upon it more than four hours and a half." He seemed pleased with Inman's manners and conversation, and spoke of him again and again in the course of our walk. Of Longfellow he said, "His poems have made quite a sensation in England. He seems judging from his writings, to be a kind and amiable gentleman. Is he not a clergyman?"

It was now about three o'clock, and we took our leave of Wordsworth whose dinner hour was three. "I would make you stay," said he, "but I expect a relation of the family, and we have some family matters to talk over with her which would only tire you. But come again in the afternoon, if you have nothing more interesting to occupy you at any time from four to six, and be certain to come no later than six. I have some pretty waterfalls to which I should be glad to take you."

We went at six, and found Wordsworth in his garden, giving directions to his gardener. Ornamental gardening, or the laying out of grounds, is an art which he piques himself on understanding particularly well, and his own little place is a good example of his skill. He told us that Miss Martineau lived in the neighborhood, and had desired that when I came
I should be informed of it, that he had not remembered to tell me in the morning, and that now the ladies had gone in the carriage to bring her to tea. While we were talking the ladies returned, without Miss Martineau who was not at home. The Wordsworth family seemed to understand Miss Martineau very well; they estimated her good qualities very kindly, but among them they did not place a sound judgment. She is become a mesmeric practitioner, and a believer in clairvoyance and has been grossly imposed upon in some instances. Mr. Wordsworth took us into Rydal Park on the opposite side of the way and led us up the side of a mountain stream, the Rotha, tumbling through a rocky glen embowered with woods, to several beautiful waterfalls shimmering through their light screens formed by the sprays of the mountain ash. He talked agreeably and with much animation, not egotistically as it seemed to me, for though not unwilling to speak of himself and his poetry, he did not dwell long upon these subjects, and easily and voluntarily passed to others. We returned to the house, remained till ten o'clock and went home by daylight, well pleased as you may suppose with our visit.18

**Edinburgh July 16.** On the morning of the 11th of July we called on Miss Martineau at Waterhead a mile and a half from Ambleside. She looks a little sallow, but is apparently full of life and vigor, talked with a great deal of vivacity and fluency, and is as positive and dogmatical as ever. She took us to see Fox How the seat of the late Dr. Arnold,17 a building of unhewn stone, faced, as the masons say, that is the face only of the stones being hewn; it is pleasantly situated with a little green hill behind it and the Fairfield mountain with its deep receding glens and ravines before. She talked a great deal about mesmerism as we went and after a most rapid walk of nearly four miles, to which she called my attention as a proof of her perfect health,18 she brought us across the fields back to our inn at a quarter before eleven, just in time to get ready to proceed on our journey.

We took the coach for Cockermouth. Our way led us by the beautiful little lakes of Rydal and Grasmere, connected with each other by a clear stream and overlooked by mountains. Thirlmere came next along the side of which extended the mighty Helvellyn; and the banks of which like the summits around it were bare of trees, and but for the rich green would have had a dreary look. We stopped to change horses at Keswick on the Derwent water where Southey lived. The house of the poet [Greta Hall], situated on a little eminence near the village was pointed out to us. It stands among trees and shubbery; none of the family I was told now inhabit it. To the southward of the village extends the lake [Derwent Water] among craggy summits of mountains grandly varied, down one of which falls the cataract of Lodore. We staid not to see "how the water comes down at Lodore,"19 though Mr. Wordsworth and Miss Southey had told us that we ought to do so, but proceeded on our journey crossing the
clear Greta, skirting Saddleback and Skiddaw, and passing through the 
valle of St. John, pleasant meadows between ranges of bare mountains 
till we reached Bassenthwaite lake, along which we journeyed a mile or 
so and then turned off to Cockermouth. We passed a tract where the trees 
had been lately cut down and the whole hill side where they stood was 
purple with the fox glove in bloom, its rich spikes of flowers nodding at 
us as we went by. Cockermouth is an ugly town. We took coach again 
to Maryport which we reached in a violent rain. It is a little town on the 
western coast of England, where you see faces of Irish women. Here we 
took the railway for Carlisle along the banks of a little river bordered 
with the same soft and pleasant scenery of which we had seen so much in 
the more southern counties of England. We were at Carlisle as early as 
six o'clock, and took occasion to walk over the city, but though it is an 
ancient place, formerly "Merry Carlisle," and possesses some historical im-
portance it had nothing striking to show us.

The next morning at half past one we were called up to take our 
places in the coach. At two I was in the streets and it was what we should 
call broad daylight, but we did not set out till three. We soon came upon 
the valley of the Esk, and a beautiful road we found beside the winding 
river with its banks of red rock and its thick woods. The hedges along 
the road were undermined by rabbits which were seen scampering across 
the road before us as the coach approached. At the distance of some ten 
miles from Carlisle we were in Scotland in the midst of a country of 
rather solitary appearance but full of game where we saw hares and 
partridges in the same field abroad at that early hour for their breakfast. 
We now left the Esk and came upon a country perfectly bare of trees, 
bald green hillocks and shadeless valleys—but what is a tree good for 
unless you can sit down under it, and judging from the specimen of the 
climate which I have had since I came to the north nobody here would 
ever think of sitting down under a tree. I wear my thickest woollen 
clothing and travel in a great coat, and I am going to put on an under-
shirt this day. I have no time to tell you of the rest of our journey to 
Edinburgh, how we crossed the Teviot and the Tweed and the Gala 
Water, and I believe the Tay, names renowned in Scottish and border 
minstrelsy, and how I breakfasted at Selkirk on scones, a kind of cake, and 
milk while the tall landlady stood by encouraging me in broad Scotch to 
help myself liberally. At one o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday the 
13th of July we were in Edinburgh, the most beautiful city I ever saw. 
The next day we attended worship at the church of Dr. Candlish,° one of 
the Free Churches, as the new separatists are called, and in the afternoon 
we went to St. Stephens's church to hear Dr. Muir of the established 
Presbyterian church, or the Endowed Church, as some call it.° At the first 
of these places was a fervid preacher and a crowded congregation; at the 
other a drowsy preacher and a thin audience. We dined with Mrs. Christie
the mother of the gentleman with whom we staid in Derbyshire, and who so obligingly undertook to show us the sights of London. Another son of hers has performed the same office for us here. I have seen none of the distinguished literary men of Edinburgh except Jeffrey and him only at a distance, on the bench where he sits as a judge, a law-lord as they call it here. His physiognomy is full of the tokens of acuteness and vivacity, with a touch of sarcasm.\(^{22}\) I called at Blackwood’s in hopes to see Professor Wilson, who has taken such kind notice of me in Blackwood’s, and found that he was at his house in Westmoreland on the banks of the Windermere. Blackwood said he would regret not having seen me and that he should inform him of my call in a letter he was writing.\(^{23}\) Tomorrow I set out for Stirling and Loch Katrine to get a glimpse of the Highlands and their lakes, sending on my baggage to Glasgow. From Glasgow we shall make a trip to Ireland.

I am anxiously expecting a letter from you. If I had five minutes to spare from trotting about and looking at new sights—if in short, I were not kept as busy every minute as a dog in an Orange County china mill I think I should be homesick. My love to Fanny and Julia and my regards to the many friends of mine in and about New York.

Yrs affectionately

W C Bryant.

I send you here three letters in one, and good long ones they are too. Be only half as faithful a correspondent as I am and I ask no more.—

**MANUSCRIPT:** NYPL–GR ADDRESS: MRS. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island

**DOCKETED:** Yorkshire / July 8th / July 13th / Wordsworth.

1. Sir Roderick Impey Murchison (1792–1871), president of the Royal Geographical Society, 1843. For his toast to Bryant, see Letter 549.

2. In 1844 the one-tenth share in the EP previously owned by Parke Godwin had been transferred to Timothy A. Howe, a practical printer who had joined the staff in 1839. “Evening Post Accounts,” NYPL–GR; Bryant, Reminiscences of EP, p. 337. The next set of brackets is Bryant’s.

3. Byron’s schoolmate and friend, to whom he had sold Newstead Abbey in 1817. Wildman died in 1859.

4. Sanderson has not been further identified.

5. John Holland (1794–1872), editor of several Sheffield periodicals, was a friend and biographer of James Montgomery.

6. James Montgomery (1771–1854), poet and miscellaneous writer, is best remembered for his hymns, such as “Forever with the Lord.”


9. From 1813 until his death in 1850, at the age of eighty, William Wordsworth lived at Rydal Mount, between Ambleside and Grasmere, where he had lived at an earlier period.
10. They were, however, of the same age. Wordsworth and Mary Hutchinson (1770–1859) were married in 1802.

11. The tragic history of the boy-poet Thomas Chatterton (1752–1770), who died a suicide after having been exposed as author of fraudulent, though first-rate, medieval poems, was recalled in Wordsworth's poem "Resolution and Independence" (1802): "I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy, / The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

12. Upon the death of his friend Robert Southey (1774–1843), who had been poet laureate of England since 1813, Wordsworth had succeeded to that office. The next set of brackets is Bryant's.

13. Lady Anne Frederica le Fleming built Rydal Chapel, an act celebrated in Wordsworth's verses, "To the Lady ——, on Seeing the Foundation Preparing for the Erection of —— Chapel, Westmoreland" (1823).


15. In the summer of 1844 Professor Henry Hope Reed (1808–1854) of the University of Pennsylvania, Wordsworth's American editor, commissioned the artist Henry Inman to paint a portrait of the poet. Inman visited Rydal Mount and later wrote Reed of Wordsworth's cordiality: "He told me he had sat twenty-seven times to various artists, and that my picture was the best likeness of all." The Wordsworths asked for a copy of the picture, which Inman completed and presented to them, but he died before they could acknowledge the gift. Frederika Beatty, William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount (New York: Dutton, 1939), pp. 237–238. Inman's landscape "Rydal Water" was shown at the National Academy in New York in 1845. NAD Exhibition Record, I, 260.

16. Although their guest book for the summer of 1845, preserved in the Wordsworth Library at Dove Cottage, Grasmere, records Bryant's visit without comment, it is evident that the Wordsworths enjoyed their caller. Henry Crabb Robinson queried Mary Wordsworth on September 9 of that year, "A proposi [of America] have you seen the Yankee-poet Bryant? He was made much of at the Cambridge Association—but rather in the character of Stranger than in any other," and she replied, "We have thro' the season been beset by strangers—among those we liked best was the Poet Bryant. He was an agreeable modest person—& my husband enjoyed his society." Quoted from an undated letter in The Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle (1808–1866), ed. Edith J. Morley, 2 vols. (London: Oxford University Press, 1927), II, 607, 609.


18. Harriet Martineau had taken up mesmerism in June 1844, and by her own account was cured of invalidism by November. But Wordsworth thought her "wits possessed . . . upon the subject of claire-voyance." Beatty, William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount, pp. 164–165.


21. William Muir (1787–1869), chaplain to Queen Victoria.

22. Francis, Lord Jeffrey (1773–1850), judge of the Court of Session, had edited the Edinburgh Review from 1803 to 1829. When Bryant called on him during a visit to Edinburgh in 1849 the dean of British literary critics poked kindly fun at his visitor. "He received me with great consideration," Bryant recalled, "said that he had long known my name and was glad to know me personally, and was complimentary enough to add that he felt honoured and flattered by my visit. I had to say something, of course in reply to this, so I spoke of the Edinburgh review which I read from its
commencement [Bryant was only nine in 1803!], and of the early deference I was accustomed to pay to its critical decisions. 'I believe I never had the pleasure of cutting you up in it,' said he. I replied that he had not. 'Then, if you were in the habit of reading it, I hope,' said he, 'that you forgave what you found amiss, as I forgive you your trespasses.'” Bryant to Eliza Robbins, August 11, 1849, UVa.

23. John Wilson (1785–1854), professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh University, was long the principal writer for Blackwood’s Magazine, under the pen name “Christopher North.” In 1832 he had written a favorable notice of the London edition of Bryant’s Poems. See 249.5. John Blackwood (1818–1879), son of the magazine’s founder, succeeded an elder brother as head of the family publishing firm in 1845.

547. To the Evening Post

Edinburgh, July 17, 1845.

I had been often told, since I arrived in England, that in Edinburgh, I should see the finest city I ever saw. I confess that I did not feel quite sure of this, but it required scarcely more than a single look to show me that it was perfectly true. It is hardly possible to imagine a nobler site for a town than that of Edinburgh, and it is built as nobly. You stand on the edge of the deep gulf which separates the old and the new town, and before you on the opposite bank rise the picturesque buildings of the ancient city—

“Piled deep and massy, close and high,”

looking, in their venerable and enduring aspect, as if they were parts of the steep bank on which they stand, an original growth of the rocks; as if, when the vast beds of stone crystallized from the waters, or cooled from their fusion by fire, they formed themselves by some freak of nature into this fantastic resemblance of the habitations of men. To the right your eyes rest upon a crag crowned with a grand old castle of the middle ages, on which guards are marching to and fro; and near you to the left, rises the rocky summit of Carlton Hill, with its monuments of the great men of Scotland. Behind you stretch the broad streets of the new town, overlooked by massive structures, built of the stone of the Edinburgh quarries, which have the look of palaces.

“Streets of palaces and walks of slate,”

form the new town. Not a house of brick or wood exists in Edinburgh; all are constructed of the excellent and lasting stone which the earth supplies almost close to their foundations. High and solid bridges of this material, with broad arches, connect the old town with the new, and cross the deep ravine of the Cowgate in the old town, at the bottom of which you see a street between prodigiously high buildings, swarming with the poorer population of Edinburgh.

From almost any of the eminences of the town you see spread below
you its magnificent bay, the Frith of Forth, with its rocky islands; and close to the old town rise the lofty summits of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag, a solitary, silent, mountainous district, without habitations or inclosures, grazed by flocks of sheep. To the west flows Leith-water in its deep valley, spanned by a noble bridge, and the winds of this chilly climate that strike the stately buildings of the new town, along the cliffs that border this glen, come from the very clouds. Beyond the Frith lie the hills of Fifeshire; a glimpse of the blue Grampian ridges is seen where the Frith contracts in the northwest to a narrow channel, and to the southwest lie the Pentland hills, whose springs supply Edinburgh with water. All around you are places the names of which are familiar names of history, poetry, and romance.

From this magnificence of nature and art, the transition was painful to what I saw of the poorer population. On Saturday evening I found myself at the market, which is then held in High-street and the Netherbow, just as you enter the Canongate, and where the old wooden effigy of John Knox, with staring black eyes, freshly painted every year, stands in its pulpit, and still seems preaching to the crowd. Hither a throng of sickly-looking, dirty people, bringing with them their unhealthy children, had crawled from the narrow wynds or alleys on each side of the street. We entered several of these wynds, and passed down one of them, between houses of vast height, story piled upon story, till we came to the deep hollow of the Cowgate. Children were swarming in the way, all of them, bred in that close and impure atmosphere, of a sickly appearance, and the aspect of premature age in some of them, which were carried in arms, was absolutely frightful. "Here is misery," said a Scotch gentleman, who was my conductor. I asked him how large a proportion of the people of Edinburgh belonged to that wretched and squalid class which I saw before me. "More than half," was his reply. I will not vouch for the accuracy of his statistics. Of course his estimate was but a conjecture.

In the midst of this population is a House of Refuge for the Destitute, established by charitable individuals for the relief of those who may be found in a state of absolute destitution of the necessaries of life. Here they are employed in menial services, lodged and fed until they can be sent to their friends, or employment found for them. We went over the building, a spacious structure, in the Canongate, of the plainest Puritan architecture, with wide low rooms, which, at the time of the union of Scotland with England, served as the mansion of the Duke of Queensbury. The accommodations of course are of the humblest kind. We were shown into the sewing-room, where we saw several healthy-looking young women at work, some of them bare-footed. Such of the inmates as can afford it, pay for their board from three and sixpence to five shillings a week, besides their labor.

In this part of the city also are the Night Asylums for the Houseless.
Here, those who find themselves without a shelter for the night, are received into an antechamber, provided with benches, where they first get a bowl of soup, and are then introduced into a bathing-room, where they are stripped and scoured. They are next furnished with clean garments and accommodated with a lodging on an inclined plane of planks, a little raised from the floor, and divided into proper compartments by strips of board. Their own clothes are, in the mean time, washed, and returned to them when they leave the place.

It was a very different spectacle from the crowd in the Saturday evening market, that met my eyes the next morning in the clean and beautiful streets of the new town; the throng of well-dressed church-goers passing each other in all directions. The women, it appeared to me, were rather gaily dressed, and a large number of them prettier than I had seen in some of the more southern cities.

I attended worship in one of the Free Churches, as they are called, in which Dr. Candlish officiates. In the course of his sermon, he read long portions of an address from the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, appointing the following Thursday as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the peculiar circumstances of the time, and more especially the dangers flowing from the influence of popery, alluding to the grant of money lately made by parliament to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth. The address proposed no definite opposition, but protested against the measure in general, and, as it seemed to me, rather vague terms. In the course of the address the title of National Church was claimed for the Free Church, notwithstanding its separation from the government, and the era of that separation was referred to in phrases similar to those in which we speak of our own declaration of national independence. There were one or two allusions to the persecutions which the Free Church had suffered, and something was said about her children being hunted like partridges upon the mountains; but it is clear that if her ministers have been hunted, they have been hunted into fine churches; and if persecuted, they have been persecuted into comfortable livings. This Free Church, as far as I can learn, is extremely prosperous.

Dr. Candlish is a fervid preacher, and his church was crowded. In the afternoon I attended at one of the churches of the established or endowed Presbyterian Church, where a quiet kind of a preacher held forth, and the congregation was thin.

This Maynooth grant has occasioned great dissatisfaction in England and Scotland. If the question had been left to be decided by the public opinion of these parts of the kingdom, the grant would never have been made. An immense majority, of all classes and almost all denominations, disapprove of it. A dissenting clergyman of one of the evangelical persuasions, as they are called, said to me— "The dissenters claim nothing from the government; they hold that it is not the business of the state to inter-
fere in religious matters, and they object to bestowing the public money upon the seminaries of any religious denomination.” In a conversation I had with an eminent man of letters, and a warm friend of the English Church, he said: “The government is giving offence to many who have hitherto been its firmest supporters. There was no necessity for the Maynooth grant; the Catholics would have been as well satisfied without it as they are with it; for you see they are already clamoring for the right to appoint through their Bishops the professors in the new Irish colleges. The Catholics were already establishing their schools, and building their churches with their own means; and this act of applying the money of the nation to the education of their priests is a gratuitous offence by the government to its best friends.” In a sermon which I heard from the Dean of York, in the magnificent old minster of that city, he commended the liberality of the motives which had induced the government to make the grant, but spoke of the measure as one which the friends of the English Church viewed with apprehension and anxiety.

“They may dismiss their fears,” said a shrewd friend of mine, with whom I was discussing the subject. “Endowments are a cause of luke-warmness and weakness. Our Presbyterian friends here, instead of protesting so vehemently against what Sir Robert Peel has done, should thank him for endowing the Catholic Church, for in doing it he has deprived it of some part of its hold upon the minds of men.”

There is much truth, doubtless, in this remark. The support of religion to be effectual should depend upon individual zeal. The history of the endowed chapels of dissenting denominations in England is a curious example of this. Congregations have fallen away and come to nothing, and it is a general remark that nothing is so fatal to a sect as a liberal endowment, which provides for the celebration of public worship without individual contributions.


1. Cf. Sir Walter Scott, Marmion, Canto IV, stanza 30:

   “Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
   Where the huge Castle holds its state,
   And all the steep slope down,
   Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
   Piled deep and massy, close and high,
   Mine own romantic town!”

2. Quotation unidentified.

3. Bryant refers to what was known as the Maynooth Grant of 1845 (see below). St. Patrick’s College at Maynooth, County Kildare, Ireland, founded in 1795, was the principal institution for training the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland.

4. In 1843 a “Disruption” in the Scottish Established (Presbyterian) Church, led by Thomas Chalmers (1780–1847), a professor of divinity at Edinburgh University, resulted in the formation of the Free Church.
I must not leave Scotland without writing you another letter.

On the 17th of this month I embarked at Newhaven, in the environs of Edinburgh, on board the little steamer Prince Albert, for Stirling. On our way we saw several samples of the Newhaven fishwives, a peculiar race, distinguished by a costume of their own; fresh-colored women, who walk the streets of Edinburgh with a large wicker-basket on their shoulders, a short blue cloak of coarse cloth under the basket, short blue petticoats, thick blue stockings, and a white cap. I was told that they were the descendants of a little Flemish colony, which long ago settled at Newhaven, and that they are celebrated for the readiness and point of their jokes, which, like those of their sisters of Billingsgate, are not always of the most delicate kind. Several of these have been related to me, but on running them over in my mind, I find, to my dismay, that none of them will look well on paper. The wit of the Newhaven fishwives seems to me, however, like that of our western boatmen, to consist mainly in the ready application of quaint sayings already current among themselves.

It was a wet day, with occasional showers, and sometimes a sprinkling of Scotch mist. I tried the cabin, but the air was too close. The steamboats in this country have but one deck, and that deck has no shelter, so I was content to stand in the rain for the sake of the air and scenery. After passing an island or two, the Frith, which forms the bay of Edinburgh, contracts into the river Forth. We swept by country seats, one of which was pointed out as the residence of the late Dugald Stewart,1 and another that of the Earl of Elgin, the plunderer of the Parthenon;2 and castles, towers, and churches, some of them in ruins ever since the time of John Knox, and hills half seen in the fog, until we came opposite to the Ochil mountains, whose grand rocky buttresses advance from the haze almost to the river. Here, in the windings of the Forth, our steamer went many times backward and forward, first towards the mountains and then towards the level country to the south, in almost parallel courses, like the track of a ploughman in a field. At length we passed a ruined tower and some fragments of massy wall which once formed a part of Cambus Kenneth Abbey, seated on the rich lands of the Forth, for the monks, in Great Britain at least, seem always to have chosen for the site of their monasteries, the banks of a stream which would supply them with trout and salmon for Fridays. We were now in the presence of the rocky hills of Stirling, with the town on its declivity, and the ancient castle, the residence of the former kings of Scotland, on its summit.

We went up through the little town to the castle, which is still kept in perfect order, and the ramparts of which frown as grimly over the surrounding country as they did centuries ago. No troops however are now stationed here; a few old gunners alone remain, and Major somebody,
I forget his name, takes his dinners in the banqueting-room and sleeps in the bed-chamber of the Stuarts. I wish I could communicate the impression which this castle and the surrounding region made upon me, with its vestiges of power and magnificence, and its present silence and desertion. The passages to the dungeons where pined the victims of state, in the very building where the court held its revels, lie open, and the chapel in which princes and princesses were christened, and worshipped, and were crowned and wed, is turned into an armory. From its windows we were shown, within the inclosure of the castle, a green knoll, grazed by cattle, where the disloyal nobles of Scotland were beheaded. Close to the castle is a green field, intersected with paths, which we were told was the tilting-ground, or place of tournaments, and beside it rises a rock, where the ladies of the court sat to witness the combats, and which is still called the Ladies' Rock. At the foot of the hill, to the right of the castle, stretches what was once the royal park; it is shorn of its trees, part is converted into a race-course, part into a pasture for cows, and the old wall which marked its limits is fallen down. Near it you see a cluster of grassy embankments of a curious form, circles and octagons and parallelograms, which bear the name of King James's Knot, and once formed a part of the royal-gardens, where the sovereign used to divert himself with his courtiers. The cows now have the spot to themselves, and have made their own paths and alleys all over it. "Yonder, to the southwest of the castle," said a sentinel who stood at the gate, "you see where a large field has been lately ploughed, and beyond it another, which looks very green. That green field is the spot where the battle of Bannockburn was fought, and the armies of England were defeated by Bruce." 3 I looked, and so fresh and bright was the verdure, that it seemed to me as if the earth was still fertilized with the blood of those who fell in that desperate struggle for the crown of Scotland. Not far from this, the spot was shown us where Wallace was defeated at the battle of Falkirk. 4 This region is now the scene of another and unbloody warfare; the warfare between the Free Church and the Government Church. Close to the church of the establishment, at the foot of the rock of Stirling, the soldiers of the Free Church have erected their place of worship, and the sound of hammers from the unfinished interior could be heard almost up to the castle.

We took places the same day in the coach for Callander, in the Highlands. In a short time we came into a country of hillocks and pastures brown and barren, half covered with ferns, the breckan of the Scotch, where the broom flowers gaudily by the road-side, and harebells now in bloom, in little companies, were swinging, heavy with the rain, on their slender stems.

Crossing the Teith we found ourselves in Doune, a Highland village, just before entering which we passed a throng of strapping lasses, who had just finished their daily task at a manufactory on the Teith, and were returning to their homes. Between Doune and Callander we passed the
woods of Cambus-More, full of broad beeches, which delight in the tenacious mountain soil of this district. This was the seat of a friend of the Scott family, and here Sir Walter in his youth passed several summers, and became familiar with the scenes which he has so well described in his Lady of the Lake. At Callander we halted for the night among a crowd of tourists, Scotch, English, American, and German, more numerous than the inn at which we stopped could hold. I went out into the street to get a look at the place, but a genuine Scotch mist covering me with water soon compelled me to return. I heard the people, a well-limbed brawny race of men, with red hair and beards, talking to each other in Gaelic, and saw through the fogs only a glimpse of the sides of the mountains and crags which surrounded the village.

The next morning was uncommonly bright and clear, and we set out early for the Trosachs. We now saw that the village of Callander lay under a dark crag, on the banks of the Teith, winding pleasantly among its alders, and overlooked by the grand summit of Benledi, which rises to the height of three thousand feet. A short time brought us to the stream

"Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,"

and we skirted the lake for nearly its whole length. Loch Vennachar lies between hills of comparatively gentle declivity, pastured by flocks, and tufted with patches of the prickly gorse and coarse ferns. On its north bank lies Lanrick Mead, a little grassy level where Scott makes the tribe of Clan Alpine assemble at the command of Roderick Dhu. At a little distance from Vennachar lies Loch Achray, which we reached by a road winding among shrubs and low trees, birches, and wild roses in bloom, with which the air was fragrant. Crossing a little stone bridge, which our driver told us was the Bridge of Turk, we were on the edge of Loch Achray, a little sheet of water surrounded by wild rocky hills, with here and there an interval of level grassy margin, or a grove beside the water. Turning from Loch Achray we reached an inn with a Gaelic name, which I have forgotten how to spell, and which if I were to spell it, you could not pronounce. This was on the edge of the Trosachs, and here we breakfasted.

It is the fashion, I believe, for all tourists to pass through the Trosachs on foot. The mob of travellers, with whom I found myself on the occasion—there were some twenty of them—did so, to a man; even the ladies, who made about a third of the number, walked. The distance to Loch Katrine is about a mile and a half, between lofty mountains, along a glen filled with masses of rock, which seem to have been shaken by some convulsion of nature from the high steeps on either side, and in whose shelves and crevices time had planted a thick wood of the birch and ash.

But I will not describe the Trosachs after Walter Scott. Read what
he says of them in the first canto of his poem. Loch Katrine, when we reached it, was crisped into little waves, by a fresh wind from the northwest, and a boat, with four brawny Highlanders, was waiting to convey us to the head of the lake. We launched upon the dark deep water, between craggy and shrubby steeps, the summits of which rose on every side of us; and one of the rowers, an intelligent-looking man, took upon himself the task of pointing out to us the places mentioned by the poet. “There,” said he, as we receded from the shore, “is the spot in the Trosachs where Fitz James lost his gallant gray.” He then repeated, in a sort of recitative, dwelling strongly on the rhyme, the lines in the Lady of the Lake which relate that incident. “Yonder is the island where Douglas concealed his daughter. Under that broad oak, whose boughs almost dip into the water was the place where her skiff was moored. On that rock, covered with heath, Fitz James stood and wound his bugle. Near it, but out of sight, is the silver strand where the skiff received him on board.”

Further on, he pointed out, on the south side of the lake, half way up among the rocks of the mountain, the place of the Goblin Cave, and still beyond it

“The wild pass, where birches wave,
Of Beal-a-nam-bo.”

On the north shore, the hills had a gentler slope, and on their skirts, which spread into something like a meadow, we saw a solitary dwelling. “In that,” said he, “Rob Roy was born.” In about two hours, our strong-armed rowers had brought us to the head of the lake. Before we reached it, we saw the dark crest of Ben Lomond, loftier than any of the mountains around us, peering over the hills which formed the southern rampart of Loch Katrine. We landed, and proceeded—the men on foot and the women on ponies—through a wild craggy valley, overgrown with low shrubs, to Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, where a stream freshly swollen by rains tumbled down a pretty cascade into the lake. As we descended the steep bank, we saw a man and woman sitting on the grass weaving baskets; the woman, as we passed, stopped her work to beg; and the children, chubby and ruddy, came running after us with “Please give me a penny to buy a scone.”

At Inversnaid we embarked in a steamboat which took us to the northern extremity of the lake, where it narrows into a channel like a river. Here we stopped to wait the arrival of a coach, and, in the mean time, the passengers had an hour to wander in the grassy valley of Glenfalloch, closed in by high mountains. I heard the roar of mountain-streams, and passing northward, found myself in sight of two torrents, one from the east, and the other from the west side of the valley, throwing themselves, foaming and white, from precipice to precipice, till their
waters, which were gathered in the summit of the mountains, reached the meadows, and stole through the grass to mingle with those of the lake.

The coach at length arrived, and we were again taken on board the steamer, and conveyed the whole length of Loch Lomond to its southern extremity. We passed island after island, one of which showed among its thick trees the remains of a fortress, erected in the days of feudal warfare and robbery, and another was filled with deer. Towards the southern end of the lake, the towering mountains, peak beyond peak, which overlook the lake, subside into hills, between which the stream called Leven-water flows out through a rich and fertile valley.

Coaches were waiting at Balloch, where we landed, to take us to Dumbarton. Near the lake we passed a magnificent park, in the midst of which stood a castle, a veritable castle, a spacious massive building of stone, with a tower and battlements, on which a flag was flying. "It belongs to a dry-goods merchant in Glasgow," said the captain of the steamboat, who was in the coach with us; "and the flag is put up by his boys. The merchants are getting finer seats than the nobility." I am sorry to say that I have forgotten both the name of the merchant and that of his castle. He was, as I was told, a liberal, as well as an opulent man; had built a school-house in the neighborhood, and being of the Free Church party, was then engaged in building a church.

Near Renton, on the banks of the Leven, I saw a little neighborhood, embosomed in old trees. "There," said our captain, "Smollet[t] was born." A column has been erected to his memory in the town of Renton, which we saw as we passed. The forked rock, on which stands Dumbarton Castle, was now in sight overlooking the Clyde; we were whirled into the town, and in a few minutes were on board a steamer which, as evening set in, landed us at Glasgow.

I must reserve what I have to tell of Glasgow and Ayrshire for yet another letter.

**Manuscript:** Unrecovered text: *LT I*, pp. 181–190; first published in *EP* for August 19, 1845.

1. The philosopher Dugald Stewart (1753–1828) had been a friend of Burns and Scott, and the teacher at Edinburgh University of such leading British statesmen as Lord John Russell (1792–1878) and Viscount Palmerston (1784–1865). Bryant had read Stewart's *Outlines of Moral Philosophy* (1798) before entering Williams College at the age of fifteen. Tremaine McDowell, "Cullen Bryant Prepares for College," *South Atlantic Quarterly*, 30 (April 1931), 131–132.

2. Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin (1766–1841) is best remembered for having taken the classic frieze and other sculptures from the Parthenon at Athens to London, where, acquired in 1816 by the British Museum, they have since been known as the "Elgin Marbles."

4. Sir William Wallace (1272?–1305), hero of Scottish romance, was overwhelmed with his army by Edward I of England at Falkirk in 1298.

5. Sir Walter Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto V.

   "The lake is passed, and now they gain
   A narrow and a broken plain,
   Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
   And here the horse and spearmen pause,
   While, to explore the dangerous glen,
   Dive through the pass the archer men.
   At once there rose so wild a yell
   Within that dark and narrow dell,
   As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
   Had pealed the banner cry of hell!"

   *Ibid.*, Canto VI.

6. Modern scholars place the birthplace of the novelist Tobias George Smollett (1721–1771) at Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire.

549. *To Frances F. Bryant*  

Glasgow July 22, 1845.

My dear Frances.

The steamer has arrived from America bringing me a letter from Mr. Howe but none from you. I did not expect this neglect. It has made me think of imitating your example. What would you say if I were to stop writing altogether and save the trouble of further correspondence? That is what I seriously think of doing, if you allow the steamers to come over in this manner without bringing me any thing from you. I *must* have a letter from you by every steamer—that’s flat. "So take your avisaments of that."

I think you need give yourself no trouble in looking up the number of the London Atheneum containing the report at the close of the proceedings of the meeting of the British Association. I have a Cambridge paper which reports Professor Murchison’s speech thus.

"Mr. Murchison then proposed a vote of thanks to the other eminent foreigners not engaged in the Magnetic Conference, who had attended the meeting, comprising Germans (of whom twelve out of sixteen were Prussians), Belgians, Poles, Italians and Americans. Amongst the latter was that eminent poet William Culling [sic] Bryant. In the course of his observations, Mr. Murchison adverted in most grateful terms to the splendid hospitality shown to him during his visit to Russia.—[Applause]"¹

If you see Mr. Close tell him that Roslin in Scotland looks no more like Roslyn on Long Island than A. looks like Ampersand. On the 16th of this month, after writing my last letter to you, I went to visit the place. The village is an ugly Scotch village; rows of little low stone or clay built dwellings with sharp roofs built so as to appear like one long building on each side of the street—a rope walk for example, or a range of stables. At the end of the village is an inn, and not far from the inn is Roslin Chapel
a beautiful little remnant of Gothic architecture, crumbling somewhat, but still in good preservation, its pillars and arches and roof all rough and rich with florid Gothic carvings in stone. From the chapel you descend a hill towards the ruins of Roslin Castle, and crossing a deep narrow ravine by an old stone bridge—once the drawbridge—you stand among them—masses of wall, fragments of arches and a piece of a round tower, while on the edge of the precipice on which the castle was built stands a large dwelling house partly formed from its walls with a brass plate on the door inscribed "Mr. Hudson, Portrait painter from London." Three tiers of arches partly of hewn stone and partly excavated from the rock, with windows and loopholes looking out upon the glen of the Esk, are under the dwelling house. We went through two of them—the upper tier is used for Mr. Hudson's cellar. From the site of the castle you see the Esk wandering in its little valley, forming a sweep which half encloses a little green meadow at the bottom, covered all the year round with the white cloths of a bleaching factory. On one side of the meadow stretches a long high bank covered with woods, and just in front of the castle the Esk passes off between banks of red rock overhung with trees. I have been thus particular in my description that you may see that this glen which is a pretty little affair to be sure bears little resemblance to your Roslyn. There are a dozen places on the Housatonic in Connecticut which look more like the Scotch Roslin, though the Esk is a much smaller river than that and its hills not near so high. It is now the time for strawberries and roses in Scotland. Roslin is famous for its fields of strawberries, and after gathering a rose or two and trying the flavour of the Roslin strawberry we proceeded to Hawthornden the ancient residence of the poet Drummond,² which strangers are admitted to see one day in the week, Wednesday, on obtaining a ticket from the proprietor. You descend to it from the highway, by a path shaded with old trees, and reach an old dwelling, part of which appears to be a ruined remnant of a castle still older, standing on a high precipice which overbrows the Esk. Here the river flows in a chasm between banks of red rock overshadowed by the weeping birch and the ash. In front of the dwelling stands an immense sycamore, older I doubt not than the time of Drummond, and the rock on which the house stands is hollowed into caverns. We went from Hawthornden to the village of Lasswade prettily situated on the Esk, where we looked through a carpet factory, saw how rugs are made, and how Brussels carpets cut and uncut are woven, and learned that the children got sixpence a week and the grown girls about six shillings for their labour.

The next day we set out on an excursion to the Highlands, having sent on our luggage by the railway to Glasgow. The story of this excursion is told in my letter written for the Evening Post where I suppose you will read it.³ We reached Glasgow on the evening of the second day a little fatigued. The next day I presented my letter from Mr. Lawson to
his uncle Mr. Thompson, who received me very cordially, and presented me to three young ladies the sisters of Mr. Lawson who live with him and who seemed very glad to see me for their brother's sake. We dined with Mr. Thompson that day after he had taken much pains to show us the remarkable things of the place, which he did very intelligently. I had a letter from Mr. Lawson to Mr. Lumsden the Lord Provost of Glasgow but he was absent at London. On the same day, Saturday I went to 81 St. Vincent Street with letters from Mrs. Gibson to Mr. Rankin and Mr. Smith. They were both in the country and were not to return till Monday—so I left them with my card. The next day we went to church and in the afternoon took tea (I did—Mr. Leupp did not) at Mr. Thompson's. He inquired concerning the gooseberry bushes which he had sent out to me. I could only tell him that I had put them into the ground, but whether they were alive or dead I was not informed. See now what your want of communicativeness brings me to. You have not told me of the fate of a single one of the trees or shrubs, which I took so much pains to plant, and to the growth of which I looked with so much interest.

In walking the streets of Glasgow it struck me that the population was not as good looking as that of Edinburgh. There are good looking men among them, but there is an extraordinary large proportion of plain women—indeed it was rare to see one who was not so. The population of Glasgow is now estimated at about three hundred thousand of whom one hundred thousand are Irish. They have a large and handsome church—I believe they have two, though I saw but one—built entirely it is said by the modest contributions of the worshippers, who as with us are mostly of the poorer class.

Yesterday, Monday, we went to Ayr by the railway and walked to Alloway the birth place of [Robert] Burns where his monument stands on the banks of the Doon. You shall read the history of this excursion also in the Evening Post if I can find time to write it out. On returning about half past seven o'clock I found that Mr. Rankin had called twice in the course of the day to see me. I went immediately to 81 St. Vincent Street, but the house was shut up. If you see any of Mrs. Gibson's family will you tell them of my ill luck in not being able to see their friends. Tomorrow morning early we take the railway for Ardrossan, whence we shall sail for Ireland.

Dublin, July 25. On Tuesday the 22d [we] went to Ardrossan a little village among the sand hills of the sea shore where Burns's Highland Mary was born. She was called Highland from her subsequent residence among the Western Highlands. We went on board a black iron steamer crowded with passengers and were soon under way for Belfast. The coast of Ayr with the cliffs called the heads of Ayr were in sight on our left and the mountains of the isle of Arran on our right. At length we passed Ailsa Craig, a lone rock, rising high out of the sea, before which flocks of
gannets and solan geese were continually hovering, and on the cliffs of which with a telescope we could see them sitting in prodigious numbers. At length the rock bound coast of Ireland appeared faintly through the haze, and we approached the Lough as it is called at the bottom of which Belfast is situated. After a slow passage of ten hours which a lying advertisement had assured the public should be performed in six we landed. "Belfast" said Mr. Leupp "looks like Albany." After settling ourselves at an hotel I went to deliver a letter with which Mr. Edwin Field had furnished me to Mr. W. J. C. Allen, who received me very kindly and presented me to a pale gentleman in a white cravat, Mr. Porter his brother in law, a great admirer of Mr. Dewey’s writings, and whom I suspected to be a Unitarian minister. I learned from them that there was little to see in Belfast, though they both exclaimed against my leaving the North of Ireland until I had seen something of its picturesque beauty—at least the shores of Lough Neagh, and its round tower at Antrim and the Giant’s Causeway.

We did leave Belfast however the next morning for the south of Ireland, quitting at seven o’clock our dirty inn and one of the civilest and most active waiters I ever saw who anticipated whatever you began to ask for with more sagacity than any waiter I ever saw. The mail coach on which we were outside passengers took us through the whole length of the County of Down, inhabited mostly by Presbyterians and descendants of the Scotch, who however, seem to have lost some of the harshness of the national physiognomy and are a very good looking race. The region through which we passed was well tilled and for the most part quite fertile and the cottages of the peasantry had externally at least a neat and comfortable appearance. Lisburn and other little towns through which we passed looked prosperous and thriving. At length we entered the County of Louth inhabited by Catholics and people of the Celtic race, when an immediate change was visible. The cottages were smaller, and had a dirty and neglected appearance, their inmates ragged and squalid, and instead of children and young women with fair and pleasing countenances as I had hitherto seen them I beheld the same wide mouthed round eyed pug nosed race of which you so often see samples in our country. Women with jet black hair who are a rare sight in Belfast and the County of Down were frequent here. When we stopped to change horses beggars swarmed about our coach, some of them in a state of most fantastic raggedness beseeching charity with a true Irish volubility. Soon after entering the County of Louth we passed through a black stony valley near a village called Jonesborough the hill summits of which were dark with heath, and the bottom and even the declivities, when they were not rocky, were covered with bog. Hovels of the peasantry were scattered here and there, and their wretched inmates were engaged in cutting peat—men women and children—the men with spades and the women with their
hands, wringing the water from the black masses and laying them in rows between the long and wide ditches which lay half full of water. Our journey took us through other districts which had the appearance of great fertility, but the peasantry seemed equally miserable. A little before reaching Drogheda we saw to the right of us one of the high round towers of Ireland, with doors at a great distance from the ground, built it is supposed by the early missionaries from Italy in the sixth century. At Drogheda we passed the Boyne and were shown at a distance in the valley through which it flows, the place where the battle of the Boyne was fought, and the trees on an eminence where James beheld the defeat and flight of his followers. At Drogheda we took the railway, and in an hour we stepped from the finest cars I had seen in Great Britain, with windows of plate glass on three sides into the streets of Dublin. What I saw in Dublin I must tell you in another letter.

Yrs truly—

W C. BRYANT.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR ADDRESS: Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island DOCKETED: Glasgow / July 22nd.


3. Letter 548.

4. James Lawson (154.4, 326.13) had emigrated from Glasgow to New York in 1815, at the age of sixteen. His uncle is named in Bryant’s diary as Mr. A. Thompson of 6 Maxwelton Place, Glasgow.

5. Mary Campbell, daughter of a Glasgow sea captain, to whose memory Robert Burns addressed several poignant poems after their brief romance was ended by her death.

6. John Scott Porter (1801–1880) was a Biblical scholar and Unitarian minister who had previously been pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Belfast. Allen has not been identified further.

7. At the Battle of the Boyne in 1690 the exiled King James II of England was defeated by the armies of William III, who thereby re-established English rule in Ireland, and secured Protestantism in England.

550. To the Evening Post

Dublin, July 24, 1845.

I promised another letter concerning Scotland, but I had not time to write it until the Irish Channel lay between me and the Scottish coast. When we reached Glasgow on the 18th of July, the streets were swarming with people. I inquired the occasion, and was told that this was the annual fair. The artizans were all out with their families, and great numbers of country people were sauntering about. This fair was once, what its name imports, an annual market for the sale of merchandise; but it is now a mere holiday in which the principal sales, as it appeared to
me, were of gingerbread and whisky. I strolled the next morning to the Green, a spacious open ground that stretches along the Clyde. One part of it was occupied with the booths and temporary theatres and wagons of showmen, around and among which a vast throng was assembled, who seemed to delight in being deafened with the cries of the showmen and the music of their instruments. In one place a band was playing, in another a gong was thudding, and from one of the balconies a fellow in regal robes and a pasteboard crown, surrounded by several persons of both sexes in tawdry stage-dresses, who seemed to have just got out of bed and were yawning and rubbing their eyes, was vociferating to the crowd in praise of the entertainment which was shortly to be offered them, while not far off the stentor of a rival company, under a flag which announced a new pantomime for a penny, was declaiming with equal vehemence. I made my way with difficulty through the crowd to the ancient street called the Salt Market, in which Scott places the habitation of Bailie Jarvie. It was obstructed with little stalls, where toys and other inconsiderable articles were sold. Here at the corner of one of the streets stands the old tower of the Tolbooth where Rob Roy was confined, a solid piece of ancient architecture. The main building has been removed and a modern house supplies its place; the tower has been pierced below for a thoroughfare, and its clock still reports the time of day to the people of Glasgow. The crowd through which I passed had that squalid appearance which marks extreme poverty and uncertain means of subsistence, and I was able to form some idea of the prodigious number of this class in a populous city of Great Britain like Glasgow. For populous she is, and prosperous as a city, increasing with a rapidity almost equal to that of New York, and already she numbers, it is estimated, three hundred thousand inhabitants. Of these it is said that full one-third are Irish by birth or born of Irish parents.

The next day, which was Sunday, before going to church, I walked towards the west part of the city; where the streets are broad and the houses extremely well-built, of the same noble material as the new town of Edinburgh; and many of the dwellings have fine gardens. Their sites in many places overlook the pleasant valley of the Clyde, and I could not help acknowledging that Glasgow was not without claim to the epithet of beautiful, which I should have denied her if I had formed my judgment from the commercial streets only. The people of Glasgow also have shown their good sense in erecting the statues which adorn their public squares, only to men who have some just claim to distinction. Here are no statues, for example, of the profligate Charles II, or the worthless Duke of York, or the silly Duke of Cambridge, as you will see in other cities; but here the marble effigy of Walter Scott looks from a lofty column in the principal square, and not far from it is that of the inventor Watt, while the statues erected to military men are to those who, like
Wellington, have acquired a just renown in arms. The streets were full of well-dressed persons going to church, the women for the most part, I must say, far from beautiful. I turned with the throng and followed it as far as St. Enoch’s church, in Buchanan-street, where I heard a long discourse from a sensible preacher, Dr. Barr, a minister of the established Kirk of Scotland.

In the afternoon I climbed one of the steep streets to the north of my hotel, and found three places of worship, built with considerable attention to architectural effect, and fresh, as it seemed, from the hands of the mason. They all, as I was told, belonged to the Free Kirk, which has lately been rent from the establishment, and threatens to leave it a mere shadow of a church, like the Episcopal church in Ireland. “Nothing,” said an intelligent Glasgow friend of mine, “can exceed the zeal of the friends of the Free Church. One of our Glasgow merchants has just given fifteen hundred pounds towards the fund for providing manses, or parsonages, for the ministers of that Church, and I know of several who have subscribed a thousand. In all the colleges of Scotland, the professors are obliged, by way of test, to declare their attachment to the Presbyterian Church as by law established. Parliament has just refused to repeal this test, and the friends of the Free Church are determined to found a college of their own. Twenty thousand pounds had already been subscribed before the government refused to dispense with this test, and the project will now be supported with more zeal than ever.”

I went into one of these Free churches, and listened to a sermon from Dr. Lindsay, a comfortable-looking professor in some new theological school. It was quite commonplace, though not so long as the Scotch ministers are in the habit of giving; for excessive brevity is by no means their besetting infirmity. At the close of the exercises, he announced that a third service would be held in the evening. “The subject,” continued he, “will be the thoughts and exercises of Jonah in the whale’s belly.”

In returning to my hotel, I passed by another new church, with an uncommonly beautiful steeple and elaborate carvings. I inquired its name; it was the new St. John’s, and was another of the buildings of the Free Church.

On Monday we made an excursion to the birthplace of Burns. The railway between Glasgow and Ayr took us through Paisley, worthy of note as having produced our eminent ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, and along the banks of Castle Semple Loch, full of swans, a beautiful sheet of water, sleeping among green fields which shelve gently to its edge. We passed by Irvine, where Burns learned the art of dressing flax, and traversing a sandy tract, close to the sea, were set down at Ayr, near the new bridge. You recollect Burns’s dialogue between the “auld brig” of Ayr and the new, in which the former predicted that vain as her rival might be of her new and fresh appearance, the time would shortly come when she
would be as much dilapidated as herself. The prediction is fulfilled; the bridge has begun to give way, and workmen are busy in repairing its arches.

We followed a pleasant road, sometimes agreeably shaded by trees, to Alloway. As we went out of Ayr we heard a great hammering and clicking of chisels, and looking to the right we saw workmen busy in building another of the Free Churches, with considerable elaborateness of architecture, in the early Norman style. The day was very fine, the sun bright, and the sky above us perfectly clear; but, as is generally the case in this country with an east wind, the atmosphere was thick with a kind of dry haze which veils distant objects from the sight. The sea was to our right, but we could not discern where it ended and the horizon began, and the mountains of the island of Arran and the lone and lofty rock of Ailsa Craig looked at first like faint shadows in the thick air, and were soon altogether undistinguishable. We came at length to the little old ruined kirk of Alloway, in the midst of a burying ground, roofless, but with gable-ends still standing, and its interior occupied by tombs. A solid upright marble slab, before the church, marks the place where William Burns, the father of the poet, lies buried. A little distance beyond flows the Doon under the old bridge crossed by Tam O'Shanter on the night of his adventure with the witches.

This little stream well deserves the epithet of "bonnie," which Burns had given it. Its clear but dark current, flows rapidly between banks often shaded with ashes, alders, and other trees, and sometimes overhung by precipices of a reddish-colored rock. A little below the bridge it falls into the sea, but the tide comes not up to embitter its waters. From the west bank of the stream the land rises to hills of considerable height, with a heathy summit and wooded slopes, called Brown Carrick Hill. Two high cliffs near it impend over the sea, which are commonly called the Heads of Ayr, and not far from these stands a fragment of an ancient castle. I have sometimes wondered that born as Burns was in the neighborhood of the sea, which I was told is often swelled into prodigious waves by the strong west winds that beat on this coast, he should yet have taken little if any of his poetic imagery from the ocean, either in its wilder or its gentler moods. But his occupations were among the fields, and his thoughts were of those who dwelt among them, and his imagination never wandered where his feelings went not.

The monument erected to Burns, near the bridge, is an ostentatious thing, with a gilt tripod on its summit. I was only interested to see some of the relics of Burns which it contains, among which is the Bible given by him to his Highland Mary. A road from the monument leads along the stream among the trees to a mill, at a little distance above the bridge, where the water passes under steep rocks, and I followed it. The wild rose and the woodbine were in full bloom in the hedges, and these to me
were a better memorial of Burns than any thing which the chisel could execute. A barefoot lassie came down the grassy bank among the trees with a pail, and after washing her feet in the swift current filled the pail and bore it again over the bank.

We saw many visitors sauntering about the bridge or entering the monument; some of them seemed to be country people,—young men with their sisters and sweethearts, and others in white cravats with a certain sleekness of appearance I took to be of the profession of divinity. At the inn beside the Doon, a young woman, with a face and head so round as almost to form a perfect globe, gave us a dish of excellent strawberries and cream, and we set off for the house in which Burns was born.

It is a clay-built cottage of the humblest class, and now serves, with the addition of two new rooms of a better architecture, for an ale-house. Mrs. Hastings, the landlady, showed us the register, in which we remarked that a very great number of the visitors had taken the pains to write themselves down as shoemakers. Major Burns, one of the sons of the poet, had lately visited the place with his two daughters and a younger brother, and they had inscribed their names in the book.

We returned to Ayr by a different road from that by which we went to Alloway. The haymakers were at work in the fields, and the vegetation was everywhere in its highest luxuriance. You may smile at the idea, but I affirm that a potato field in Great Britain, at this season, is a prettier sight than a vineyard in Italy. In this climate, the plant throws out an abundance of blossoms, pink and white, and just now the potato fields are as fine as so many flower gardens.

We crossed the old bridge of Ayr, which is yet in good preservation, though carriages are not allowed to pass over it. Looking up the stream, we saw solitary slopes and groves on its left bank, and I fancied that I had in my eye the sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where Burns and his Highland Mary held the meeting described in his letters, and parted to meet no more.


1. Bailie Nicol Jarvie and the historical outlaw Robert MacGregor, or Campbell (1671–1734), commonly called Rob Roy, were central characters in Sir Walter Scott's novel Rob Roy (1817).
2. James Watt (1736–1819), inventor of the first successful steam engine, in 1769.
3. Free Church adherents had already founded New College, at Edinburgh.
5. Alexander Wilson (1766–1813) emigrated to New Castle, Delaware, in 1794. His seven-volume American Ornithology (1808–1813) supplied imagery to at least one of Bryant's early poems, "To a Waterfowl" (1815).
6. In his poem "The Brigs of Ayr."
7. In Burns's poem "Tam o' Shanter" (1790).
551. To the Evening Post

Dublin, July 25, 1845.

We left Glasgow on the morning of the 22d, and taking the railway to Ardrossan were soon at the beach. One of those iron steamers which navigate the British waters, far inferior to our own in commodious and comfortable arrangements, but strong and safe, received us on board, and at ten o'clock we were on our way to Belfast. The coast of Ayr, with the cliff near the birthplace of Burns, continued long in sight; we passed near the mountains of Arran, high and bare steepes swelling out of the sea, which had a look of almost complete solitude; and at length Ailsa Craig began faintly to show itself, high above the horizon, through the thick atmosphere. We passed this lonely rock, about which flocks of sea-birds, the sojan goose, and the gannet, on long white wings with jetty tips, were continually wheeling, and with a glass we could discern them sitting by thousands on the shelves of the rock, where they breed. The upper part of Ailsa, above the cliffs, which reach more than half-way to the summit, appears not to be destitute of soil, for it was tinged with a faint verdure.

In about nine hours—we were promised by a lying advertisement it should be six—we had crossed the channel, over smooth water, and were making our way, between green shores almost without a tree, up the bay, at the bottom of which stands, or rather lies, for its site is low, the town of Belfast. We had yet enough of daylight left to explore a part at least of the city. "It looks like Albany," said my companion, and really the place bears some resemblance to the streets of Albany which are situated near the river, nor is it without an appearance of commercial activity. The people of Belfast, you know, are of Scotch origin, with some infusion of the original race of Ireland. I heard English spoken with a Scotch accent, but I was obliged to own that the severity of the Scottish physiognomy had been softened by the migration and the mingling of breeds. I presented one of my letters of introduction, and met with so cordial a reception, that I could not but regret the necessity of leaving Belfast the next morning.

At an early hour the next day we were in our seats on the outside of the mail-coach. We passed through a well-cultivated country, interspersed with towns which had an appearance of activity and thrift. The dwellings of the cottagers looked more comfortable than those of the same class in Scotland, and we were struck with the good looks of the people, men and women, whom we passed in great numbers going to their work. At length, having traversed the county of Down, we entered Lo[u]th, when an immediate change was visible. We were among wretched and dirty hovels, squalid-looking men and women, and ragged children—the stature of the people seemed dwarfed by the poverty in which they have so
long lived, and the jet-black hair and broad faces which I saw around me, instead of the light hair and oval countenances so general a few miles back, showed me that I was among the pure Celtic race.

Shortly after entering the county of Lo[u]uth, and close on the confines of Armagh, perhaps partly within it, we traversed, near the village of Jonesborough, a valley full of the habitations of peat-diggers. Its aspect was most remarkable, the barren hills that inclose it were dark with heath and gorse and with ledges of brown rock, and their lower declivities, as well as the level of the valley, black with peat, which had been cut from the ground and laid in rows. The men were at work with spades cutting it from the soil, and the women were pressing the water from the portions thus separated, and exposing it to the air to dry. Their dwellings were of the most wretched kind, low windowless hovels, no higher than the heaps of peat, with swarms of dirty children around them. It is the property of peat earth to absorb a large quantity of water, and to part with it slowly. The springs, therefore, in a region abounding with peat make no brooks; the water passes into the spongy soil and remains there, forming morasses even on the slopes of the hills.

As we passed out of this black valley we entered a kind of glen, and the guard, a man in a laced hat and scarlet coat, pointed to the left, and said, "There is a pretty place." It was a beautiful park along a hill-side, groves and lawns, a broad domain, jealously inclosed by a thick and high wall, beyond which we had, through the trees, a glimpse of a stately mansion. Our guard was a genuine Irishman, strongly resembling the late actor Power in physiognomy, with the very brogue which Power sometimes gave to his personages. He was a man of pithy speech, communicative, and acquainted apparently with every body, of every class, whom we passed on the road. Besides him we had for fellow-passengers three very intelligent Irishmen, on their way to Dublin. One of them was a tall, handsome gentleman, with dark hair and hazel eyes, and a rich South-Irish brogue. He was fond of his joke, but next to him sat a graver personage, in spectacles, equally tall, with fair hair and light-blue eyes, speaking with a decided Scotch accent. By my side was a square-built, fresh-colored personage, who had travelled in America, and whose accent was almost English. I thought I could not be mistaken in supposing them to be samples of the three different races by which Ireland is peopled.

We now entered a fertile district, meadows heavy with grass, in which the haymakers were at work, and fields of wheat and barley as fine as I had ever seen, but the habitations of the peasantry had the same wretched look, and their inmates the same appearance of poverty. Wherever the coach stopped we were beset with swarms of beggars, the wittiest beggars in the world, and the raggedest, except those of Italy. One or two green mounds stood close to the road, and we saw others at a distance. "They are Danish forts," said the guard. "Every thing we do not know the
history of, we put upon the Danes,” added the South of Ireland man. These grassy mounds, which are from ten to twenty feet in height, are now supposed to have been the burial places of the ancient Celts. The peasantry can with difficulty be persuaded to open any of them, on account of a prevalent superstition that it will bring bad luck. A little before we arrived at Drogheda, I saw a tower to the right, apparently a hundred feet in height, with a doorway at a great distance from the ground, and a summit somewhat dilapidated. “That is one of the round towers of Ireland, concerning which there is so much discussion,” said my English-looking fellow-traveller. These round towers, as the Dublin antiquarians tell me, were probably built by the early Christian missionaries from Italy, about the seventh century, and were used as places of retreat and defence against the pagans.

Not far from Drogheda, I saw at a distance a quiet-looking valley. “That,” said the English-looking passenger, “is the valley of the Boyne, and in that spot was fought the famous battle of the Boyne.” “Which the Irish are fighting about yet, in America,” added the South of Ireland man. They pointed out near the spot, a cluster of trees on an eminence, where James beheld the defeat of his followers. We crossed the Boyne, entered Drogheda, dismounted among a crowd of beggars, took our places in the most elegant railway waggons we had ever seen, and in an hour were set down in Dublin.

I will not weary you with a description of Dublin. Scores of travellers have said that its public buildings are magnificent, and its rows of private houses, in many of the streets, are so many ranges of palaces. Scores of travellers have said that if you pass out of these fine streets, into the ancient lanes of the city, you see mud-houses that scarcely afford a shelter, and are yet inhabited.

“Some of these,” said a Dublin acquaintance to me, “which are now roofless and no longer keep out the weather, yet show by their elaborate cornices and their elegant chimney-pieces, that the time has been, and that not very long since, when they were inhabited by the opulent class.” He led me back of Dublin castle to show me the house in which Swift was born.² It stands in a narrow, dirty lane called Holy’s court, close to the well-built part of the town; its windows are broken out, and its shutters falling to pieces, and the houses on each side are in the same condition, yet they are swarming with dirty and ragged inmates.

I have seen no loftier nor more spacious dwellings than those which overlook St. Stephen’s Green, a noble park, planted with trees, under which this showery sky and mild temperature maintain a verdure all the year, even in mid-winter. About Merrion square, another park, the houses have scarcely a less stately appearance, and one of these with a strong broad balcony, from which to address the people in the street, is inhabited by O’Connell.³ The park of the University, in the midst of the
city, is of great extent, and the beautiful public grounds called Ph[onenix] Park, have a circumference of eight miles. "Do not suppose," said a friend to me, "that these spacious houses which you see about you, are always furnished with a magnificence corresponding to that of their exterior. It is often the case that a few rooms only of these great ranges of apartments are provided with furniture, and the rest left empty and unoccupied. The Irishman of the higher class, as well as of the humbler, is naturally improvident, generous, fond of enjoying the moment, and does not allow his income to accumulate, either for the purpose of hoarding or the purpose of display."

I went into Conciliation Hall, which resembles a New York lecture-room, and was shown the chair where the autocrat of Ireland, the Liberator, as they call him, sits near the chairman at the repeal meetings. Conciliation Hall was at that time silent, for O'Connell was making a journey through several of the western counties, I think, of Ireland, for the purpose of addressing and encouraging his followers. I inquired of an intelligent dissenter what was the state of the public feeling in Ireland, with regard to the repeal question, and whether the popularity of O'Connell was still as great as ever.

"As to O'Connell," he answered, "I do not know whether his influence is increasing, but I am certain that it is not declining. With regard to the question of repealing the Union, there is a very strong leaning among intelligent men in Ireland to the scheme of a federal government, in other words, to the creation of an Irish parliament for local legislation, leaving matters which concern Ireland in common with the rest of the empire to be decided by the British Parliament."

I mentioned an extraordinary declaration which I had heard made by John O'Connell on the floor of Parliament, in answer to a speech of Mr. Wyse, an Irish Catholic member, who supported the new-colleges bill. This younger O'Connell denounced Wyse as no Catholic, as an apostate from his religion, for supporting the bill, and declared that for himself, after the Catholic Bishops of Ireland had expressed their disapproval of the bill, he inquired no further, but felt himself bound as a faithful member of the Catholic Church to oppose it.4

"It is that declaration," said the gentleman, "which has caused a panic among those of the Irish Protestants who were well-affected to the cause of repeal. If the Union should be repealed, they fear that O'Connell, whose devotion to the Catholic Church appears to grow stronger and stronger, and whose influence over the Catholic population is almost without limit, will so direct the legislation of the Irish Parliament as only to change the religious oppression that exists from one party to the other. There is much greater liberality at present among the Catholics than among their adversaries in Ireland, but I can not say how much of it is owing to the oppression they endure. The fact that O'Connell has been
backward to assist in any church reforms in Ireland has given occasion to the suspicion that he only desires to see the revenues and the legal authority of the Episcopal Church transferred to the Catholic Church. If that should happen, and if the principle avowed by John O'Connell should be the rule of legislation, scarcely any body but a Catholic will be able to live in Ireland."

Mr. Wall, to whom our country is indebted for the Hudson River Portfolio, and who resided in the United States for twenty-two years, is here, and is, I should think, quite successful in his profession. Some of his later landscapes are superior to any of his productions that I remember. Among them is a view on Lough Corrib, in which the ruined castle on the island of that lake is a conspicuous object. It is an oil painting, and is a work of great merit. The Dublin Art Union made it their first purchase from the exhibition in which it appeared. Mr. Wall remembers America with much pleasure, and nothing can exceed his kindness to such of the Americans as he meets in Ireland.

He took us to the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Society. Among its pictures is a portrait of a lady by Burton, in water-colors, most surprising for its perfection of execution and expression, its strength of coloring and absolute nature. Burton is a native of Dublin, and is but twenty-five years old. The Irish connoisseurs claim for him the praise of being the first artist in water-colors in the world. He paints with the left hand. There are several other fine things by him in the exhibition. Maclise, another Irish artist, has a picture in the exhibition, representing a dramatic author offering his piece to an actor. The story is told in Gil Blas. It is a miracle of execution, though it has the fault of hardness and too equal a distribution of light. I have no time to speak more at large of this exhibition, and my letter is already too long.

This afternoon we sail for Liverpool.


1. After a series of highly successful appearances on the American stage between 1833 and 1841, the Irish comedian Tyrone Power (1797–1841) had been lost with all on board the steamship President, in which he was returning to London.
3. Daniel O'Connell (1775–1847), called the Liberator, was long the champion, in and out of the British Parliament, of repeal of the union between England and Ireland.
4. John O'Connell (1810–1858), son of the Liberator, had been a member of Parliament since 1832. Sir Thomas Wyse (1791–1862), another Irish member, was an early advocate of Catholic emancipation in Ireland. By 1845 he was a member of the British government. In his diary entry for June 23, 1845, Bryant noted—after attending the debate in the House of Commons to which he refers here, "Mr. Wyse a Catholic spoke passably well—John O'Connell very badly." The "new-colleges bill" (the Maynooth Grant) is discussed in Letter 547.
5. Dublin-born William Guy Wall (1792–post 1864), a trained artist when he
came to New York in 1818, earned justified fame when twenty of his watercolor scenes of the Hudson valley were engraved for the popular *Hudson River Portfolio*, first published in 1820. A founder of the National Academy, and a member of the Sketch Club, Wall had been one of Bryant's early friends among the New York artists. See Letter 553; *DAA*.

6. Sir Frederick William Burton (1816–1900), a successful portrait painter in Dublin and a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, later directed the National Gallery in London from 1874 to 1894.

7. Daniel Maclise (1806–1870), whose frescoes in the House of Lords are among the finest historical paintings of the English school, was also the portraitist of many literary figures, and the illustrator of books by his friend Dickens, as well as by Thackeray. The subject of the picture Bryant describes was drawn from *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane*, by the French novelist Alain René Le Sage (1668–1747). This novel of romantic adventure had been popular in England ever since its translation by Tobias Smollett in 1749.

552. To the Evening Post

London, July 28, 1845.

Since we came to England we have visited the Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, in the neighborhood of London. It is a large building, divided into numerous apartments, with the plainest accommodations, for the insane poor of the county of Middlesex. It is superintended by Dr. Conolly, who is most admirably fitted for the place he fills, by his great humanity, sagacity, and ingenuity.

I put these qualities together as necessary to each other. Mere humanity, without tact and skill, would fail deplorably. The rude and coarse methods of government which consist in severity, are the most obvious ones; they suggest themselves to the dullest minds, and cost nothing but bodily strength to put them in execution; the gentler methods require reflection, knowledge, and dexterity. It is these which Dr. Conolly applies with perfect success. He has taken great pains to make himself acquainted, by personal observation, with the treatment of the insane in different hospitals, not only in England, but on the continent. He found that to be the most efficacious which interferes least with their personal liberty, and on this principle, the truth of which an experience of several years has now confirmed, he founded the system of treatment at Hanwell.

We had letters to Dr. Conolly, with the kindness and gentleness of whose manners we were much struck. He conducted us over the several wards of the Asylum. We found in it a thousand persons of both sexes, not one of whom was in seclusion, that is to say confined because it was dangerous to allow him to go at large; nor were they subjected to any apparent restraint whatever. Some were engaged in reading, some in exercises and games of skill; of the females some were occupied in sewing, others at work in the kitchen or the laundry; melancholic patients were walking about in silence or sitting gloomily by themselves; idiots were rocking their bodies backward and forward as they sat, but all were peaceable in their demeanor, and the greatest quiet prevailed. No chastise-
ment of any kind is inflicted; the lunatic is always treated as a patient, and never as an offender. When he becomes so outrageous and violent that his presence can be endured no longer, he is put into a room with padded walls and floors where he can do himself no mischief, and where his rage is allowed to exhale. Even the straight jacket is unknown here.

I said that the demeanor of all the patients with whom the Asylum was swarming was peaceable. There was one exception. On entering one of the wards, a girl of an earnest and determined aspect, as soon as she saw Dr. Conolly began to scream violently, and sprang towards him, thrusting aside the bystanders by main force. Two of the female attendants came immediately up and strove to appease her, holding her back without severity, as a mother would restrain her infant. I saw them struggling with her for some time; how they finally disposed of her I did not observe, but her screams had ceased before we left the ward.

Among the patients was one who, we were told, was remarkable for his extravagant love of finery, and whose cell was plastered over with glaring colored prints and patches of colored paper ornamentally disposed. He wore on his hat a broad strip of tarnished lace, and had decorated his waistcoat with several perpendicular rows of pearl buttons.

“You have made your room very fine here,” said the doctor.

“Yes,” said he, smiling and evidently delighted, “but, my dear sir, all is vanity—all is vanity, sir, and vexation of spirit. There is but one thing that we ought to strive for, and that is the kingdom of heaven.”

As there was no disputing this proposition, we passed on to another cell, at the door of which stood a tall, erect personage, who was busy with a pot of paint and a brush, inscribing the panels with mottoes and scraps of verse. The walls of his room were covered with poetry and pithy sentences. Some of the latter appeared to be of his own composition, and were not badly turned; their purport generally was this: that birth is but a trivial accident, and that virtue and talent are the only true nobility. This man was found wandering about in Chiswick, full of a plan for educating the Prince of Wales in a manner to enable him to fill the throne with credit and usefulness. As his name could not be learned, the appellation of “Chiswick” was given him, which he himself adopted, styling himself Mr. “Chiswick” in his mottoes, but always taking care to put the name between inverted commas.

As we proceeded, a man rose from his seat, and laying both hands on a table before him, so as to display his fingers, ornamented with rings made of black ribbon, in which glass buttons were set for jewels, addressed Dr. Conolly with great respect, formally setting forth that he was in great want of a new coat for Sundays, the one he had on being positively unfit to appear in, and that a better had been promised him. The doctor stopped, inquired into the case, and the poor fellow was gratified by the assurance that the promised coat should be speedily forthcoming.

In his progress through the wards Dr. Conolly listened with great
patience to the various complaints of the inmates. One of them came up and told us that he did not think the methods of the institution judicious. "The patients," said he, "are many of them growing worse. One in particular, who has been here for several weeks, I can see is growing worse every day." Dr. Conolly asked the name of this patient— "I can not tell," said the man, "but I can bring him to you." "Bring him then," said the doctor; and after a moment's absence he returned, leading up one of the healthiest and quietest looking men in the ward. "He looks better to be sure," said the man, "but he is really worse." A burst of laughter from the patients who stood by followed this saying, and one of them looking at me knowingly, touched his forehead to intimate that the objector was not exactly in his senses.

In one of the female wards we were introduced, as gentlemen from America, to a respectable-looking old lady in black, who sat with a crutch by her side. "Are you not lawyers?" she asked, and when we assured her that we were only Yankees, she rebuked us mildly for assuming such a disguise, when she knew very well that we were a couple of attorneys. "And you, doctor," she added, "I am surprised that you should have any thing to do with such a deception." The doctor answered that he was very sorry she had so bad an opinion of him, as she must be sensible that he had never said any thing to her which was not true. "Ah, doctor," she rejoined, "but you are the dupe of these people."

It was in the same ward, I think, that a well-dressed woman, in a bonnet and shawl, was promenading the room, carrying a bible and two smaller volumes, apparently prayer or hymn books. "Have you heard the very reverend Mr. ——, in —— chapel?" she asked of my fellow-traveller. I have unfortunately forgotten the name of the preacher and his chapel. On being answered in the negative, "Then go and hear him," she added, "when you return to London." She went on to say that the second coming of the Saviour was to take place, and the world to be destroyed in a very few days, and that she had a commission to proclaim the approach of that event. "These poor people," said she, "think that I am here on the same account as themselves, when I am only here to prepare the way for the second coming."

"I'm thinking, please yer honor, that it is quite time I was let out of this place," said a voice as we entered one of the wards. Dr. Conolly told me that he had several Irish patients in the asylum, and that they gave him the most trouble on account of the hurry in which they were to be discharged. We heard the same request eagerly made in the same brogue by various other patients of both sexes.

As I left this multitude of lunatics, promiscuously gathered from the poor and reduced class, comprising all varieties of mental disease, from idiocy to madness, yet all of them held in such admirable order by the law of kindness, that to the casual observer most of them betrayed no
symptoms of insanity, and of the rest, many appeared to be only very odd people, quietly pursuing their own harmless whims, I could not but feel the highest veneration for the enlightened humanity by which the establishment was directed. I considered, also, if the feeling of personal liberty, the absence of physical restraint, and the power of moral motives, had such power to hold together in perfect peace and order, even a promiscuous band of lunatics, how much greater must be their influence over the minds of men in a state of sanity, and on how false a foundation rest all the governments of force! The true basis of human polity, appointed by God in our nature, is the power of moral motives, which is but another term for public opinion.

Of the political controversies which at present agitate the country, the corn-law question is that which calls forth the most feeling; I mean on the part of those who oppose the restrictions on the introduction of foreign grain—for, on the other side, it appears to me that the battle is languidly fought. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of the adversaries of the corn-laws. With some of them the repeal of the tax on bread is the remedy for all political evils. "Free trade, free trade," is the burden of their conversation, and although a friend of free trade myself, to the last and uttermost limit, I have been in circles in England, in which I had a little too much of it. Yet this is an example to prove what a strong hold the question has taken of the minds of men, and how completely the thoughts of many are absorbed by it. Against such a feeling as that which has been kindled in Great Britain, on the corn-law question, no law in our country could stand. So far as I can judge, it is spreading, as well as growing stronger. I am told that many of the farmers have become proselytes of the League. The League is a powerful and prodigiously numerous association, with ample and increasing funds, publishing able tracts, supporting well-conducted journals, and holding crowded public meetings, which are addressed by some of the ablest speakers in the United Kingdom. I attended one of these at Covent Garden. Stage, pit, boxes, and gallery of that large building were filled with one of the most respectable-looking audiences, men and women, I have ever seen. Among the speakers of the evening were Cobden and Fox. Cobden in physiognomy and appearance might almost pass for an American, and has a certain New England sharpness and shrewdness in his way of dealing with a subject. His address was argumentative, yet there was a certain popular clearness about it, a fertility of familiar illustration, and an earnest feeling, which made it uncommonly impressive. Fox is one of the most fluent and ingenious speakers I ever heard in a popular assembly. Both were listened to by an audience which seemed to hang on every word that fell from their lips.

The musical world here are talking about Colman's improvement in the piano. I have seen the instrument which the inventor brought out from America. It is furnished with a row of brass reeds, like those of the
instrument called the Seraphine. These take up the sound made by the string of the piano, and prolong it to any degree which is desired. It is a splicing of the sounds of one instrument upon another. Yet if the invention were to be left where it is, in Colman's instrument, it could not succeed with the public. The notes of the reeds are too harsh and nasal, and want the sweetness and mellowness of tone which belong to the string of the piano.

At present the invention is in the hands of Mr. Rand, the portrait painter, a countryman of ours, who is one of the most ingenious mechanicians in the world. He has improved the tones of the reeds till they rival, in softness and fulness, those of the strings, and, in fact, can hardly be distinguished from them, so that the sounds of the two instruments run into one another without any apparent difference. Mr. Rand has contrived three or four different machines for making the reeds with dispatch and precision; and if the difficulty of keeping the strings, which are undergoing a constant relaxation, in perfect unison with the reeds, can be overcome, I see nothing to prevent the most complete and brilliant success.


553. To Frances F. Bryant

Paris August 1, 1845

As soon as we had reached Dublin and had taken lodgings at the Imperial Hotel in Sackville Street, a short but very broad street with a column surmounted by the statue of Nelson in the middle, the Liffy at one end and a cluster of stately public buildings at the other, I went forth to deliver my letters of introduction.

I had a letter from Mr. Edwin Field to the Revd. Geo. A. Armstrong, a Unitarian minister.1 He was not, when I went to look for him, at his father's, but had removed to a new house in the Carborough road. I then went to present a letter to Mr. O'Reilly with which I had been furnished by Mr. Harvey.2 Mr. O'Reilly was out of town and was not expected to return for two or three days. I had another letter from Dr. Bowring addressed to Joseph [Hone?] Esq.,3 speaking of me as a distinguished poet &c. A long walk brought me to No. twenty seven Herbert Place; the servant took in my card and a young man made his appearance at the parlour door with the letter in hand and saying in an abrupt manner

"What is this? who is this letter from?"

"It is from Dr. Bowring—"

"Dr. Bowring—Dr. Bowring. I don't know him. What is your business with me?"

I told him that the letter was a letter of introduction, but as it was
manifest that he was not the person to whom it was addressed I must ask him to hand it back to me and I would deliver it to the person for whom it was meant. He still held the letter, and seemed trying to read it—for Dr. Bowring's handwriting is none of the plainest—"distinguished—distinguished what?" proceeded he, and then asked me again who Dr. Bowring was. When I told him he was a member of parliament his manner changed immediately and he very civilly asked me to walk in and he would consult the Dublin Directory and endeavour to discover for whom the letter was intended, remarking at the same time that he had seen Dr. Bowring's name in the newspapers.

We found that another Joseph [Hare / Hone?] lived at 72 Harcourt Street, to which I proceeded. A servant took in the letter and card, and I afterwards heard a voice say "Ask the gentleman to walk in." I entered the parlour and saw an elderly man with one eye larger than the other, sitting with one foot on the cushion of a chair. He said that he perceived the letter was from Dr. Bowring, but he could not read it very well, and asked if I had any particular business with him. I answered that the letter was but a personal introduction, that I was a stranger, and had come to Dublin for the purpose of seeing the things worthy of note which it contained. "I am sorry," he replied, "that I can do nothing to assist you; I have been an invalid for some months." "Perhaps," said I, "you might give me some advice in regard to what I ought to see in Dublin." "I cannot even do that," was his reply, and I took my leave. Meantime my walks about the city had shown me something of the external aspect of Dublin. At first sight it seemed to resemble London very much, the houses being built of the same dark coloured brick, and in the same manner; but I soon perceived that in the better streets the buildings were larger and loftier. The public buildings which are of stone, are spacious and have an air of magnificence. Interspersed among the streets are large squares and parks planted with trees and overlooked by noble mansions on every side which seem destined for the residence of an opulent aristocracy. Some parts of Dublin however I am told are very wretched in their appearance, and form a striking contrast to these. Of these parts I had a glimpse and but a glimpse. The people in the streets, however present the most remarkable contrast—men and women of fine persons and agreeable physiognomies—none finer in the world—and by the side of these the abject poor, dwarfed in stature and ugly in countenance.

I was not so discouraged by the samples I had met with of Dublin civility as not to make another attempt the next morning to see Mr. Armstrong. Mr. Leupp went with me. We found Mr. Armstrong in a snug little new house a little out of town. He received us very cordially, and though he had matters which required his attention at home he gave several hours to the task of showing us the curiosities of Dublin. He took us to the Museum of the Academy of Antiquities, to the Castle,
the Parliament House, the lane where Swift was born—now a wretched looking place with broken windows and splintered shutters, and ragged children peeping out. In the afternoon I went with Mr. Leupp to see the atmospheric railway, a sort of long air gun—An iron tube is exhausted of the air it contains by stationary steam engines. The air is then let in at one end and it drives a piston to the other extremity, carrying along with it a train of cars over the tube. We went by this railway from Kingstown to Dalkey ten miles and returned in the evening.

I found the name of William G. Wall in the Dublin Directory and supposing that it might be the artist whom I had known in America, I set out with Mr. Le upp on Friday morning in search of him. We took one of those queer open vehicles called jaunting cars, in which the passengers sit back to back with their feet near the ground. The fellow who drove us took us in a wrong direction. We were to go to Marino Crescent, but he had never heard of the place and persisted in looking for an imaginary Merrion Crescent. We passed by Merrion Square, where O'Connell lives in a large house with a conspicuous iron balcony, through Merrion Street, and away into the country to a place called Merrion on the sea shore. Here was Merrion Terrace, but no Merrion Crescent. Our driver called at every grocer's shop, interrogated every driver of a baker's wagon, questioned three or four butchers, and as many boys, and finally drove to the postmaster's—nobody had ever heard of Merrion Crescent. It was in vain I told him that Mr. Wall lived at Marino Crescent; he had been told by the porter of our hotel that he must go to Merrion Crescent, and he was determined to find it. At length he became convinced that there was no such place. When we got him at length in the direction to Dublin he remembered that he had [heard] the word Marina or Marino used in connection with a place called Sandy Mount, and to Sandy Mount we accordingly drove, a pretty cluster of summer cottages on the sea side, but nobody in this place had heard of Marino Crescent. So we went back to town and called at the Post Office, where one of the letter carriers, a man in a scarlet coat told our driver that he was an ass and put us immediately in the way to Merrion Crescent, which proved to be a little semicircle of houses pleasantly situated near the sea shore in a direction opposite to that which we had travelled and close to a fine park belonging to Lord Charlemont.

It was the artist Wall. He came into town took us out to see the exhibition of pictures by the Royal Hibernian Academy, called our attention to some portraits in water colours by Burton, the very perfection of art as it seemed to me, showed us a beautiful painting by Maclise representing the author of a play humbly offering his piece to an actor—the scene is from Gil Blas, showed us his own pictures some of which are very beautiful, took us to see St. Stephens Green, surrounded by dwellings like palaces, to Merrion Square another beautiful park, to the
college and its broad and noble park, showed us in short every thing that the time allowed, dined with us and would not leave us till he had accompanied us on the railway to Kingstown and seen us fairly in the steamer in which we were to sail for Liverpool. He rebuked us for giving so little time to Dublin where there was so much to see—and dwelt so eloquently on the interesting sights which we had lost that we were almost ashamed of ourselves for going so soon. Mr. Wall it appears to me has improved as a painter. He says he wishes he was back in America—His own health is not so good as when there—the climate is too damp for him, and his wife's health is no better, though he came to Ireland on her account.\(^4\)

On Saturday morning we were landed in Liverpool. At nine we took the railway and reached London at half past five in the afternoon. We called on the Forrests whom we found well and in good spirits. The evening was passed at the Opera where I saw Taglioni dance.\(^5\) The next day I called on the Rands. Mr. Rand has strong hopes of succeeding with the Eolian attachment to the piano forte. He has improved its tones wonderfully, and has invented half a dozen different machines for making it with greater expedition and precision. He receives frequent orders for putting it into pianos. The lawsuit which he had with his partner in the other patent for making collapsible tubes for painter's colours has been determined in his favour and the demand for the tubes is increasing. Mrs. Rand told me she had written to you. I went with her to church—Satan Montgomery's chapel, but the seats were all full though it was already half an hour before service; even the benches in the broad aisle were occupied and there was not convenient standing room, I came away of course. He is one of the most popular preachers in London, but does not I believe stand high in the estimation of sensible people.\(^6\)

On Monday, in the afternoon we left London by the railway for Brighton, which lies in a barren little hollow, between bare bleak hills on the Sussex shore. Here we took the steamer for Dieppe, where we landed the next morning at half past three—an old French looking town, as it should be. At seven o'clock Tuesday morning we were packed in the diligence and on our way to Rouen over the hills and valleys of Normandy, which really has more beauty than I expected to see—some of its villages are prettily situated, though they do not look exactly comfortable. At Rouen I had just time to take another peep into the cathedral. It did not look so grand to me as when I first saw it. At five o'clock, we had reached Paris by the railway and immediately went to the Champs Elysées to see the last of the [festivities of the?] three days, for it was now the 29th of the month. The same sports that we saw in 1834 were still going on, and the whole were wound up by a grand display of fireworks. Paris is cleaner than it was in 1834, and I can see some signs of enlargement. On Wednesday we went to Père la Chaise. While there I met Mrs. Richards, Mrs.
Verbryck and the rest of the family who are on their way to America. Père la Chaise is now crowded with monuments and with the numerous funerals and workmen engaged in putting up monuments it is a scene of constant bustle. Mrs. Verbryck is better. Love to all.

Yrs affectionately

W. C. Bryant.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-GR
ADDRESS: Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island
DOCKETED: Paris / August 4th.


2. Probably George Harvey (c1800/1801–1878), an English landscape and miniature painter who worked for many years in the United States, frequently exhibiting his paintings at the National Academy and the American Art Union. DAA. In later years Bryant often corresponded with Harvey on economic and political matters. O’Reilly was possibly Patrick O’Reilly, an Irish sculptor who later worked in New York. Ibid.

3. Unidentified.

4. Wall returned to America in 1856, but was back in Dublin before 1864. Ibid.

5. This was Maria Taglioni (1804–1884), the outstanding ballerina of that time. Although she never visited America, her brother Paul and his wife had made their debut in New York in 1839. Odell, Annals, IV, 287–288, 358. They brought with them from Berlin, where they were members of the corps de ballet of the Royal Opera, a letter from the American minister Henry Wheaton (1785–1848) to Bryant asking for them “your friendly countenance through the press and otherwise.” Wheaton to Bryant, cNovember 1838, NYPL-GR.

6. Rev. Robert Montgomery (1807–1855), an Oxford graduate and writer of religious poems, had become the minister of Percy Chapel, London, in 1843. His verses entitled “Satan” (1830) earned him a considerable notoriety in the press, as well as his nickname.

7. See 486.1.

554. To Frances F. Bryant

Paris August 5, 1845

My dear Frances.

After writing my last letter to you I went with Mr. Leupp to the counting house of Hottinguer & Co. who are his bankers and to whom we had directed that our letters should be sent from England. I found that a steamer had arrived from America at Liverpool. Mr. Leupp had a great pile of letters by the arrival and there were none for me. Your last letter was dated the 8th of June, and the steamer left Boston the middle of July. You may imagine my vexation, by supposing that you were yourself in a strange land, that I were in America, that steamers were passing to and fro every fortnight or oftener, and that I had neglected to write to you for two months. I say two months—for another fortnight must now elapse before I can possibly hear from you.
I am fully determined unless you amend in this respect that I will stop writing to you altogether. I shall give a little more space for repentance—a little more time for the remonstrances I have already made to produce their effect—and if I see that they have been fruitless I promise you that you will not hear of me again till you see me at the door.

I find Paris somewhat altered since I was here. The streets are kept cleaner, in many of them side walks have been made—narrow to be sure, but better than nothing—and the gutter changed from the middle of the street to the edge of the sidewalk. Some fine new buildings both public and private have been erected. The Boulevards have been furnished with a smooth broad trottoir [sidewalk] of asphaltum, and they are as lively as ever. Mr. Leupp and myself have been very diligent since we were here in seeing the sights that Paris has to show. We have been through the galleries of the Louvre and the Luxembourg—into churches more than you would care to hear the names of—convinced ourselves by oracular demonstration that the cathedral of Notre Dame, venerable as it is, is nothing to York minster—visited the Marché des Innocents—the Halle au blé—the Halle aux vins—the Garden of Plants and its beasts—seen Paris from the top of the observatory—tasted of the water of the Artesian well of Grenelle just where it comes warm to the surface from a depth of 1686 feet and rises in a metallic tube 112 feet higher—seen Versailles on Sunday, and its tiresome ranges of apartments with paintings of battles, and busts and statues of warriors, and its grandes eaux [fountains in full play], and its crowds of Frenchmen and French women who throng to see the spectacles—dined at half a dozen restaurants—peeped in at the Morgue, but saw no drowned people there—and shall be ready in a very short time to push on to Belgium Holland and Germany. The weather is cool and showery and we are afraid for the most part to trust ourselves out without umbrellas. The French say that summer has not yet come. Fresh figs have just begun to make their appearance—they are not plentiful as they were at this time of the year in 1834, and of grapes I have seen none yet.

I shall send this letter by Mrs. Richards who is still here, though she would have been on her way to London several days since but for Mr. [Daniel] Huntington's illness, from which however he seems to be recovering. Mr. Stanton is here with his wife and daughter—he, recovered from his rheumatism by the homoeopathic method as he says, and in a great hurry to get home; she, as fat as a seal, and like her daughter desirous to stay. I saw Mr. Mackay and his wife and sister in London; we met accidentally on Westminster bridge; they were about to visit the Isle of Wight, and perhaps are in Paris by this time. Mrs. Mackay who has a severe nervous complaint is somewhat better.

I had a letter from Mr. Rand to Dr. Beaumont—a French physician.
I called there on [Monday]—the 4th of August—he was ill and I could not see him. I had another from Mr. Sedgwick to Mr. Felix a lawyer and I found that he was at Töplitz in Bohemia. The only letter I could make use of was one from Mr. Rand to a Mr. Denison, who has not a very extraordinary head-piece, but who knows the city very well. The other day we went to see Vanderlyn the artist, who is engaged in painting the Landing of Columbus for the Capitol at Washington. We found the old gentleman in his studio near the Luxembourg Gardens, at work upon something though I suspect it was not the picture, the finishing of which I am told he procrastinates strangely. The unfinished painting however was on the easel, and promises to be a very meritorious picture. The action is good, the grouping fortunate and the whole effect agreeable. Eight or ten weeks of hard work, he said, would complete the picture; but he is occupied with painting now and then a portrait and sometimes copies of certain views of Niagara which he has with him. He complained of neglect—thought that Congress might purchase one of his views of Niagara for the President’s House—said that he was no courtier, and that if he had been Governor Cass would probably have spoken of his Niagara to [King] Louis Philip[pe]—talked of the Rotunda in the Park at New York and of the injustice done him by the Corporation in taking it away from him &c. &c. I am told he generally entertains those who call upon him with conversation of this kind.

Paris August 7, 1845

I said I had peeped in at La Morgue and saw no drowned men. Yesterday in passing to see the new Museum of Antiquities established at the Palais des Thermes I looked in again. The Morgue you know is a little building on the Seine about the middle of the town. One room, with a wide entrance, is open to the public. From this they are allowed to look into another through a window extending from side to side of the wall. It is in this second room that the drowned, who amount to more than three hundred yearly, are exposed, that they may be recognized by their friends. Two ranges of planks a little raised towards the head each with a plate of brass still more raised to serve as a bolster, each plank serves to support a dead body. When I first visited the place, people came and went away saying “Il n’y a personne” [There is nobody], but yesterday there was a throng before the window. I looked and saw two naked bodies with a slight covering about the loins. One of them was that of a large man, swollen and blue from the commencement of decomposition. A slender stream of water was dropping on the head and trickling down the limbs, for the purpose I suppose of keeping it cool. The other body was that of a young man of about thirty, with a fashionable beard, who seemed to have been just drowned and in whose countenance there was something of a placid expression. Their eyes were decently closed.

The Museum of which I spoke is a collection of national antiquities,
sculptures of the time of the Romans, pieces of old French furniture, old costumes, old state beds, and other old things. It occupies the Hotel Cluny, a very ancient building of Gothic architecture, built partly upon and incorporated with the walls of a Roman building of the time of Julian the Apostate. The greatest curiosity of the museum consists of the remains of this palace. One large and lofty room, completely vaulted over remains entire, and below it are subterranean passages and vaults.

Yesterday we dined with Mr. Stanton. After dinner segars were introduced. Miss Julia took hers with the rest. Her mother called to her and said something to dissuade her, but the segar was smoked out notwithstanding. The young lady stood at the window with one of the gentlemen who had also his segar; where she spit I did not observe. Mrs. Stanton afterwards remarked that she did not see why ladies might not smoke as well as gentlemen, to which I replied that I was quite of her opinion. It was a great comfort to them, she added, to which I made no reply.

I leave Paris next Monday—today is Thursday. We shall go first to Belgium—then to Holland then to Germany, and find our way through Switzerland to Italy.

If there is money at the office as I suppose there is would it not be well to take it and pay Egbert\(^3\) before I come home? Do as you please about this. My love to Fanny and Julia and to all my good friends in New York whom you may see.

Yrs affectionately

W C BRYANT

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**Manuscript:** NYPL-GR

**Address:** Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island / United States of America / favoured by / Mrs. Richards

**Docketed:** Paris August 5th.

1. Although he was a founder of the National Academy in 1826, John Vanderlyn (1775–1852) had spent his earlier years as an artist in Paris, where several pictures done under the influence of Jacques Louis David and other French historical painters brought him early success. After his return to New York in 1815, he painted panoramic view of such spectacles as the palace of Versailles and Niagara Falls, exhibiting them in a circular structure he built for the purpose in City Hall Park. But he was disappointed at the lack of public response, and embittered by the action of the city fathers in evicting him from this building, and in consequence he returned to Paris in 1837, having won a commission from Congress to paint one of the panels for the Rotunda of the National Capitol. He had been working on this in a desultory way for nearly eight years when Bryant visited him. *DAA*: Albert Ten Eyck Gardner and Stuart P. Feld, *American Paintings: A Catalogue of the Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Part I. Painters Born by 1815* (New York: The Metropolitan Museum of Art [1965]), pp. 119–121.

2. Lewis Cass (1782–1866) had been American minister at Paris from 1836 to 1842.

3. Probably Frances’ brother Egbert Fairchild; see 134.2
555. To the Evening Post

Paris, August 9, 1845.

My last letter was dated at London, in my passage across England. I have been nearly a fortnight in Paris. In ten years I find a considerable change in the external aspect of this great capital. The streets are cleaner, in many of them sidewalks have been made, not always the widest to be sure, but smoothly floored with the asphaltum of Seyssel, which answers the purpose admirably; the gutters have been removed from the middle of the street to the edge of the curbstone, and lately the curbstone has been made to project over them, so that the foot-passenger may escape the bespattering from carriage-wheels which he would otherwise be sure to get in a rainy day, and there are many such days in this climate—it has rained every day but one since I entered France.

New passages have been cut from street to street, old streets have been made wider, new streets have been made, with broad sidewalks, and stately rows of houses hewn from the easily wrought cream-colored stone of the quarries of the Seine. The sidewalks of the Boulevards, and all the public squares, wherever carriages do not pass, have been covered with this smooth asphaltic pavement, and in the Boulevards have been erected some magnificent buildings, with richly carved pilasters and other ornaments in relief, and statues in niches, and balconies supported by stone brackets wrought into bunches of foliage. New columns and statues have been set up, and new fountains pour out their waters. Among these is the fountain of Molière, in the Rue Richelieu, where the effigy of the comic author, chiseled from black marble, with flowing periwig and broad-skirted coat, presides over a group of naked allegorical figures in white marble, at whose feet the water is gushing out.

In external morality also, there is some improvement; public gaming houses no longer exist, and there are fewer of those uncleanly nuisances which offend against the code of what Addison calls the lesser morals. The police have had orders to suppress them on the Boulevards and the public squares. The Parisians are, however, the same gay people as ever, and as easily amused as when I saw them last. They crowd in as great numbers to the opera and the theatres; the Boulevards, though better paved, are the same lively places; the guing[u]ettes [outdoor taverns] are as thronged; the public gardens are as full of dancers. In these, as at the New Tivoli, lately opened at Chateau Rouge in the suburbs, a broad space made smooth for the purpose is left between tents, where the young grisettes [working-girls] of Paris, married and unmarried, or in that equivocal state which lies somewhere between, dance on Sunday evening till midnight.

At an earlier hour on the same day, as well as on other days, at old Franconi’s Hippodrome, among the trees, just beyond the triumphal arch of Neuilly, imitations of the steeple chase, with female riders who
leap over hedges, and of the ancient chariot-races with charioteers helmeted and mailed, and standing in gilt tubs on wheels, are performed in a vast amphitheatre, to a crowd that could scarcely have been contained in the colosseum of Rome.

I have heard since I came here, two or three people lamenting the physical degeneracy of the Parisians. One of them quoted a saying from a report of Marshal Soult, that the Parisian recruits for the army of late years were neither men nor soldiers. This seems to imply a moral as well as a physical deterioration. "They are growing smaller and smaller in stature," said the gentleman who made this quotation, "and it is difficult to find among them men who are of the proper height to serve as soldiers. The principal cause no doubt is in the prevailing licentiousness. Among that class who make the greater part of the population of Paris, the women of the finest persons rarely become mothers." Whatever may be the cause, I witnessed a remarkable example of the smallness of the Parisian stature on the day of my arrival, which was the last of the three days kept in memory of the revolution of July. I went immediately to the Champs Elysées, to see the people engaged in their amusements. Some twenty boys, not fully grown, as it seemed to me at first, were dancing and capering with great agility, to the music of an instrument. Looking at them nearer, I saw that those who had seemed to me boys of fourteen or fifteen, were mature young men, some of them with very fierce mustaches.

Since my arrival I have seen the picture which Vanderlyn is painting for the Rotunda at Washington. It represents the Landing of Columbus on the shores of the New World. The great discoverer, accompanied by his lieutenant and others, is represented as taking possession of the newly found country. Some of the crew are seen scrambling for what they imagine to be gold dust in the sands of the shore, and at a little distance among the trees are the naked natives, in attitudes of wonder and worship. The grouping is happy, the expression and action skilfully varied—the coloring, so far as I could judge in the present state of the picture, agreeable. "Eight or ten weeks hard work," said the artist, "will complete it." It is Vanderlyn's intention to finish it, and take it to the United States in the course of the autumn.


1. Marshal Nicolas Jean de Dieu Soult (1769–1851), a veteran of the Napoleonic wars, headed the French government from 1840 to 1844.

556. To the Evening Post

Arnheim, Guelderland, August 19, 184[5].

After writing my last I was early asleep, that I might set out early the next morning in the diligence for Brussels. This I did, and passing
through Comp[ies]gne, where Joan of Arc was made prisoner—a town lying in the midst of extensive forests, with here and there a noble group of trees; and through Noyon, where Calvin was born, and in the old Gothic church of which he doubtless worshipped; and through Cambray, where Fenelon lived; and through fields of grain and poppy and clover, where women were at work, reaping the wheat, or mowing and stacking the ripe poppies, or digging with spades in their wet clothes, for it had rained every day but one during the thirteen we were in France, we arrived in the afternoon of the second day at the French frontier. From this a railway took us in a few hours to Brussels. Imagine a rather clean-looking city, of large light-colored buildings mostly covered with stucco, situated on an irregular declivity, with a shady park in the highest part surrounded by palaces, and a little lower down a fine old Gothic cathedral, and still lower down, the old Town Hall, also of Gothic architecture, and scarcely less venerable, standing in a noble paved square, around which are white and stately edifices, built in the era of the Spanish dominion;—imagine handsome shops and a good-looking people, with a liberal sprinkling of priests, in their long-skirted garments, and throw in the usual proportion of dirt and misery, and mendicancy, in the corners and by-places, and you have Brussels before you.

It still rained, but we got a tilbury and drove out to see the battleground of Waterloo. It was a dreary drive beside the wood of Soignes and through a part of it,—that melancholy-looking forest of tall-stemmed beeches—beech, beech, nothing but beech—and through the Walloon villages—Waterloo is one of them—and through fields where wet women were at work, and over roads where dirty children by dozens were dabbling like ducks in the puddles. At last we stopped at the village of Mont St. Jean, whence we walked through the slippery mud to the mound erected in the midst of the battle-field, and climbed to its top, overlooking a country of gentle declivities and hollows. Here the various positions of the French and allied armies during the battle which decided the fate of an empire, were pointed out to us by a young Walloon who sold wine and drams in a shed beside the monument. The two races which make up the population of Belgium are still remarkably distinct, notwithstanding the centuries which have elapsed since they occupied the same country together. The Flemings, of Teutonic origin, keep their blue eyes and fair hair, and their ancient language—the same nearly as the Dutch of the sixteenth century. The Walloons, a Celtic race, or Celtic mixed with Roman, are still known by their dark hair and black eyes, and speak a dialect derived from the Latin, resembling that of some of the French provinces. Both languages are uncultivated, and the French has been adopted as the language of commerce and literature in Belgium.

If you would see a city wholly Flemish in its character, you should visit Antwerp, to which the railway takes you in an hour and a half. The
population here is almost without Walloon intermixture, and there is little to remind you of what you have seen in France, except the French books in the booksellers' windows. The arts themselves have a character of their own which never came across the Alps. The churches, the interior of which is always carefully kept fresh with paint and gilding, are crowded with statues in wood, carved with wonderful skill and spirit by Flemish artists, in centuries gone by—oaken saints looking down from pedestals, and Adam and Eve in the remorse of their first transgression supporting, by the help of the tree of knowledge and the serpent, a curiously wrought pulpit. The walls are hung with pictures by the Flemish masters, wherever space can be found for them. In the Cathedral, is the Descent from the Cross, by Rubens, which proves, what one might almost doubt who had only seen his pictures in the Louvre, that he was a true artist and a man of genius in the noblest sense of the term.

We passed two nights in Antwerp, and then went down the Scheldt in a steamer, which, in ten hours, brought us to Rotterdam, sometimes crossing an arm of the sea, and sometimes threading a broad canal. The houses on each side of these channels, after we entered Holland, were for the most part freshly painted; the flat plains on each side protected by embankments, and streaked by long wide ditches full of water, and rows of pollard willows. Windmills by scores, some grinding corn, but most of them pumping water out of the meadows and pouring it into the channel, stood on the bank and were swinging their long arms madly in a high wind.

On arriving at Rotterdam, you perceive at once that you are in Holland. The city has as many canals as streets, the canals are generally overhung with rows of elms, and the streets kept scrupulously clean with the water of the canals, which is salt. Every morning there is a vigorous splashing and mopping performed before every door by plump servant girls, in white caps and thick wooden shoes. Our hotel stood fronting a broad sheet of water like the lagoons at Venice, where a solid and straight stone wharf was shaded with a row of elms, and before our door lay several huge vessels fastened to the wharf, which looked as if they were sent thither to enjoy a vacation, for they were neither loading nor unloading, nor did any person appear to be busy about them. Rotterdam was at that time in the midst of a fair which filled the open squares and the wider streets of the city with booths, and attracted crowds of people from the country. There were damsels from North Holland, fair as snow, and some of them pretty, in long-eared lace caps, with their plump arms bare; and there were maidens from another province, the name of which I did not learn, equally good-looking, with arms as bare, and faces in white muslin caps drawn to a point on each cheek. Olycoeks were frying, and waffles baking in temporary kitchens on each side of the streets.

The country about Rotterdam is little better than a marsh. The
soil serves only for pasture, and the fields are still covered with "yellow blossoms," as in the time of Goldsmith, and still tufted with willows. I saw houses in the city standing in pools of dull blue water, reached by a bridge from the street; I suppose, however, there might be gardens behind them. Many of the houses decline very much from the perpendicular; they are, however, apparently well-built and are spacious. We made no long stay in Rotterdam, but after looking at its bronze statue of Erasmus, and its cathedral, which is not remarkable in any other respect than that it is a Gothic building of brick, stone being scarce in Holland, we took the stage-coach for the Hague the next day.

Green meadows spotted with buttercups and dandelions, flat and low, lower than the canals with which the country is intersected, and which bring in between them, at high tide, the waters of the distant sea, stretched on every side. They were striped with long lines of water which is constantly pumped out by the windmills, and sent with the ebb tide through the canals to the ocean. Herds of cattle were feeding among the bright verdure. From time to time, we passed some pleasant country-seat, the walls bright with paint, and the grounds surrounded by a ditch, call it a moat if you please, the surface of which was green with duck-weed. But within this watery inclosure, were little artificial elevations covered with a closely-shaven turf, and plantations of shrubbery, and in the more extensive and ostentatious of them, were what might be called groves and forests. Before one of these houses was a fountain with figures, mouths of lions and other animals, gushing profusely with water, which must have been pumped up for the purpose, into a reservoir, by one of the windmills.

Passing through Schiedam, still famous for its gin, and Delft, once famous for its crockery, we reached in a couple of hours the Hague, the cleanest of cities, paved with yellow brick, and as full of canals as Rotterdam. I called on an old acquaintance, who received me with a warm embrace and a kiss on each cheek. He was in his morning-gown, which he immediately exchanged for an elegant frock coat of the latest Parisian cut, and took us to see Baron Vorstolk's collection of pictures, which contains some beautiful things by the Flemish artists, and next, to the public collection called the Museum. From this we drove to the Chateau du Bois, a residence of the Dutch Stadtholders two hundred years ago, when Holland was a republic, and a powerful and formidable one. It is pleasantly situated in the edge of a wood, which is said to be part of an original forest of the country. I could believe this, for here the soil rises above the marshy level of Holland, and trees of various kinds grow irregularly intermingled, as in the natural woods of our own country. The Chateau du Bois is principally remarkable for a large room with a dome, the interior of which is covered with large paintings by Rubens, Jordaens, and other artists.
Our friend took leave of us, and we drove out to Scheveling, where Charles II. embarked for England, when he returned [in 1660] to take possession of his throne. Here dwell a people who supply the fish-market of the Hague, speak among themselves a dialect which is not understood elsewhere in Holland, and wear the same costume which they wore centuries ago. We passed several of the women going to market or returning, with large baskets on their heads, placed on the crown of a broad-brimmed straw bonnet, tied at the sides under the chin, and strapping creatures they were, striding along in their striped black and white petticoats. In the streets of Scheveling, I saw the tallest woman I think I ever met with, a very giantess, considerably more than six feet high, straddling about the street of the little village, and scouring and scrubbing the pavement with great energy. Close at hand was the shore; a strong west wind was driving the surges of the North Sea against it. A hundred fishing vessels rocking in the surf, moored and lashed together with ropes, formed a line along the beach; the men of Scheveling, in knit woollen caps, short blue jackets, and short trousers of prodigious width, were walking about on the shore, but the wind was too high and the sea too wild for them to venture out. Along this coast, the North Sea has heaped a high range of sand-hills, which protect the low lands within from its own inundations; but to the north and south the shore is guarded by embankments, raised by the hand of man with great cost, and watched and kept in constant repair.

We left the Hague, and taking the railway, in a little more than two hours were at Amsterdam, a great commercial city in decay, where nearly half of the inhabitants live on the charity of the rest. The next morning was Sunday, and taking advantage of an interval of fair weather, for it still continued to rain every day, I went to the Oudekerk, or Old Church, as the ancient Cathedral is called, which might have been an impressive building in its original construction, but is now spoiled by cross-beams, paint, galleries, partitions, pews, and every sort of architectural enormity. But there is a noble organ, with a massive and lofty front of white marble richly sculptured, occupying the west end of the chancel. I listened to a sermon in Dutch, the delivery of which, owing partly to the disagreeable voice of the speaker and partly no doubt to my ignorance of the language, seemed to me a kind of barking. The men all wore their hats during the service, but half the women were without bonnets. When the sermon and prayer were over, the rich tones of the organ broke forth and flooded the place with melody.

Every body visits Broek, near Amsterdam, the pride of Dutch villages, and to Broek I went accordingly. It stands like the rest, among dykes and canals, but consists altogether of the habitations of persons in comfortable circumstances, and is remarkable, as you know, for its scrupulous cleanliness. The common streets and footways, are kept in the same order as
the private garden-walks. They are paved with yellow bricks, and as a fair was to open in the place that afternoon, the most public parts of them were sanded for the occasion, but elsewhere, they appeared as if just washed and mopped. I have never seen any collection of human habitations so free from any thing offensive to the senses. Saardam, where Peter the Great began his apprenticeship as a shipwright, is among the sights of Holland, and we went the next day to look at it. This also is situated on a dyke, and is an extremely neat little village, but has not the same appearance of opulence in the dwellings. We were shown the chamber in which the Emperor of Russia lodged, and the hole in the wall where he slept, for in the old Dutch houses, as in the modern ones of the farmers, the bed is a sort of high closet, or, more properly speaking, a shelf within the wall, from which a door opens into the room. I should have mentioned that, in going to Broek, I stopped to look at one of the farm-houses of the country, and at Saardam I visited another. They were dairy houses, in which the milk of large herds is made into butter. The lower story of the building, paved with bricks, is used in winter as a stable for the cattle; in the summer, it is carefully cleansed and painted, so that not a trace of its former use remains, and it then becomes both the dairy and the abode of the family. The story above is as neat as the hands of Dutch housewives can make it; the parlor, the dining-room, the little boxes in the wall which hold the beds, are resplendent with cleanliness.

In going from Amsterdam by railway to Utrecht, we perceived the canals by which the plains were intersected became fewer and fewer, and finally we began to see crops of grain and potatoes, a sign that we had emerged from the marshes. We stopped to take a brief survey of Utrecht. A part of its old cathedral has been converted into a beautiful Gothic church, the rest having been levelled many years ago by a whirlwind. But what I found most remarkable in the city was its public walks. The old walls by which Utrecht was once inclosed having been thrown down, the rubbish has formed hillocks and slopes which almost surround the entire city and border one of its principal canals. On these hillocks and slopes, trees and shrubs have been planted, and walks laid out through the green turf, until it has become one of the most varied and charming pleasure-grounds I ever saw—swelling into little eminences, sinking into little valleys, descending in some places smoothly to the water, and in others impending over it. We fell in with a music-master, of whom we asked a question or two. He happened to know a little German, by the help of which he pieced out his Dutch so as to make it tolerably intelligible to me. He insisted upon showing us every thing remarkable in Utrecht, and finally walked us tired.

The same evening the diligence brought us to Arnheim, a neat-looking town with about eighteen hundred inhabitants, in the province of Guelderland, where the region retains not a trace of the peculiarities of
Holland. The country west of the town rises into commanding eminences, overlooking the noble Rhine, and I feel already that I am in Germany, though I have yet to cross the frontier.


1. This letter does not appear to have been published in the *EP*. It seems to be a reworking of a portion of Letter 558 to Frances Bryant, even though of an earlier date, and was perhaps written expressly for *LT* I. See descriptive note below.

2. Cf. Oliver Goldsmith, *The Traveller* (1764): "... The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale, / The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail, ... ."

3. This was Auguste G. V. D'Avezac, then American minister to The Netherlands. See Letters 480, 558.

4. Emperor Peter I (1672–1725), founder of modern Russia and creator of its first navy, worked incognito as a ship's carpenter in Holland in 1697–1698 to gain experience in technical matters.

557. *To the Evening Post*

Dresden, September 9, 1845.

Lately I made an excursion, by railway, of two days, from Heidelberg to Strasburg, taking in my way the beautiful valley of Baden-Baden. A nobler Cathedral than that of Strasburg, and a lovelier valley than that through which the Murg flows, and the hot springs break forth from its banks, I have not seen. I climbed to the summit of the old castle which overlooks this valley—the mountain nest of the ancient line of the Mark-graves of Baden—now lying in massive ruins, like the unburned bones of a giant. Its tower still rises high above the broad wood—the finest I have seen in Europe—which clothes the mountain side with its deep shade, and which seems as old as the castle itself. Around it I saw precipices and pinnacles of granite, and below, villages among trees and meadows, as fresh in this showery season as in early spring, and green hill-sides seamed with walks leading up into the woods.

In the Cathedral of Strasburg, it seems to me as if the art of Gothic architecture had striven to outdo all its other wonders. I do not see how the aspiring, up-reaching character of that architecture, and its union of profuse decoration with airy lightness, could be carried further. The eye, as it wanders over the exterior of the building, is almost bewildered among the multitude of graceful pinnacles and sumptuous canopies, and slender shafts, among which stand an army of statues, bearded apostles, martyrs with palms, and regal figures on horseback, wearing crowns. The history of the Strasburg minster, assigns a part of its execution to a female artist, Sabina von Steinbach,¹ who is said to have embellished the portal with many of its finest statues. To me, the whole work, in its delicacy and variety, seems like the product of female taste and fancy—a morning dream of one of the sex realized in stone.

The interior corresponds, in lightness and magnificence, to the
outside. The clusters of slender shafts rise to a prodigious height before they bend into arches which support the roof over the nave, and the neck of the spectator aches as his eye follows them upward. When the sounds of the organ roll into these depths, hundreds of statues on each side seem listening and bearing part in the worship. I wonder that drawings and casts of the finest works of the ecclesiastical and monumental sculpture of the middle ages are not multiplied, as they are of the remains of Greek and Roman art. These ages were scarcely less remarkable for their sculpture and their architecture, and the early painters learned to be noble and natural from those who wrought in stone.

When I was listening to the fine organ of the Strasburg minster, and the chants of the Catholic service, an event was taking place at Heidelberg which made me regret that I had not postponed my excursion to another day. The German Catholics, or New Catholics, of Heidelberg, assembled in one of the Protestant churches to hear a discourse from Professor Kerbler, an apostle of the new sect, who is travelling from one part of Germany to another, preaching to his brethren, and strengthening their hands. The occasion was one of great interest in Heidelberg. A vast multitude of Protestants and Catholics came to hear him, and listened with the profoundest attention. "You might have heard the step of a mouse upon the floor," said a lady, who was describing the scene. At the close of his discourse, Kerbler administered the communion.

You are already doubtless acquainted with the history of the origin of the New Catholics. You know that its immediate cause was the revival of certain practices and usages in the Catholic Church, which of late years had been laid aside. The Bishop of Treves, Arnoldi, invited the faithful to make pilgrimages to that city, in order to see a relic of the Saviour, the very garment which he wore at the time of his crucifixion, and which is said to have the power of working miracles. I fell in with a procession of persons making this pilgrimage on the 20th of August, as I was returning to Düsseldorf from a visit to the Cathedral of Neus, on the east bank of the Rhine. It consisted of three hundred persons, mostly women, walking two by two, reciting prayers, and telling their beads as they went. Here and there a cross, ornamented with wreaths of artificial flowers, was borne aloft on a slender rod. The pilgrims appeared to be of the laboring class, and had come, I was told, from a town on the borders of Holland. Among them I observed a priest, who was walking by the side of a good looking and neatly dressed young woman. Straggling behind the rest came several who seemed faint with the journey, among whom was a feeble little woman supported on each side by persons stronger than herself. Five or six wagons, conveying those who were unable to walk, came in the rear and closed the procession. The next day I was sitting in an eating house, in the city of Cologne, when I heard a murmur of voices without. I looked out, and it was the same procession,
with its crosses and beads, passing under the window, and repeating prayers as it defiled through the street.

Against these pilgrimages, and against the persuasion that the Holy Coat of Treves or any other relic had the power of working miracles, Ronge, a parish priest of Silesia, in the Prussian dominions, protested and preached with such vehemence and obstinacy, that, after various attempts to restrain him, he was excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church. He treated the excommunication as an empty ceremony, denied the authority of the Pope, and continued a parish priest still, but a parish priest of the New Catholics. This happened about nine months since, and the number of New Catholic congregations in Germany is now two hundred. I have been told by those with whom I have conversed on the subject in various parts of Germany, that their number is rapidly increasing. Pamphlets relating to this new question pass through edition after edition. Medallion likenesses of Ronge, engraved from his portrait, and little busts of him in porcelain, are seen in the shop windows of all the Protestant cities.

"You must understand, however," said a German to me, "that this progress of the new doctrine is almost confined to those parts of Germany where the Catholics are in the minority; that is to say, to Prussia, Saxony, Wurtemburg, and you may include the Grand Duchy of Baden. In Austria, a disposition to discuss the question has lately shown itself, but the government keeps it down by prompt and severe measures. In Bavaria, also, no congregation of the new denomination can be formed. It is discountenanced by the government of Saxony, which, to the great offence of its Protestant subjects, prohibits them from allowing the new Catholics to assemble for worship in the Protestant churches. It is discountenanced also by the government of Prussia, which, in this matter, listens to the counsels of Metternich. Meanwhile, the want of agreement in regard to points of doctrine is, perhaps an obstacle to the spread of the new sect. The Jesuits know very well what they would have; among them there is no disagreement, and their organization is most complete. The New Catholics, however, have almost as many varying creeds as congregations, some departing more and some less from the standard of belief which is acknowledged at Rome. They may, however, be said to agree in rejecting the authority of the Pope, the celibacy of the clergy, auricular confession, and the worship of images."

"It is a mistake," said an intelligent friend, whom I afterwards met at Berlin, "to say that the New Catholics are discountenanced by the Prussian Government. The government would, I have no doubt, aid their progress by every means in its power, from a desire to weaken the power of the Roman Catholic Church, with which it has had so many controversies, did it not fear that under the pretext of a change in religious organization there lurked a design to effect political changes. Germany
is at this moment in the midst of religious, political and social agitations. Many of those who appear as the champions of the new denomination, I believe, are single in their views, and simply and sincerely desire what they profess; but others, I have no doubt, join in the movement in the hope that it may lead to some change in the government. It is this which embarrasses the Prussian government, and makes it hesitate what part to take."

On the evening of my return to Heidelberg from Baden and Strasbourg, I was taken to a club, where Kerbler was expected. He was not there when I arrived, and I went out to make a call on an old friend. When I came back the club room was full of tobacco smoke, the greater part of the members, professors, physicians, jurists, authors and theologians, were smoking their pipes filled with German tobacco, the odor of which is particularly detestable, and drinking the beer of their country, a light beverage, allow me to say, out of large, high glasses; but Kerbler had come and gone. He had made a speech to the company, and they were commending his fluent and impressive manner.

The next morning I called, with the old friend whom I have already mentioned, a Catholic, but inclined to favor the new sect, on Dr. Wolf, a Lutheran clergyman of Heidelberg. I found an old man of eighty-two years of age, of portly and majestic presence, a fresh countenance, and flowing white hair, sitting, with a crutch by his side, in the midst of his books and papers, and writing with a strong clear hand, an example of what is very common in Germany, of a laborious scholar preserving the freshness and activity of his intellect to the last stage of human life. He spoke of Kerbler as admirably fitted to be the apostle of the new sect. "He is," said he, "still young, in the vigor of his years, full of earnestness and enthusiasm, yet modest and discreet. I could not," he added, "on account of my infirmities, attend to hear his discourse, but from those who were present, and whose opinion is to be relied on, I learn that he is an impressive speaker, and that his manner was exceedingly persuasive. He was careful not to rouse the prejudices of his Catholic hearers, and assured them, that though he and his brethren had rejected practices which they regarded as corruptly engrafted upon the church, they had not forsaken the church, and were Catholics still."

If you have looked at the introduction which the English translator has prefixed to the able work on Symbolism, by Möhler, a Catholic professor of theology at Munich, you will remember that it speaks of the "Anti-celibats," as having formed, a few years since, a large and powerful party in the Catholic Church of Germany; but the writer adds that their opinions were giving way to more orthodox views. It is this party, already long in existence, which, unable by any other means to resist the zeal of those who are laboring to restore the Roman Catholic Church to the state in which it was a hundred years ago, has thrown off at last all dependence
upon the papal authority. I regard the rise of the new Catholics, therefore, not as indicating the diffusion of new opinions, so much as giving free and open expression to opinions long entertained, which in almost any other country than Germany would have [led] to the schism we now witness.

I have given you all I have been able to gather concerning the present religious agitation in Germany. It was thought, at first, by the men of the Protestant Church in Prussia, whose opinions are most regarded in such matters, such men as Neander, for example, that no considerable result would flow from the excommunication of Ronge, and that the schism of which he was the author, would be confined to himself and a few of his followers. They were mistaken, however. The numbers of the new Catholics, so far as I can learn, are augmenting from day to day, and there is a strong sympathy in their favor, even among many of the Catholics who take no active part with them. In the city of Breslau, where the Catholic inhabitants number twenty-eight thousand, it is said that more than a third of them are the declared adherents of Ronge. The champions of the new denomination ascribe the revival of pilgrimages and miracles to the Jesuits—they call their adversaries by no other name than Jesuits, and wield with great force that prejudice against the disciples of Loyola, which has set all Switzerland in a flame, and has led to the dissolution of their order in France, and to their expulsion from Central America.

You have read the history of the disturbances in Halberstadt and Leipzig in this kingdom, which ended in bloodshed. Those in Halberstadt may be said to have been provoked by the imprudence of Ronge, who has harangued the multitude, and inveighed with great vehemence against the practices of the Roman Catholic Church, before the very doors of a church in which the priests were celebrating mass. —The tumult in Leipzig was a strong expression of popular feeling against the measures of the Saxon government unfriendly to the new Catholics. The soldiery being ordered to suppress the disturbance, and unwilling to shed the blood of their fellow citizens, fired over the heads of the crowd, and killed some persons who were innocent of any participation in the disorder. Whoever may have been to blame, the occurrence of these disturbances shows how deeply and strongly the agitation from which they flow has stirred the German mind. Meantime all parties here are watching the progress of the new sect with strong interest; the friends of the Roman Catholic Church in particular, with an anxiety like that felt by the people of a large town in which a conflagration has broken out, uncertain how far the flame may spread.


1. Sabina von Steinbach, of whom there seems to be no objective record, was probably associated by tradition with Erwin von Steinbach (d. 1318), who designed
and executed much of the façade of the cathedral at Strasbourg.

2. Not further identified.

3. Johannes Ronge (1813–1887) of Breslau, Silesia, was with another priest, Johannes Czerski of Poznań (or, Posen), one of the two instigators of the German Catholic movement. His letter of October 1, 1844, denouncing the exhibition of the Holy Coat of Trier was primarily instrumental in giving origin to this schismatic sect, whose members called themselves Christian Apostolic Catholics.


5. Father of the Bryants’ friend Emma Hoyer (Letter 327), whose husband was the consul of Baden in New York.


7. Johann August Wilhelm Neander (1789–1850), professor of church history at the University of Berlin, and author of many theological works.

558. To Frances F. Bryant

Vienna September 12, 1845

My dear Frances.

It is a long time since I have heard from you. While your letters could reach me regularly you would not write, notwithstanding my entreaties, and now that I am hurrying from one part of Germany to another it is of little consequence whether you write or not since I do not get your letters.

Since I wrote to you last I have been zig zagging through Europe at a rapid rate, so rapidly in fact that the recollections of the different places I have seen do not always come in their proper order when I endeavour to call them up. I have kept a journal, however, a brief journal of memorandums jotted down every night which seems to set me right when my memory becomes confused.

After writing my last I went to look at a few more of the curiosities and entertainments of Paris, among which was the Hippodrome, near the arch of Neuilly, beyond the Elysian fields where imitations of the steeple chase with female riders, and imitations of the old chariot races are performed in the open air to eight or ten thousand spectators crowding a vast amphitheatre, and old Franconi, seventy years of age in a military uniform and cocked hat, comes forth amidst a storm of applause on a horse which he makes to prance and curtsy and frisk in all imaginable ways.1 To me it was tiresome, and so I went the same evening to the New Tivoli, a garden at Chateau Rouge in the suburbs where the Parisians assemble to dance and drink lemonade. Here was a broad floor of asphaltum in the open air between rows of tents which served as coffee houses, and here in the midst of a gay throng the grisettes of Paris on holiday dance quadrilles and waltzes. I was soon tired of this also and was early in my bed that I might set out early for Belgium by the next morning’s diligence.
This I did and passing through Compiègne where Joan of Arc was taken prisoner and which lies amidst extensive and in some places noble forests, a pleasant sight to my eyes, and through Noyon where John Calvin was born, and in the old Gothic church of which he had doubtless worshipped, and through Cambray where Fenelon lived, and through fields of grain and poppy and clover where women were at work, reaping the wheat or stacking the ripened poppies or ploughing or digging with spades, in their wet clothes—for it had rained every day but one since we entered France—we arrived in the afternoon of the second day at the French frontier, where we took a railway which in a very short time brought us to Brussels. Imagine a rather clean looking city, of light coloured buildings of ample size, mostly covered with stucco situated on an irregular declivity, with a shady park surrounded by palaces in the highest part, and a little lower down a fine old Gothic cathedral, and still lower the old Town Hall also of Gothic architecture and scarcely less venerable standing in a noble paved square around which are tall and stately edifices built in the era of the Spanish dominion—imagine handsome shops and a good looking people, and many priests in their long skirted garments, and throw in the usual proportion of dirt and misery and mendicancy in the corners and bye places, and you have Brussels before you.

It still rained but we got a Tilbury and drove out to see the battle ground of Waterloo. We passed by the wood of Soignes and through a part of it—a melancholy looking forest of tall-stemmed beech trees—beech, beech, nothing but beech, and through the Walloon villages—Waterloo is one of them—and through fields where wet women were at work, and scared from the road dozens of dirty children dabbling like ducks in the puddles, and stopped at last at the village of Mount St. Jean. Here we walked through the slippery mud to the mound erected in the midst of the battlefield, climbed to this monument on its top, commanding a view of a country of gentle declivities and hollows, and had the various positions of the French and allied armies pointed out to us by a young Walloon who sold wine and drams in a shed beside the monument. The inhabitants of Belgium are of two different races—the Flemings who are of Germanic origin—fair haired blue eyed and speaking a language which somewhat resembles the Dutch—and the Walloons, a Celtic race or Celtic mixed with Roman, dark haired and black eyed and speaking a language resembling the dialects of the South of France. Both languages are uncultivated and the French therefore has been adopted as the language of commerce and literature in Belgium.

An hour and a half brought us on the railway to Antwerp on the flat banks of the Scheldt, a city decidedly Flemish, its churches kept in the most careful manner, their interiors fresh with paint and gilding, crowded with statues of marble and still more numerous statues in wood
carved with wonderful skill and spirit by Flemish artists in centuries gone by, and hung with pictures by Flemish masters wherever space can be found for them. In the cathedral is the Descent from the Cross by Rubens, which proves what I doubted before, that he was a true artist and a man of genius. We passed two nights at Antwerp and then went down the Scheldt in a steamer on our way to Rotterdam which we reached in ten hours, passing sometimes along what appeared to be an arm of the sea and sometimes what seemed to be a canal. The houses by the sides of these channels after we passed the limits of Belgium and entered Holland were mostly freshly painted, the flat plains on each side were protected by embankments and streaked with long wide ditches full of water, and sometimes with rows of pollard willows, and windmills by scores, some grinding, but most pumping water out of the meadows and pouring it into the channels through which we passed, were swinging their arms madly in a high wind.

Rotterdam is a genuine Dutch city with as many canals as streams and the canals are overhung for the most part with rows of elms and the streets are washed clean every morning by the water of the canals which is salt. Every morning there is a vigorous splashing and mopping performed before every door by plump servant girls in white caps and thick wooden shoes. Our hotel was upon a broad sheet of water like the lagoons at Venice, where a solid and straight stone wharf was shaded with a row of elms and before our door lay several huge quiet vessels fastened to the wharf which looked as if they had been sent there to enjoy a vacation, for they were neither loading nor unloading nor was any person apparently busy about them. Rotterdam was at that time in the midst of a fair which filled the open squares [of] the city with booths and brought in crowds of country people. There were damsels from North Holland in long eared lace caps, fair as snow, and some of them quite pretty, with their plump arms bare, and maidens from another province the name of which I did not learn, equally good looking, with arms as bare, in white muslin caps drawn to a point upon each cheek. Olycoeks were frying and waffals baking in temporary kitchens on each side of the street. The country about Rotterdam is still, notwithstanding its draining little better than a marsh. The soil serves only for pasture, and the fields are still "yellow blossomed" as in the time of Goldsmith, and tufted with pollard willows mostly in rows. I saw houses in the city, standing in pools of dull blue water, reached by a bridge from the street. I suppose however there might be gardens behind them. Many of the houses decline very much from the perpendicular, not in so great a degree as the Leaning tower of Pisa, but enough to produce a disagreeable effect. They are however apparently well built and are spacious. We made no long stay in Rotterdam, but after looking at its statue of Erasmus and its cathedral, which is not remarkable except that it is a Gothic building of brick—stone is scarce in
Holland—we took the stage coach for [The] Hague on the morning after our arrival.

Green meadows spotted with buttercups and dandelions, flat and low, lower than the canals with which the country is intersected and which come in between their banks from the distant sea, stretched on every side. They were striped with long lines of water which is constantly pumped out by the windmills and emptied into the canals, and herds of cattle were feeding upon them. From time to time we passed some pleasant country seat, the walls bright with paint, and the grounds surrounded by a ditch—let us call it a moat if you please, the surface of which was green with duck weed. But within this watery enclosure were little artificial elevations covered with a closely shorn turf and plantations of shrubbery, and in the more extensive and ostentatious of them were what might be called groves and forests. Before one of these houses was a fountain with figures, mouths of lions or some other animal gushing profusely with water—which must have been pumped up for the purpose into a reservoir by one of the windmills. We passed through Schiedam still famous for its gin, and Delft once famous for its crockery.

Two hours brought me to the Hague, the cleanest of cities, paved with yellow brick, and as full of canals as Rotterdam, but a more quiet place, with less appearance of commerce. I called on Major Davezac our envoy, who welcomed me with a warm embrace and a kiss on each cheek. He was in his morning gown which he exchanged for an elegant suit of the latest Paris cut and took us to see Baron Vorstolk’s collection of pictures which contains some beautiful things by the Flemish artists—and next the public collection called the Museum. From the Museum we drove to the Chateau du Bois a residence of the Dutch Stadtholders two hundred years ago, when Holland was a republic and a powerful and formidable one. It is pleasantly situated in the edge of a wood which is said to be part of an original forest of the country and which from the variety of trees that grow here leads me to believe was really so—Here the ground rises above the usual marshy level of Holland. The Chateau du Bois is principally remarkable for its apartment with a dome the interior of which is covered with large paintings by Rubens Jordaens and other painters.

Major Davezac left us and we drove out to a little fishing town on the sea coast called Sheveling, where Charles the Second embarked for England when he returned to take possession of the throne. Here dwell a people who supply the fish market of the Hague, speak a dialect among themselves, as I was told which is not understood by the rest of Holland, and wear the same costume which they wore centuries ago. We passed several of the women going to market or returning with baskets on their heads placed on the crown of a broad brimmed straw bonnet tied at the sides under their chins, and striding creatures they were striding along
in their striped black and white petticoats. In the streets of Scheveling I saw the tallest woman, I think that I ever met with, a very giantess more than six feet in height straddling about the street, scouring and scrubbing with great energy. Close at hand was the shore; a strong wind from the west was driving the surges of the North Sea against it. A hundred fishing vessels rocking in the surf, moored and lashed together with ropes formed a line along the beach; the men of Scheveling in knit woollen caps short blue jackets and short trousers of a prodigious width were walking about but the wind was too strong and the sea too wild for them to venture out. Along this coast the North Sea has heaped a high range of sand hills which protect the low lands within from its own inundations, and make dykes unnecessary, but to the north and the south the shore is guarded by artificial embankments constructed with great cost and watched and kept in constant repair.

We left the Hague and taking the railway were at Amsterdam in a little more than two hours. Amsterdam is a city after the pattern of Rotterdam and the Hague except that it is much larger than either with more appearance of business and activity and more dirt and more poverty. The next morning, on Sunday after a drenching rain,—for it still continued to rain every day—I went to the Oudekerk or Old Church as the ancient cathedral is called, which however is spoiled by cross beams, and paint and galleries and partitions and pews and every kind of architectural enormity. But there is a noble organ of white marble richly sculptured which occupies the west end of the church. I listened to a sermon in Dutch which seemed to me a kind of barking. The men had their hats on but half the women were without bonnets. When the sermon and prayer were over, the rich tones of the organ broke forth and flooded the place with melody.

In the afternoon we went to the village of Broek—pronounced Brook, in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, the pride of Dutch villages, situated like the rest among dykes and canals but consisting altogether of the habitations of persons in comfortable circumstances, and remarkable for its scrupulous neatness. The common streets and footways are kept in as perfect order as the private walks and gardens. The ways are paved with yellow bricks, and as a fair was to open in the place that afternoon, the most public parts of them were sanded for the occasion; but all the rest appeared as if just washed and mopped. I have never seen any collection of human habitations so free from every thing offensive to the senses. The next day we visited Saardam where Peter the Great of Russia began his apprenticeship as a shipmaker. Saardam is also situated on a dyke, and is an extremely neat little village, but there are not the same signs of opulence about it. We were shown the chamber in which the monarch of Russia lodged, and the hole in the wall where he slept, for in the old Dutch houses, and in the modern ones of the farmers the bed is in a sort
of closet, or more properly speaking a shelf in the wall from which a door opens into the room. I should have mentioned that in going to Broek I stopped to look at one of the farm houses of the country and at Saardam I visited another. They were dairy houses in which the milk of large herds was made into butter and cheese. The lower story of the houses paved with bricks is used in winter as a stable for the cattle—in the summer it is carefully cleaned and painted so that not a trace of its former use remains, and it then becomes the dairy and the abode of the family. The story above was as neat as the hands of Dutch housewives could make it—the parlour, the dining room, the little bedrooms in the wall and the beds were clean in the highest degree.

From Amsterdam we were soon conveyed by railway to Utrecht. As we proceeded the canals became fewer and finally we began to see crops of grain and potatoes. We stopped to take a brief survey of Utrecht. A part of its old cathedral has been converted into a beautiful Gothic church, the rest having been levelled many years ago by a whirlwind. But what I found most beautiful in the city was its public walks. The old walls with their towers, being demolished, their rubbish has formed hillocks and slopes which almost surround the entire city and border one of its canals. On these hillocks and slopes, trees and shrubs have been planted, and walks laid out through the green turf until it is made one of the most varied and charming public walks I ever saw—swelling into considerable heights, sinking into little valleys sloping down to the water or impending over it. We fell in with a music master of whom I made some enquiries and he happening to know a little German insisted upon showing us every thing remarkable in the city and fairly walked us tired.

The same evening we were in Arnheim in the province of Guelderland on the banks of the Rhine. We were disappointed in finding that the hotel at which we expected to stop had been shut up till it could be repaired, but a gentleman of the place learning of our embarrassment recommended us to go to the Hotel de la Hollande. We followed his advice and found it one of the cleanest nicest and most comfortable hotels in every respect that we had met with in Europe. The next day we took the diligence to Düsseldorf. A tedious ride over the plains, sometimes fertile and sometimes sandy and barren, but always monotonous, brought us as night set in to the Ruhr which had overflowed its banks and covered the lower part of the meadows with a broad sheet of water. We passed it however in a boat and at eleven o'clock were in Düsseldorf.

At Düsseldorf we expected to see some of the great works of the modern painters of Germany but we were disappointed. Many things are produced there but few remain. We looked up Mr. Leutze who is to illustrate my poems. He told me that he had made two designs for the purpose but had sent them to England to be engraved. He introduced us to the artist Schrötter the author of some of the illustrations of Musaeus
which I have, and who was just beginning to paint the scene of Faust and Mephistophiles in Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig. He took us also to the studio of Kohler who was painting the maidens of Judea rejoicing in the prowess of David and singing "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands." We went with him also to the studio of Lessing who was not at home, but on his easel was the sketch of a picture representing the burning of John Huss.

You have travelled on the Rhine and I need not therefore tell you how picturesque I found its rocky banks with their castles and towers, and the pleasant paths that follow the shores, where I now and then saw a religious procession moving slowly along—not how noble appeared to me the cathedral of Cologne unfinished though it is, and still resounding with the noise of the hammer and chisel. We stopped at Cologne and Coblenz and Mainz and Neuwied and Wiesbaden including an excursion to Schwalbach and Schlangenbad, and reaching Manheim took the railway to Heidelberg, and from Heidelberg followed the same railway to Baden-Baden and Strasburg and returned to Heidelberg again.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when we first reached Heidelberg from Manheim. We first visited after breakfasting the old castle and then I went to call on Miss [Julie] Hepp. She is no longer Fräulein Hepp said the Oberkellner [headwaiter] of the Prinz Karl, the hotel at which we were set down; she is the Frau Professorin. I found her in the house her mother used to inhabit married to Professor Hagen, not one of the regular University Professors but who had given some lectures in history to the ladies and others, and whose profession as I understood from her was that of an author. She expressed great pleasure in seeing me, principally for your sake. She is looking quite well, and no older than formerly. She introduced me to her husband a young looking man—ten years younger than herself as I was afterwards told. He is a widower with two children—one of them I saw a pretty little girl of six years of age or thereabouts. She told me that your friend Clara [Crowninshield] was still at that little German place near Frankfurt—I forget the name—and that she had some thoughts of passing a little time at Heidelberg, having written to her to enquire concerning the economy of living there. "But Heidelberg" added the Frau Professorin, "is no longer the cheap place it was since the English took to living here." She told me that the Howitt family were in great disfavour in Germany on account of Mr. Howitt's book. She made a great many enquiries concerning you and Fanny and Julia and said she should write to you by me.

In the afternoon, I went with Mr. Leupp to the Wolfsbrunnen which I found as beautiful as ever, and Mr. L. was in utter astonishment at the number and size of the fish the reservoirs contained. The valley of the Neckar was more strikingly lovely than I had ever seen it—I was not there, you know, in summer. The evening I passed with Prof. Hagen and
his wife. Having heard from Mr. Howitt that M. Barrault and his family were at Weinheim and having no time to go thither I left with Mrs. Hagen a letter for Mr. Barrault and a copy of my poems which she promised to see forwarded, though she seemed not to know that he had removed.

The next day I went early to Strasburg and Baden Baden, as I have already mentioned. On my return, happening to be in a bookseller's shop I was assured by the young man in waiting that M. Barrault had most certainly not gone to Weinheim and he gave me the number of his lodgings. I went and found the old gentleman sitting with his wife in a front room while Mlle. Emilie was occupied in the kitchen. He rose and took my hand which I offered but evidently did not recognize me when Mrs. Barrault screamed out "Monsieur Bryant," and the old man embraced me as if I had been the prodigal son. He is but little changed by the last ten years, except that his hair has become perfectly white. Madame Barrault looks somewhat older, but there is little difference in apparent age between her and her daughter. I went to Mrs. Hagen's to bid her goodbye, and get the book and letter for M. Barrault. They told me of a Professor Kerbler who had preached to the New Catholics in Heidelberg the day before—you will find an account of him and his discourse in a letter I have sent to the Evening Post. Professor Hagen invited me to go with him to a club where he was to be present that evening. I agreed to do so for a short time though I was to pass the evening at M. Barrault's. He was not at the club when I arrived, so I proceeded to M. B's, with a promise to return at half past nine.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrault and the young lady had a thousand enquiries to make concerning you and your daughters. Their school is at an end—the story of their going to Weinheim they told me was a malicious invention of a German teacher whom they had employed and who without any provocation had done his utmost to injure them. They have now commodious lodgings which they wish to let and begged me to send to them any Americans who were going to reside at Heidelberg. They gave me the recent history of our friend Mrs. Renner. The person whom she married was a young man of the name of Rognoni, a student of medicine at Paris fifteen years younger than herself. She wrote to Mad. Barrault for advice. I cannot advise you, was Mad. B's answer, for I do not know the character of the person whom you think of marrying, but whenever a young man pays his addresses to a woman of fortune considerably his senior, she ought to be very sure of his motives before she accepts him. She married. Rognoni finished his studies and went with her to Trieste. Meantime she had put the care of her property into his hands and he invested a good deal of it in his own name—the greater part, I think they told me. He was taken ill at Trieste and died, and his relations took possession of all the property which had been invested in his name, and left her with only
a mere remnant of what she once had. She now lives at Innsbruck, whence she makes occasional journeys, not in her own carriage as formerly, but alone, without a servant, to Italy.

A servant came to say that our old servant Terese was at the door and wished to see me. By all means said I, and she rushed in apparently overjoyed to meet me again. She had seen me in the street looking hard at the house where Mr. Barrault formerly lived and in which she is now a domestic and was sure that I was somebody whom she had once known. Afterwards a young woman of her acquaintance who had heard of my arrival at Mrs. Hagen's came to tell her that her old master was in town. She had a good deal to say and to ask about you and the children, and seemed much astonished at my speaking German. "Alas," said she, "I shall never forget nine years ago this very month of August, when I help Mrs. Bryant pack up her things to go away from us, she and her family; such good people!" She has lost the two or three snags of teeth which she had and looks all the better for it. She had a sleek comfortable look and I dare say is well treated.

The conversation after Terese took her leave was of a less agreeable character. I had to hear the old story of better days from Mad. Barrault and to witness the tears of Mlle. Emilie, interrupted now and then with some philosophical observation from Mr. Barrault who takes every thing as quietly as he used to do. I believe however they are in very straitened circumstances, having borrowed money for the purpose of educating their grandchildren which, since their school is broken up, they find it difficult to repay. The young men, however, according to their account are all doing well. After leaving M. Barrault's I went to the club, but Kerbler had gone. The members were all drinking beer and smoking with great diligence. I found among them, a brother of Dr. Follen from Switzerland who seemed glad to hear from the Dr.'s widow and son.11 He does not look much like his brother, but seems to be of the same quiet temperament. He is a large man, tall, and wore a Greek cap, and took snuff while the others smoked.

The next morning I called with Mr. Barrault on Dr. Wolf in his library. He is a fine looking old man, occupied with his daily studies and without any symptom of intellectual decay. He spoke with great confidence of the future spread of the doctrines of the new Catholics among the Catholic population of Germany. He and his wife and daughter recollected you and the children, and desired many greetings to you. The sister resembles Mrs. Hoyer very much and the mother is an extremely well preserved old lady looking like her daughter's elder sister. If you see the Hoyer family tell them that I have seen their relations, who desired that I should let their friends in America know how well I found them.
The same day at eleven o'clock we were on our way in the diligence or eilwagen toward Würzburg. How I got here I may perhaps tell you in another letter.

Trieste September 17 1845. I am at Trieste where I did not expect to be when I left home, in the capital of Istria or Italian Illyria. I have no time, at least no room in this letter to relate the story of my journey.

You may be interested in knowing that since my arrival on the continent I have mounted a pair of mustachios. They are now long enough to be pulled and smoothed and in colour present a pleasing mixture of brown and grey. Mr. Leupp thinks that their effect is mitigative, for we of the new school of philosophy, you know, exercise the privilege of coining new words, when we find the English language too barren for our purposes. In his own words "they soften the natural austerity of my aspect." I have however my doubts about them. The razor figuratively speaking is already at their root, and you never will be so happy as to see them.

Tell John to give a small portion of his fish heap to every peach tree, as soon as you get this.

My love to Fanny and Julia—and remember me kindly to my many friends.

Yrs affectionately

W C BRYANT

Mrs. Renner I should have mentioned has resumed her maiden name and now calls herself Mrs. Susan Breting. I wrote to her from Vienna & sent her a copy of my "Fountain" which contains the "Child's Funeral" the subject of which was furnished by one of her letters.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-GR.

1. In 1853 Henri Franconi brought his circus to New York City where, in a new building at Broadway and 23rd Street, called "Franconi's Hippodrome," entertainment of much the same nature as that described by Bryant was offered for several seasons; "New York had never before seen anything quite like this spectacular circus, hippodrome, or—call it what you will." Odell, Annals, VI, 259–260.

2. See 581.1. The influence of the Düsseldorf Academy on romantic genre painting was strong during the 1840s and 1850s; several young American artists, notably George Caleb Bingham (1811–1879) and Albert Bierstadt (1830–1902), spent several years of study there. DAA.

3. Adolf Schröder (1805–1875), a genre painter resident in Düsseldorf since 1829, who treated many humorous subjects from Don Quixote, Baron Munchausen, and Shakespeare's comedies and history plays.

4. Christian Köhler (1809–1861), one of the leading historical and portrait painters of the Düsseldorf Academy, who specialized in Biblical subjects.

5. 1 Sam. 18:7.

6. Karl Friedrich Lessing (1808–1880), a landscape and historical painter who was director of the Düsseldorf Academy from 1830 until he became director of the Karlsruhe Gallery in 1858.
7. The Czech religious reformer Jan Hus (1369–1415) was condemned for heresy by the Council of Constance, which was convened by the Roman Catholic Church in November 1414. He was burned at the stake on July 6, 1415.


10. Susan (Breting) Renner, a companion of the Bryants' at Pisa in 1834–1835; see Letter 300.

11. Dr. Charles Follen (317.16) had lost his life in a tragic fire aboard the steamship *Lexington* on Long Island Sound on January 13, 1840, from which only one of 115 passengers escaped. *EP*, January 16, 18, 22, 1840.

12. Letter unrecovered.

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**559. To Charles Elbert Anderson**

*Rome October 1 1845.*

My dear sir

I arrived here yesterday, and among the letters which I found waiting for me was one from you.¹ I hope I need not say that I greatly regret that there should have been any occasion for writing it, though the spirit of fairness and magnanimity in which it is written justifies the high esteem in which I have always held you.

I certainly did intend that you should hold in the editorial management of the paper the same place which I held and that you should have the editorial control and responsibility of its columns.² You will recollect that I made it a condition at the same time that nothing should be inserted in contradiction of opinions previously expressed in the paper and that nothing should be said in my absence which my opinions would compel me to unsay on my return. The first of these conditions only required a knowledge of the previous course of the paper; the second of course was a matter in which you would use your best discretion.

It is long since I have seen the Evening Post. —While I was travelling in Germany I could not very well so arrange matters as to receive it—and they will not let it come to Rome.³ While I saw it however I was well pleased with it. I liked its fairness and independence. If you will allow me to refer to what I should have done, had I remained in charge of the paper, I must say that I should have maintained a sturdier tone on the Texas question, and that I should not have noticed certain newspapers whose opinions you thought proper occasionally to controvert or to quote. But neither of these things was a sufficient ground for dissatisfaction; and even if I had regarded those as matters of importance they would not have counterbalanced the general ability and propriety with which the paper was conducted.

The other proprietors of the paper however, suppose, as I understand, that you have exercised the editorial discretion in such a way as to
prejudice their interests. This is not the point which you refer to me, and if it were, I have no means of deciding it. It may be that the subscribers to the paper would not bear from another the expression of opinions which they would tolerate from me, accustomed as they are to my way of putting them forth. The question which you ask me in regard to the editorial management of the paper I must answer clearly and without reservation in the affirmative.

The time, however, for my return to America is at hand. I shall probably reach New York within two or three weeks after this letter. In the mean time, you will agree with me, I doubt not, that the existing arrangements—those I mean which have been made by the other proprietors in my absence for editing the paper—should be allowed to stand until my return, when every thing so far as depends on me shall be satisfactorily arranged.4

Yrs truly
W. C. BRYANT


1. Unrecovered.
2. See 535.2.
3. Bryant's earlier support and encouragement through the EP of the Italian revolutionaries, Count Federico Confalonieri and Eleutario Felice Foresti, can only have made his newspaper suspect by the repressive administration of the Papal States, which may also have been aware of his recent possible meeting in London with the exiled Giuseppe Mazzini (545.13), who was just then widening the agitation for an Italian revolt. See Life, I, 338; EP, March 2, 23, November 2, 1837, January 11, 1839.
4. Since neither Anderson's letter nor one written to Bryant by Timothy Howe in the same mail (see Letter 560) seems to have survived, the exact nature of the conflict in the EP office is unclear. It is evident, however, from a letter written by Parke Godwin to a friend at about the same time that dissatisfaction with Bryant's choice of an editorial substitute was not confined to his business partners, Boggs and Howe. Though Godwin had relinquished his small share of the newspaper's ownership the previous year to Timothy Howe, he was still a member of its staff. On August 15 he wrote Charles A. Dana, "Bryant got an ass in the paper who undertook to show me his mulish qualities by sticking his forefeet in the ground, throwing back his ears and kicking. But in the true and elevated spirit of the beautiful old English ballad, "If I had a monkey vot wouldn't do / Wouldn't I wallop him so' I turned him neck and heels out doors. So the burden of a daily paper is on me" (NYPL–BG). Thus it seems certain that the "existing arrangements" to which Bryant refers were the unauthorized substitution of Godwin for Anderson in the editorial chair. Bryant made no comment on this episode in the surviving letters written after his return to New York, but it must have figured in his decision the following year to rid his newspaper of his son-in-law's services. See Godwin to Charles A. Dana, December 5, 1846, NYPL–BG.
560. To Frances F. Bryant

Rome October [5] 1845

My dear Frances—

I send off a letter this day for the Evening Post and another for Mr. Anderson who has written to me. I had begun one of those long letters to you but have not had time to finish it. On arriving here I got five letters from you1 for which I am obliged to you. You scold me for not stopping in my letters to say that I wish you were with me. That is understood of course, and when I get home you will be satisfied I think that I have thought of you in my absence.

Tomorrow we set out for Naples— From Naples we shall proceed by steamer to Genoa—thence we shall go to Milan—from Milan to Geneva—from Geneva to Paris—from Paris to London—from London to Liverpool and from Liverpool, as early in November as we are able, by steamer to America. I wish I was there already, but we cannot get home sooner than I have mentioned without leaving unseen some things which we crossed the ocean expressly to see. The slowness of travelling in this country has compelled us already to give up the thought of visiting Munich and has compelled us to make a shorter stay at several places than we had expected.

I wrote to Mr. Anderson that I thought the arrangements already made by my partners for conducting the paper should remain as they are till my return. Mr. Boggs's idea of reducing his debt to the office I am confident is founded on a mistake.2

If I get time to write the long letter I shall tell you all about my travels hither— We went from Heidelberg to Wurzburg—from Wurzburg to Nuremberg—thence to Leipzig—thence to Berlin—thence back to Leipzig—thence to Dresden—thence to Prague—thence to Vienna by way of Olmutz—thence across the Styrian Alps by way of Grätz to Trieste—thence by water to Venice—thence to Bologna—thence to Florence & thence to Rome.

I have had two letters from Miss Robbins who is the only person in America except you and Julia that trouble themselves to write to me; with the exception of the letters of business from Howe & Anderson. If you see Miss Robbins give her my thanks—and thank Julia too for me.

My love to Fanny and Julia and my regards to the McCouns when you see them and to my other good friends in New York. The time is dragging heavily—but I am hard at work looking at every thing and losing not a moment of time. These letters are written at odd minutes and snatches of time.

Yours affectionately

WM C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-GR ADDRESS: MRS. FRANCES F. BRYANT / ROSLYN / LONG ISLAND.
1. Unrecovered.

2. Whatever Boggs's suggestion, presumably conveyed in Howe's letter, may have been, he was then indebted to the *EP* in the amount of $6,104.11. Parke Godwin, no longer a proprietor, owed the establishment $3,100. *Evening Post Accounts,* NYPL-GR.

561. To the *Evening Post*  

**Rome, October [5] 1845.**

You would perhaps like to hear what the American artists on the continent are doing. I met with Leutze at Düsseldorf. After a sojourn of some days in Holland, in which I was obliged to talk to the Dutchmen in German and get my answers in Dutch, with but a dim apprehension of each other's meaning, as you may suppose, on both sides; after being smoked through and through like a herring, with the fumes of bad tobacco in the railway wagons, and in the diligence which took us over the long and monotonous road on the plains of the Rhine between Arnheim and Düsseldorf—after dodging as well as we were able, the English travellers, generally the most disagreeable of the travelling tribe, who swarm along the Rhine in the summer season, it was a refreshment to stop a day at Düsseldorf and take breath, and meet an American face or two. We found Leutze engaged upon a picture, the subject of which is John Knox reproving Queen Mary. It promises to be a capital work. The stern gravity of Knox, the embarrassment of the Queen, and the scorn with which the French damsels of her court regard the saucy Reformer, are extremely well expressed, and tell the story impressively.

At Düsseldorf, which is the residence of so many eminent painters, we expected to find some collection, or at least some of the best specimens, of the works of the modern German school. It was not so, however—fine pictures are painted at Düsseldorf, but they are immediately carried elsewhere. We visited the studio of Schröter—a man with humor in every line of his face, who had nothing to show us but a sketch, just prepared for the easel, of the scene in Goethe's Faust, where Mephistophiles, in Auerbach's cellar, bores the edge of the table with a gimlet, and a stream of champagne gushes out. Köhler, an eminent artist, allowed us to see a clever painting on his easel, in a state of considerable forwardness, representing the rejoicing of the Hebrew maidens at the victory of David over Goliath. At Lessing's—a painter whose name stands in the first rank, and whom we did not find at home—we saw a sketch on which he was engaged, representing the burning of John Huss; yet it was but a sketch, a painting in embryo.

But I am wandering from the American artists. At Cologne, whither we were accompanied by Leutze, he procured us the sight of his picture of Columbus before the Council of Salamanca, one of his best. Leutze ranks high in Germany, as a young man of promise, devoting himself with great energy and earnestness to his art.
At Florence we found Greenough just returned from a year's residence at Graefenberg, whence he had brought back his wife, a patient of Priessnitz and the water cure, in florid health. He is now applying himself to the completion of the group which he has engaged to execute for the capitol at Washington. It represents an American settler, an athletic man, in a hunting shirt and cap, a graceful garb, by the way, rescuing a female and her infant from a savage who had just raised his tomahawk to murder them. Part of the group, the hunter and the Indian, is already in marble, and certainly the effect is wonderfully fine and noble. The hunter has approached his enemy unexpectedly from behind, and grasped both his arms, holding them back, in such a manner that he has no command of their muscles, even for the purpose of freeing himself. Besides the particular incident represented by the group, it may pass for an image of the aboriginal race of America overpowered and rendered helpless by the civilized race. Greenough's statue of Washington is not as popular as it deserves to be; but the work on which he is now engaged I am very sure will meet with a different reception.⁵

In a letter from London, I spoke of the beautiful figure of the Greek slave, by Powers.⁴ At Florence I saw in his studio, the original model, from which his workmen were cutting two copies in marble. At the same place I saw his Proserpine, an ideal bust of great sweetness and beauty, the fair chest swelling out from a circle of leaves of the acanthus. About this also the workmen were busy, and I learned that seven copies of it had been recently ordered from the hand of the artist. By its side stood the unfinished statue of Eve, with the fatal apple in her hand, an earlier work, which the world has just begun to admire. I find that connoisseurs are divided in opinion concerning the merit of Powers as a sculptor.

All allow him the highest degree of skill in execution, but some deny that he has shown equal ability in his conceptions. "He is confessedly," said one of them to me, who, however, had not seen his Greek slave, "the greatest sculptor of busts in the world—equal, in fact, to any that the world ever saw; the finest heads of antiquity are not of a higher order than his." He went on to express his regret that Powers had not confined his labors to a department in which he was so pre-eminent. I have heard that Powers, who possesses great mechanical skill, has devised several methods of his own for giving precision and perfection to the execution of his works. It may be that my unlearned eyes are dazzled by this perfection, but really I can not imagine anything more beautiful of its kind than his statue of the Greek slave.

Gray is at this moment in Florence, though he is soon coming to Rome.⁵ He has made some copies from Titian, one of which I saw. It was a Madonna and child, in which the original painting was rendered with all the fidelity of a mirror. So indisputably was it a Titian, and so free from the stiffness of a copy, that, as I looked at it, I fully sympathized
with the satisfaction expressed by the artist at having attained the method of giving with ease the peculiarity of coloring which belongs to Titian's pictures.

An American landscape painter of high merit is G. L. Brown, now residing at Florence. He possesses great knowledge of detail, which he knows how to keep in its place, subduing it, and rendering it subservient to the general effect. I saw in his studio two or three pictures, in which I admired his skill in copying the various forms of foliage and other objects, nor was I less pleased to see that he was not content with this sort of merit, but, in going back from the foreground, had the art of passing into that appearance of an infinity of forms and outlines which the eye meets with in nature. I could not help regretting that one who copied nature so well, should not prefer to represent her as she appears in our own fresh and glorious land, instead of living in Italy and painting Italian landscapes.

To refer again to foreign artists—before I left Florence I visited the annual exhibition which had been opened in the Academy of the Fine Arts. There were one or two landscapes reminding me somewhat of Cole's manner, but greatly inferior, and one or two good portraits, and two or three indifferent historical pictures. The rest appeared to me decidedly bad: wretched landscapes; portraits, some of which were absolutely hideous, stiff, ill-colored, and full of grimace.

Here at Rome, we have an American sculptor of great ability, Henry K. Brown, who is just beginning to be talked about. He is executing a statue of Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, of which the model has been ready for some months, and is also modelling a figure of Rebecca at the Well. When I first saw his Ruth I was greatly struck with it, but after visiting the studios of Wyatt and Gibson, and observing their sleek imitations of Grecian art, their learned and faultless statues, nymphs or goddesses or gods of the Greek mythology, it was with infinite pleasure that my eyes rested again on the figure and face of Ruth, perhaps not inferior in perfection of form, but certainly informed with a deep human feeling which I found not in their elaborate works. The artist has chosen the moment in which Ruth is addressed by Boaz as she stands among the gleaners. He quoted to me the lines of Keats, on the song of the nightingale—

"Perchance the self-same song that found a path
To the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien's corn."10

She is not in tears, but her aspect is that of one who listens in sadness; her eyes are cast down, and her thoughts are of the home of her youth, in the land of Moab.11 Over her left arm hangs a handful of ears of wheat, which she has gathered from the ground, and her right rests on the drapery
about her bosom. Nothing can be more graceful than her attitude or more expressive of melancholy sweetness and modesty than her physiognomy. One of the copies which the artist was executing—there were two of them—is designed for a gentleman in Albany. Brown will shortly, or I am greatly mistaken, achieve a high reputation among the sculptors of the time.

Rossiter, an American painter, who has passed six years in Italy, is engaged on a large picture, the subject of which is taken from the same portion of Scripture history, and which is intended for the gallery of an American gentleman. It represents Naomi with her two daughters-in-law, when "Orpah kissed her, but Ruth clave unto her." The principal figures are those of the Hebrew matron and Ruth, who have made their simple preparations for their journey to the land of Israel, while Orpah is turning sorrowfully away to join a caravan of her country people. This group is well composed, and there is a fine effect of the rays of the rising sun on the mountains and rocks of Moab.

At the studio of Lang, a Philadelphia artist, I saw two agreeable pictures, one of which represents a young woman whom her attendants and companions are arraying for her bridal. As a companion piece to this, but not yet finished, he had upon the easel a picture of a beautiful girl, decked for espousals of a different kind, about to take the veil, and kneeling in the midst of a crowd of friends and priests, while one of them is cutting off her glossy and flowing hair. Both pictures are designed for a Boston gentleman, but a duplicate of the first has already been painted for the King of Wirtemberg.


1. Then at work on the illustrations for Bryant's Poems (see 531.1), Leutze expected to complete them by early November of 1845. But by the end of that time he was still finding it slow going, and wrote the publishers, "It is difficult to find any but landscape subjects in his works. I do not understand him so well as Longfellow—but I will do my utmost." Letters to E. A. Hart, September 26, 1845, CU, and to A. Hart, November 28, 1845, Robert Graham Collection. Archives of American Art. In his turn, Bryant—who would have preferred John G. Chapman or Daniel Huntington as his illustrator (see Letters 526, 499)—had strong reservations when he saw Leutze's finished designs; see Letter 594.

2. Vincenz Priessnitz of Silesia had introduced the water cure, or hydropathy, which was then becoming popular in the United States.

3. Horatio Greenough's dramatic sculpture group The Rescue, commissioned by Congress in 1837 and completed in 1851, stands at the central portico on the east front of the National Capitol. For his statue of George Washington, see 451.1.


5. Henry Peters Gray (1819-1877) of New York spent two periods of study in Italy before coming home to America in 1846 to become one of the nation's most popular figure and historical painters. The American Art Union commissioned his portrait of Bryant as its president in 1850; this is now in the New-York Historical Society. DAA.
6. Although George Loring Brown (1814–1889) of Boston often sent portraits and landscapes to exhibitions at the National Academy and other American galleries, he spent the years 1839–1859 in Europe, mostly in Italy. *Ibid.*

7. With the exception of the years 1842–1846, passed in Europe, the Massachusetts-born sculptor Henry Kirke Brown (1814–1886) worked in New York and several other American cities during a long career. His best-known work is the equestrian statue of Washington which was erected in Union Square, New York, in 1856. Charles Leupp was the owner of a marble bust of Bryant which Brown exhibited at the National Academy in 1850, and which Leupp bequeathed to the New-York Historical Society. *Ibid.; NAD Exhibition Record, I, 54.*


9. John Gibson; see 537.3.

10. These lines from John Keats’s “Ode to a Nightingale” seem to have been garbled in printing Bryant’s *LT I*, from which the present text is taken. They should read (italics supplied):

   “*Perhaps* the self-same song that found a path
   *Through* the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
   *She* stood in tears amid the *alien* corn.”


12. Thomas Prichard Rossiter (1818–1871), a native of New Haven, Connecticut, studied in Europe from 1840 to 1846; on his return he took a studio in New York with John Kensett and Louis Lang (note 14). *DAA.*


14. Louis Lang (1814–1899), a German-born painter who emigrated from Paris to Philadelphia in 1838, studied for several years in Italy before settling in New York in 1847. That year he exhibited at the National Academy two genre paintings which were apparently those Bryant describes. *DAA; NAD Exhibition Record, I, 283.*

562. To Ferdinand E. Field

    London, November 3 [1845]

... We have made a rapid but most fortunate journey through Europe. We have had good health, good weather, and the opportunity to see almost everything we desired; we have met with no misfortunes, no accidents, no disappointments, and scarcely anything which could be called annoyances. We went from Paris, after a fortnight’s stay, to Brussels, to Antwerp, to the Hague, to Amsterdam, to Utrecht, then up the Rhine, visiting its cities on our way, and the watering-places of Wiesbaden, etc., to Manheim, where we crossed over to Heidelberg. From Heidelberg we made an excursion to Strasburg and Baden-Baden, and, returning, visited the cities of Wurtzbourg, Nuremberg, Leipsic, and Berlin. We then turned our course to the southeast, and, having seen Dresden, Prague, and Vienna, crossed the Styrian Alps, passing through Gratz, reached Trieste, and took a steamer for Venice. From Venice we went through Padua, Ferrara, and Bologna, to Florence, and next to Rome and Naples. A steamer brought us from Naples to Leghorn, and then to Genoa, whence we crossed the mountainous country to Milan, and from Milan went by Lago Maggiore to the foot of the Alps. We walked up the Simplon one bright moonlight night, which gave us, perhaps, a
more striking view of its remarkable features than we could have had by day, and, as the morning broke, found ourselves on its summit. At Geneva, where we passed several days, we fell in with my old friend, Professor Anderson. From Geneva we came in the diligence to Paris, where we were obliged to make but a brief stay, that we might give a couple of days to London.


1. It is uncertain whether Henry Anderson was again associated with Director Arago at the Paris Observatory, as he had been in the summer of 1844. See Letter 491.

563. To Frances F. Bryant

New York Thursday morning [November 27, 1845]

My dear Frances.

I have just finished a leader for the paper, amidst a thousand interruptions. Mr. [Alfred?] Field has called to ask me to dine there at five o'clock tomorrow. I promised to do so but could not answer for you. I have a note also from Mr. Dewey asking you and me to be his guests for the day and the night, as we are to be for the evening. I have also a letter from Mrs. Richards proposing her house as a home for the winter. Mrs. Verbryck, though in better spirits than formerly is still occasionally dejected and your society might tend to cheer her. There is a good school for Julia next door &c. &c. Mr. Lawson has called with kind proffers of hospitality and a dozen others have come to congratulate me on my return—and General Wool has called for the interest on his mortgage.

The weather which parted us so unceremoniously this morning shows signs of becoming clear. Let me see you tomorrow morning, at Brooklyn about nine o'clock. I will be there waiting the arrival of the train, to send you in a cab to Mr. McCoun's.

Please to bring out with you the following

1 The journal of my journeys in Europe—a little book with a greyish marbled cover—it is the second half of my journal—the first half in red morocco I have.

2 Van Raumar's book on America.

3 Fanny's Umbrella which Jacob carried back into the house.

My journal will be absolutely necessary to the writing of any more letters from Europe.

Yrs affectionately

Wm C. Bryant

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR ADDRESS: Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island.

1. Bryant and Charles Leupp had arrived on the steamship Britannia at Boston on Thursday, November 20. This undated letter was written one week later.
2. "Free Trade by Compulsion of Providence," EP, November 27, 1845. In this editorial Bryant foresaw as inevitable the removal of existing restrictions against the importation of foreign grain into Great Britain. This was in fact accomplished the following year when Parliament repealed the Corn Laws, mainly through the efforts of the Anti-Corn-Law League, whose great rally Bryant had attended while in London (Letter 545).

3. When Bryant wrote Joseph W. Moulton in September 1842 that he would probably have to postpone for at least a year the purchase of land at Hempstead Harbor (Letter 435), Moulton had apparently offered to take back a mortgage for the major part of the purchase price, with the result that within three months the sale had been arranged (Letter 447). Moulton later assigned this mortgage to his wife's uncle, General John Ellis Wool (1784–1869) of Troy, New York, a distinguished veteran of the War of 1812 and that with Mexico. In 1845 the outstanding principal due Wool was $3,700, at 7% interest. Bryant settled this debt in full in 1851. See undated memorandum in Bryant's handwriting listing his personal and business obligations, April 15, 1845, NYPL–GR; Bryant to Wool, February 28, 1851, NYSL.


5. Bryant apparently wrote no more letters for the newspaper describing his trip.

564. To Richard H. Dana

New York December 4th. 1845.

Dear Dana

I certainly take it as a great favor on your part that you are willing to subdue the disinclination to work which naturally attends ill health, for the sake of looking over my poems. What I ask of you, will be found I hope no very difficult task. I suppose—do I go too far in supposing?—that you have read all the things in my two volumes, and that they left some impression—favorable or unfavorable. In looking at them again you will be very apt to remember how they struck you at first, without taking the trouble to read them over a second time. If your former impression was unfavorable in regard to any one of them you will counsel me of course to omit it.

I must look up the last edition of my poems and send it to you. That of 1832 does not contain several that were afterwards inserted in the volume. There has been but one edition of the "Fountain and other Poems." A young friend of mine, Mr. Duyckinck published about a year ago "The White-Footed Deer & other Poems" of mine, in a little pamphlet. I will send that also. I suppose the publishers will want the copy from me some time next spring—early next spring I think.

I agree with you in what you say of Brackett's bust of me. My wife thinks it does not look so well in the plaster as it did in the clay. There are three casts of it now in this city and two persons who saw different casts took it for the bust of Henry Clay. Is not that odd?

You will not, I trust, forget what you almost promise me that you will come to my place on Long Island next spring. Here the spring is of a softer temperature and the trees bloom earlier than with you. In April
my house is emblazoned with fruit trees in bloom. My wife engages to make you as comfortable as you can be any where but at home. Your big uncle can guard the island in your absence.

I like your plan of a house in the country with a few acres of your own about it. You cannot think what an interest I feel in my own. It is almost as dear to me as one of my children—my heart yearned after it during the whole of my absence in Europe. I used to beguile the qualms of seasickness as I lay in my berth with thinking over my little plans for its improvement, such as planting a fruit tree here and a shade tree there and clearing away the growth of shrubs about some fine young pear trees that had sprung up in a corner of my field, &c. &c.

Tell Charlotte that she must make me amends for being out of the way when I called by accompanying you when you come this way.3 Remember me kindly to your sisters.

Yrs faithfully

W. C. BRYANT

P. S. I had written thus far in answer to one of your letters when I received another by Mr. Hudson.4

My wife has been in town for a few days past with some of our friends, who like her so well that they have proposed to us to take rooms in their house.5 This we shall do, so that I could not make any arrangements for your daughter to be under the same roof with us. I am now just on the point of going with my wife to Hempstead Harbor where I shall remain till Monday. When I come back I shall immediately look for a boarding house in our neighbourhood—which is not far from Dr. Elliot's and will write you word.6

W. C. B.

December 5. Friday.


1. The White Footed Deer and Other Poems (New York: I. S. Platt, Press of the Home Library, 1844). Evert Augustus Duyckinck (1816–1878, Columbia 1835) was for several years after graduation from college a frequent contributor to magazines under the pseudonym "Felix Merry." From 1840 to 1842 he edited jointly with Cornelius Mathews the widely respected magazine Arcturus. In 1844, with Bryant's encouragement, he became the editor of a series of cheap paper books called the Home Library, the first of which was Bryant's little collection of ten poems, most of which had recently appeared in Graham's. This venture was poorly supported and soon failed, but Duyckinck later revived it, with the backing of the aggressive young publishers Wiley & Putnam, as the Library of American Books, which, in the single year 1845–1846, brought out early works by Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, and Margaret Fuller. See John Stafford, The Literary Criticism of Young America (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1952), pp. 23–24; Bryant II. "The Middle Years," pp. 218–219, 234.

2. See 401.1.
3. Evidently Bryant had stopped to see Dana after landing at Boston on November 20.

4. See 568.2.

5. William T. McCoun and his daughter Mary; see 535.6.

6. Dana's daughter, Charlotte, was apparently under the care of a New York oculist, Dr. Samuel Mackenzie Elliot, with offices at 535 Broadway. Rode's New York City Directory, for 1850–1851 (New York: Rode, 1850).

565. To Frances F. Bryant

New York Friday Dec 12, 1845.

My dear Frances

I intended to write to you yesterday—but the paper was already out and sent off before I had got ready to write.¹

Mr. Cairns has called this morning to say that he should go out to Roslyn tomorrow evening.² I shall I think, send Julia with him. Mrs. Moulton will perhaps go tomorrow also, but she goes by the stage coach. The butter is at the Ferry on the Brooklyn side and I shall send that with her.

I shall not come out myself on Saturday, though I should be very glad of a day's relaxation from the throng of matters that beset me on every side.

Your note and parcel, for both of which I thank you, came safely to hand.

I have not yet asked that the chinks in the windows and doors of our room should be filled up— I fear it will be only half done— Meantime there is a good coal fire kept in the room and it is most of the time very comfortable. I have provided myself with a supply of sperm candles, and all I want is shorter candlesticks. Do not keep yourself too hot in Roslyn, or you may find the change unpleasant when you come into rooms that admit more air.

Yrs affectionately

WM C. BRYANT

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL-GR ADDRESS: Mrs. Frances F. Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island.

1. It was Bryant's custom to send his notes to Frances with the copy of the EP which was sent down to Roslyn daily by steamboat or train.

2. Probably William Cairns, whose widow, Ann Eliza Cairns, was long a neighbor of the Bryants' at Roslyn. See Goddard, Roslyn Harbor, pp. 30–33.

566. To Frances F. Bryant

New York Saturday Decr. 13 1845.

Dear Frances.

The other day I was in the soap manufactory of Mr. Meinicke an intelligent German manufacturer.¹ He was not at home, but seeing
various kinds of soap in the room I asked if there was any almond soap for the hands, as good as that made in France. I was assured that it was equally good with the French and bought a cake which I send you for trial.

The butter I cannot send by Julia. It was left at Brooklyn by my direction. Learning last evening that Mrs. Moulton seemed to prefer that Julia should go out with her, I concluded to leave it, to be brought to Roslyn when I come out.

I find my room quite comfortable with a coal fire, and warm enough in the morning to shave by, without adding any fuel. I have a lonely time however and hope you will make arrangements for coming out to stay, as soon as possible.

I am run down with calls and interruptions of all sorts, and it is difficult for me to find time to read the public documents that it is necessary for me to look over in order to keep up with the times.—

Yrs affectionately

Wm C Bryant

P. S. Again—What do you stay at Roslyn for? Every thing is ready for you in town, and the weather I am sure is cold enough. As soon as you have put Mrs. Moulton in possession I see no reason for postponing your change of residence for the winter.

W. C. B.

MANUSCRIPT: NYPL–GR ADDRESS: Mrs. Frances F Bryant / Roslyn / Long Island.